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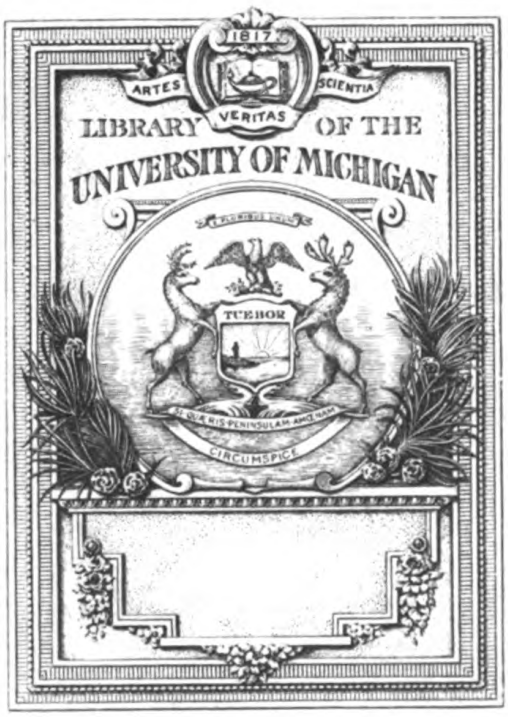
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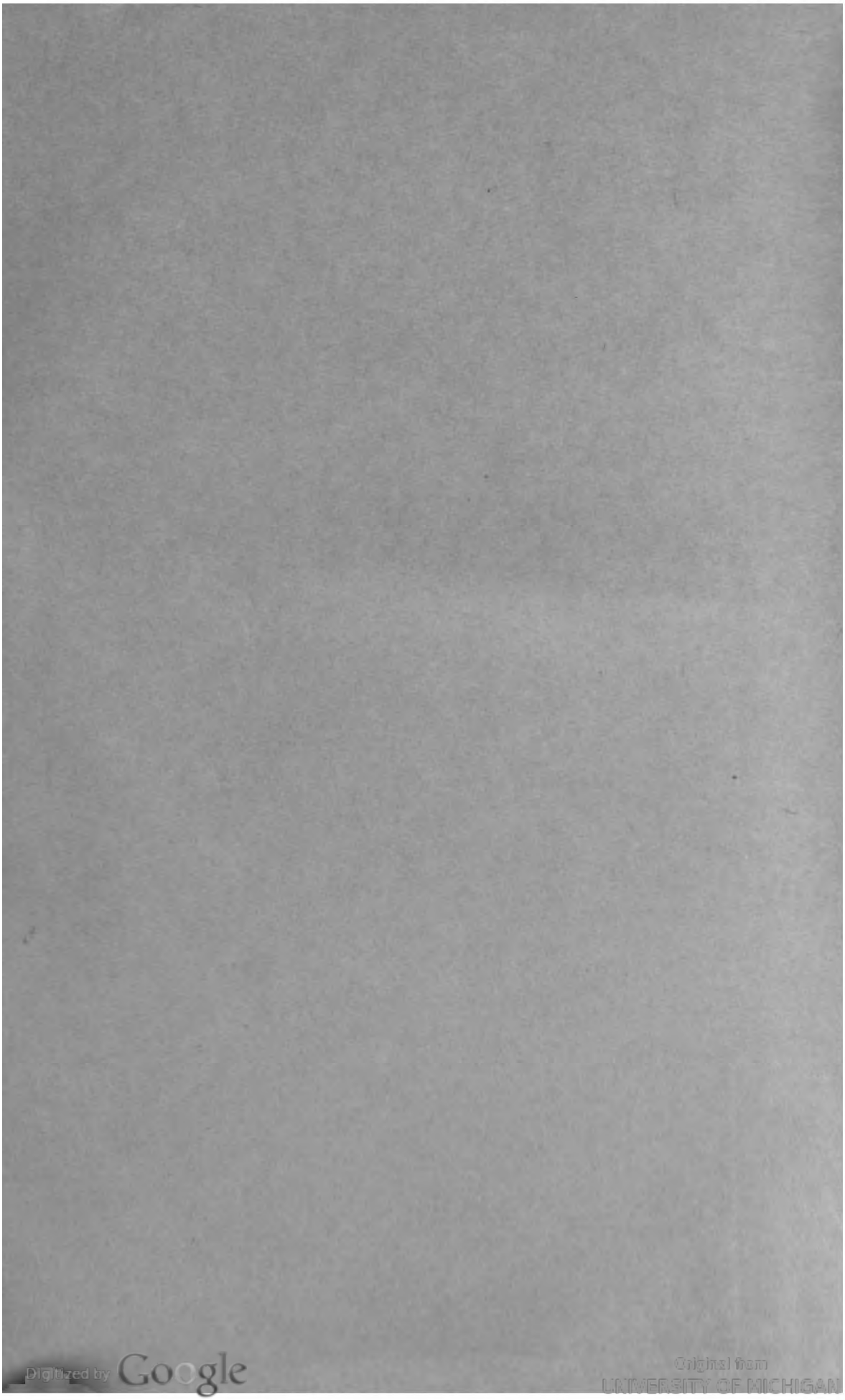
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HARPER'S



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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. I.—JUNE, 1850.—Vol. I.

A WORD AT THE START.

HARPER'S New Monthly Magazine, of which this is the initial number, will be published every month, at the rate of three dollars per annum. Each number will contain as great an amount and variety of reading matter, and at least as many pictorial illustrations, and will be published in the same general style, as the present.

The design of the Publishers, in issuing this work, is to place within the reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the Periodical Literature of the present day. Periodicals enlist and absorb much of the literary talent, the creative genius, the scholarly accomplishment of the present age. The best writers, in all departments and in every nation, devote themselves mainly to the Reviews, Magazines, or Newspapers of the day. And it is through their pages that the most powerful historical Essays, the most elaborate critical Disquisitions, the most eloquent delineations of Manners and of Nature, the highest Poetry and the most brilliant Wit, have, within the last ten years, found their way to the public eye and the public heart.

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[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

"THE DAYS OF THE GUILLOTINE."

NEITHER the tastes nor the temper of the age we live in are such as to induce any man to boast of his family nobility. We see too many preparations around us for laying down new foundations, to think it a suitable occasion for alluding to the ancient edifice. I will, therefore, confine myself to saying, that I am not to be regarded as a mere Pretender because my name is not chronicled by Burke or Debrett. My great-grandfather, after whom I am called, served on the personal staff of King James at the Battle of the Boyne, and was one of the few who accompanied the monarch on his flight from the field, for which act of devotion he was created a peer of Ireland, by the style and title of Timmahoo—Lord Tiernay of Timmahoo the family called it—and a very rich-sounding and pleasant designation has it always seemed to me.

The events of the time—the scanty intervals of leisure enjoyed by the king, and other matters, prevented a due registry of my ancestors' claims; and, in fact, when more peaceable days succeeded it, it was judged prudent to say nothing about a matter which might revive unhappy recollections, and open old scores, seeing that there was now another king on the throne "who knew not Joseph;" and so, for this reason and many others, my great-grandfather went back to his old appellation of Maurice Tiernay, and was only a lord among his intimate friends and cronies of the neighborhood.

That I am simply recording a matter of fact, the patent of my ancestors' nobility now in my possession will sufficiently attest: nor is its existence the less conclusive, that it is inscribed on the back of his commission as a captain in the Shanabogue Fencibles—the well-known "Clear-the-way-boys"—a proud title, it is said, to which they imparted a new reading at the memorable battle afore-mentioned.

The document bears the address of a small public house called the Nest, on the Kells Road, and contains in one corner a somewhat lengthy score for potables, suggesting the notion that his majesty sympathized with vulgar infirmities, and found, as the old song says, "that grief and sorrow are dry."

The prudence which for some years sealed my grandfather's lips, lapsed, after a time, into a careless and even boastful spirit, in which he would allude to his rank in the peerage, the place he ought to be holding, and so on; till at last some of the government people, doubtless taking a liking to the snug house and demesne of Timmahoo, denounced him as a rebel, on which he was arrested and thrown into jail, where he lingered for many years, and only came out at last to find his estate confiscated and himself a beggar.

There was a small gathering of Jacobites in one of the towns of Flanders, and thither he repaired; but how he lived, or how he died, I never learned. I only know that his son wandered away to the east of Europe, and took service in what was called Trenck's Pandours—as jolly a

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set of robbers as ever stalked the map of Europe, from one side to the other. This was my grandfather, whose name is mentioned in various chronicles of that estimable corps, and who was hanged at Prague afterward for an attempt to carry off an archduchess of the empire, to whom, by the way, there is good reason to believe he was privately married. This suspicion was strengthened by the fact that his infant child, Joseph, was at once adopted by the imperial family, and placed as a pupil in the great military school of Vienna. From thence he obtained a commission in the Maria Theresa Hussars, and subsequently, being sent on a private mission to France, entered the service of Louis XVI., where he married a lady of the queen's household—a Mademoiselle de la Lasterie—of high rank and some fortune; and with whom he lived happily till the dreadful events of 17—, when she lost her life, beside my father, then fighting as a Garde du Corps, on the stair-case at Versailles. How he himself escaped on that day, and what were the next features in his history, I never knew; but when again we heard of him, he was married to the widow of a celebrated orator of the Mountain, and he himself an intimate friend of St. Just and Marat, and all the most violent of the Republicans.

My father's history about this period is involved in such obscurity, and his second marriage followed so rapidly on the death of his first wife, that, strange as it may seem, I never knew who was my mother—the lineal descendant of a house, noble before the Crusades, or the humble "bourgeoise" of the Quartier St. Denis. What peculiar line of political action my father followed I am unable to say, nor whether he was suspected with or without due cause: but suspected he certainly was, and at a time when suspicion was all-sufficient for conviction. He was arrested, and thrown into the Temple, where I remember I used to visit him every week; and whence I accompanied him one morning, as he was led forth with a string of others to the Place de la Grève, to be guillotined. I believe he was accused of royalism; and I know that a white cockade was found among his effects, and in mockery was fastened on his shoulder on the day of his execution. This emblem, deep dyed with blood, and still dripping, was taken up by a bystander, and pinned on my cap, with the savage observation, "Voila, it is the proper color; see that you profit by the way it became so." As with a bursting heart, and a head wild with terror, I turned to find my way homeward, I felt my hand grasped by another—I looked up, and saw an old man, whose threadbare black clothes and emaciated appearance bespoke the priest in the times of the Convention.

"You have no home now, my poor boy," said he to me; "come and share mine."

I did not ask him why. I seemed to have suddenly become reckless as to every thing present or future. The terrible scene I had witnessed had dried up all the springs of my youthful heart; and, infant as I was, I was already a skeptic as to every thing good or generous in human nature. I followed him, therefore, without a word, and we walked on, leaving the thoroughfares and seeking the less frequented streets, till we arrived in what seemed a suburban part of Paris—at least the houses were surrounded with trees and shrubs; and at a distance I could see the hill of Montmartre and its wind-mills—objects well known to me by many a Sunday visit.

Even after my own home, the poverty of the Père Michel's household was most remarkable: he had but one small room, of which a miserable settle-bed, two chairs, and a table constituted all the furniture; there was no fire-place, a little pan for charcoal supplying the only means for warmth or cookery; a crucifix and a few colored prints of saints decorated the white-washed walls; and, with a string of wooden beads, a cloth skull-cap, and a bracket with two or three books, made up the whole inventory of his possessions; and yet, as he closed the door behind him, and drew me toward him to kiss my cheek, the tears glistened in his eyes with gratitude as he said,

"Now, my dear Maurice, you are at home.

"How do you know that I am called Maurice?" said I, in astonishment.

"Because I was an old friend of your poor father, my child; we came from the same country—we held the same faith, had the same hopes, and may one day yet, perhaps, have the same fate."

He told me that the closest friendship had bound them together for years past, and in proof of it showed me a variety of papers which my father had intrusted to his keeping, well aware, as it would seem, of the insecurity of his own life.

"He charged me to take you home with me, Maurice, should the day come when this might come to pass. You will now live with me, and I will be your father, so far at least as humble means will suffer me."

I was too young to know how deep my debt of gratitude ought to be. I had not tasted the sorrows of utter desertion; nor did I know from what a hurricane of blood and anarchy fortune had rescued me; still I accepted the Père's benevolent offer with a thankful heart, and turned to him at once as to all that was left to me in the world.

All this time, it may be wondered how I neither spoke nor thought of my mother, if she were indeed such; but for several weeks before my father's death I had never seen her, nor did he ever once allude to her. The reserve thus imposed upon me remained still, and I felt as though it would have been like a treachery to his memory were I now to speak of her whom, in his life-time I had not dared to mention.

The Père lost no time in diverting my mind from the dreadful events I had so lately witnessed. The next morning, soon after daybreak, I was summoned to attend him to the little

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church of St. Blois, where he said mass. It was a very humble little edifice, which once had been the private chapel of a chateau, and stood in a weed-grown, neglected garden, where broken statues and smashed fountains bore evidence of the visits of the destroyer. A rude effigy of St. Blois, upon whom some profane hand had stuck a Phrygian cap of liberty, and which none were bold enough to displace, stood over the doorway; besides, not a vestige of ornament or decoration existed. The altar, covered with a white cloth, displayed none of the accustomed emblems; and a rude crucifix of oak was the only symbol of the faith remaining. Small as was the building, it was even too spacious for the few who came to worship. The terror which prevailed on every side—the dread that devotion to religion should be construed into an adherence to the monarchy, that submission to God should be interpreted as an act of rebellion against the sovereignty of human will, had gradually thinned the numbers, till at last the few who came were only those whose afflictions had steeled them against any reverses, and who were ready martyrs to whatever might betide them. These were almost exclusively women—the mothers and wives of those who had sealed their faith with their blood in the terrible Place de la Grève. Among them was one whose dress and appearance, although not different from the rest, always created a movement of respect as she passed in or out of the chapel. She was a very old lady, with hair white as snow, and who led by the hand a little girl of about my own age; her large dark eyes and brilliant complexion giving her a look of unearthly beauty in that assemblage of furrowed cheeks, and eyes long dimmed by weeping. It was not alone that her features were beautifully regular, or that their lines were fashioned in the very perfection of symmetry, but there was a certain character in the expression of the face so different from all around it, as to be almost electrical in effect. Untouched by the terrible calamities that weighed on every heart, she seemed, in the glad buoyancy of her youth, to be at once above the very reach of sorrow, like one who bore a charmed fate, and whom Fortune had exempted from all the trials of this life. So at least did I read those features, as they beamed upon me in such a contrast to the almost stern character of the sad and sorrow-struck faces of the rest.

It was a part of my duty to place a foot-stool each morning for the "Marquise," as she was distinctively called, and on these occasions it was that I used to gaze upon that little girl's face with a kind of admiring wonder that lingered in my heart for hours after. The bold look with which she met mine, if it at first half abashed, at length encouraged me; and as I stole noiselessly away, I used to feel as though I carried with me some portion of that high hope which bounded within her own heart. Strange magnetism! it seemed as though her spirit whispered to me not to be down-hearted or depressed—that the sorrows of life came and went as shadows pass over the earth—that the season of mourning was fast passing, and that for us the world would wear a brighter and more glorious aspect.

Such were the thoughts her dark eyes revealed to me, and such the hopes I caught up from her proud features.

It is easy to color a life of monotony; any hue may soon tinge the outer surface, and thus mine speedily assumed a hopeful cast; not the less decided, that the distance was lost in vague uncertainty. The nature of my studies—and the Père kept me rigidly to the desk—offered little to the discursiveness of fancy. The rudiments of Greek and Latin, the lives of saints and martyrs, the litanies of the church, the invocations peculiar to certain holydays, chiefly filled up my time, when not sharing those menial offices which our poverty exacted from our own hands.

Our life was of the very simplest; except a cup of coffee each morning at daybreak, we took but one meal; our drink was always water. By what means even the humble fare we enjoyed was procured, I never knew, for I never saw money in the Père's possession, nor did he ever appear to buy any thing.

For about two hours in the week I used to enjoy entire liberty, as the Père was accustomed every Saturday to visit certain persons of his flock who were too infirm to go abroad. On these occasions he would leave me with some thoughtful injunction about reflection or pious meditation, perhaps suggesting, for my amusement, the life of St. Vincent de Paul, or some other of those adventurous spirits whose missions among the Indians are so replete with heroic struggles; but still with free permission for me to walk out at large and enjoy myself as I liked best. We lived so near the outer Boulevard that I could already see the open country from our windows; but fair and enticing as seemed the sunny slopes of Montmartre—bright as glanced the young leaves of spring in the gardens at its foot—I ever turned my steps into the crowded city, and sought the thoroughfares where the great human tide rolled fullest.

There were certain spots which held a kind of supernatural influence over me—one of these was the Temple, another was the Place de la Grêve. The window at which my father used to sit, from which, as a kind of signal, I have so often seen his red kerchief floating, I never could pass now, without stopping to gaze at; now, thinking of him who had been its inmate, now, wondering who might be its present occupant. It needed not the onward current of population that each Saturday bore along, to carry me to the Place de la Grève. It was the great day of the guillotine, and as many as two hundred were often led out to execution Although the spectacle had now lost every charm of excitement to the population, from its frequency, it had become a kind of necessity to their existence, and the sight of blood alone

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seemed to slake that feverish thirst for vengeance which no sufferings appeared capable of satiating. It was rare, however, when some great and distinguished criminal did not absorb all the interest of the scene. It was at that period when the fierce tyrants of the Convention had turned upon each other, and sought, by denouncing those who had been their bosom friends, to seal their new allegiance to the people. There was something demoniacal in the exultation with which the mob witnessed the fate of those whom, but a few weeks back, they had acknowledged as their guides and teachers. The uncertainty of human greatness appeared the most glorious recompense to those whose station debarred them from all the enjoyments of power, and they stood by the death-agonies of their former friends with a fiendish joy that all the sufferings of their enemies had never yielded.

To me the spectacles had all the fascination that scenes of horror exercise over the mind of youth. I knew nothing of the terrible conflict, nothing of the fierce passions enlisted in the struggle, nothing of the sacred names so basely polluted, nothing of that remorseless vengeance with which the low-born and degraded were still hounded on to slaughter. It was a solemn and a fearful sight, but it was no more; and I gazed upon every detail of the scene with an interest that never wandered from the spot whereon it was enacted. If the parade of soldiers, of horse, foot, and artillery, gave these scenes a character of public justice, the horrible mobs, who chanted ribald songs, and danced around the guillotine, suggested the notion of popular vengeance; so that I was lost in all my attempts to reconcile the reasons of these executions with the circumstances that accompanied them.

Not daring to inform the Père Michel of where I had been, I could not ask him for any explanation; and thus was I left to pick up from the scattered phrases of the crowd what was the guilt alleged against the criminals. In many cases the simple word "Chouan," of which I knew not the import, was all I heard; in others jeering allusions to former rank and station would be uttered; while against some the taunt would imply that they had shed tears over others who fell as enemies of the people, and that such sympathy was a costly pleasure to be paid for but with a life's-blood. Such entire possession of me had these awful sights taken, that I lived in a continual dream of them. The sound of every cart-wheel recalled the dull rumble of the hurdle—every distant sound seemed like the far-off hum of the coming multitude—every sudden noise suggested the clanking drop of the guillotine! My sleep had no other images, and I wandered about my little round of duties pondering over this terrible theme.

Had I been less occupied with my own thoughts, I must have seen that Père Michel was suffering under some great calamity. The poor priest became wasted to a shadow; for entire days long he would taste of nothing; sometimes he would be absent from early morning to late at night, and when he did return, instead of betaking himself to rest, he would drop down before the crucifix in an agony of prayer, and thus spend more than half the night. Often and often have I, when feigning sleep, followed him as he recited the litanies of the breviary, adding my own unuttered prayers to his, and beseeching for a mercy whose object I knew not.

For some time his little chapel had been closed by the authorities; a heavy padlock and two massive seals being placed upon the door, and a notice, in a vulgar handwriting, appended, to the effect, that it was by the order of the Commissary of the Department. Could this be the source of the Père's sorrow? or did not his affliction seem too great for such a cause? were questions I asked myself again and again.

In this state were matters, when one morning, it was a Saturday, the Père enjoined me to spend the day in prayer, reciting particularly the liturgies for the dead, and all those sacred offices for those who have just departed this life.

"Pray unceasingly, my dear child—pray with your whole heart, as though it were for one you loved best in the world. I shall not return, perhaps, till late to-night; but I will kiss you then, and to-morrow we shall go into the woods together."

The tears fell from his cheek to mine as he said this, and his damp hand trembled as he pressed my fingers. My heart was full to bursting at his emotion, and I resolved faithfully to do his bidding. To watch him, as he went, I opened the sash, and as I did so, the sound of a distant drum, the well-known muffled roll, floated on the air, and I remembered it was the day of the guillotine—that day in which my feverish spirit turned, as it were in relief, to the reality of blood. Remote as was the part of the city we lived in, to escape from the hideous imaginings of my overwrought brain, I could still mark the hastening steps of the foot-passengers, as they listened to the far-off summons, and see the tide was setting toward the fatal Place de Grève. It was a lowering, heavy morning, overcast with clouds, and on its loaded atmosphere sounds moved slowly and indistinctly; yet I could trace through all the din of the great city, the incessant roll of the drums, and the loud shouts that burst forth, from time to time, from some great multitude.

Forgetting every thing, save my intense passion for scenes of terror, I hastened down the stairs into the street, and at the top of my speed hurried to the place of execution. As I went along, the crowded streets and thronged avenues told of some event of more than common interest; and in the words which fell from those around me I could trace that some deep Royalist plot had just been discovered, and that the conspirators would all on that day be executed. Whether it was that the frequent sight of blood

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was beginning to pall upon the popular appetite, or that these wholesale massacres interested less than the sight of individual suffering, I know not; but certainly there was less of exultation, less of triumphant scorn in the tone of the speakers. They talked of the coming event, as of a common occurrence, which, from mere repetition, was gradually losing interest.

"I thought we had done with these Chouans," said a man in a blouse, with a paper cap on his head. "Pardie! they must have been more numerous than we ever suspected."

"That they were, citoyen," said a haggard-looking fellow, whose features showed the signs of recent strife; "they were the millions who gorged and fed upon us for centuries—who sipped the red grape of Bourdeaux, while you and I drank the water of the Seine."

"Well, their time is come now," cried a third.

"And when will ours come?" asked a fresh-looking, dark-eyed girl, whose dress bespoke her trade of *bouquetiere*—"Do you call this our time, my masters, when Paris has no more pleasant sight than blood, nor any music save the 'ça ira' that drowns the cries at the guillotine? Is this our time, when we have lost those who gave us bread, and got in their place only those who would feed us with carnage?"

"Down with her! down with the Chouane! à bas la Royaliste!" cried the pale-faced fellow; and he struck the girl with his fist upon the face, and left it covered with blood.

"To the lantern with her!—to the Seine!" shouted several voices; and now, rudely seizing her by the shoulders, the mob seemed bent upon sudden vengeance; while the poor girl, letting fall her basket, begged, with clasped hands, for mercy.

"See here, see here, comrades," cried a fellow, stooping down among the flowers, "she is a Royalist: here are lilies hid beneath the rest."

What sad consequences this discovery might have led to, there is no knowing; when, suddenly, a violent rush of the crowd turned every thought into a different direction. It was caused by a movement of the Gendarmerie à cheval, who were clearing the way for the approaching procession. I had just time to place the poor girl's basket in her hands, as the onward impulse of the dense mob carried me forward. I saw her no more. A flower—I know not how it came there—was in my bosom, and seeing that it was a lily, I placed it in my cap for concealment.

The hoarse clangor of the bassoons—the only instruments which played during the march—now told that the procession was approaching; and then I could see, above the heads of the multitude, the leopard-skin helmets of the dragoons, who led the way. Save this I could see nothing, as I was borne along in the vast torrent toward the place of execution. Slowly as we moved, our progress was far more rapid than that of the procession, which was often obliged to halt from the density of the mob in front. We arrived, therefore, at the Place a considerable time before it; and now I found myself beside the massive wooden railing placed to keep off the crowd from the space around the guillotine.

It was the first time I had ever stood so close to the fatal spot, and my eyes devoured every detail with the most searching intensity. The colossal guillotine itself, painted red, and with its massive ax suspended aloft—the terrible basket, half filled with sawdust, beneath—the coarse table, on which a rude jar and a cup were placed—and, more disgusting than all, the lounging group, who, with their newspapers in hand, seemed from time to time to watch if the procession were approaching. They sat beneath a misshapen statue of wood, painted red like the guillotine. This was the goddess of Liberty. I climbed one of the pillars of the paling, and could now see the great cart, which, like a boat upon wheels, came slowly along, dragged by six horses. It was crowded with people, so closely packed that they could not move their bodies, and only waved their hands, which they did incessantly. They seemed, too, as if they were singing; but the deep growl of the bassoons, and the fierce howlings of the mob, drowned all other sounds. As the cart came nearer, I could distinguish the faces, amid which were those of age and youth—men and women—bold-visaged boys and fair girls—some, whose air bespoke the very highest station, and beside them, the hardy peasant, apparently more amazed than terrified at all he saw around him. On they came, the great cart surging heavily, like a bark in a stormy sea; and now it cleft the dense ocean that filled the Place, and I could descry the lineaments wherein the stiffened lines of death were already marked. Had any touch of pity still lingered in that dense crowd, there might well have been some show of compassion for the sad convoy, whose faces grew ghastly with terror as they drew near the horrible engine.

Down the furrowed cheek of age the heavy tears coursed freely, and sobs and broken prayers burst forth from hearts that until now had beat high and proudly.

"There is the Duc d'Angeaç," cried a fellow, pointing to a venerable old man, who was seated at the corner of the cart, with an air of calm dignity; "I know him well, for I was his perruquier."

"His hair must be content with sawdust this morning, instead of powder," said another; and a rude laugh followed the ruffian jest.

"See! mark that woman with the long dark hair—that is La Bretonville, the actress of the St. Martin."

"I have often seen her represent terror far more naturally," cried a fashionably-dressed man, as he stared at the victim through his opera-glass.

"Bah!" replied his friend, "she despises her audience, *voila tout*. Look, Henri, if that little girl beside her be not Lucille of the Pantheon."

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"Parbleu! so it is. Why, they'll not leave a pirouette in the Grand Opera. Pauvre petite, what had you to do with politics?"

"Her little feet ought to have saved her head any day."

"See how grim that old lady beside her looks: I'd swear she is more shocked at the company she's thrown into, than the fate that awaits her. I never saw a glance of prouder disdain than she has just bestowed on poor Lucille."

"That's the old Marquise d'Estelles, the very essence of our old nobility. They used to talk of their mesalliance with the Bourbons as the first misfortune of their house."

"Pardie! they have lived to learn deeper sorrows."

I had by this time discovered her they were speaking of, whom I recognized at once as the old marquise of the chapel of St. Blois. My hands nearly gave up their grasp as I gazed on those features, which so often I had seen fixed in prayer, and which now—a thought paler, perhaps—wore the self-same calm expression. With what intense agony I peered into the mass, to see if the little girl, her grand-daughter, were with her; and, oh! the deep relief I felt as I saw nothing but strange faces on every side. It was terrible to feel, as my eyes ranged over that vast mass, where grief and despair, and heart-sinking terror were depicted, that I should experience a spirit of joy and thankfulness; and yet I did so, and with my lips I uttered my gratitude that she was spared! But I had not time for many reflections like this; already the terrible business of the day had begun, and the prisoners were now descending from the cart, ranging themselves, as their names were called, in a line below the scaffold. With a few exception, they took their places in all the calm of seeming indifference. Death had long familiarized itself to their minds in a thousand shapes. Day by day they had seen the vacant places left by those led out to die, and if their sorrows had not rendered them careless of life, the world itself had grown distasteful to them. In some cases a spirit of proud scorn was manifested to the very last; and, strange inconsistency of human nature! the very men whose licentiousness and frivolity first evoked the terrible storm of popular fury, were the first to display the most chivalrous courage in the terrible face of the guillotine. Beautiful women, too, in all the pride of their loveliness, met the inhuman stare of that mob undismayed. Nor were these traits without their fruits. This noble spirit—this triumphant victory of the well-born and the great—was a continual insult to the populace, who saw themselves defrauded of half their promised vengeance, and they learned that they might kill, but they could never humiliate them. In vain they dipped their hands in the red life-blood, and, holding up their dripping fingers, asked, "How did it differ from that of the canaille?" Their hearts gave the lie to the taunt · for they witnessed instances of heroism from gray hairs and tender womanhood, that would have shamed the proudest deeds of their new-born chivalry!

"Charles Gregoire Courcelles!" shouted out a deep voice from the scaffold.

"That is my name," said a venerable-looking old gentleman, as he arose from his seat, adding, with a placid smile, "but, for half a century my friends have called me the Duc de Riancourt."

"We have no dukes nor marquises; we know of no titles in France," replied the functionary. "All men are equal before the law."

"If it were so, my friend, you and I might change places; for you were my steward, and plundered my chateau."

"Down with the royalist—away with the aristocrat!" shouted a number of voices from the crowd.

"Be a little patient, good people," said the old man, as he ascended the steps with some difficulty; "I was wounded in Canada, and have never yet recovered. I shall probably be better a few minutes hence."

There was something of half simplicity in the careless way the words were uttered that hushed the multitude, and already some expressions of sympathy were heard; but as quickly the ribald insults of the hired ruffians of the Convention drowned these sounds, and "Down with the royalist" resounded on every side, while two officials assisted him to remove his stock and bare his throat. The commissary, advancing to the edge of the platform, and, as it were, addressing the people, read in a hurried, slurring kind of voice, something that purported to be the ground of the condemnation. But of this not a word could be heard. None cared to hear the ten-thousand-time told tale of suspected royalism, nor would listen to the high-sounding declamation that proclaimed the virtuous zeal of the government—their untiring energy—their glorious persistence in the cause of the people The last words were, as usual, responded to with an echoing shout, and the cry of "Vive la Republique" rose from the great multitude.

"Vive le Roi!" cried the old man, with a voice heard high above the clamor; but the words were scarce out when the lips that muttered them were closed in death; so sudden was the act, that a cry burst forth from the mob, but whether in reprobation or in ecstasy I knew not.

I will not follow the sad catalogue, wherein nobles and peasants, priests, soldiers, actors, men of obscure fortune, and women of lofty station succeeded each other, occupying for a brief minute every eye, and passing away for ever. Many ascended the platform without a word; some waved a farewell toward a distant quarter, where they suspected a friend to be · others spent their last moments in prayer, and died in the very act of supplication. All bore themselves with a noble and proud courage; and now some five or six alone remained, of whose fate none seemed to guess the issue,

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since they had been taken from the Temple by some mistake, and were not included in the list of the commissary. There they sat, at the foot of the scaffold, speechless and stupefied—they looked as though it were matter of indifference to which side their steps should turn—to the jail or the guillotine. Among these was the marquise, who alone preserved her proud self-possession, and sat in all her accustomed dignity; while close beside her an angry controversy was maintained as to their future destiny—the commissary firmly refusing to receive them for execution, and the delegate of the Temple, as he was styled, as flatly asserting that he would not re-conduct them to prison. The populace soon grew interested in the dispute, and the most violent altercations arose among the partisans of each side of the question.

Meanwhile, the commissary and his assistants prepared to depart. Already the massive drapery of red cloth was drawn over the guillotine, and every preparation made for withdrawing, when the mob, doubtless dissatisfied that they should be defrauded of any portion of the entertainment, began to climb over the wooden barricades, and, with furious cries and shouts, threatened vengeance upon any who would screen the enemies of the people.

The troops resisted the movement, but rather with the air of men entreating calmness, than with the spirit of soldiery. It was plain to see on which side the true force lay.

"If you will not do it, the people will do it for you," whispered the delegate to the commissary; "and who is to say where they will stop when their hands once learn the trick!"

The commissary grew lividly pale, and made no reply.

"See there!" rejoined the other; "they are carrying a fellow on their shoulders yonder; they mean him to be executioner."

"But I dare not—I can not—without my orders."

"Are not the people sovereign?—whose will have we sworn to obey, but theirs?"

"My own head would be the penalty if I yielded."

"It will be, if you resist—even now it is too late."

And as he spoke he sprang from the scaffold, and disappeared in the dense crowd that already thronged the space within the rails.

By this time, the populace were not only masters of the area around, but had also gained the scaffold itself, from which many of them seemed endeavoring to harangue the mob; others contenting themselves with imitating the gestures of the commissary and his functionaries. It was a scene of the wildest uproar and confusion—frantic cries and screams, ribald songs and fiendish yellings on every side. The guillotine was again uncovered, and the great crimson drapery, torn into fragments, was waved about like flags, or twisted into uncouth headdresses. The commissary, failing in every attempt to restore order peaceably, and either not possessing a sufficient force, or distrusting the temper of the soldiers, descended from the scaffold, and gave the order to march. This act of submission was hailed by the mob with the most furious yell of triumph. Up to that very moment, they had never credited the bare possibility of a victory; and now they saw themselves suddenly masters of the field—the troops, in all the array of horse and foot, retiring in discomfiture. Their exultation knew no bounds; and, doubtless, had there been among them those with skill and daring to profit by the enthusiasm, the torrent had rushed a longer and more terrific course than through the blood-steeped clay of the Place de la Grève.

"Here is the man we want," shouted a deep voice. "St. Just told us, t'other day, that the occasion never failed to produce one; and see, here is 'Jean Gougon;' and though he's but two feet high, his fingers can reach the pin of the guillotine."

And he held aloft on his shoulders a misshapen dwarf, who was well known on the Pont Neuf, where he gained his living by singing infamous songs, and performing mockeries of the service of the mass. A cheer of welcome acknowledged this speech, to which the dwarf responded by a mock benediction, which he bestowed with all the ceremonious observance of an archbishop. Shouts of the wildest laughter followed this ribaldry, and in a kind of triumph they carried him up the steps, and deposited him on the scaffold.

Ascending one of the chairs, the little wretch proceeded to address the mob, which he did with all the ease and composure of a practiced public speaker. Not a murmur was heard in that tumultuous assemblage, as he, with a most admirable imitation of Hebert, then the popular idol, assured them that France was, at that instant, the envy of surrounding nations; and that, bating certain little weaknesses on the score of humanity—certain traits of softness and over-mercy—her citizens realized all that ever had been said of angels. From thence he passed on to a mimicry of Marat, of Danton, and of Robespierre—tearing off his cravat, baring his breast, and performing all the oft-exhibited antics of the latter, as he vociferated, in a wild scream, the well-known peroration of a speech he had lately made—"If we look to a glorious morrow of freedom, the sun of our slavery must set in blood!"

However amused by the dwarf's exhibition, a feeling of impatience began to manifest itself among the mob, who felt that, by any longer delay, it was possible time would be given for fresh troops to arrive, and the glorious opportunity of popular sovereignty be lost in the very hour of victory.

"To work—to work, Master Gougon!" shouted hundreds of rude voices; "we can not spend our day in listening to oratory."

"You forget, my dear friends," said he blandly, "that this is to me a new walk in life

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I have much to learn, ere I can acquit myself worthily to the republic."

"We have no leisure for preparatory studies, Gougon," cried a fellow below the scaffold.

"Let me, then, just begin with monsieur," said the dwarf, pointing to the last speaker; and a shout of laughter closed the sentence.

A brief and angry dispute now arose as to what was to be done, and it is more than doubtful how the debate might have ended, when Gougon, with a readiness all his own, concluded the discussion by saying,

"I have it, messieurs, I have it. There is a lady here, who, however respectable her family and connections, will leave few to mourn her loss. She is, in a manner, public property, and if not born on the soil, at least a naturalized Frenchwoman. We have done a great deal for her, and in her name, for some time back, and I am not aware of any singular benefit she has rendered us. With your permission, then, I'll begin with *her*."

"Name, name—name her," was cried by thousands.

"*La voila*," said he, archly, as he pointed with his thumb to the wooden effigy of Liberty above his head.

The absurdity of the suggestion was more than enough for its success. A dozen hands were speedily at work, and down came the Goddess of Liberty! The other details of an execution were hurried over with all the speed of practiced address, and the figure was placed beneath the drop. Down fell the ax, and Gougon, lifting up the wooden head, paraded it about the scaffold, crying,

"Behold! an enemy of France. Long live the republic, one and 'indivisible.'"

Loud and wild were the shouts of laughter from this brutal mockery; and for a time it almost seemed as if the ribaldry had turned the mob from the sterner passions of their vengeance. This hope, if one there ever cherished it, was short-lived; and again the cry arose for blood. It was too plain, that no momentary diversion, no passing distraction, could withdraw them from that lust for cruelty, that had now grown into a passion.

And now a bustle and movement of those around the stairs showed that something was in preparation; and in the next moment the old marquise was led forward between two men.

"Where is the order for this woman's execution?" asked the dwarf, mimicking the style and air of the commissary.

"We give it: it is from us," shouted the mob, with one savage roar.

Gougon removed his cap, and bowed a token of obedience.

"Let us proceed in order, messieurs," said he, gravely; "I see no priest here."

"Shrive her yourself, Gougon; few know the mummeries better!" cried a voice.

"Is there not one here can remember a prayer, or even a verse of the offices," said Gougon, with a well-affected horror in his voice.

"Yes, yes, I do," cried I, my zeal overcoming all sense of the mockery in which the words were spoken; "I know them all by heart, and can repeat them from 'lux beatissima' down to 'hora mortis;'" and as if to gain credence for my self-laudation, I began at once to recite in the sing-song tone of the seminary,

"Salve, mater salvatoris,
Fons salutis, vas honoris·
Scala cœli porta et via
Salve semper, O, Maria!"

It is possible I should have gone on to the very end, if the uproarious laughter which rung around had not stopped me.

"There's a brave youth!" cried Gougon, pointing toward me, with mock admiration. "If it ever come to pass—as what may not in these strange times?—that we turn to priestcraft again, thou shalt be the first archbishop of Paris. Who taught thee that famous canticle?"

"The Père Michel," replied I, in no way conscious of the ridicule bestowed upon me; "the Père Michel of St. Blois."

The old lady lifted up her head at these words, and her dark eyes rested steadily upon me; and then, with a sign of her hand, she motioned to me to come over to her.

"Yes; let him come," said Gougon, as if answering the half-reluctant glances of the crowd. And now I was assisted to descend, and passed along over the heads of the people, till I was placed upon the scaffold. Never can I forget the terror of that moment, as I stood within a few feet of the terrible guillotine, and saw beside me the horrid basket, splashed with recent blood.

"Look not at these things, child," said the old lady, as she took my hand and drew me toward her, "but listen to me, and mark my words well."

"I will, I will," cried I, as the hot tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Tell the Père—you will see him to-night—tell him that I have changed my mind, and resolved upon another course, and that he is not to leave Paris. Let them remain The torrent runs too rapidly to last. This can not endure much longer. We shall be among the last victims! You hear me, child?"

"I do, I do," cried I, sobbing. "Why is 's not the Père Michel with you now?"

"Because he is suing for my pardon; asking for mercy, where its very name is a derision Kneel down beside me, and repeat the 'angelus.'"

I took off my cap, and knelt down at her feet, reciting, in a voice broken by emotion, the words of the prayer. She repeated each syllable after me, in a tone full and unshaken, and then stooping, she took up the lily which lay in my cap. She pressed it passionately to her lips; two or three times passionately. "Give it to her; tell her I kissed it at my last moment Tell her—"

"This 'shrift' is beyond endurance. Away,

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holy father," cried Gougon, as he pushed me rudely back, and seized the marquise by the wrist. A faint cry escaped her. I heard no more; for, jostled and pushed about by the crowd, I was driven to the very rails of the scaffold. Stepping beneath these, I mingled with the mob beneath; and burning with eagerness to escape a scene, to have witnessed which would almost have made my heart break, I forced my way into the dense mass, and, by squeezing and creeping, succeeded at last in penetrating to the verge of the Place. A terrible shout, and a rocking motion of the mob, like the heavy surging of the sea, told me that all was over; but I never looked back to the fatal spot, but having gained the open streets, ran at the top of my speed toward home.

(To be continued.)

[From Bentley's Monthly Miscellany.]

WOMEN IN THE EAST.

BY AN ORIENTAL TRAVELER.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
  Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
  And birds make music to their loves,
She lives a kind of faery life,
  In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outer strife
  That wears the palpitating hours.

The Harcem. R. M. MILNES.

THERE is a gentle, calm repose breathing through the whole of this poem, which comes soothingly to the imagination wearied with the strife and hollowness of modern civilization. Woman in it is the inferior being; but it is the inferiority of the beautiful flower, or of the fairy birds of gorgeous plumage, who wing their flight amid the gardens and bubbling streams of the Eastern palace. Life is represented for the Eastern women as a long dream of affection; the only emotions she is to know are those of ardent love and tender maternity. She is not represented as the companion to man in his life battle, as the sharer of his triumph and his defeats: the storms of life are hushed at the entrance of the hareem; *there* the lord and master deposits the frown of unlimited power, or the cringing reverence of the slave, and appears as the watchful guardian of the loved one's happiness. Such a picture is poetical, and would lead one to say, alas for human progress, if the Eastern female slave is thus on earth to pass one long golden summer—her heart only tied by those feelings which keep it young—while her Christian sister has these emotions but as sun-gleams to lighten and make dark by contrast, the frequent gloom of her winter life.

But although the conception is poetical, to one who has lived many years in the East, it appears a conception, not a description of the real hareem life, even among the noble and wealthy of those lands. The following anecdote may be given us the other side of the picture. The writer was a witness of the scene, and he offers it as a consolation to those of his fair sisters, who, in the midst of the troubles of common-place life, might be disposed to compare their lot with that of the inmate of the mysterious and happy home drawn by the poet.

It was in a large and fruitful district of the south of India that I passed a few years of my life. In this district lived, immured in his fort, one of the native rajahs, who, with questionable justice, have gradually been shorn of their regal state and authority, to become pensioners of the East India Company. The inevitable consequence of such an existence, the forced life of inactivity with the traditions of the bold exploits of his royal ancestors, brilliant Mahratta chieftains, may be imagined. The rajah sunk into a state of slothful dissipation, varied by the occasional intemperate exercise of the power left him within the limits of the fortress, his residence. This fort is not the place which the word would suggest to the reader, but was rather a small native town surrounded by fortifications. This town was peopled by the descendants of the Mahrattas, and by the artisans and dependents of the rajah and his court. Twice a year the English resident and his assistants were accustomed to pay visits of ceremony to the rajah, and had to encounter the fatiguing sights of dancing-girls, beast-fights, and *music*, if the extraordinary assemblage of sounds, which in the East assume the place of harmony, can be so called.

We had just returned from one of these visits, and were grumbling over our headaches, the dust, and the heat, when, to our surprise, the rajah's vabul or confidential representative was announced. As it was nine o'clock in the evening this somewhat surprised us. He was, however, admitted, and after a short, hurried obeisance, he announced "that he must die! that there had been a sudden revolt of the hareem, and that when the rajah knew it, he would listen to no explanations, but be sure to imprison and ruin all round him; and that foremost in the general destruction would be himself, Veneat-Rao, who had always been the child of the English Sahibs, who were his fathers—that they were wise above all natives, and that he had come to them for help!" All this was pronounced with indescribable volubility, and the appearance of the speaker announced the most abject fear. He was a little wizened Brahmin, with the thin blue lines of his caste carefully painted on his wrinkled forehead. His dark black eyes gleamed with suppressed impotent rage, and in his agitation he had lost all that staid, placid decorum which we had been accustomed to observe in him when transacting business. When urged to explain the domestic disaster which had befallen his master, he exclaimed with ludicrous pathos, "By Rama! women are devils; by them all misfortunes come upon men! But, sahibs,

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listen with me; they have broken through the guard kept on the hareem door by two old sentries; they ran through the fort and besieged my house; they are now there, and refuse to go back to the hareem. The rajah returns tomorrow from his hunting—what can I say? I must die! my children, who will care for them? what crime did my father commit that I should thus be disgraced?"

Yielding to these entreaties, and amused at the prospect of a novel scene, we mounted our horses and cantered to the fort. The lights were burning brightly in the bazaars as we rode through them, and except a few groups gathered to discuss the price of rice and the want of rain, we perceived no agitation till we reached the Vakeel's house. Arrived here we dismounted, and on entering the square courtyard a scene of indescribable confusion presented itself. The first impression it produced on me was that of entering a large aviary in which the birds, stricken with terror, fly madly to and fro against the bars. Such was the first effect of our entrance. Women and girls of all ages, grouped about the court, in most picturesque attitudes, started up and fled to its extreme end; only a few of the more matronly ladies stood their ground, and with terribly screeching voices, declaimed against some one or something, but for a long time we could, in this Babel of female tongues, distinguish nothing. At last we managed to distinguish the rajah's name, coupled with epithets most disrespectful to royalty. This, and that they, the women, begged instantly to be put to death, was all that the clamor would permit us to understand. We looked appealingly at Veneat Rao, who stood by, wringing his hands. However, he made a vigorous effort, and raising his shrill voice, told them that the sahibs had come purposely to listen to, and redress their grievances, and that they would hold durbar (audience) then and there.

This announcement produced a lull, and enabled us to look round us at the strange scene. Scattered in various parts of the court were these poor prisoners, who now for the first time for many years tasted liberty. Scattered about were some hideous old women, partly guardians of the younger, partly remains, we were told, of the rajah's father's seraglio. Young children moved among them looking very much frightened. But the group which attracted our attention and admiration consisted of about twenty really beautiful girls, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, of every country and caste, in the various costume and ornament of their races; these were clustering round a fair and very graceful Mahratta girl, whose tall figure was seen to great advantage in the blaze of torchlight. Her muslin vail had half fallen from her face, allowing us to see her large, soft, dark eyes, from which the tears were fast falling, as in a low voice she addressed her fellow-sufferers. There was on her face a peculiar expression of patient endurance of ill, inexpressibly touching. This is not an unfrequent character in the beauty of Asiatic women; the natural result of habits of fear, and the entire submission to the will of others.

Her features were classically regular, with the short rounded chin, the long graceful neck, and that easy port of head so seldom seen except in the women of the East. Her arms were covered with rich bracelets, and were of the most perfect form; her hands long and tapering, the palms and nails dyed with the "henna." No barbarously-civilized restraint rendered her waist a contradiction of natural beauty; a small, dark satin bodice, richly embroidered, covered a bosom which had hardly attained womanly perfection; a zone of gold held together the full muslin folds of the lower portion of her dress, below which the white satin trowsers reached, without concealing a faultless ankle and foot, uncovered, except by the heavy anklet and rings which tinkled at every step she took. After the disturbance that our entrance had caused, had in a measure subsided, the children, who were richly dressed and loaded with every kind of fantastic ornament, came sidling timidly round us, peering curiously with their large black eyes, at the unusual sight of white men.

Considerably embarrassed at the very new arbitration which we were about to undertake, B. and I consulted for a little while, after which, gravely taking our seats, and Veneat Rao having begged them to listen with respectful attention, I, at B.'s desire, proceeded to address them, telling them,

"That we supposed some grave cause must have arisen for them to desert the palace of the rajah, their protector, during his absence, and by violently overpowering the guard, incur his serious anger (here my eye caught a sight of the said guard, consisting of two blear-eyed, shriveled old men, and I nearly lost all solemnity of demeanor) that if they complained of injustice, we supposed that it must have been committed without his highness's knowledge, but that if they would quietly return to the hareem we would endeavor to represent to their master their case, and entreat him to redress their grievance."

I spoke this in Hindusthani, which, as the *lingua franca* of the greater part of India, I thought was most likely to be understood by the majority of my female audience. I succeeded perfectly in making myself understood, but was not quite so successful in convincing them that it was better that they should return to the rajah's palace. After rather a stormy discussion, the Mahratta girl, whom we had so much admired on our entrance, stepped forward, and, bowing lowly before us, and crossing her arms, in a very sweet tone of voice proceeded to tell her story, which, she said, was very much the history of them all. The simple, and at times picturesque expressions lose much by translation.

"Sir, much shame comes over me, that I, a

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woman, should speak before men who are not our fathers, husbands, nor brothers, who are strangers, of another country and religion; but they tell us that you English sahibs love truth and justice, and protect the poor.

"I was born of Gentoo parents—rich, for I can remember the bright, beautiful jewels which, as a child, I wore on my head, arms, and feet, the large house and gardens where I played, and the numerous servants who attended me.

"When I had reached my eighth or ninth year I heard them talk of my betrothal,* and of the journey which we were, previous to the ceremony, to take to some shrine in a distant country. My father, who was advancing in years, and in bad health, being anxious to bathe in the holy waters, which should give him prolonged life and health.

"The journey had lasted for many days, and one evening after we had halted for the day I accompanied my mother when she went to bathe in a tank near to our encampment. As I played along the bank and picked a few wild flowers that grew under the trees I observed an old woman advancing toward me. She spoke to me in a kind voice, asked me my name? who were my parents? where we were going? and when I had answered her these questions she told me that if I would accompany her a little way she would give me some prettier flowers than those I was gathering, and that her servant should take me back to my people.

"I had no sooner gone far enough to be out of sight and hearing of my mother than the old woman threw a cloth over my head, and taking me up in her arms, hurried on for a short distance. There I could distinguish men's voices, and was sensible of being placed in a carriage, which was driven off at a rapid pace. No answer was returned to my cries and entreaties to be restored to my parents, and at sunrise I found myself near hills which I had never before seen, and among a people whose language was new to me.

"I remained with these people, who were not unkind to me, three or four years; and I found out that the old woman who had carried me off from my parents, was an emissary sent from the rajah's hareem to kidnap, when they could not be purchased, young female children whose looks promised that they would grow up with the beauty necessary for the gratification of the prince's passions.

"Sahibs! I have been two years an inmate of the rajah's hareem—would to God I had died a child in my own country with those I loved, than that I should have been exposed to the miseries we suffer. The splendor which surrounds us is only a mockery. The rajah, wearied and worn out by a life of debauchery, takes no longer any pleasure in our society, and is only roused from his lethargy to inflict disgrace and cruelties upon us. We, who are of Brahmin caste, for his amusement, are forced to learn the work of men—are made to carry in the gardens of the hareem a palanquin, to work as goldsmiths—and, may our gods pardon us, to mingle with the dancing-girls of the bazaar. His attendants deprive us even of our food, and we sit in the beautiful palace loaded with jewels, and suffer from the hunger not felt even by the poor Pariah.

"Sahibs! you who have in your country mothers and sisters, save us from this cruel fate, and cause us to be restored to our parents; do not send us back to such degradation, but rather let us die by your orders."

As with a voice tremulous with emotion, she said these words, she threw herself at our feet, and burst into an agony of weeping.

Deeply moved by the simple expression of such undeserved misfortune, we soothed her as well as we were able, and promising her and her companions to make every effort with the rajah for their deliverance, we persuaded Rosambhi, the Mahratta girl (their eloquent pleader), to induce them to return for the night to the palace. Upon a repetition of our promise they consented, to the infinite relief of Veneat Rao, who alternately showered blessings on us, and curses on all womankind, as he accompanied us back to the Residency.

And now we had to set about the deliverance of these poor women. This was a work of considerable difficulty.

It was a delicate matter interfering with the rajah's domestic concerns, and we could only commission Veneat Rao to communicate to his highness the manner in which we had become implicated with so unusual an occurrence as a revolt of his seraglio; we told him to express to his highness our conviction that his generosity had been deceived by his subordinates. In this we only imitated the profound maxim of European diplomacy, and concealed our real ideas by our expressions. This to the rajah. On his confidential servant we enforced the disapprobation the resident felt at the system of kidnapping, of which his highness was the instigator, and hinted at that which these princes most dread—an investigation.

This succeeded beyond our expectation, and the next morning a message was sent from the palace, intimating that the charges were so completely unfounded, that the rajah was prepared to offer to his revolted women, the choice of remaining in the hareem, or being sent back to their homes.

Again they were assembled in Veneat Rao's house, but this time in much more orderly fashion, for their vails were down, and except occasionally when a coquettish movement showed a portion of some face, we were unrewarded by any of the bright eyes we had admired on the previous visit. The question was put to them one by one, and all with the exception of a few old women, expressed an eager wish not to re-enter the hareem.

* The usual age for the ceremony among the wealthy in India

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After much troublesome inquiry, we discovered their parents, and were rewarded by their happy and grateful faces, as we sent them off under escort to their homes. It was painful to reflect what their fate would be; they left us rejoicing at what they thought would be a happy change, but we well knew that no one would marry them, knowing that they had been in the rajah's hareem, and that they would either lead a life of neglect, or sink into vice, of which the liberty would be the only change from that, which by our means they had escaped.

In the inquiries we made into the circumstances of this curious case, we found that their statements were true.

Large sums were paid by the rajah to his creatures, who traveled to distant parts of the country, and wherever they could meet with parents poor enough, bought their female children from them, or when they met with remarkable beauty such as Rosambhi's, did not hesitate to carry the child off, and by making rapid marches, elude any vigilance of pursuit on the part of the parents.

The cruelties and degradations suffered by these poor girls are hardly to be described. We well know how degraded, even in civilized countries the pursuit of sensual pleasures renders men, to whom education and the respect they pay the opinion of society, are checks; let us imagine the conduct of the eastern prince, safe in the retirement of his court, surrounded by those dependents to whom the gratification of their master's worst passions was the sure road to favor and fortune.

Besides the sufferings they had to endure from him, the women of the hareem were exposed to the rapacities of those who had charge of them, and Rosambhi did not exaggerate, when she described herself and her companions as suffering the pangs of want amid the splendors of a palace.

This is the reverse of the pleasing picture drawn by the poet of the Eastern woman's existence—but, though less pleasing, it is true—nor need we describe her in the lower ranks of life in those countries, where, her beauty faded, she has to pass a wearisome existence, the servant of a rival, whose youthful charms have supplanted her in her master's affections. The calm happiness of advancing age is seldom hers—she is the toy while young—the slave, or the neglected servant, at best, when, her only merit in the eyes of her master, physical beauty, is gone.

Let her sister in the western world, in the midst of her joys, think with pity on these sufferings, and when sorrow's cloud seems darkest, let her not repine, but learn resignation to her lot, as she compares it with the condition of the women of the East; let her be grateful that she lives in an age and land where woman is regarded as the helpmate and consolation of man, by whom her love is justly deemed the prize of his life.

[From The Ladies' Companion.]

LETTICE ARNOLD.

By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Emily Wyndham," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"It is the generous spirit, who when brought
Unto the task of common life, hath wrought
Even upon the plan which pleased the childish thought
* * * * * *
Who doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and ruin—miserable train!—
Makes that necessity a glorious gain,
By actions that would force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.
* * * * * *
More gifted with self-knowledge—even more pure
As tempted more—more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness."

Wordsworth. *Happy Warrior.*

"NO, dearest mother, no! I can not. What! after all the tenderness, care, and love I have received from you, for now one-and-twenty years, to leave you and my father, in your old age, to yourselves! Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Nay, my child," said the pale, delicate, nervous woman, thus addressed by a blooming girl whose face beamed with every promise for future happiness, which health and cheerfulness, and eyes filled with warm affections could give, "Nay, my child, don't talk so. You must not talk so. It is not to be thought of." And, as she said these words with effort, her poor heart was dying within her, not only from sorrow at the thought of the parting from her darling, but with all sorts of dreary, undefined terrors at the idea of the forlorn, deserted life before her. Abandoned to herself and to servants, so fearful, so weak as she was, and with the poor, invalided, and crippled veteran, her husband, a martyr to that long train of sufferings which honorable wounds, received in the service of country, too often leave behind them, a man at all times so difficult to sooth, so impossible to entertain—and old age creeping upon them both; the little strength she ever had, diminishing; the little spirit she ever possessed, failing; what should she do without this dear, animated, this loving, clever being, who was, in one word, every thing to her?

But she held to her resolution—no martyr ever more courageously than this trembling, timid woman. A prey to ten thousand imaginary fears, and, let alone the imaginary terrors, placed in a position where the help she was now depriving herself of was really so greatly needed.

"No, my dear," she repeated, "don't think of it; don't speak of it. You distress me very much. Pray don't, my dearest Catherine."

"But I should be a shocking creature, mamma, to forsake you; and, I am sure, Edgar would despise me as much as I should myself, if I could think of it. I can not—I ought not to leave you."

The gentle blue eye of the mother was fixed

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upon the daughter's generous, glowing face. She smothered a sigh. She waited a while to steady her faltering voice. She wished to hide, if possible, from her daughter the extent of the sacrifice she was making.

At last she recovered herself sufficiently to speak with composure, and then she said:

"To accept such a sacrifice from a child, I have always thought the most monstrous piece of selfishness of which a parent could be guilty. My love, this does not come upon me unexpectedly. I have, of course, anticipated it. I knew my sweet girl could not be long known and seen without inspiring and returning the attachment of some valuable man. I have resolved—and God strengthen me in this resolve," she cast up a silent appeal to the fountain of strength and courage—"that nothing should tempt me to what I consider so base. A parent accept the sacrifice of a life in exchange for the poor remnant of her own! A parent, who has had her own portion of the joys of youth in her day, deprive a child of a share in her turn! No, my dearest love, never—never! I would die, and I will die first."

But it was not death she feared. The idea of death did not appall her. What she dreaded was melancholy. She knew the unsoundness of her own nerves; she had often felt herself, as it were, trembling upon the fearful verge of reason, when the mind, unable to support itself, is forced to rest upon another. She had known a feeling, common to many very nervous people, I believe, as though the mind would be overset when pressed far, if not helped, strengthened, and cheered by some more wholesome mind; and she shrank appalled from the prospect.

But even this could not make her waver in her resolution. She was a generous, just, disinterested woman; though the exigencies of a most delicate constitution, and most susceptible nervous system, had too often thrown upon her—from those who did not understand such things, and whose iron nerves and vigorous health rendered sympathy at such times impossible—the reproach of being a tedious, whimsical, selfish hypochondriac.

Poor thing, she knew this well. It was the difficulty of making herself understood; the want of sympathy, the impossibility of rendering needs, most urgent in her case, comprehensible by her friends, which had added so greatly to the timorous cowardice, the fear of circumstances, of changes, which had been the bane of her existence.

And, therefore, this kind, animated, affectionate daughter, whose tenderness seemed never to weary in the task of cheering her; whose activity was never exhausted in the endeavor to assist and serve her; whose good sense and spirit kept every thing right at home, and more especially kept those terrible things, the servants, in order—of whom the poor mother, like many other feeble and languid people, was so foolishly afraid; therefore, this kind daughter was as the very spring of her existence; and the idea of parting with her was really dreadful. Yet she hesitated not. So did that man behave, who stood firm upon the rampart till he had finished his observation, though his hair turned white with fear. Mrs. Melwyn was an heroic coward of this kind.

She had prayed ardently, fervently, that day, for courage, for resolution, to complete the dreaded sacrifice, and she had found it.

"Oh, Lord! I am thy servant. Do with me what thou wilt. Trembling in spirit, the victim of my infirmity—a poor, selfish, cowardly being, I fall down before Thee. Thou hast showed me what is right—the sacrifice I ought to make. Oh, give me strength in my weakness to be faithful to complete it!"

Thus had she prayed. And now resolved in heart, the poor sinking spirit failing her within but, as I said, steadying her voice with an almost heroic constancy, she resisted her grateful and pious child's representation: "I have told Edgar—dear as he is to me—strong as are the claims his generous affection gives him over me—that I will not—I can not forsake you."

"You must not call it forsake," said the mother, gently. "My love, the Lord of life himself has spoken it: 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife.'"

"And so he is ready to do," cried Catherine, eagerly. "Yes, mother, he desires nothing better—he respects my scruples—he has offered, dear Edgar! to abandon his profession and come and live here, and help me to take care of you and my father. Was not that beautiful?" and the tears stood in her speaking eyes.

"Beautiful! generous! devoted! My Catherine will be a happy woman;" and the mother smiled. A ray of genuine pleasure warmed her beating heart. This respect in the gay, handsome young officer for the filial scruples of her he loved was indeed beautiful! But the mother knew his spirit too well to listen to this proposal for a moment.

"And abandon his profession? No, my sweet child, that would never, never do."

"But he says he is independent of his profession—that his private fortune, though not large, is enough for such simple, moderate people as he and I are. In short, that he shall be miserable without me, and all that charming stuff, mamma; and that he loves me better, for what he calls, dear fellow, my piety to you. And so, dear mother, he says if you and my father will but consent to take him in, he will do his very best in helping me to make you comfortable; and he is so sweet-tempered, so reasonable, so good, so amiable, I am quite sure he would keep his promise, mamma." And she looked anxiously into her mother's face waiting for an answer. The temptation was very, very strong.

Again those domestic spectres which had so appalled her poor timorous spirit rose before her. A desolate, dull fireside—her own ten

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decay to melancholy—her poor maimed suffering, and, alas, too often peevish partner—encroaching, unmanageable servants. The cook, with her careless, saucy ways—the butler so indifferent and negligent—and her own maid, that Randall, who in secret tyrannized over her, exercising the empire of fear to an extent which Catherine, alive as she was to these evils, did not suspect. And again she asked herself, if these things were disagreeable now, when Catherine was here to take care of her, what would they be when she was left alone?

And then such a sweet picture of happiness presented itself to tempt her—Catherine settled there—settled there forever. That handsome, lively young man, with his sweet, cordial ways and polite observance of every one, sitting by their hearth, and talking, as he did, to the general of old days and military matters, the only subject in which this aged military man took any interest, reading the newspaper to him, and making such lively, pleasant comments as he read! How should *she* ever get through the debates, with her breath so short, and her voice so indistinct and low? The general would lose all patience—he hated to hear her attempt to read such things, and always got Catherine or the young lieutenant-colonel to do it.

Oh! it was a sore temptation. But this poor, dear, good creature resisted it.

"My love," she said, after a little pause, during which this noble victory was achieved—laugh if you will at the expression, but it *was* a noble victory over self—"my love," she said, "don't tempt your poor mother beyond her strength. Gladly, gladly, as far as we are concerned, would we enter into this arrangement; but it must not be. No, Catherine; Edgar must not quit his profession. It would not only be a very great sacrifice I am sure now, but it would lay the foundation of endless regrets in future. No, my darling girl, neither his happiness nor your happiness shall be ever sacrificed to mine. A life against a few uncertain years! No—no."

The mother was inflexible. The more these good children offered to give up for her sake, the more she resolved to suffer no such sacrifice to be made.

Edgar could not but rejoice. He was an excellent young fellow, and excessively in love with the charming Catherine, you may be sure, or he never would have thought of offering to abandon a profession for her sake in which he had distinguished himself highly—which opened to him the fairest prospects, and of which he was especially fond—but he was not sorry to be excused. He had resolved upon this sacrifice, for there is something in those who truly love, and whose love is elevated almost to adoration by the moral worth they have observed in the chosen one, which revolts at the idea of lowering the tone of that enthusiastic goodness and self-immolation to principle which has so enchanted them. Edgar could not do it. He could not attempt to persuade this tender, generous daughter, to consider her own welfare and his, in preference to that of her parents. He could only offer, on his own part, to make the greatest sacrifice which could have been demanded from him. Rather than part from her what would he not do? Every thing was possible but that.

However, when the mother positively refused to accept of this act of self-abnegation, I can not say that he regretted it. No: he thought Mrs. Melwyn quite right in what she said; and he loved and respected both her character and understanding very much more than he had done before.

That night Mrs. Melwyn was very, very low indeed. And when she went up into her dressing-room, and Catherine, having kissed her tenderly, with a heart quite divided between anxiety for her, and a sense of happiness that would make itself felt in spite of all, had retired to her room, the mother sat down, poor thing, in the most comfortable arm-chair that ever was invented, but which imparted no comfort to her; and placing herself by a merry blazing fire, which was reflected from all sorts of cheerful pretty things with which the dressing-room was adorned, her feet upon a warm, soft footstool of Catherine's own working, her elbow resting upon her knee, and her head upon her hand, she, with her eyes bent mournfully upon the fire, began crying very much. And so she sat a long time, thinking and crying, very sorrowful, but not in the least repenting. Meditating upon all sorts of dismal things, filled with all kinds of melancholy forebodings, as to how it would, and must be, when Catherine was really gone, she sank at last into a sorrowful reverie, and sate quite absorbed in her own thoughts, till she—who was extremely punctual in her hour of going to bed—for reasons best known to herself, though never confided to any human being, namely, that her maid disliked very much sitting up for her—started as the clock in the hall sounded eleven and two quarters, and almost with the trepidation of a chidden child, rose and rang the bell. Nobody came. This made her still more uneasy. It was Randall's custom not to answer her mistress's bell the first time, when she was cross. And poor Mrs. Melwyn dreaded few things in this world more than cross looks in those about her, especially in Randall; and that Randall knew perfectly well.

"She must be fallen asleep in her chair, poor thing. It was very thoughtless of me," Mrs. Melwyn did not say, but would have said, if people ever did speak to themselves aloud.

Even in this sort of mute soliloquy she did not venture to say, "Randall will be very ill-tempered and unreasonable." She rang again; and then, after a proper time yielded to the claims of offended dignity, it pleased Mrs. Randall to appear.

"I am very sorry, Randall. Really I had no idea how late it was. I was thinking about

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Miss Catherine, and I missed it when it struck ten. I had not the least idea it was so late," began the mistress in an apologizing tone, to which Randall vouchsafed not an answer, but looked like a thunder cloud—as she went banging up and down the room, opening and shutting drawers with a loud noise, and treading with a rough heavy step; two things particularly annoying, as she very well knew, to the sensitive nerves of her mistress. But Randall settled it with herself—that as her mistress had kept her out of bed an hour and a half longer than usual, for no reason at all but just to please herself, she should find she was none the better for it.

The poor mistress bore all this with patience for some time. She would have gone on bearing the roughness and the noise, however disagreeable, as long as Randall liked; but her soft heart could not bear those glum, cross looks, and this alarming silence.

"I was thinking of Miss Catherine's marriage, Randall. That was what made me forget the hour. What shall I do without her?"

"Yes, that's just like it," said the insolent abigail; "nothing ever can content some people. Most ladies would be glad to settle their daughters so well; but some folk make a crying matter of every thing. It would be well for poor servants, when they're sitting over the fire, their bones aching to death for very weariness, if *they'd* something pleasant to think about. They wouldn't be crying for nothing, and keeping all the world out of their beds, like those who care for naught but how to please themselves."

Part of this was said, part muttered, part thought; and the poor timid mistress—one of whose domestic occupations it seemed to be to study the humors of her servants—heard a part and divined the rest.

"Well, Randall, I don't quite hear all you are saying; and perhaps it is as well I do not; but I wish you would give me my things and make haste, for I'm really very tired, and I want to go to bed."

"People can't make more haste than they can."

And so it went on. The maid-servant never relaxing an atom of her offended dignity—continuing to look as ill-humored, and to do every thing as disagreeably as she possibly could—and her poor victim, by speaking from time to time in an anxious, most gentle, and almost flattering manner, hoping to mollify her dependent; but all in vain.

"I'll teach her to keep me up again for nothing at all," thought Randall.

And so the poor lady, very miserable in the midst of all her luxuries, at last gained her bed, and lay there not able to sleep for very discomfort. And the abigail retired to her own warm apartment, where she was greeted with a pleasant fire, by which stood a little nice chocolate simmering, to refresh her before she went to bed—not much less miserable than her mistress, for she was dreadfully out of humor—and thought no hardship upon earth could equal that she endured—forced to sit up in consequence of another's whim when she wanted so sadly to go to bed.

While, thus, all that the most abundant possession of the world's goods could bestow, was marred by the weakness of the mistress and the ill-temper of the maid—the plentiful gifts of fortune rendered valueless by the erroneous facility upon one side, and insolent love of domination on the other; how many in the large metropolis, only a few miles distant, and of which the innumerable lights might be seen brightening, like an Aurora, the southern sky; how many laid down their heads supperless that night! Stretched upon miserable pallets, and ignorant where food was to be found on the morrow to satisfy the cravings of hunger; yet in the midst of their misery, more miserable, also, because they were not exempt from those pests of existence—our own faults and infirmities.

And even, as it was, how many poor creatures *did* actually lay down their heads that night, far less miserable than poor Mrs. Melwyn. The tyranny of a servant is noticed by the wise man, if I recollect right, as one of the most irritating and insupportable of mortal miseries.

Two young women inhabited one small room of about ten feet by eight, in the upper story of a set of houses somewhere near Mary-le-bone street. These houses appear to have been once intended for rather substantial persons, but have gradually sunk into lodging-houses for the very poor. The premises look upon an old graveyard; a dreary prospect enough, but perhaps preferable to a close street, and are filled, with decent but very poor people. Every room appears to serve a whole family, and few of the rooms are much larger than the one I have described.

It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and still the miserable dip tallow candle burned in a dilapidated tin candlestick. The wind whistled with that peculiar wintry sound which betokens that snow is falling; it was very, very cold; the fire was out; and the girl who sat plying her needle by the hearth, which was still a little warmer than the rest of the room, had wrapped up her feet in an old worn-out piece of flannel, and had an old black silk wadded cloak thrown over her to keep her from being almost perished. The room was scantily furnished, and bore an air of extreme poverty, amounting almost to absolute destitution. One by one the little articles of property possessed by its inmates had disappeared to supply the calls of urgent want. An old four-post bedstead, with curtains of worn-out serge, stood in one corner; one mattress, with two small thin pillows, and a bolster that was almost flat; three old blankets, cotton sheets of the coarsest description upon it: three rush-bottomed chairs, an old [illegible] very

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ancient dilapidated chest of drawers—at the top of which were a few battered band-boxes—a miserable bit of carpet before the fire-place; a wooden box for coals; a little low tin fender, a poker, or rather half a poker; a shovel and tongs, much the worse for wear, and a very few kitchen utensils, was all the furniture in the room. What there was, however, was kept clean; the floor was clean, the yellow paint was clean; and, I forgot to say, there was a washing-tub set aside in one corner.

The wind blew shrill, and shook the window, and the snow was heard beating against the panes; the clock went another quarter, but still the indefatigable toiler sewed on. Now and then she lifted up her head, as a sigh came from that corner of the room where the bed stood, and some one might be heard turning and tossing uneasily upon the mattress—then she returned to her occupation and plied her needle with increased assiduity.

The workwoman was a girl of from eighteen to twenty, rather below the middle size, and of a face and form little adapted to figure in a story. One whose life, in all probability, would never be diversified by those romantic adventures which *real* life in general reserves to the beautiful and the highly-gifted. Her features were rather homely, her hair of a light brown, *without* golden threads through it, her hands and arms rough and red with cold and labor; her dress ordinary to a degree—her clothes being of the cheapest materials—but then, these clothes were so neat, so carefully mended where they had given way; the hair was so smooth, and so closely and neatly drawn round the face; and the face itself had such a sweet expression, that all the defects of line and color were redeemed to the lover of expression, rather than beauty.

She did not look patient, she did not look resigned; she *could* not look cheerful exactly. She looked earnest, composed, busy, and exceedingly kind. She had not, it would seem, thought enough of self in the midst of her privations, to require the exercise of the virtues of patience and resignation; she was so occupied with the sufferings of others that she never seemed to think of her own.

She was naturally of the most cheerful, hopeful temper in the world—those people without selfishness usually are. And, though sorrow had a little lowered the tone of her spirits to composure, and work and disappointment had faded the bright colors of hope; still hope was not entirely gone, nor cheerfulness exhausted. But, the predominant expression of every word, and look, and tone, and gesture, was kindness—inexhaustible kindness.

I said she lifted up her head from time to time, as a sigh proceeded from the bed, and its suffering inhabitant tossed and tossed: and at last she broke silence and said,

"Poor Myra, can't you get to sleep?"

"It is so fearfully cold," was the reply; "and when *will* you have done, and come to bed?"

"One quarter of an hour more, and I shall have finished it. Poor Myra, you are so nervous, you never can get to sleep till all is shut up—but have patience, dear, one little quarter of an hour, and then I will throw my clothes over your feet, and I hope you will be a little warmer.'

A sigh for all answer; and then the *true* heroine—for she was extremely beautiful, or rather had been, poor thing, for she was too wan and wasted to be beautiful now—lifted up her head, from which fell a profusion of the fairest hair in the world, and leaning her head upon her arm, watched in a sort of impatient patience, the progress of the indefatigable needle-woman

"One o'clock striking, and you hav'n't done yet, Lettice? how slowly you *do* get on."

"I can not work fast and neatly too, dear Myra. I can not get through as some do—I wish I could. But my hands are not so delicate and nimble as yours, such swelled clumsy things," she said, laughing a little, as she looked at them—swelled, indeed, and all mottled over with the cold! "I can not get over the ground nimbly and well at the same time. You are a fine race-horse, I am a poor little drudging pony—but I will make as much haste as I possibly can."

Myra once more uttered an impatient, fretful sigh, and sank down again, saying, "My feet are so dreadfully cold!"

"Take this bit of flannel then, and let me wrap them up."

"Nay, but you will want it."

"Oh, I have only five minutes more to stay, and I can wrap the carpet round my feet."

And she laid down her work and went to the bed, and wrapped her sister's delicate, but now icy feet, in the flannel; and then she sat down; and at last the task was finished. And oh, how glad she was to creep to that mattress, and to lay her aching limbs down upon it! Hard it might be, and wretched the pillows, and scanty the covering, but little felt she such inconveniences. She fell asleep almost immediately, while her sister still tossed and murmered. Presently Lettice, for Lettice it was, awakened a little, and said, "What is it, love? Poor, poor Myra! Oh, that you could but sleep as I do."

And then she drew her own little pillow from under her head, and put it under her sister's, and tried to make her more comfortable; and she partly succeeded, and at last the poor delicate suffering creature fell asleep, and then Lettice slumbered like a baby.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
* * * * And can hear
Sighs for a sister with unwounded ear."

POPE.—*Characters of Women.*

EARLY in the morning, before it was light; while the wintry twilight gleamed through the curtainless window, Lettice was up, dressing

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herself by the scanty gleam cast from the street lamps into the room, for she could not afford the extravagance of a candle.

She combed and did up her hair with modest neatness; put on her brown stuff only gown, and then going to the chest of drawers—opening one with great precaution, lest she should make a noise, and disturb Myra, who still slumbered—drew out a shawl, and began to fold it as if to put it on.

Alas! poor thing, as she opened it, she became first aware that the threadbare, time-worn fabric had given way in two places. Had it been in one, she might have contrived to conceal the injuries of age: but it was in two.

She turned it; she folded and unfolded: it would not do. The miserable shawl seemed to give way under her hands. It was already so excessively shabby that she was ashamed to go out in it; and it seemed as if it was ready to fall to pieces in sundry other places, this dingy, thin, brown, red, and green old shawl. Mend it would not: besides, she was pressed for time; so, with the appearance of considerable reluctance, she put her hand into the drawer, and took out another shawl.

This was a different affair. It was a warm, and not very old, plaid shawl, of various colors, well preserved and clean looking, and, this cold morning, *so* tempting.

Should she borrow it? Myra was still asleep, but she would be horridly cold when she got up, and she would want her shawl, perhaps; but then Lettice must go out, and must be decent, and there seemed no help for it.

But if she took the shawl, had she not better light the fire before she went out? Myra would be so chilly. But then, Myra seldom got up till half-past eight or nine, and it was now not seven.

An hour and a half's, perhaps two hour's, useless fire would never do. So after a little deliberation, Lettice contented herself with "laying it," as the housemaids say; that is, preparing the fire to be lighted with a match: and as she took out coal by coal to do this, she perceived with terror how very, very low the little store of fuel was.

"We must have a bushel in to-day," she said. "Better without meat and drink than fire, in such weather as this."

However, she was cheered with the reflection that she should get a little more than usual by the work that she had finished. It had been ordered by a considerate and benevolent lady, who, instead of going to the ready-made linen warehouses for what she wanted, gave herself a good deal of trouble to get at the poor workwomen themselves who supplied these houses, so that they should receive the full price for their needle-work, which otherwise must of necessity be divided.

What she should get she did not quite know, for she had never worked for this lady before; and some ladies, though she always got more from private customers than from the shops, would beat her down to the last penny, and give her as little as they possibly could.

Much more than the usual price of such matters people can not, I suppose, habitually give; they should, however, beware of driving hard bargains with the very poor.

Her bonnet looked dreadfully shabby, as poor little Lettice took it out from one of the dilapidated band-boxes that stood upon the chest of drawers; yet it had been carefully covered with a sheet of paper, to guard it from the injuries of the dust and the smoke-loaded air.

The young girl held it upon her hand, turning it round, and looking at it, and she could not help sighing when she thought of the miserably shabby appearance she should make; and she going to a private house, too: and the errand! —linen for the trousseau of a young lady who was going to be married.

What a contrast did the busy imagination draw between all the fine things that young lady was to have and her own destitution! She must needs be what she was—a simple-hearted, God-fearing, generous girl, to whom envious comparisons of others with herself were as impossible as any other faults of the selfish—not to feel as if the difference was, to use the common word upon such occasions, "very hard."

She did not take it so. She did not think that it was very *hard* that others should be happy and have plenty, because she was poor and had nothing. They had not robbed *her*. What they had was not taken from *her*. Nay, at this moment their wealth was overflowing toward her. She should gain in her little way by the general prosperity. The thought of the increased pay came into her mind at this moment in aid of her good and simple-hearted feelings, and she brightened up, and shook her bonnet, and pulled out the ribbons, and made it look as tidy as she could; bethinking herself that if it possibly could be done, she would buy a bit of black ribbon, and make it a little more spruce when she got her money.

And now the bonnet is on, and she does not think it looks so *very* bad, and Myra's shawl, as reflected in the little threepenny glass, looks quite neat. Now she steals to the bed in order to make her apologies to Myra about the shawl and fire, but Myra still slumbers. It is half-past seven and more, and she must be gone.

The young lady for whom she made the linen lived about twenty miles from town, but she had come up about her things, and was to set off home at nine o'clock that very morning. The linen was to have been sent in the night before, but Lettice had found it impossible to get it done. It must *per force* wait till morning to be carried home. The object was to get to the house as soon as the servants should be stirring, so that there would be time for the things to be packed up and accompany the young lady upon her return home.

Now, Lettice is in the street. Oh, what a morning it was! The wind was intensely cold

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the snow was blown in buffets against her face; the street was slippery: all the mud and mire turned into inky-looking ice. She could scarcely stand; her face was blue with the cold; her hands, in a pair of cotton gloves, so numbed that she could hardly hold the parcel she carried.

She had no umbrella. The snow beat upon her undefended head, and completed the demolition of the poor bonnet; but she comforted herself with the thought that its appearance would now be attributed to the bad weather having spoiled it. Nay (and she smiled as the idea presented itself), was it not possible that she might be supposed to have a better bonnet at home?

So she cheerfully made her way; and at last she entered Grosvenor-square, where lamps were just dying away before the splendid houses, and the wintry twilight discovered the garden, with its trees plastered with dirty snow, while the wind rushed down from the Park colder and bitterer than ever. She could hardly get along at all. A few ragged, good-for-nothing boys were almost the only people yet to be seen about; and they laughed and mocked at her, as, holding her bonnet down with one hand, to prevent its absolutely giving way before the wind, she endeavored to carry her parcel, and keep her shawl from flying up with the other.

The jeers and the laughter were very uncomfortable to her. The things she found it the most difficult to reconcile herself to in her fallen state were the scoffs, and the scorns, and the coarse jests of those once so far, far beneath her; so far, that their very existence, as a class, was once almost unknown, and who were now little, if at all, worse off than herself.

The rude brutality of the coarse, uneducated, and unimproved Saxon, is a terrible grievance to those forced to come into close quarters with such.

At last, however, she entered Green-street, and raised the knocker, and gave one timid, humble knock at the door of a moderate-sized house, upon the right hand side as you go up to the Park.

Here lived the benevolent lady of whom I have spoken, who took so much trouble to break through the barriers which in London separate the employers and the employed, and to assist the poor stitchers of her own sex, by doing away with the necessity of that hand, or those many hands, through which their ware has usually to pass, and in each of which something of the recompense thereof must of necessity be detained.

She had never been at the house before; but she had sometimes had to go to other genteel houses, and she had too often found the insolence of the pampered domestics harder to bear than even the rude incivility of the streets.

So she stood feeling very uncomfortable; still more afraid of the effect her bonnet might produce upon the man that should open the door, than upon his superiors.

But "like master, like man," is a stale old proverb, which, like many other old saws of our now despised as *childish* ancestors, is full of pith and truth.

The servant who appeared was a grave, gray-haired man, of somewhat above fifty. He stooped a little in his gait, and had *not* a very fashionable air; but his countenance was full of kind meaning, and his manner so gentle, that it seemed respectful even to a poor girl like this.

Before hearing her errand, observing how cold she looked, he bade her come in and warm herself at the hall stove; and shutting the door in the face of the chill blast, that came rushing forward as if to force its way into the house, he then returned to her, and asked her errand.

"I come with the young lady's work. I was so sorry that I could not possibly get it done in time to send it in last night; but I hope I have not put her to any inconvenience. I hope her trunks are not made up. I started almost before it was light this morning."

"Well, my dear, I hope not; but it was a pity you could not get it done last night. Mrs. Danvers likes people to be exact to the moment and punctual in performing promises, you must know. However, I'll take it up without loss of time, and I dare say it will be all right."

"Is it come at last?" asked a sweet, low voice, as Reynolds entered the drawing-room. "My love, I really began to be frightened for your pretty things, the speaker went on, turning to a young lady who was making an early breakfast before a noble blazing fire, and who was no other a person than Catherine Melwyn.

"Oh, madam! I was not in the least uneasy about them, I was quite sure they would come at last."

"I wish, my love," said Mrs. Danvers, sitting down by the fire, "I could have shared in your security. Poor creatures! the temptation is sometimes so awfully great. The pawnbroker is dangerously near. So easy to evade all inquiry by changing one miserably obscure lodging for another, into which it is almost impossible to be traced. And, to tell the truth, I had not used you quite well, my dear; for I happened to know nothing of the previous character of these poor girls, but that they were certainly very neat workwomen; and they were so out of all measure poor, that I yielded to temptation. And that you see, my love, had its usual effect of making me suspicious of the power of temptation over others."

Mrs. Danvers had once been one of the loveliest women that had ever been seen: the face of an angel, the form of the goddess of beauty herself; manners the softest, the most delightful. A dress that by its exquisite good taste and elegance enhanced every other charm, and a voice so sweet and harmonious that it made its way to every heart.

Of all this loveliness the sweet, harmonious voice alone remained. Yet had the sad eclipse of so much beauty been succeeded by a something so holy, so saint-like, so tender, that the being who stood now shorn by sorrow and suf-

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fering of all her earthly charms, seemed only to have progressed nearer to heaven by the exchange.

Her life had, indeed, been one shipwreck, in which all she prized had gone down. Husband, children, parents, sister, brother—all!—every one gone. It had been a fearful ruin. That she could not survive this wreck of every earthly joy was expected by all her friends: but she had lived on. She stood there, an example of the triumph of those three: faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these was charity.

In faith she rested upon the "unseen," and the world of things "seen" around her shrunk into insignificance. In hope she looked forward to that day when tears should be wiped from all eyes, and the lost and severed meet to part never again. In charity—in other words, love—she filled that aching, desolate heart with fresh affections, warm and tender, if not possessing the joyous gladness of earlier days.

Every sorrowing human being, every poor sufferer, be they who they might, or whence they might, found a place in that compassionate heart. No wonder it was filled to overflowing: there are so many sorrowing sufferers in this world.

She went about doing good. Her whole life was one act of pity.

Her house was plainly furnished. The "mutton chops with a few greens and potatoes"—laughed at in a recent trial, as if indifference to one's own dinner were a crime—might have served her. She often was no better served. Her dress was conventual in its simplicity. Every farthing she could save upon herself was saved for her poor.

You must please to recollect that she stood perfectly alone in the world, and that there was not a human creature that could suffer by this exercise of a sublime and universal charity. Such peculiar devotion to one object is only permitted to those whom God has severed from their kind, and marked out, as it were, for the generous career.

Her days were passed in visiting all those dismal places in this great city, where lowly want "repairs to die," or where degradation and depravity, the children of want, hide themselves. She sat by the bed of the inmate of the hospital, pouring the soft balm of her consolations upon the suffering and lowly heart. In such places her presence was hailed as the first and greatest of blessings. Every one was melted, or was awed into good behavior by her presence. The most hardened of brandy-drinking nurses was softened and amended by her example.

The situation of the young women who have to gain their livelihood by their needle had peculiarly excited her compassion, and to their welfare she more especially devoted herself. Her rank and position in society gave her a ready access to many fine ladies who had an immensity to be done for them: and to many fine dress-makers who had this immensity to do.

She was indefatigable in her exertions to diminish the evils to which the young ladies—"improvers," I believe, is the technical term—are in too many of these establishments exposed. She it was who got the work-rooms properly ventilated, and properly warmed. She it was who insisted upon the cruelty and the wretchedness of keeping up these poor girls hour after hour from their natural rest, till their strength was exhausted; the very means by which they were to earn their bread taken away; and they were sent into decline and starvation. She made fine ladies learn to allow more time for the preparation of their dresses; and fine ladies' dress-makers to learn to say, "No."

One of the great objects of her exertions was to save the poor plain-sewers from the necessary loss occasioned by the middlemen. She did not say whether the shops exacted too much labor, or not, for their pay; with so great a competition for work, and so much always lying unsold upon their boards, it was difficult to decide. But she spared no trouble to get these poor women employed direct by those who wanted sewing done; and she taught to feel ashamed of themselves those indolent fine ladies who, rather than give themselves a little trouble to increase a poor creature's gains, preferred going to the ready-made shops, "because the other was such a bore."

In one of her visits among the poor of Marylebone, she had accidentally met with these two sisters, Lettice Arnold and Myra. There was something in them both above the common stamp, which might be discerned in spite of their squalid dress and miserable chamber; but she had not had time to inquire into their previous history—which, indeed, they seemed unwilling to tell. Catherine, preparing her wedding clothes, and well knowing how anxious Mrs. Danvers was to obtain work, had reserved a good deal for her; and Mrs. Danvers had entrusted some of it to Lettice, who was too wretchedly destitute to be able to give any thing in the form of a deposit. Hence her uneasiness when the promised things did not appear to the time.

And hence the rather grave looks of Reynolds, who could not endure to see his mistress vexed.

"Has the workwoman brought her bill with her, Reynolds?" asked Mrs. Danvers.

"I will go and ask."

"Stay, ask her to come up; I should like to inquire how she is going on, and whether she has any other work in prospect."

Reynolds obeyed; and soon the door opened, and Lettice, poor thing, a good deal ashamed of her own appearance, was introduced into this warm and comfortable breakfast-room, where, however, as I have said, there was no appearance of luxury, except the pretty, neat breakfast, and the blazing fire.

"Good morning, my dear," said Mrs. Danvers, kindly; "I am sorry you have had such a wretched walk this morning. Why did you not

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come last night? Punctuality, my dear, is the soul of business, and if you desire to form a private connection for yourself, you will find it of the utmost importance to attend to it. This young lady is just going off, and there is barely time to put up the things."

Catherine had her back turned to the door, and was quietly continuing her breakfast. She did not even look round as Mrs. Danvers spoke, but when a gentle voice replied:

"Indeed, madam, I beg your pardon. Indeed, I did my very best, but—"

She started, looked up, and rose hastily from her chair. Lettice started, too, on her side, as she did so; and, advancing a few steps, exclaimed, "Catherine!"

"It must—it is—it is you!" cried Catherine hastily, coming forward and taking her by the hand. She gazed with astonishment at the worn and weather-beaten face, the miserable attire, the picture of utter wretchedness before her. "You!" she kept repeating, "Lettice! Lettice Arnold! Good Heavens! where are they all? Where is your father? Your mother? Your sister?"

"Gone!" said the poor girl. "Gone—every one gone but poor Myra!"

"And she—where is *she?* The beautiful creature, that used to be the pride of poor Mrs. Price's heart. How lovely she was! And you, dear, dear Lettice, how can you, how have you come to this?"

Mrs. Danvers stood like one petrified with astonishment while this little scene was going on. She kept looking at the two girls, but said nothing.

"Poor, dear Lettice!" Catherine went on in a tone of the most affectionate kindness, "have you come all through the streets and alone this most miserable morning? And working—working for me! Good Heavens! how has all this come about?"

"But come to the fire first," she continued, taking hold of the almost frozen hand.

Mrs. Danvers now came forward.

"You seem to have met with an old acquaintance, Catherine. Pray come to the fire, and sit down and warm yourself; and have you breakfasted?"

Lettice hesitated. She had become so accustomed to her fallen condition, that it seemed to her that she could no longer with propriety sit down to the same table with Catherine.

Catherine perceived this, and it shocked and grieved her excessively. "Do come and sit down," she said, encouraged by Mrs. Danvers's invitation, "and tell us, have you breakfasted? But though you have, a warm cup of tea this cold morning must be comfortable."

And she pressed her forward, and seated her, half reluctant, in an arm-chair that stood by the fire: then she poured out a cup of tea, and carried it to her, repeating,

"Won't you eat? Have you breakfasted?"

The plate of bread-and-butter looked delicious to the half-starved girl; the warm cup of tea seemed to bring life into her. She had been silent from surprise, and a sort of humiliated embarrassment; but now her spirits began to revive, and she said, "I never expected to have seen you again, Miss Melwyn!"

"*Miss Melwyn!* What does that mean? Dear Lettice, how has all this come about?"

"My father was ill the last time you were in Nottinghamshire, do you not recollect, Miss Melwyn? He never recovered of that illness; but it lasted nearly two years. During that time, your aunt, Mrs. Montague, died; and her house was sold, and new people came; and you never were at Castle Rising afterward."

"No—indeed—and from that day to this have never chanced to hear any thing of its inhabitants. But Mrs. Price, your aunt, who was so fond of Myra, what is become of her?"

"She died before my poor father."

"Well; but she was rich. Did she do nothing?"

"Every body thought her rich, because she spent a good deal of money; but hers was only income. Our poor aunt was no great economist—she made no savings."

"Well; and your mother? I can not understand it. No; I can not understand it," Catherine kept repeating. "So horrible! dear, dear Lettice—and your shawl is quite wet, and so is your bonnet, poor, dear girl. Why did you not put up your umbrella?"

"For a very good reason, dear Miss Melwyn; because I do not possess one."

"Call me Catherine, won't you? or I will not speak to you again." But Mrs. Danvers's inquiring looks seemed now to deserve a little attention. She seemed impatient to have the enigma of this strange scene solved. Catherine caught her eye, and, turning from her friend, with whom she had been so much absorbed as to forget every thing else, she said:

"Lettice Arnold is a clergyman's daughter, ma'am."

"I began to think something of that sort," said Mrs. Danvers; "but, my dear young lady, what can have brought you to this terrible state of destitution?"

"Misfortune upon misfortune, madam. My father was, indeed, a clergyman, and held the little vicarage of Castle Rising. There Catherine," looking affectionately up at her, "met me upon her visits to her aunt, Mrs. Montague."

"We have known each other from children," put in Catherine.

The door opened, and Reynolds appeared—

"The cab is waiting, if you please, Miss Melwyn."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I can't go just this moment. Bid the man wait."

"It is late already," said Reynolds, taking out his watch. "The train starts in twenty minutes."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! and when does the next go? I can't go by this. Can I, dear Mrs. Danvers? It is impossible."

"Another starts in an hour afterward."

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"Oh! that will do—tell Sarah to be ready for that. Well, my dear, go on, go on—dear Lettice, you were about to tell us how all this happened—but just another cup of tea. Do you like it strong?"

"I like it any way," said Lettice, who was beginning to recover her spirits, "I have not tasted any thing so comfortable for a very long time."

"Dear me! dear me!"

"You must have suffered very much, I fear, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Danvers, in a kind voice of interest, "before you could have sunk to the level of that miserable home where I found you."

"Yes," said Lettice. "Every one suffers very much, be the descent slow or rapid, when he has to fall so far. But what were my sufferings to poor Myra's!"

"And why were your sufferings as nothing in comparison with poor Myra's?"

"Ah, madam, there are some in this world not particularly favored by nature or fortune, who were born to be denied; who are used to it from their childhood—it becomes a sort of second nature to them, as it were. They scarcely feel it. But a beautiful girl, adored by an old relation, accustomed to every sort of indulgence and luxury! They doated upon the very ground she trod on. Oh! to be cast down to such misery, that *is* dreadful."

"I don't see—I don't know," said Catherine, who, like the world in general, however much they might admire, and however much too many might flatter Myra, greatly preferred Lettice to her sister.

"I don't know," said she, doubtingly.

"Ah! but you would know if you could see!" said the generous girl. "If you could see what she suffers from every thing—from things that I do not even feel, far less care for—you would be so sorry for her."

Mrs. Danvers looked with increasing interest upon the speaker. She seemed to wish to go on with the conversation about this sister, so much pitied; so she said, "I believe what you say is very true. Very true, Catherine, in spite of your skeptical looks. Some people really do suffer very much more than others under the same circumstances of privation."

"Yes, selfish people like Myra," thought Catherine, but she said nothing.

"Indeed, madam, it is so. They seem to feel every thing so much more. Poor Myra—I can sleep like a top in our bed, and she very often can not close her eyes—and the close room, and the poor food. I can get along—I was made to rough it, my poor aunt always said—but Myra!"

"Well but," rejoined Catherine, "do pray tell us how you came to this cruel pass? Your poor father—"

"His illness was very lingering and very painful—and several times a surgical operation was required. My mother could not bear—could any of us?—to have it done by the poor blundering operator of that remote village. To have a surgeon from Nottingham was very expensive; and then the medicines; and the necessary food and attendance. The kindest and most provident father can not save much out of one hundred and ten pounds a year, and what was saved was soon all gone."

"Well, well," repeated Catherine, her eyes fixed with intense interest upon the speaker.

"His deathbed was a painful scene," Lettice went on, her face displaying her emotion, while she with great effort restrained her tears: "he trusted in God; but there was a fearful prospect before us, and he could not help trembling for his children. Dear, dear father! he reproached himself for his want of faith, and would try to strengthen us, 'but the flesh,' he said, 'was weak.' He could not look forward without anguish. It was a fearful struggle to be composed and confiding—he could not help being anxious. It was for us, you know, not for himself."

"Frightful!" cried Catherine, indignantly; "frightful! that a man of education, a scholar, a gentleman, a man of so much activity in doing good, and so much power in preaching it, should be brought to this. One hundred and ten pounds a year, was that all? How could you exist?"

"We had the house and the garden besides, you know, and my mother was such an excellent manager; and my father! No religious of the severest order was ever more self-denying, and there was only me. My aunt Price, you know, took Myra—Myra had been delicate from a child, and was so beautiful, and she was never made to rough it, my mother and my aunt said. Now I seemed made expressly for the purpose," she added, smiling with perfect simplicity.

"And his illness, so long! and so expensive!" exclaimed Catherine, with a sort of cry.

"Yes, it was—and to see the pains he took that it should not be expensive. He would be quite annoyed if my mother got any thing nicer than usual for his dinner. She used to be obliged to make a mystery of it; and we were forced almost to go down upon our knees to get him to have the surgeon from Nottingham Nothing but the idea that his life would be more secure in such hands could have persuaded him into it. He knew how important that was to us. As for the pain which the bungling old doctor hard by would have given him, he would have borne that rather than have spent money. Oh, Catherine! there have been times upon times when I have envied the poor. They have hospitals to go to; they are not ashamed to ask for a little wine from those who have it; they can beg when they are in want of a morsel of bread. It is natural. It is right—they feel it to be right. But oh! for those, as they call it, better born, and educated to habits of thought like those of my poor father! . . . . . Want is, indeed, like an armed man, when he comes into *their* dwellings."

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"Too true, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Danvers, whose eyes were by this time moist; "but go on, if it does not pain you too much, your story is excessively interesting. There is yet a wide step between where your relation leaves us, and where I found you."

"We closed his eyes at last in deep sorrow. Excellent man, he deserved a better lot: So, at least, it seems to me—but who knows? Nay, he would have reproved me for saying so. He used to say of *himself*, so cheerfully, 'It's a rough road, but it leads to a good place.' Why could he not feel this for his wife and children? He found that so very difficult!"

"He was an excellent and a delightful man," said Catherine. "Well?" ....

"Well, my dear, when he had closed his eyes, there was his funeral. We *could* not have a parish funeral. The veriest pauper has a piety toward the dead which revolts at that. We did it as simply as we possibly could, consistently with common decency; but they charge so enormously for such things: and my poor mother would not contest it. When I remonstrated a little, and said I thought it was right to prevent others being treated in the same way, who could no better afford it than we could, I shall never forget my mother's face: "I dare say—yes, you are right, Lettice; quite right—but not this—not *his*. I can not debate that matter. Forgive me, dear girl; it is weak—but I can not.'"

"This expense exhausted all that was left of our little money: only a few pounds remained when our furniture had been sold, and we were obliged to give up possession of that dear, dear, little parsonage, and we were without a roof to shelter us. You remember it, Catherine!"

"Remember it! to be sure I do. That sweet little place. The tiny house, all covered over with honey-suckles and jasmines. How sweet they *did* smell. And your flower-garden, Lettice, how you used to work in it. It was that which made you so hale and strong, aunt Montague said. She admired your industry so, you can't think. She used to say you were worth a whole bundle of fine ladies."

"Did she?" and Lettice smiled again. She was beginning to look cheerful, in spite of her dismal story. There was something so inveterately cheerful in that temper, that nothing could entirely subdue it. The warmth of her generous nature it was that kept the blood and spirits flowing.

"It was a sad day when we parted from it. My poor mother! How she kept looking back—looking back—striving not to cry; and Myra was drowned in tears."

"And what did you do?"

"I am sure I don't know; I was so sorry for them both; I quite forget all the rest."

"But how came you to London?" asked Mrs. Danvers. "Every body, without other resource, seem to come to London. The worst place, especially for women, they can possibly come to. People are so completely lost in London. Nobody dies of want, nobody is utterly and entirely destitute of help or friends, except in London."

"A person we knew in the village, and to whom my father had been very kind, had a son who was employed in one of the great linen-warehouses, and he promised to endeavor to get us needle-work; and we flattered ourselves, with industry, we should, all three together, do pretty well. So we came to London, and took a small lodging, and furnished it with the remnant of our furniture. We had our clothes, which, though plain enough, were a sort of little property, you know. But when we came to learn the prices they actually paid for work, it was really frightful! Work fourteen hours a day apiece, and we could only gain between three and four shillings a week each—sometimes hardly that. There was our lodging to pay, three shillings a week, and six shillings left for firing and food for three people; this was in the weeks of *plenty*. Oh! it was frightful!"

"Horrible!" echoed Catherine.

"We could not bring ourselves down to it at once. We hoped and flattered ourselves that by-and-by we should get some work that would pay better; and when we wanted a little more food, or in very cold days a little more fire, we were tempted to sell or pawn one article after another. At last my mother fell sick, and then all went; she died, and she *had* a pauper's funeral," concluded Lettice, turning very pale.

They were all three silent. At last Mrs. Danvers began again.

"That was not the lodging I found you in?"

"No, madam, that was too expensive. We left it, and we only pay one-and-sixpence a week for this, the furniture being our own."

"The cab is at the door, Miss Melwyn," again interrupted Reynolds.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I can't go, indeed, Mrs. Danvers, I can't go;" with a pleading look, "may I stay one day longer?"

"Most gladly would I keep you, my dearest love; but your father and mother..... And they will have sent to meet you."

"And suppose they have, John must go back, but stay, stay, Sarah shall go and take all my boxes, and say I am coming to-morrow; that will do."

"And you travel alone by railway? Your mother will never like that."

"I am ashamed," cried Catherine, with energy, to think of such mere conventional difficulties, when here I stand in the presence of real misery. Indeed, my dear Mrs. Danvers, my mother will be quite satisfied when she hears why I staid. I must be an insensible creature if I could go away without seeing more of dear Lettice."

Lettice looked up so pleased, so grateful, so happy.

"Well, my love, I think your mother will not be uneasy, as Sarah goes; and I just remember Mrs. Sands travels your way to-morrow, so she will take care of you; for taken care of you must be, my pretty Catherine, till you

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are a little less young, and somewhat less handsome."

And she patted the sweet, full, rosy cheek.

Catherine was very pretty indeed, if you care to know that, and so it was settled.

And now, Lettice having enjoyed a happier hour than she had known for many a long day, began to recollect herself, and to think of poor Myra.

She rose from her chair, and taking up her bonnet and shawl, which Catherine had hung before the fire to dry, seemed preparing to depart.

Then both Catherine and Mrs. Danvers began to think of her little bill, which had not been settled yet. Catherine felt excessively awkward and uncomfortable at the idea of offering her old friend and companion money; but Mrs. Danvers was too well acquainted with real misery, had too much approbation for that spirit which is not above *earning*, but is above begging, to have any embarrassment in such a case.

"Catherine, my dear," she said, "you owe Miss Arnold some money. Had you not better settle it before she leaves?"

Both the girls blushed.

"Nay, my dears," said Mrs. Danvers, kindly; "why this? I am sure," coming up to them, and taking Lettice's hand, "I hold an honest hand here, which is not ashamed to labor, when it has been the will of God that it shall be by her own exertions that she obtains her bread, and part of the bread of another, if I mistake not. What you have nobly earned as nobly receive. Humiliation belongs to the idle and the dependent, not to one who maintains herself."

The eyes of Lettice glistened, and she could not help gently pressing the hand which held hers.

Such sentiments were congenial to her heart. She had never been able to comprehend the conventional distinctions between what is honorable or degrading, under the fetters of which so many lose the higher principles of independence—true honesty and true honor. To work for her living had never lessened her in her own eyes; and she had found, with a sort of astonishment, that it was to sink her in the eyes of others. To deny herself every thing in food, furniture, clothing, in order to escape debt, and add in her little way to the comforts of those she loved, had ever appeared to her noble and praiseworthy. She was as astonished, as many such a heart has been before her, with the course of this world's esteem, too often measured by what people *spend* upon themselves, rather than by what they spare. I can not get that story in the newspaper—the contempt expressed for the dinner of one mutton chop, potatoes, and a few greens—out of my head.

Catherine's confusion had, in a moment of weakness, extended to Lettice. She had felt ashamed to be paid as a workwoman by one once her friend, and in social rank her equal; but now she raised her head, with a noble frankness and spirit.

"I am very much obliged to you for recollecting it, madam, for in truth the money is very much wanted; and if—" turning to her old friend, "my dear Catherine can find me a little more work, I should be very greatly obliged to her."

Catherine again changed color. Work! she was longing to offer her money. She had twenty pounds in her pocket, a present from her godmother, to buy something pretty for her wedding. She was burning with desire to put it into Lettice's hand.

She stammered—she hesitated.

"Perhaps you *have* no more work just now," said Lettice. "Never mind, then; I am sure when there is an opportunity, you will remember what a pleasure it will be to me to work for you; and that a poor needlewoman is very much benefited by having private customers."

"My dear, dear Lettice!" and Catherine's arms were round her neck. She could not help shedding a few tears.

"But to return to business," said Mrs. Danvers, "for I see Miss Arnold is impatient to be gone. What is your charge, my dear? These slips are tucked and beautifully stitched and done."

"I should not get more than threepence, at most fourpence, at the shops for them. Should you think ninepence an unreasonable charge? I believe it is what you would pay if you had them done at the schools."

"Threepence, fourpence, ninepence! Good Heavens!" cried Catherine; "so beautifully done as these are; and then your needles and thread, you have made no charge for them."

"We pay for those ourselves," said Lettice.

"But my dear," said Mrs. Danvers, "what Catherine would have to pay for this work, if bought from a linen warehouse, would at least be fifteen pence, and not nearly so well done, for these are beautiful. Come, you must ask eighteen pence; there are six of them; nine shillings, my dear."

The eyes of poor Lettice quite glistened. She could not refuse. She felt that to seem over delicate upon this little enhancement of price would be really great moral indelicacy. "Thank you," said she, "you are very liberal; but it must only be for this once. If I am to be your needlewoman in ordinary, Catherine, I must only be paid what you would pay to others."

She smiled pleasantly as she said this; but Catherine could not answer the smile. She felt very sad as she drew the nine shillings from her purse, longing to make them nine sovereigns. But she laid the money at last before Lettice upon the table.

Lettice took it up, and bringing out an old dirty leathern purse, was going to put it in.

"At least, let me give you a better purse," said Catherine, eagerly, offering her own hand

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some one, yet of a strong texture, for it was her business purse.

"They would think I had stolen it, said Lettice, putting it aside. "No, thank you, dear, kind Catherine. Consistency in all things; and my old leather convenience seems to me much more consistent with my bonnet than your beautiful one. Not but that I shall get myself a decent bonnet *now*, for really this is a shame to be seen. And so, good-by; and farewell, madam. When you *have* work, you won't forget me, will you, dear?"

"Oh, Catherine has plenty of work," put in Mrs. Danvers, "but somehow she is not quite herself this morning"—again looking at her very kindly. "You can not wonder, Miss Arnold, that she is much more agitated by this meeting than you can be. My dear, there are those pocket-handkerchiefs to be marked, which we durst not trust to an unknown person. That will be a profitable job. My dear, you would have to pay five shillings apiece at Mr. Morris's for having them embroidered according to that pattern you fixed upon, and which I doubt not your friend and her sister can execute. There are six of them to be done."

"May I look at the pattern? Oh, yes! I think I can do it. I will take the greatest possible pains. Six at five shillings each! Oh! madam!—Oh, Catherine!—what a benefit this will be."

Again Catherine felt it impossible to speak. She could only stoop down, take the poor hand, so roughened with hardships, and raise it to her lips.

The beautiful handkerchiefs were brought.

"I will only take one at a time, if you please. These are too valuable to be risked at our lodgings. When I have done this, I will fetch another, and so on. I shall not lose time in getting them done, depend upon it," said Lettice, cheerfully.

"Take two, at all events, and then Myra can help you."

"No, only one at present, at least, thank you."

She did not say what she knew to be very true, that Myra could not help her. Myra's fingers were twice as delicate as her own; and Myra, before their misfortunes, had mostly spent her time in ornamental work—her aunt holding plain sewing to be an occupation rather beneath so beautiful and distinguished a creature. Nevertheless, when work became of so much importance to them all, and fine work especially, as gaining so much better a recompense in proportion to the time employed, Myra's accomplishments in this way proved very useless. She had not been accustomed to that strenuous, and, to the indolent, painful effort, which is necessary to do any thing *well*. To exercise self-denial, self-government, persevering industry, virtuous resistance against weariness, disgust, aching fingers and heavy eyes—temptations which haunt the indefatigable laborer in such callings, she was incapable of: the consequence was, that she worked in a very inferior manner. While Lettice, as soon as she became aware of the importance of this accomplishment as to the means of increasing her power of adding to her mother's comforts, had been indefatigable in her endeavors to accomplish herself in the art, and was become a very excellent workwoman.

CHAPTER III.

"Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light."—Pope.

AND now she is upon her way home. And oh! how lightly beats that honest simple heart in her bosom: and oh! how cheerily sits her spirit upon its throne. How happily, too, she looks about at the shops, and thinks of what she shall buy; not what she can possibly do without; not of the very cheapest and poorest that is to be had for money, but upon what she shall *choose!*

Then she remembers the fable of the Maid and the Milk-pail, and grows prudent and prosaic; and resolves that she will not spend her money till she has got it. She begins to limit her desires, and to determine that she will only lay out six shillings this morning, and keep three in her purse, as a resource for contingencies. Nay, she begins to grow a little Martha-like and careful, and to dream about savings-banks; and putting half-a-crown in, out of the way of temptation, when she is paid for her first pocket-handkerchief.

Six shillings, however, she means to expend for the more urgent wants. Two shillings coals; one shilling a very, very coarse straw bonnet; fourpence ribbon to trim it with; one shilling bread, and sixpence potatoes, a half-pennyworth of milk, and then, what is left?—one shilling and a penny-half-penny. Myra shall have a cup of tea, with sugar in it; and a muffin, that she loves so, and a bit of butter. Four-pennyworth of tea, three-pennyworth of sugar, two-pennyworth of butter, one penny muffin; and threepence-halfpenny remains in the good little manager's hands.

She came up the dark stairs of her lodgings so cheerfully, followed by a boy lugging up her coals, she carrying the other purchases herself—so happy! quite radiant with joy—and opened the door of the miserable little apartment.

It was a bleak wintry morning. Not a single ray of the sun could penetrate the gray fleecy covering in which the houses were wrapped; yet the warmth of the smoke and fires was sufficient so far to assist the temperature of the atmosphere as to melt the dirty snow; which now kept dripping from the roofs in dreary cadence, and splashing upon the pavement below.

The room looked so dark, so dreary, so dismal! Such a contrast to the one she had just left! Myra was up, and was dressed in her miserable, half-worn, cotton gown, which was thrown round her in the most untidy, com

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fortless manner. She could not think it worth while to care how *such* a gown was put on. Her hair was dingy and disordered; to be sure there was but a broken comb to straighten it with, and who could do any thing with *such* a comb? She was cowering over the fire, which was now nearly extinguished, and, from time to time, picking up bit by bit of the cinders, as they fell upon the little hearth, putting them on again — endeavoring to keep the fire alive. Wretchedness in the extreme was visible in her dress, her attitude, her aspect.

She turned round as Lettice entered, and saying pettishly, "I thought you never *would* come back, and I do *so* want my shawl," returned to her former attitude, with her elbows resting upon her knees, and her chin upon the palms of her hands.

"I have been a sad long time, indeed," said Lettice, good-humoredly; "you must have been tired to death of waiting for me, and wondering what I *could* be about. But I've brought something back which will make you amends. And, in the first place, here's your shawl," putting it over her, "and thank you for the use of it — though I would not ask your leave, because I could not bear to waken you. But I was *sure* you would lend it me — and now for the fire. For once in a way we *will* have a good one. There, Sim, bring in the coals, put them in that wooden box there. Now for a good lump or two." And on they went; and the expiring fire began to crackle and sparkle, and make a pleased noise, and a blaze soon caused even that room to look a little cheerful.

"Oh dear! I am so glad we may for *once* be allowed to have coal enough to put a spark of life into us," said Myra.

Lettice had by this time filled the little old tin kettle, and was putting it upon the fire, and then she fetched an old tea-pot with a broken spout, a saucer without a cup, and a cup without a saucer; and putting the two together, for they were usually divided between the sisters, said:

"I have got something for you which I know you will like still better than a blaze, a cup of tea. And to warm your poor fingers, see if you can't toast yourself this muffin," handing it to her upon what was now a two-pronged, but had once been a three-pronged fork.

"But what have you got for yourself?" Myra had, at least, the grace to say.

"Oh! I have had *such* a breakfast. And such a thing has happened! but I can not and will not tell you till you have had your own breakfast, poor, dear girl. You must be ravenous — at least, I should be in your place — but you never seem so hungry as I am, poor Myra. However, I was sure you could eat a muffin."

"That was very good-natured of you, Lettice, to think of it. It *will* be a treat. But oh! to think that we should be brought to this — to think a muffin — *one* muffin — a treat!" she added dismally.

"Let us be thankful when we get it, however," said her sister: "upon my word. Mrs. Bull has given us some very good coals. Oh, how the kettle does enjoy them! It must be quite a treat to our kettle to feel *hot* — poor thing! Lukewarm is the best it mostly attains to. Hear how it buzzes and hums, like a pleased child."

And so she prattled, and put a couple of spoonfuls of tea into the cracked tea-pot. There were but about six in the paper, but Myra liked her tea strong, and she should have it as she pleased this once. Then she poured out a cup, put in some milk and sugar, and, with a smile of ineffable affection, presented it, with the muffin she had buttered, to her sister. Myra *did* enjoy it. To the poor, weedy, delicate thing, a cup of good tea, with something to eat that she could relish, *was* a real blessing. Mrs. Danvers was right so far: things did really go much harder with her than with Lettice; but then she made them six times worse by her discontent and murmuring spirit, and Lettice made them six times better by her cheerfulness and generous disregard of self.

While the one sister was enjoying her breakfast, the other, who really began to feel tired, was very glad to sit down and enjoy the fire. So she took the other chair, and, putting herself upon the opposite side of the little table, began to stretch out her feet to the fender, and feel herself quite comfortable. Three shillings in her purse, and three-pence halfpenny to do just what she liked with! perhaps buy Myra a roll for tea: there would be butter enough left.

Then she began her story. But the effect it produced was not exactly what she had expected. Instead of sharing in her sister's thankful joy for this unexpected deliverance from the most abject want, through the discovery of a friend — able and willing to furnish employment herself, and to recommend them, as, in her hopeful view of things, Lettice anticipated, to others, and promising them work of a description that would pay well, and make them quite comfortable — Myra began to draw a repining contrast between Catherine's situation and her own.

The poor beauty had been educated by her silly and romantic old aunt to look forward to making some capital match. "She had such a sweet pretty face, and so many accomplishments of mind and manner," for such was the way the old woman loved to talk. Accomplishments of mind and manner, by the way, are indefinite things; any body may put in a claim for them on the part of any one. As for the more positive acquirements which are to be seen, handled, or heard and appreciated — such as dancing, music, languages, and so forth, Myra had as slender a portion of those as usually falls to the lot of indulged, idle, nervous girls. The poor beauty felt all the bitterness of the deepest mortification at what she considered this cruel contrast of her fate as compared to Catherine's. She had been indulged in that pernicious habit of the mind — the making claims. "With claims no better than her own" was her expression

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For though Catherine had more money, every body said Catherine was *only* pretty, which last sentence implied that there was another person of Catherine's acquaintance, who was positively and extremely beautiful.

Lettice, happily for herself, had never been accustomed to make "claims." She had, indeed, never distinctly understood whom such claims were to be made upon. She could not quite see why it was very *hard* that other people should be happier than herself. I am sure she would have been very sorry if she had thought that every body was as uncomfortable.

She was always sorry when she heard her sister talking in this manner, partly because she felt it could not be quite right, and partly because she was sure it did no good, but made matters a great deal worse; but she said nothing. Exhortation, indeed, only made matters worse: nothing offended Myra so much as an attempt to make her feel more comfortable, and to reconcile her to the fate she complained of as so *hard*.

Even when let alone, it would often be some time before she recovered her good humor; and this was the case now. I am afraid she was a little vexed that Lettice and not herself had met with the good luck first to stumble upon Catherine, and also a little envious of the pleasing impression it was plain her sister had made. So she began to fall foul of Lettice's new bonnet, and to say, in a captious tone,

"You got money enough to buy yourself a new bonnet, I see."

"Indeed, I did," Lettice answered with simplicity. "It was the very first thing I thought of. Mine was such a wretched thing, and wetted with the snow—the very boys hooted at it. Poor old friend!" said she, turning it upon her hand, "you have lost even the shape and pretension to be a bonnet. What must I do with thee? The back of the fire? Sad fate! No, generous companion of my cares and labors, that shall *not* be thy destiny. Useful to the last, thou shalt *light* to-morrow's fire; and that will be the best satisfaction to thy generous manes."

"*My* bonnet is not so *very* much better," said Myra, rather sulkily.

"*Not so very* much, alas! but better, far better than mine. And, besides, confess, please, my dear, that you had the last bonnet. Two years ago, it's true; but mine had seen three; and then, remember, I am going into grand company again to-morrow, and *must* be decent."

This last remark did not sweeten Myra's temper.

"Oh! I forgot. Of course you'll keep your good company to yourself. I am, indeed, not fit to be seen in it. But you'll want a new gown and a new shawl, my dear, though, indeed, you can always take mine, as you did this morning."

"Now, Myra!" said Lettice, "can you really be so naughty? Nay, you are cross; I see it in your face, though you won't look at me. Now don't be so foolish. Is it not all the same to us both? Are we not in one box? If you wish for the new bonnet, take it, and I'll take yours: I don't care, my dear. You were always used to be more handsomely dressed than me—it must seem quite odd for you not to be so. I only want to be decent when I go about the work, which I shall have to do often, as I told you, because I dare not have two of these expensive handkerchiefs in my possession at once. Dear me, girl! Have we not troubles enough? For goodness' sake don't let us *make* them. There, dear, take the bonnet, and I'll take yours; but I declare, when I look at the two, this is so horridly coarse, yours, old as it is, looks the genteeler to my mind," laughing.

So thought Myra, and kept her own bonnet, Lettice putting upon it the piece of new ribbon she had bought, and after smoothing and rubbing the faded one upon her sister's, trimming with it her own.

The two friends in Green-street sat silently for a short time after the door had closed upon Lettice; and then Catherine began.

"More astonishing things happen in the real world than one ever finds in a book. I am sure if such a reverse of fortune as this had been described to me in a story, I should at once have declared it to be impossible. I could not have believed it credible that, in a society such as ours—full of all sorts of kind, good-natured people, who are daily doing so much for the poor—an amiable girl like this, the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, could be suffered to sink into such abject poverty."

"Ah! my dear Catherine, that shows you have only seen life upon one side, and that its fairest side—as it presents itself in the country. You can not imagine what a dreadful thing it may prove in large cities. It can not enter into the head of man to conceive the horrible contrasts of large cities—the dreadful destitution of large cities—the awful solitude of a crowd. In the country, I think, such a thing hardly could have happened, however great the difficulty is of helping those who still preserve the delicacy and dignity with regard to money matters, which distinguishes finer minds—but in London what *can* be done? Like lead in the mighty waters, the moneyless and friendless sink to the bottom, Society in all its countless degrees closes over them: they are lost in its immensity, hidden from every eye, and they perish as an insect might perish; amid the myriads of its kind, unheeded by every other living creature. Ah, my love! if your walks lay where mine have done, your heart would bleed for these destitute women, born to better hopes, and utterly shipwrecked."

"She was such a dear, amiable girl," Catherine went on, "so cheerful, so sweet-tempered—so clever in all that one likes to see people clever about! Her mother was a silly woman."

"So she showed, I fear, by coming to London," said Mrs. Danvers.

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'She was so proud of Myra's beauty, and she seemed to think so little of Lettice. She was always prophesying that Myra would make a great match; and so did her aunt, Mrs. Price, who was no wiser than Mrs. Arnold; and they brought up the poor girl to such a conceit of herself—to 'not to do this,' and 'it was beneath her to do that'—and referring every individual thing to her comfort and advancement, till, poor girl, she could hardly escape growing, what she certainly did grow into, a very spoiled, selfish creature. While dear Lettice in her simplicity—that simplicity 'which thinketh no evil'—took it so naturally, that so it was, and so it ought to be; that sometimes one laughed, and sometimes one felt provoked, but one loved her above all things. I never saw such a temper."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Danvers, "that your intention in staying in town to-day was to pay them a visit, which, indeed, we had better do. I had only a glance into their apartment the other day, but it occurred to me that they wanted common necessaries. Ignorant as I was of who they were, I was thinking to get them put upon Lady A——'s coal and blanket list, but that can not very well be done now. However, presents are always permitted under certain conditions, and the most delicate receive them; and, really, this is a case to waive a feeling of that sort in some measure. As you are an old friend and acquaintance, there can be no harm in a few presents before you leave town."

"So I was thinking, ma'am, and I am very impatient to go and see them, and find out what they may be most in want of."

"Well, my dear, I do not see why we should lose time, and I will order a cab to take us, for it is rather too far to walk this terrible day."

They soon arrived at the place I have described, and, descending from their cab, walked along in front of this row of lofty houses looking upon the grave-yard, and inhabited by so much human misery. The doors of most of the houses stood open, for they were all let in rooms, and the entrance and staircase were common as the street. What forms of human misery and degradation presented themselves during one short walk which I once took there with a friend employed upon a mission of mercy!

Disease in its most frightful form, panting to inhale a little fresh air. Squalid misery, the result of the gin-shop—decent misery ready to starve. Women shut up in one room with great heartless, brutal, disobedient boys—sickness resting untended upon its solitary bed. Wailing infants—scolding mothers—human nature under its most abject and degraded forms. No thrift, no economy, no attempt at cleanliness and order. Idleness, recklessness, dirt, and wretchedness. Perhaps the very atmosphere of towns; perhaps these close, ill-ventilated rooms; most certainly the poisonous gin-shop, engender a relaxed state of nerves and muscles, which deprives people of the spirits ever to attempt to make themselves a little decent. Then water is so dear, and dirt so pervading the very atmosphere. Poor things, they give it up; and acquiesce in, and become accustomed to it, and "*avec un malheur sourd dont l'on ne se rend pas compte*," gradually sink and sink into the lowest abyss of habitual degradation.

It is difficult to express the painful sensations which Catherine experienced when she entered the room of the two sisters. To her the dirty paper, the carpetless floor, the miserable bed, the worm-eaten and scanty furniture, the aspect of extreme poverty which pervaded every thing, were so shocking, that she could hardly restrain her tears. Not so Mrs. Danvers.

Greater poverty, even she, could rarely have seen; but it was too often accompanied with what grieved her more, reckless indifference, and moral degradation Dirt and disorder, those agents of the powers of darkness, were almost sure to be found where there was extreme want; but here the case was different. As her experienced eye glanced round the room, she could perceive that, poor as was the best, the best *was* made of it; that a cheerful, active spirit—the "How to make the best of it"—that spirit which is like the guardian angel of the poor, had been busy here.

The floor, though bare, was clean; the bed, though so mean, neatly arranged and made; the grate was bright; the chairs were dusted; the poor little plenishing neatly put in order. No dirty garments hanging about the room; all carefully folded and put away they were; though she could not, of course, see that, for there were no half-open drawers of the sloven, admitting dust and dirt, and offending the eye. Lettice herself, with hair neatly braided, her poor worn gown carefully put on, was sitting by the little table, busy at her work, looking the very picture of modest industry. Only one figure offended the nice moral sense of Mrs. Danvers: that of Myra, who sat there with her fine hair hanging round her face, in long, dirty, disheveled ringlets, her feet stretched out and pushed slip-shod into her shoes. With her dress half put on, and hanging over her, as the maids say, "no how," she was leaning back in the chair, and sewing very languidly at a very dirty piece of work which she held in her hand.

Both sisters started up when the door opened. Lettice's cheeks flushed with joy, and her eye sparkled with pleasure as she rose to receive her guests, brought forward her other only chair, stirred the fire, and sent the light of a pleasant blaze through the room. Myra colored also, but her first action was to stoop down hastily to pull up the heels of her shoes; she then cast a hurried glance upon her dress, and arranged it a little—occupied as usual with herself, her own appearance was the first thought—and never in her life more disagreeably.

Catherine shook hands heartily with Lettice, saying, "We are soon met again, you see;" and then went up to Myra, and extended her hand to her. The other took it, but was evidently so excessively ashamed of her poverty,

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and her present appearance, before one who had seen her in better days, that she could not speak, or make any other reply to a kind speech of Catherine's, but by a few unintelligible murmurs.

"I was impatient to come," said Catherine—she and Mrs. Danvers having seated themselves upon the two smaller chairs, while the sisters sat together upon the larger one—"because, you know, I must go out of town so very soon, and I wanted to call upon you, and have a little chat and talk of old times—and, really—really—" she hesitated. Dear, good thing, she was so dreadfully afraid of mortifying either of the two in their present fallen state.

"And, really—really," said Mrs. Danvers, smiling, "out with it, my love—really—really, Lettice, Catherine feels as I am sure you would feel if the cases were reversed. She can not bear the thoughts of her own prosperity, and at the same time think of your misfortunes. I told her I was quite sure you would not be hurt if she did for you, what I was certain you would have done in such a case for her, and would let her make you a little more comfortable before she went. The poor thing's wedding-day will be quite spoiled by thinking about you, if you won't, Lettice."

Lettice stretched out her hand to Catherine by way of answer; and received in return the most warm and affectionate squeeze. Myra was very glad to be made more comfortable—there was no doubt of that; but half offended, and determined to be as little obliged as possible. And then, Catherine going to be married too. How hard!—every kind of good luck to be heaped upon *her*, and she herself so unfortunate in every way.

But nobody cared for her ungracious looks. Catherine knew her of old, and Mrs. Danvers understood the sort of thing she was in a minute. Her walk had lain too long amid the victims of false views and imperfect moral training, to be surprised at this instance of their effects. The person who surprised her was Lettice.

"Well, then," said Catherine, now quite relieved, and looking round the room, "where shall we begin? What will you have? What do you want most? I shall make you wedding presents, you see, instead of you making them to me. When your turn comes you shall have your revenge."

"Well," Lettice said, "what must be must be, and it's nonsense playing at being proud. I am very much obliged to you, indeed, Catherine, for thinking of us at this time; and if I must tell you what I should be excessively obliged to you for, it is a pair of blankets. Poor Myra can hardly sleep for the cold."

"It's not the cold—it's the wretched, hard, lumpy bed," muttered Myra.

This hint sent Catherine to the bed-side.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried she, piteously, "poor dear things, how could you sleep at all? Do they call this a bed? and such blankets! Poor Myra!" her compassion quite overcoming her dislike. "No wonder. My goodness! my goodness! it's very shocking indeed." And the good young thing could not help crying.

"Blankets, dear girls! and a mattress, and a feather bed, and two pillows. How have you lived through it? And you, poor Myra, used to be made so much of. Poor girl! I am so sorry for you."

And oh! how her heart smote her for all she had said and thought to Myra's disadvantage. And oh! how the generous eyes of Lettice beamed with pleasure as these compassionate words were addressed to her sister. Myra was softened and affected. She could almost forgive Catherine for being so fortunate.

"You are very kind, indeed, Catherine," she said.

Catherine, now quite at her ease, began to examine into their other wants; and without asking many questions, merely by peeping about, and forming her own conclusions, was soon pretty well aware of what was of the most urgent necessity. She was now quite upon the fidget to be gone, that she might order and send in the things; and ten of the twenty pounds given her for wedding lace was spent before she and Mrs. Danvers reached home; that lady laughing, and lamenting over the wedding gown, which would certainly not be flounced with Honiton, as Catherine's good god-mother had intended, and looking so pleased, contented, and happy, that it did Catherine's heart good to see her.

CHAPTER IV.

"The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise:
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear."—POPE.

In the evening Mrs. Danvers seemed rather tired, and the two sat over the fire a long time, without a single word being uttered; but, at last, when tea was finished, and they had both taken their work, Catherine, who had been in profound meditation all this time, began:

"My dear Mrs. Danvers, are you rested? I have a great deal to talk to you about, if you will let me."

"I must be very much tired, indeed, Catherine, when I do not like to hear *you* talk," was the kind reply.

Mrs. Danvers reposed very comfortably in her arm-chair, with her feet upon a footstool before the cheerful blazing fire; and now Catherine drew her chair closer, rested her feet upon the fender, and seemed to prepare herself for a regular confidential talk with her beloved old friend.

"My dear Mrs. Danvers, you are such a friend both of my dear mother's and mine, that I think I may, without scruple, open my whole heart to you upon a matter in which more than myself are concerned. If you think me wrong, stop me," said she, laying her hand affectionately

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upon that of her friend, and fixing those honest, earnest eyes of hers upon her face.

Mrs. Danvers pressed the hand, and said:

"My love, whatever you confide to me you know is sacred; and if I can be of any assistance to you, dear girl, I think you need not scruple opening your mind; for you know I am a sort of general mother-confessor to all my acquaintance, and am as secret as such a profession demands."

Catherine lifted up the hand; she held it, pressed it, and continued to hold it; then she looked at the fire a little while, and at last spoke.

"Did you never in your walk in life observe one evil under the sun, which appears to me to be a most crying one in many families, the undue influence exercised by, and the power allowed to servants?"

"Yes, my dear, there are few of the minor evils—if minor it can be called—that I have thought productive of more daily discomforts than that. At times the evils assume a much greater magnitude, and are very serious indeed. Alienated hearts—divided families—property to a large amount unjustly and unrighteously diverted from its natural channel—and misery, not to be told, about old age and a dying bed."

Catherine slightly shuddered, and said:

"I have not had an opportunity of seeing much of the world, you know; what you say is rather what I feared it might be, than what I have actually observed; but I have had a sort of divination of what might in future arise. It is inexplicable to me the power a servant may gain, and the tyrannical way in which she will dare to exercise it. The unaccountable way in which those who have every title to command, may be brought to obey, is scarcely to be believed, and to me inexplicable."

"Fear and indolence, my dear. Weak spirits and a weak body, upon the one side; on the other, that species of force which want of feeling, want of delicacy, want of a nice conscience, want even of an enlarged understanding—which rough habits and coarse perceptions bestow. Believe me, dear girl, almost as much power is obtained in this foolish world by the absence of certain qualities as by the possession of others. Silly people think it so nice and easy to govern, and so hard to obey. It requires many higher qualities, and much more rule over the spirit to command obedience than to pay it."

"Yes, no doubt, one does not think enough of that. Jeremy Taylor, in his fine prayers, has one for a new married wife just about to enter a family: he teaches her to pray for 'a right judgment in all things; not to be annoyed at trifles; nor discomposed by contrariety of accidents;' a spirit 'to overcome all my infirmities, and comply with and bear with the infirmities of others; giving offense to none, but doing good to all I can;' but I think he should have added a petition for strength to rule and guide that portion of the household which falls under her immediate care with a firm and righteous hand, not yielding feebly to the undue encroachment of others, not suffering, through indolence or a mistaken love of peace, evil habits to creep over those who look up to us and depend upon us, to their own infinite injury as well as to our own. Ah! that is the part of a woman's duty hardest to fulfill; and I almost tremble," said the young bride elect, "when I think how heavy the responsibility; and how hard I shall find it to acquit myself as I desire."

"In this as in other things," answered Mrs. Danvers, affectionately passing her hand over her young favorite's smooth and shining hair, "I have ever observed there is but one portion of real strength; one force alone by which we can move mountains. But, in that strength we assuredly are able to move mountains. Was this all that you had to say, my dear?"

"Oh, no—but—it is so disagreeable—yet I think. Did you ever notice how things went on at home, my dear friend?"

"Yes—a little I have. One can not help, you know, if one stays long in a house, seeing the relation in which the different members of a family stand to each other."

"I thought you must have done so; that makes it easier for me—well, then, *that* was one great reason which made me so unwilling to leave mamma."

"I understand."

"There is a vast deal of that sort of tyranny exercised in our family already. Ever since I have grown up I have done all in my power to check it, by encouraging my poor, dear mamma, to exert a little spirit; but she is so gentle, so soft, so indulgent, and so affectionate—for even *that* comes in her way. . . . She gets attached to every thing around her. She can not bear new faces, she says, and this I think the servants know, and take advantage of. They venture to do as they like, because they think it will be too painful an exertion for her to change them."

"Yes, my dear, that is exactly as things go on; not in your family alone, but in numbers that I could name if I chose. It is a very serious evil. It amounts to a sin in many households. The waste, the almost vicious luxury, the idleness that is allowed! The positive loss of what might be so much better bestowed upon those who really want it, to the positive injury of those who enjoy it! The demoralizing effect of pampered habits—the sins which are committed through the temptation of having nothing to do, will make, I fear, a dark catalogue against the masters and mistresses of families; who, because they have money in abundance, and hate trouble, allow all this misrule, and its attendant ill consequences upon their dependents. Neglecting 'to rule with diligence,' as the Apostle commands us, and satisfied, provided they themselves escape suffering from the ill consequences, except as far as an overflowing plentiful purse is concerned. Few people seem to reflect upon the mischief they may be doing to these their half-educated fellow creatures by such negligence."

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Catherine looked very grave, almost sorrowful, at this speech—she said:

"Poor mamma—but she *can not* help it—indeed she can not. She is all love, and is gentleness itself. The blessed one 'who thinketh no evil.' How can that Randall find the heart to tease her! as I am sure she does—though mamma never complains. And then, I am afraid, indeed, I feel certain, when I am gone the evil will very greatly increase. You, perhaps, have observed," added she, lowering her voice, "that poor papa makes it particularly difficult in our family—doubly difficult. His old wounds, his injured arm, his age and infirmities, make all sorts of little comforts indispensable to him. He suffers so much bodily, and he suffers, too, so much from little inconveniences, that he can not bear to have any thing done for him in an unaccustomed way. Randall and Williams have lived with us ever since I was five years old—when poor papa came back from Waterloo almost cut to pieces. And he is so fond of them he will not hear a complaint against them—not even from mamma. Oh! it is not her fault—poor, dear mamma!"

"No, my love, such a dreadful sufferer as the poor general too often is, makes things very difficult at times. I understand all that quite well; but we are still only on the preamble of your discourse, my Catherine; something more than vain lamentation is to come of it, I feel sure."

"Yes, indeed. Dear generous mamma! She would not hear of my staying with her and giving up Edgar; nor would she listen to what he was noble enough to propose, that he should abandon his profession and come and live at the Hazels, rather than that I should feel I was tampering with my duty, for his sake, dear fellow!"

And the tears stood in Catherine's eyes.

"Nothing I could say would make her listen to it. I could hardly be sorry for Edgar's sake. I knew what a sacrifice it would be upon his part—more than a woman ought to accept from a *lover*, I think—a man in his dotage, as one may say. Don't you think so, too, ma'am?"

"Yes, my dear, indeed I do. Well, go on."

"I have been so perplexed, so unhappy, so undecided what to do—so sorry to leave this dear, generous mother to the mercy of those servants of hers—whose influence, when she is alone, and with nobody to hearten her up a little, will be so terribly upon the increase—that I have not known what to do. But to-day, while I was dressing for dinner, a sudden, blessed thought came into my mind—really, just like a flash of light that seemed to put every thing clear at once—and it is about that I want to consult you, if you will let me. That dear Lettice Arnold!—I knew her from a child. You can not think what a creature she is. So sensible, so cheerful, so sweet-tempered, so self-sacrificing, yet so clever, and firm, and steady, when necessary. Mamma wants a daughter, and papa wants a reader and a backgammon prayer. Lettice Arnold is the very thing."

Mrs. Danvers made no answer.

"Don't you think so? Are you not sure? Don't you see it?" asked poor Catherine, anxiously.

"Alas! my dear, there is one thing I can scarcely ever persuade myself to do; and that is—advise any one to undertake the part of humble friend."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know it's a terrible part in general; and I can't think why."

"Because neither party in general understands the nature of the relation, nor the exchange of duties it implies. For want of proper attention to this, the post of governess is often rendered so unsatisfactory to one side, and so very uncomfortable to the other, but in that case at least *something* is defined. In the part of the humble friend there is really nothing—every thing depends upon the equity and good-nature of the first party, and the candor and good-will of the second. Equity not to exact too much—good-nature to consult the comfort and happiness of the dependent. On that dependent's side, candor in judging of what *is* exacted; and good-will cheerfully to do the best in her power to be amiable and agreeable."

"I am not afraid of mamma. She will never be exacting *much*. She will study the happiness of all who depend upon her; she only does it almost too much, I sometimes think, to the sacrifice of her own comfort, and to the spoiling of them—and though papa is sometimes so suffering that he can't help being a little impatient, yet he is a perfect gentleman, you know. As for Lettice Arnold, if ever there was a person who knew 'how to make the best of it,' and sup cheerfully upon fried onions when she had lost her piece of roast kid, it is she. Besides, she is so uniformly good-natured, that it is quite a pleasure to her to oblige. The only danger between dearest mamma and Lettice will be—of their quarreling which shall give up most to the other. But, joking apart, she is a vast deal more than I have said—she is a remarkably clever, spirited girl, and shows it when she is called upon. You can not think how discreet, how patient, yet how firm, she can be. Her parents, poor people, were very difficult to live with, and were always running wrong. If it had not been for Lettice, affairs would have got into dreadful confusion. There is that in her so *right*, such an inherent downright sense of propriety and justice—somehow or other I am confident she will not let Randall tyrannize over mamma when I am gone."

"Really," said Mrs. Danvers, "what you say seems very reasonable. There are exceptions to every rule. It certainly is one of mine to have as little as possible to do in recommending young women to the situation of humble friends. Yet in some cases I have seen all the comfort you anticipate arise to both parties from such a connection; and I own I never saw a fairer chance presented than the present; provided Randall is not too strong for you all; which may be feared."

"Well, then, you do not *dis*advise me to talk

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to mamma about it, and I will write to you as soon as I possibly can; and you will be kind enough to negotiate with Lettice, if you approve of the terms. As for Randall, she shall *not* be too hard for me. Now is my hour; I am in the ascendant, and I will win this battle or perish; that is, I will tell mamma I *won't* be married upon any other terms; and to have 'Miss' married is quite as great a matter of pride to Mrs. Randall as to that dearest of mothers."

The contest with Mrs. Randall was as fierce as Catherine, in her worst anticipations, could have expected. She set herself most doggedly against the plan. It, indeed, militated against all her schemes. She had intended to have every thing far more than ever her own way when "Miss Catherine was gone;" and though she had no doubt but that she should "keep the creature in her place," and "teach her there was only one mistress here" (which phrase usually means the maid, though it implies the lady), yet she had a sort of a misgiving about it. There would be one at her (Mrs. Melwyn's) ear as well as herself, and at, possibly, her master's, too, which was of still more importance. And then "those sort of people are so artful and cantankerous. Oh! she'd seen enough of them in her day! Poor servants couldn't have a moment's peace with a creature like that in the house, spying about and telling every thing in the parlor. One can't take a walk, or see a poor friend, or have a bit of comfort, but all goes up there. Well, those may put up with it who like. Here's one as won't, and that's me myself; and so I shall make bold to tell Miss Catherine. General and Mrs. Melwyn must choose between me and the new-comer."

Poor Catherine! Mrs. Melwyn cried, and said her daughter was very right; but she was sure Randall never *would* bear it. And the general, with whom Randall had daily opportunity for private converse while she bound up his shattered arm, and dressed the old wound, which was perpetually breaking out afresh, and discharging splinters of bone, easily talked her master into the most decided dislike to the scheme.

But Catherine stood firm. She had the support of her own heart and judgment; and the greater the difficulty, the more strongly she felt the necessity of the measure. Edgar backed her, too, with all his might. He could hardly keep down his vexation at this weakness on one side, and indignation at the attempted tyranny on the other, and he said every thing he could think of to encourage Catherine to persevere.

She talked the matter well over with her father. The general was the most testy, cross, and unreasonable of old men; always out of humor, because always suffering, and always jealous of every body's influence and authority, because he was now too weak and helpless to rule his family with a rod of iron, such as he, the greatest of martinets, had wielded in better days in his regiment and in his household alike. He suffered himself to be governed by Randall, and by nobody else; because in yielding to Randall, there was a sort of consciousness of the exercise of free will. He *ought* to be influenced by his gentle wife, and clever, sensible daughter; but there was no reason on earth, but because he *chose* to do it, that he should mind what Randall said.

"I hate the whole pack of them! I know well enough what sort of a creature you'll bring among us, Catherine. A whining, methodistical old maid, with a face like a hatchet, and a figure as if it had been pressed between two boards, dressed in a flimsy cheap silk, of a dingy brown color, with a cap like a grenadier's. Your mother and she will be sitting moistening their eyes all day long over the sins of mankind; and, I'll be bound, my own sins won't be forgotten among them. Oh! I know the pious creatures, of old. Nothing they hate like a poor old veteran, with a naughty word or two in his mouth now and then. Never talk to me, Catherine, I can't abide such cattle."

"Dearest papa, what a picture you *do* draw! just to frighten yourself. Why, Lettice Arnold is only about nineteen, I believe; and though she's not particularly pretty, she's the pleasantest-looking creature you ever saw. And as for bemoaning herself over her neighbors' sins, I'll be bound she's not half such a Methodist as Randall."

"Randall is a very pious, good woman, I'd have you to know, Miss Catherine."

"I'm sure I hope she is, papa; but you must own she makes a great fuss about it. And I really believe, the habit she has of whispering and turning up the whites of her eyes, when she hears of a neighbor's peccadillos, is one thing which sets you so against the righteous, dearest papa; now, you know it is."

"You're a saucy baggage. How old is this thing you're trying to put upon us, did you say?"

"Why, about nineteen, or, perhaps, twenty. And then, who's to read to you, papa, when I am gone, and play backgammon? You know mamma must *not* read, on account of her chest, and she plays so badly, you say, at backgammon; and it's so dull, husband and wife playing, you know." (Poor Mrs. Melwyn dreaded, of all things, backgammon; she invariably got ridiculed if she played ill, and put her husband into a passion if she beat him. Catherine had long taken this business upon herself.)

"Does she play backgammon tolerably? and can she read without drawling or galloping?"

"Just at your own pace, papa, whatever that may be. Besides, you can only try her; she's easily sent away if you and mamma don't like her. And then think, she is a poor clergyman's daughter; and it would be quite a kind action."

"A poor parson's! It would have been more to the purpose if you had said a poor officer's. I pay tithes enough to the black coated gentlemen, without being bothered with their children:

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and who ever pays tithes to us, I wonder? I I don't see what right parsons have to marry at all; and then, forsooth, come and ask other people to take care of their brats!"

"Ah! but she's not to be taken care of for nothing; only think what a comfort she'll be."

"To your mamma, perhaps, but not to me. And *she's* always the first person to be considered in this house, I know very well; and I know very well who it is that dresses the poor old soldier's wounds, and studies his comforts—and he'll study hers; and I won't have her vexed to please any of you."

"But why should she be vexed? It's nothing to *her*. *She's* not to live with Lettice. And I must say, if Randall sets herself against this measure, she behaves in a very unreasonable and unworthy manner, in my opinion."

"Hoity toity! *To* be sure; and who's behaving in an unreasonable and unworthy manner now, I wonder, abusing her behind her back, a worthy, attached creature, whose sole object it is to study the welfare of us all? She's told me so a thousand times."

"I daresay. Well, now, papa, listen to me. I'm going away from you for good—your little Catherine. Just for once grant me this as a favor. Only try Lettice. I'm sure you'll like her; and if, after she's been here a quarter of a year, you don't wish to keep her, why part with her, and I'll promise not to say a word about it. Randall has her good qualities, I suppose, like the rest of the world; but Randall must be taught to keep her place, and that's not in this drawing-room. And it's *here* you want Lettice, not in your dressing-room. Randall shall have it all her own way *there*, and that *ought* to content her. And besides, papa, do you know, I can't marry Edgar till you have consented, because I can not leave mamma and you with nobody to keep you company."

"Edgar and you be d—d! Well, do as you like. The sooner you're out of the house the better. I shan't have my own way till you're gone. You're a sad coaxing baggage, but you *have* a pretty face of your own, Miss Catherine."

If the debate upon the subject ran high at the Hazels, so did it in the little humble apartment which the two sisters occupied.

"A humble friend! No," cried Myra, "that I would never, never be; rather die of hunger first"

"Dying of hunger is a very horrible thing," said Lettice, quietly, "and much more easily said than done. We have not, God be thanked for it, ever been quite so badly off as that; but I have stood near enough to the dreadful gulf to look down, and to sound its depth and its darkness. I am very thankful, deeply thankful, for this offer, which I should gladly accept, only what is to become of you?"

"Oh! never mind me. It's the fashion now, I see, for every body to think of *you*, and nobody to think of me. I'm not worth caring for, now those who cared for me are gone. Oh! pray, if you like to be a domestic slave yourself, let *me* be no hindrance."

"A domestic slave! why should I be a domestic slave? I see no slavery in the case."

"*I* call it slavery, whatever you may do, to have nothing to do all day but play toad-eater and flatterer to a good-for-nothing old woman; to bear all her ill-humors, and be the butt for all her caprices. That's what humble friends are expected to do, I believe; what else are they hired for?"

"I should neither toady nor flatter, I hope," said Lettice; "and as for bearing people's ill-humors, and being now and then the sport of their caprices, why that, as you say, is very disagreeable, yet, perhaps, it is what we must rather expect. But Mrs. Melwyn, I have always heard, is the gentlest of human beings. And if she is like Catherine, she must be free from caprice, and nobody could help quite loving her."

"Stuff!—love! love! A humble friend love her *un*humble friend; for I suppose one must not venture to call one's mistress a tyrant. Oh, no, a friend! a dear friend!" in a taunting, ironical voice.

"Whomever it might be my fate to live with, I should *try* to love; for I believe if one tries to love people, one soon finds something lovable about them, and Mrs. Melwyn, I feel sure, I should soon love very much."

"So like you! ready to love any thing and every thing. I verily believe if there was nothing else to love but the little chimney-sweeper boy, you'd fall to loving him, rather than love nobody."

"I am sure that's true enough," said Lettice, laughing; "I have more than once felt very much inclined to love the little boy who carries the soot-bag for the man who sweeps these chimneys—such a saucy-looking, little sooty rogue."

"As if a person's love *could* be worth having," continued the sister, "who is so ready to love any body."

"No, that I deny. Some few people I *do* find it hard to love."

"Me for one."

"Oh, Myra!"

"Well, I beg your pardon. You're very kind to me. But I'll tell you who it will be impossible for you to love—if such a thing can be: that's that testy, cross, old general."

"I don't suppose I shall have much to do with the old general, if I go."

"*If* you go. Oh, you're sure to go. You're so sanguine; every new prospect is so promising. But pardon me, you seem quite to have forgotten that reading to the old general, and playing backgammon with him, are among your specified employments."

"Well, I don't see much harm in it if they are. A man can't be very cross with one when one's reading to him—and as for the backgammon, I mean to lose every game, if that will please him."

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"O., a man can't be cross with a reader? I wish you knew as much of the world as I do, and had heard people read. Why, nothing on earth puts one in such a fidget. I'm sure I've been put into such a worry by people's way of reading, that I could have pinched them. Really, Lettice, your simplicity would shame a child of five years old."

"Well, I shall do my best, and besides I shall take care to set my chair so far off that I can't get pinched, at least; and as for a poor, ailing, suffering old man being a little impatient and cross, why one can't expect to get fifty pounds a year for just doing nothing.—I do suppose it is expected that I should bear a few of these things in place of Mrs. Melwyn; and I don't see why I should not."

"Oh, dear! Well, my love, you're quite made for the place, I see; you always had something of the spaniel in you, or the walnut-tree, or any of those things which are the better for being ill-used. It was quite a proverb with our poor mother, 'a worm will turn, but not Lettice.'"

Lettice felt very much inclined to turn now. But the mention of her mother—that mother whose mismanagement and foolish indulgence had contributed so much to poor Myra's faults—faults for which she now paid so heavy a penalty—silenced the generous girl, and she made no answer.

No answer, let it proceed from never so good a motive, makes cross people often more cross; though perhaps upon the whole it is the best plan.

So Myra in a still more querulous voice went on:

"This room will be rather dismal all by one's self, and I don't know how I'm to go about, up and down, fetch and carry, and work as you are able to do. . . . I was never used to it. It comes very hard upon me." And she began to cry.

"Poor Myra! dear Myra! don't cry: I never intended to leave you. Though I talked as if I did, it was only in the way of argument, because I thought more might be said for the kind of life than you thought; and I felt sure if people were tolerably kind and candid, I could get along very well and make myself quite comfortable. Dear me! after such hardships as we have gone through, a little would do that. But do you think, poor dear girl, I could have a moment's peace, and know you were here alone? No, no."

And so when she went in the evening to carry her answer to Mrs. Danvers, who had conveyed to her Catherine's proposal, Lettice said, "that she should have liked exceedingly to accept Catherine's offer, and was sure she should have been very happy herself, and would have done every thing in her power to make Mrs. Melwyn happy, but that it was impossible to leave her sister."

"If that is your only difficulty, my dear, don't make yourself uneasy about that. I have found a place for your sister which I think she will like very well. It is with Mrs. Fisher, the great milliner in Dover-street, where she will be taken care of, and may be very comfortable. Mrs. Fisher is a most excellent person, and very anxious, not only about the health and comfort of those she employs, but about their good behavior and their security from evil temptation. Such a beautiful girl as your sister is, lives in perpetual danger, exposed as she is without protection in this great town."

"But Myra has such an abhorrence of servitude, as she calls it—such an independent high spirit—I fear she will never like it."

"It will be very good for her, whether she likes it or not. Indeed, my dear, to speak sincerely, the placing your sister out of danger in the house of Mrs. Fisher ought to be a decisive reason with you for accepting Catherine's proposal—even did you dislike it much more than you seem to do."

"Oh! to tell the truth, I should like the plan very much indeed—much more than I have wished to say, on account of Myra: but she never, never will submit to be ruled, I fear, and make herself happy where, of course, she must obey orders and follow regulations, whether she likes them or not. Unfortunately, poor dear, she has been so little accustomed to be contradicted."

"Well, then, it is high time she should begin; for contradicted, sooner or later, we all of us are certain to be. Seriously, again, my dear, good Lettice—I must call you Lettice—your innocence of heart prevents you from knowing what snares surround a beautiful young woman like your sister. I like you best, I own; but I have thought much more of her fate than yours, upon that account. Such a situation as is offered to you she evidently is quite unfit to fill: but I went—the very day Catherine and I came to your lodgings and saw you both—to my good friend Mrs. Fisher, and, with great difficulty, have persuaded her at last to take your sister. She disliked the idea very much; but she's an excellent woman: and when I represented to her the peculiar circumstances of the case, she promised she would consider the matter. She took a week to consider of it—for she is a very cautious person is Mrs. Fisher; and some people call her very cold and severe. However, she has decided in our favor, as I expected she would. Her compassion always gets the better of her prudence, when the two are at issue. And so you would not dislike to go to Mrs. Melwyn's?"

"How could I? Why, after what we have suffered, it must be like going into Paradise."

"Nay, nay—a little too fast. No dependent situation is ever exactly a Paradise. I should be sorry you saw things in a false light, and should be disappointed."

"Oh, no, I do not wish to do that—I don't think—thank you for the great kindness and interest you are so kind as to show by this last remark—but I think I never in my life enjoyed one day of unmixed happiness since I was quite a little child: and I have got so entirely into the

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habit of thinking that every thing in the world goes so—that when I say Paradise, or quite happy, or so on, it is always in a certain sense—a comparative sense."

"I am glad to see you so reasonable—that is one sure way to be happy; but you will find your crosses at the Hazels. The general is not very sweet-tempered; and even dear mild Mrs. Melwyn is not perfect."

"Why, madam, what am I to expect? If I can not bear a few disagreeable things, what do I go there for? Not to be fed, and housed, and paid at other people's expense, just that I may please my own humors all the time. That *would* be rather an unfair bargain, I think. No: I own there are some things I could not and would not bear for any consideration; but there are a great many others that I can, and I shall, and I will—and do my best, too, to make happy, and be happy; and, in short, I don't feel the least afraid."

"No more you need—you right-spirited creature," said Mrs. Danvers, cordially.

Many were the difficulties, endless the objections raised by Myra against the proposed plan of going to Mrs. Fisher. Such people's objections and difficulties are indeed endless. In their weakness and their selfishness, they *like* to be objects of pity—they take a comfort in bothering and wearying people with their interminable complaints. Theirs is not the sacred outbreak of the overloaded heart—casting itself upon another heart for support and consolation under suffering that is too strong and too bitter to be endured alone. Sacred call for sympathy and consolation, and rarely made in vain! It is the wearying and futile attempt to cast the burden of sorrow and suffering upon others, instead of seeking their assistance in enduring it one's self. Vain and useless endeavor, and which often bears hard upon the sympathy even of the kindest and truest hearts!

Ineffectually did Lettice endeavor to represent matters under a cheerful aspect. Nothing was of any avail. Myra would persist in lamenting, and grieving, and tormenting herself and her sister; bewailing the cruel fate of both—would persist in recapitulating every objection which could be made to the plan, and every evil consequence which could possibly ensue. Not that she had the slightest intention in the world of refusing her share in it, if she would have suffered herself to say so. She rather liked the idea of going to that fashionable *modiste*, Mrs. Fisher: she had the "*ame de dentelle*" with which Napoleon reproached poor Josephine. There was something positively delightful to her imagination in the idea of dwelling among rich silks, Brussels laces, ribbons, and feathers; it was to her what woods, and birds, and trees were to her sister. She fancied herself elegantly dressed, walking about a show-room, filled with all sorts of beautiful things; herself, perhaps, the most beautiful thing in it, and the object of a sort of flattering interest, through the melancholy cloud "upon her fine features." Nay, her romantic imagination traveled still farther—gentlemen sometimes come up with ladies to show-rooms, —who could tell? Love at first sight was not altogether a dream. Such things *had* happened. . . . . Myra had read plenty of old, rubbishy novels when she was a girl.

Such were the comfortable thoughts she kept to herself; but it was, as I said, one endless complaining externally.

Catherine insisted upon being allowed to advance the money for the necessary clothes, which, to satisfy the delicacy of the one and the pride of the other, she agreed should be repaid by installments as their salaries became due. The sale of their few possessions put a sovereign or so into the pocket of each, and thus the sisters parted; the lovely Myra to Mrs. Fisher's, and Lettice, by railway, to the Hazels.

(To be continued.)

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA IN 1669.

"FOR many days previous the sky had been overcast, and the weather, notwithstanding the season, oppressively hot. The thunder and lightning were incessant, and the eruption was at length ushered in by a violent shock of an earthquake, which leveled most of the houses at Nicolosi. Two great chasms then opened near that village, from whence ashes were thrown out in such quantities, that, in a few weeks, a double hill, called Monte Rosso, 450 feet high, was formed, and the surrounding country covered to such a depth, that nothing but the tops of the trees could be seen. The lava ran in a stream fifty feet deep, and four miles wide, overwhelming in its course fourteen towns and villages; and had it not separated before reaching Catania, that city would have been virtually annihilated as were Herculaneum and Pompeii. The walls had been purposely raised to a height of sixty feet, to repel the danger if possible, but the torrent accumulated behind them, and poured down in a cascade of fire upon the town. It still continued to advance, and, after a course of fifteen miles, ran into the sea, where it formed a mole 600 yards long. The walls were neither thrown down nor fused by contact with the ignited matter, and have since been discovered by Prince Biscari, when excavating in search of a well known to have existed in a certain spot, and from the steps of which the lava may now be seen curling over like a monstrous billow in the very act of falling.

"The great crater fell in during this eruption, and a fissure, six feet wide and twelve miles long, opened in the plain of S. Leo. In the space of six weeks, the habitations of 27,000 persons were destroyed, a vast extent of the most fertile land rendered desolate for ages, the course of rivers changed, and the whole face of the district transformed."—***Marquis of Ormonde's Autumn in Sicily.***

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VOLCANIC ERUPTION—MOUNT ETNA IN 1849.

"THE mass extended for a breadth of about 1000 paces, advancing gradually, more or less rapidly according to the nature of the ground over which it moved, but making steady progress. It had formed two branches, one going in a northerly, and the other in a westerly direction. No danger beyond loss of trees or crops was apprehended from the former, but the second was moving in a direct line for the town of Bronte, and to it we confined our attention. The townspeople, on their part, had not been idle. I have before mentioned the clearance which they made of their goods, but precautions had also been taken outside the town, with a view, if possible, to arrest the progress of the lava; and a very massive wall of coarse loose work was in the course of erection across a valley down which the stream must flow. We heard afterward, that the impelling power was spent before the strength of this work was put to the test, but had it failed, Bronte had been lost. It is not easy to convey by words any very accurate idea. The lava appeared to be from thirty to forty feet in depth, and some notion of its aspect and progress may be formed by imagining a hill of loose stones of all sizes, the summit or brow of which is continually falling to the base, and as constantly renewed by unseen pressure from behind. Down it came in large masses, each leaving behind it a fiery track, as the red-hot interior was for a moment or two exposed. The impression most strongly left on my mind was that of its irresistible force. It did not advance rapidly; there was no difficulty in approaching it, as I did, closely, and taking out pieces of red-hot stone; the rattling of the blocks overhead gave ample notice of their descent down the inclined face of the stream, and a few paces to the rear, or aside, were quite enough to take me quite clear of them; but still onward, onward it came, foot by foot it encroached on the ground at its base, changing the whole face of the country, leaving hills where formerly valleys had been, overwhelming every work of man that it encountered in its progress, and leaving all behind one black, rough, and monotonous mass of hard and barren lava. It had advanced considerably during the night. On the previous evening I had measured the distance from the base of the moving hill to the walls of a deserted house which stood, surrounded by trees, at about fifty yards off, and, though separated from it by a road, evidently exposed to the full power of the stream. Not a trace of it was now left, and it was difficult to make a guess at where it had been. The owners of the adjacent lands were busied in all directions felling the timber that stood in the line of the advancing fire, but they could not in many instances do it fast enough to save their property from destruction; and it was not a little interesting to watch the effect produced on many a goodly tree, first thoroughly dried by the heat of the mass, and, in a few minutes after it had been reached by the lava, bursting into flames at the base, and soon prostrate and destroyed. It being Sunday, all the population had turned out to see what progress the enemy was making, and prayers and invocations to a variety of saints were every where heard around. 'Chiamate Sant' Antonio, Signor,' said one woman eagerly to me, 'per l'amor di Dio, chiamate la Santa Maria.' Many females knelt around, absorbed in their anxiety and devotion, while the men generally stood in silence gazing in dismay at the scene before them. Our guide was a poor fiddler thrown out of employment by the strict penance enjoined with a view to avert the impending calamity, dancing and music being especially forbidden, even had any one under such circumstances been inclined to indulge in them."

The Marquis of Ormonde was adventurous enough, despite the fate of Empedocles and of Pliny, to ascend in the evening to see the Bocca di Fuoco, which is at an elevation of about 6000 feet. The sight which met his eyes was, he tells us, and we may well believe it, one of the grandest and most awful it had ever been his fortune to witness:

"The evening had completely closed in, and it was perfectly dark, so that there was nothing which could in any way injure or weaken the effect. The only thing to which I can compare it is, as far as can be judged from representations of such scenes, the blowing up of some enormous vessel of war, the effect being permanent instead of momentary only. Directly facing us was the chasm in the mountain's side from which the lava flowed in a broad stream of liquid fire; masses of it had been forced up on each side, forming, as it got comparatively cool, black, uneven banks, the whole realizing the poetic description of Phlegethon in the most vivid manner. The flames ascended to a considerable height from the abyss, and high above them the air was constantly filled with large fiery masses, projected to a great height, and meeting on their descent a fresh supply, the roar of the flames and crash of the falling blocks being incessant. Advancing across a valley which intervened, we ascended another hill, and here commanded a view of the ground on which many of the ejected stones fell, and, though well to windward, the small ashes fell thickly around us. The light was sufficient, even at the distance we stood, to enable us to read small print, and to write with the greatest ease. The thermometer stood at about 40°, but, cold though it was, it was some time before we could resolve to take our last look at this extraordinary sight, and our progress, after we had done so, was retarded by the constant stoppages made by us to watch the beautiful effect of the light, as seen through the *Bosco*, which we had entered on our return."—*Marquis of Ormonde's Autumn in Sicily.*

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AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE believe it was M. l'Abbé Raynal who said that America had not yet produced a single man of genius. The productions now under our notice will do more to relieve her from this imputation than the reply of President Jefferson:

"When we have existed," said that gentleman, "so long as the Greeks did before they produced Homer, the Romans Virgil, the French a Racine and a Voltaire, the English a Shakspeare and a Milton, we shall inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any poet of ours on the roll of fame."

The ingenuity of this defense is more apparent than its truth; for although the existence of America, as a separate nation, is comparatively recent, it must not be forgotten that the origin of her people is identical with that of our own. Their language is the same; they have always had advantages in regard of literature precisely similar to those which we now enjoy; they have free trade, and a little more, in all our best standard authors. There is, therefore, no analogy whatever between their condition and that of the other nations with whom the attempt has been made to contrast them. With a literature ready-made, as it were, to their hand, America had never to contend against any difficulties such as they encountered. Beyond the ballads of the Troubadours and Trouveres, France had no stock either of literature or of traditions to begin upon; the language of Rome was foreign to its people; Greece had but the sixteen letters of Cadmus; the literature of England struggled through the rude chaos of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French, and monkish Latin. If these difficulties in pursuit of knowledge be compared with the advantages of America, we think it must be admitted that the president had the worst of the argument.

But although America enjoys all these advantages, it can not be denied that her social condition presents impediments of a formidable character toward the cultivation of the higher and more refined branches of literature. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are not quite so favorable to the cultivation of elegant tastes as might be imagined; where every kind of social rank is obliterated, the field of observation, which is the province of fiction, becomes proportionately narrow; and although human nature must be the same under every form of government, the liberty of a thorough democracy by no means compensates for its vulgarity. It might be supposed that the very obliteration of all grades of rank, and the consequent impossibility of acquiring social distinction, would have a direct tendency to turn the efforts of genius in directions where the acquisition of fame might be supposed to compensate for more substantial rewards; and when men could no longer win their way to a coronet, they would redouble their exertions to obtain the wreath. The history of literature, however, teaches us the reverse: its most brilliant lights have shone in dark and uncongenial times. Amid the clouds of bigotry and oppression, in the darkest days of tyranny and demoralization, their lustre has been the most brilliant. Under the luxurious tyranny of the empire, Virgil and Horace sang their immortal strains; the profligacy of Louis the Fourteenth produced a Voltaire and a Rosseau; amid the oppression of his country grew and flourished the gigantic intellect of Milton; Ireland, in the darkest times of her gloomy history, gave birth to the imperishable genius of Swift; it was less the liberty of Athens than the tyranny of Philip, which made Demosthenes an orator; and of the times which produced our great dramatists it is scarcely necessary to speak. The proofs, in short, are numberless. Be this, however, as it may, the character of American literature which has fallen under our notice must demonstrate to every intelligent mind, what immense advantages she has derived from those sources which the advocates of her claims would endeavor to repudiate. There is scarcely a page which does not contain evidence how largely she has availed herself of the learning and labors of others.

We do not blame her for this; far from it. We only say that, having reaped the benefit, it is unjust to deny the obligation; and that in discussing her literary pretensions, the plea which has been put forward in her behalf is untenable.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MILKING IN AUSTRALIA.

THIS is a very serious operation. First, say at four o'clock in the morning, you drive the cows into the stock-yard, where the calves have been penned up all the previous night in a hutch in one corner. Then you have to commence a chase after the first cow, who, with a perversity common to Australian females, expects to be pursued two or three times round the yard, ankle deep in dust or mud, according to the season, with loud halloas and a thick stick. This done, she generally proceeds up to the *fail*, a kind of pillory, and permits her neck to be made fast. The cow safe in the fail, her near hind leg is stretched out to its full length, and tied to a convenient post with the universal cordage of Australia, a piece of green hide. At this stage, in ordinary cases, the milking commences; but it was one of the hobbies of Mr. Jumsorew, a practice I have never seen followed in any other part of the colony, that the cow's tail should be held tight during the operation. This arduous duty I conscientiously performed for some weeks, until it happened one day that a young heifer slipped her head out of an ill-fastened fail, upset milkman and milkpail, charged the head-stockman, who was unloosing the calves, to the serious damage of a new pair of fustians, and ended, in spite of all my efforts, in clearing the top rail of the stock-yard, leaving me flat and flabbergasted at the foot of the fence.—*From "Scenes in the Life of a Bushman." (Unpublished.)*

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[From Household Words.]

LIZZIE LEIGH.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WHEN Death is present in a household on a Christmas Day, the very contrast between the time as it now is, and the day as it has often been, gives a poignancy to sorrow—a more utter blankness to the desolation. James Leigh died just as the far-away bells of Rochdale church were ringing for morning service on Christmas Day, 1836. A few minutes before his death, he opened his already glazing eyes, and made a sign to his wife, by the faint motion of his lips, that he had yet something to say. She stooped close down, and caught the broken whisper, "I forgive her, Anne! May God forgive me."

"Oh my love, my dear! only get well, and I will never cease showing my thanks for those words. May God in heaven bless thee for saying them. Thou'rt not so restless, my lad! may be—Oh God!"

For even while she spoke, he died.

They had been two-and-twenty years man and wife; for nineteen of those years their life had been as calm and happy, as the most perfect uprightness on the one side, and the most complete confidence and loving submission on the other, could make it. Milton's famous line might have been framed and hung up as the rule of their married life, for he was truly the interpreter, who stood between God and her; she would have considered herself wicked if she had ever dared even to think him austere, though as certainly as he was an upright man, so surely was he hard, stern, and inflexible. But for three years the moan and the murmur had never been out of her heart; she had rebelled against her husband as against a tyrant, with a hidden, sullen rebellion, which tore up the old landmarks of wifely duty and affection, and poisoned the fountains whence gentlest love and reverence had once been forever springing.

But those last blessed words replaced him on his throne in her heart, and called out penitent anguish for all the bitter estrangement of later years. It was this which made her refuse all the entreaties of her sons, that she would see the kind-hearted neighbors, who called on their way from church, to sympathize and condole. No! she would stay with the dead husband that had spoken tenderly at last, if for three years he had kept silence; who knew but what, if she had only been more gentle and less angrily reserved he might have relented earlier—and in time!

She sat rocking herself to and fro by the side of the bed, while the footsteps below went in and out; she had been in sorrow too long to have any violent burst of deep grief now; the furrows were well worn in her cheeks, and the tears flowed quietly, if incessantly, all the day long. But when the winter's night drew on, and the neighbors had gone away to their homes, she stole to the window, and gazed out, long and wistfully, over the dark, gray moors. She did not hear her son's voice, as he spoke to her from the door, nor his footstep, as he drew nearer. She started when he touched her.

"Mother! come down to us. There's no one but Will and me. Dearest mother, we do so want you." The poor lad's voice trembled, and he began to cry. It appeared to require an effort on Mrs. Leigh's part to tear herself away from the window, but with a sigh she complied with his request.

The two boys (for though Will was nearly twenty-one, she still thought of him as a lad) had done every thing in their power to make the house-place comfortable for her. She herself, in the old days before her sorrow, had never made a brighter fire or a cleaner hearth, ready for her husband's return home, than now awaited her. The tea-things were all put out, and the kettle was boiling; and the boys had calmed their grief down into a kind of sober cheerfulness. They paid her every attention they could think of, but received little notice on her part; she did not resist—she rather submitted to all their arrangements; but they did not seem to touch her heart.

When tea was ended—it was merely the form of tea that had been gone through—Will moved the things away to the dresser. His mother leant back languidly in her chair.

"Mother, shall Tom read you a chapter? He's a better scholar than I."

"Ay, lad!" said she, almost eagerly. "That's it. Read me the Prodigal Son. Ay, ay, lad. Thank thee."

Tom found the chapter, and read it in the high-pitched voice which is customary in village-schools. His mother bent forward, her lips parted, her eyes dilated; her whole body instinct with eager attention. Will sat with his head depressed, and hung down. He knew why that chapter had been chosen; and to him it recalled the family's disgrace. When the reading was ended, he still hung down his head in gloomy silence. But her face was brighter than it had been before for the day. Her eyes looked dreamy, as if she saw a vision; and by and by she pulled the Bible toward her, and putting her finger underneath each word, began to read them aloud in a low voice to herself; she read again the words of bitter sorrow and deep humiliation; but most of all she paused and brightened over the father's tender reception of the repentant prodigal.

So passed the Christmas evening in the Upclose Farm.

The snow had fallen heavily over the dark waving moorland, before the day of the funeral. The black, storm-laden dome of heaven lay very still and close upon the white earth, as they carried the body forth out of the house which had known his presence so long as its ruling power. Two and two the mourners followed, making a black procession in their winding march over the unbeaten snow, to Milnerow church—now lost in some hollow of the

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bleak moors, now slowly climbing the heaving ascents. There was no long tarrying after the funeral, for many of the neighbors who accompanied the body to the grave had far to go, and the great white flakes which came slowly down, were the boding forerunners of a heavy storm. One old friend alone accompanied the widow and her sons to their home.

The Upclose Farm had belonged for generations to the Leighs; and yet its possession hardly raised them above the rank of laborers. There was the house and outbuildings, all of an old-fashioned kind, and about seven acres of barren, unproductive land, which they had never possessed capital enough to improve; indeed, they could hardly rely upon it for subsistence; and it had been customary to bring up the sons to some trade—such as a wheelwright's, or blacksmith's.

James Leigh had left a will, in the possession of the old man who accompanied them home. He read it aloud. James had bequeathed the farm to his faithful wife, Anne Leigh, for her life-time; and afterward, to his son William. The hundred and odd pounds in the savings'-bank was to accumulate for Thomas.

After the reading was ended, Anne Leigh sat silent for a time; and then she asked to speak to Samuel Orme alone. The sons went into the back-kitchen, and thence strolled out into the fields, regardless of the driving snow. The brothers were dearly fond of each other, although they were very different in character. Will, the elder, was like his father, stern, reserved, and scrupulously upright. Tom (who was ten years younger) was gentle and delicate as a girl, both in appearance and character. He had always clung to his mother and dreaded his father. They did not speak as they walked, for they were only in the habit of talking about facts, and hardly knew the more sophisticated language applied to the description of feelings.

Meanwhile their mother had taken hold of Samuel Orme's arm with her trembling hand.

"Samuel, I must let the farm—I must."

"Let the farm! What's come o'er the woman?"

"Oh, Samuel!" said she, her eyes swimming in tears, "I'm just fain to go and live in Manchester. I mun let the farm."

Samuel looked and pondered, but did not speak for some time. At last he said,

"If thou hast made up thy mind, there's no speaking again it; and thou must e'en go. Thou'lt be sadly pottered wi' Manchester ways; but that's not my look-out. Why, thou'lt have to buy potatoes, a thing thou hast never done afore in all thy born life. Well! it's not my look-out. It's rather for me than again me. Our Jenny is going to be married to Tom Higginbotham, and he was speaking of wanting a bit of land to begin upon. His father will be dying sometime, I reckon, and then he'll step into the Croft Farm. But meanwhile—"

"Then, thou'lt let the farm," said she, still as eagerly as ever.

"Ay, ay, he'll take it fast enough, I've a notion. But I'll not drive a bargain with thee just now; it would not be right; we'll wait a bit."

"No; I can not wait, settle it out at once."

"Well, well; I'll speak to Will about it. I see him out yonder. I'll step to him, and talk it over."

Accordingly he went and joined the two lads, and without more ado, began the subject to them.

"Will, thy mother is fain to go live in Manchester, and covets to let the farm. Now, I'm willing to take it for Tom Higginbotham; but I like to drive a keen bargain, and there would be no fun chaffering with thy mother just now. Let thee and me buckle to, my lad! and try and cheat each other; it will warm us this cold day."

"Let the farm!" said both the lads at once, with infinite surprise. "Go live in Manchester!"

When Samuel Orme found that the plan had never before been named to either Will or Tom, he would have nothing to do with it, he said, until they had spoken to their mother; likely she was "dazed" by her husband's death; he would wait a day or two, and not name it to any one; not to Tom Higginbotham himself, or may be he would set his heart upon it. The lads had better go in and talk it over with their mother. He bade them good day, and left them.

Will looked very gloomy, but he did not speak till they got near the house. Then he said,

"Tom, go to th' shippon, and supper the cows. I want to speak to mother alone."

When he entered the house-place, she was sitting before the fire, looking into its embers. She did not hear him come in; for some time she had lost her quick perception of outward things.

"Mother! what's this about going to Manchester?" asked he.

"Oh, lad!" said she, turning round and speaking in a beseeching tone, "I must go and seek our Lizzie. I can not rest here for thinking on her. Many's the time I've left thy father sleeping in bed, and stole to th' window, and looked and looked my heart out toward Manchester, till I thought I must just set out and tramp over moor and moss straight away till I got there, and then lift up every downcast face till I came to our Lizzie. And often, when the south wind was blowing soft among the hollows, I've fancied (it could but be fancy, thou knowest) I heard her crying upon me; and I've thought the voice came closer and closer, till it last it was sobbing out "Mother" close to the door; and I've stolen down, and undone the latch before now, and looked out into the still, black night, thinking to see her, and turned sick and sorrowful when I heard no living sound but the sough of the wind dying away. Oh! speak not to me of stopping here, when she may be perishing for hunger, like the poor lad in the

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parable." And now she lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Will was deeply grieved. He had been old enough to be told the family shame when, more than two years before, his father had had his letter to his daughter returned by her mistress in Manchester, telling him that Lizzie had left her service some time—and why. He had sympathized with his father's stern anger; though he had thought him something hard, it is true, when he had forbidden his weeping, heart-broken wife to go and try to find her poor sinning child, and declared that henceforth they would have no daughter; that she should be as one dead, and her name never more be named at market or at meal-time, in blessing or in prayer. He had held his peace, with compressed lips and contracted brow, when the neighbors had noticed to him how poor Lizzie's death had aged both his father and his mother; and how they thought the bereaved couple would never hold up their heads again. He himself had felt as if that one event had made him old before his time; and had envied Tom the tears he had shed over poor, pretty, innocent, dead Lizzie. He thought about her sometimes, till he ground his teeth together, and could have struck her down in her shame. His mother had never named her to him until now.

"Mother!" said he at last. "She may be dead. Most likely she is."

"No, Will; she is not dead," said Mrs. Leigh. "God will not let her die till I've seen her once again. Thou dost not know how I've prayed and prayed just once again to see her sweet face, and tell her I've forgiven her, though she's broken my heart—she has, Will." She could not go on for a minute or two for the choking sobs. "Thou dost not know that, or thou wouldst not say she could be dead—for God is very merciful, Will; He is—He is much more pitiful than man—I could never ha' spoken to thy father as I did to Him—and yet thy father forgave her at last. The last words he said were that he forgave her. Thou'lt not be harder than thy father, Will? Do not try and hinder me going to seek her, for it's no use."

Will sat very still for a long time before he spoke. At last he said, "I'll not hinder you. I think she's dead, but that's no matter."

"She is not dead," said her mother, with low earnestness. Will took no notice of the interruption.

"We will all go to Manchester for a twelvemoth, and let the farm to Tom Higginbotham. I'll get blacksmith's work; and Tom can have good schooling for awhile, which he's always craving for At the end of the year you'll come back, mother, and give over fretting for Lizzie, and think with me that she is dead—and to my mind, that would be more comfort than to think of her living;" he dropped his voice as he spoke these last words. She shook her head, but made no answer. He asked again,

"Will you, mother, agree to this?"

"I'll agree to it a-this-ns," said she. "If I hear and see naught of her for a twelvemonth me being in Manchester looking out, I'll just ha' broken my heart fairly before the year's ended, and then I shall know neither love nor sorrow for her any more, when I'm at rest in the grave—I'll agree to that, Will."

"Well, I suppose it must be so. I shall not tell Tom, mother, why we're flitting to Manchester. Best spare him."

"As thou wilt," said she, sadly, "so that we go, that's all."

Before the wild daffodils were in flower in the sheltered copses round Upclose Farm, the Leighs were settled in their Manchester home; if they could ever grow to consider that place as a home, where there was no garden, or outbuilding, no fresh breezy outlet, no far-stretching view, over moor and hollow—no dumb animals to be tended, and, what more than all they missed, no old haunting memories, even though those remembrances told of sorrow, and the dead and gone.

Mrs. Leigh heeded the loss of all these things less than her sons. She had more spirit in her countenance than she had had for months, because now she had hope; of a sad enough kind, to be sure, but still it was hope. She performed all her household duties, strange and complicated as they were, and bewildered as she was with all the town-necessities of her new manner of life; but when her house was "sided," and the boys come home from their work, in the evening, she would put on her things and steal out, unnoticed, as she thought, but not without many a heavy sigh from Will, after she had closed the house-door and departed. It was often past midnight before she came back, pale and weary, with almost a guilty look upon her face; but that face so full of disappointment and hope deferred, that Will had never the heart to say what he thought of the folly and hopelessness of the search. Night after night it was renewed, till days grew to weeks, and weeks to months. All this time Will did his duty toward her as well as he could, without having sympathy with her. He staid at home in the evenings for Tom's sake, and often wished he had Tom's pleasure in reading, for the time hung heavy on his hands, as he sat up for his mother.

I need not tell you how the mother spent the weary hours. And yet I will tell you something. She used to wander out, at first as if without a purpose, till she rallied her thoughts, and brought all her energies to bear on the one point; then she went with earnest patience along the least known ways to some new part of the town, looking wistfully with dumb entreaty into people's faces; sometimes catching a glimpse of a figure which had a kind of momentary likeness to her child's, and following that figure with never wearying perseverance, till some light from shop or lamp showed the cold, strange face which was not her daughter's. Once or twice a kind-hearted passer-by, struck by her look of yearning woe, turned back and

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offered help, or asked her what she wanted. When so spoken to, she answered only, "You don't know a poor girl they call Lizzie Leigh, do you?" and when they denied all knowledge, she shook her head and went on again. I think they believed her to be crazy. But she never spoke first to any one. She sometimes took a few minutes' rest on the door-steps, and sometimes (very seldom) covered her face and cried; but she could not afford to lose time and chances in this way; while her eyes were blinded with tears, the lost one might pass by unseen.

One evening, in the rich time of shortening autumn-days, Will saw an old man, who, without being absolutely drunk, could not guide himself rightly along the foot-path, and was mocked for his unsteadiness of gait by the idle boys of the neighborhood. For his father's sake, Will regarded old age with tenderness, even when most degraded and removed from the stern virtues which dignified that father; so he took the old man home, and seemed to believe his often-repeated assertions that he drank nothing but water. The stranger tried to stiffen himself up into steadiness as he drew nearer home, as if there were some one there, for whose respect he cared even in his half-intoxicated state, or whose feelings he feared to grieve. His home was exquisitely clean and neat even in outside appearance; threshold, window, and window-sill, were outward signs of some spirit of purity within. Will was rewarded for his attention by a bright glance of thanks, succeeded by a blush of shame, from a young woman of twenty or thereabouts. She did not speak, or second her father's hospitable invitation to him to be seated. She seemed unwilling that a stranger should witness her father's attempts at stately sobriety, and Will could not bear to stay and see her distress. But when the old man, with many a flabby shake of the hand, kept asking him to come again some other evening and see them, Will sought her downcast eyes, and, though he could not read their vailed meaning, he answered, timidly, "If it's agreeable to every body, I'll come—and thank ye." But there was no answer from the girl to whom this speech was in reality addressed: and Will left the house, liking her all the better for never speaking.

He thought about her a great deal for the next day or two; he scolded himself for being so foolish as to think of her, and then fell to with fresh vigor, and thought of her more than ever. He tried to depreciate her; he told himself she was not pretty, and then made indignant answer that he liked her looks much better than any beauty of them all. He wished he was not so country-looking, so red-faced, so broad-shouldered; while she was like a lady, with her smooth, colorless complexion, her bright dark hair, and her spotless dress. Pretty, or not pretty, she drew his footsteps toward her; he could not resist the impulse that made him wish to see her once more, and find out some fault which should unloose his heart from her unconscious keeping. But there she was, pure and maidenly as before. He sat and looked, answering her father at cross-purposes, while she drew more and more into the shadow of the chimney-corner out of sight. Then the spirit that possessed him (it was not he himself, sure, that did so impudent a thing!) made him get up and carry the candle to a different place, under the pretence of giving her more light at her sewing, but, in reality, to be able to see her better; she could not stand this much longer, but jumped up, and said she must put her little niece to bed; and surely, there never was, before or since, so troublesome a child of two years old; for, though Will staid an hour and a half longer, she never came down again. He won the father's heart, though, by his capacity as a listener, for some people are not at all particular, and, so that they themselves may talk on undisturbed, are not so unreasonable as to expect attention to what they say.

Will did gather this much, however, from the old man's talk. He had once been quite in a genteel line of business, but had failed for more money than any greengrocer he had heard of: at least, any who did not mix up fish and game with greengrocery proper. This grand failure seemed to have been the event of his life, and one on which he dwelt with a strange kind of pride. It appeared as if at present he rested from his past exertions (in the bankrupt line), and depended on his daughter, who kept a small school for very young children. But all these particulars Will only remembered and understood, when he had left the house; at the time he heard them, he was thinking of Susan. After he had made good his footing at Mr. Palmer's, he was not long, you may be sure, without finding some reason for returning again and again. He listened to her father, he talked to the little niece, but he looked at Susan, both while he listened and while he talked. Her father kept on insisting upon his former gentility, the details of which would have appeared very questionable to Will's mind, if the sweet, delicate, modest Susan had not thrown an inexplicable air of refinement over all she came near. She never spoke much: she was generally diligently at work; but when she moved, it was so noiselessly, and when she did speak, it was in so low and soft a voice, that silence, speech, motion, and stillness, alike seemed to remove her high above Will's reach, into some saintly and inaccessible air of glory—high above his reach, even as she knew him! And, if she were made acquainted with the dark secret behind, of his sister's shame, which was kept ever present to his mind by his mother's nightly search among the outcast and forsaken, would not Susan shrink away from him with loathing, as if he were tainted by the involuntary relationship? This was his dread; and thereupon followed a resolution that he would withdraw from her sweet company before it was too late. So he resisted internal temptation, and staid at home, and suffered and sighed. He became

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angry with his mother for her untiring patience in seeking for one who, he could not help hoping, was dead rather than alive. He spoke sharply to her, and received only such sad, deprecatory answers as made him reproach himself, and still more lose sight of peace of mind. This struggle could not last long without affecting his health; and Tom, his sole companion through the long evenings, noticed his increasing languor, his restless irritability, with perplexed anxiety, and at last resolved to call his mother's attention to his brother's haggard, care-worn looks. She listened with a startled recollection of Will's claims upon her love. She noticed his decreasing appetite, and half-checked sighs.

"Will, lad! what's come o'er thee?" said she to him, as he sat listlessly gazing into the fire.

"There's naught the matter with me," said he, as if annoyed at her remark.

"Nay, lad, but there is." He did not speak again to contradict her; indeed she did not know if he had heard her, so unmoved did he look.

"Would'st like to go back to Upclose Farm?" asked she, sorrowfully.

"It's just blackberrying time," said Tom.

Will shook his head. She looked at him a while, as if trying to read that expression of despondency and trace it back to its source.

"Will and Tom could go," said she; "I must stay here till I've found her, thou know'st," continued she, dropping her voice.

He turned quickly round, and with the authority he at all times exercised over Tom, bade him begone to bed.

When Tom had left the room he prepared to speak.

CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER," then said Will, "why will you keep on thinking she's alive? If she were but dead, we need never name her name again. We've never heard naught on her since father wrote her that letter; we never knew whether she got it or not. She'd left her place before then. Many a one dies is—"

"Oh, my lad! dunnot speak so to me, or my heart will break outright," said his mother, with a sort of cry. Then she calmed herself, for she yearned to persuade him to her own belief. "Thou never asked, and thou'rt too like thy father for me to tell without asking—but it were all to be near Lizzie's old place that I settled down on this side o' Manchester; and the very day after we came, I went to her old missus, and asked to speak a word wi' her. I had a strong mind to cast it up to her, that she should ha' sent my poor lass away without telling on it to us first; but she were in black, and looked so sad I could na' find in my heart to threep it up. But I did ask her a bit about our Lizzie. The master would have her turned away at a day's warning (he's gone to t'other place; I hope he'll meet wi' more mercy there than he showed our Lizzie—I do); and when the missus asked her should she write to us, she says Lizzie shook her head; and when she speered at her again, the poor lass went down on her knees, and begged her not, for she said it would break my heart (as it has done, Will—God knows it has)," said the poor mother, choking with her struggle to keep down her hard, overmastering grief, "and her father would curse her—Oh, God, teach me to be patient." She could not speak for a few minutes. "And the lass threatened, and said she'd go drown herself in the canal, if the missus wrote home—and so—

"Well! I'd got a trace of my child—the missus thought she'd gone to th' workhouse to be nursed; and there I went—and there, sure enough, she had been—and they'd turned her out as soon as she were strong, and told her she were young enough to work—but whatten kind o' work would be open to her, lad, and her baby to keep?"

Will listened to his mother's tale with deep sympathy, not unmixed with the old bitter shame. But the opening of her heart had unlocked his, and after a while he spoke.

"Mother! I think I'd e'en better go home. Tom can stay wi' thee. I know I should stay too, but I can not stay in peace so near—her—without craving to see her—Susan Palmer, I mean."

"Has the old Mr. Palmer thou telled me on a daughter?" asked Mrs. Leigh.

"Ay, he has. And I love her above a bit And it's because I love her I want to leave Manchester. That's all."

Mrs. Leigh tried to understand this speech for some time, but found it difficult of interpretation

"Why should'st thou not tell her thou lov'st her? Thou'rt a likely lad, and sure o' work. Thou'lt have Upclose at my death; and as for that I could let thee have it now, and keep mysel' by doing a bit of charring. It seems to me a very backward sort o' way of winning her to think of leaving Manchester."

"Oh, mother, she's so gentle and so good—she's downright holy. She's never known a touch of sin; and can I ask her to marry me, knowing what we do about Lizzie, and fearing worse! I doubt if one like her could ever care for me; but if she knew about my sister, it would put a gulf between us, and she'd shudder up at the thought of crossing it. You don't know how good she is, mother!"

"Will, Will! if she's so good as thou say'st, she'll have pity on such as my Lizzie. If she has no pity for such, she's a cruel Pharisee, and thou'rt best without her."

But he only shook his head, and sighed; and for the time the conversation dropped.

But a new idea sprang up in Mrs. Leigh's head. She thought that she would go and see Susan Palmer, and speak up for Will, and tell her the truth about Lizzie; and according to her pity for the poor sinner, would she be worthy or unworthy of him. She resolved to go the very next afternoon, but without telling any one

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of her plan. Accordingly she looked out the Sunday clothes she had never before had the heart to unpack since she came to Manchester, but which she now desired to appear in, in order to do credit to Will. She put on her old-fashioned black mode bonnet, trimmed with real lace; her scarlet cloth cloak, which she had had ever since she was married; and always spotlessly clean, she set forth on her unauthorized embassy. She knew the Palmers lived in Crown-street, though where she had heard it she could not tell; and modestly asking her way, she arrived in the street about a quarter to four o'clock. She stopped to inquire the exact number, and the woman whom she addressed told her that Susan Palmer's school would not be loosed till four, and asked her to step in and wait until then at her house.

"For," said she, smiling, "them that wants Susan Palmer wants a kind friend of ours; so we, in a manner, call cousins. Sit down, missus, sit down. I'll wipe the chair, so that it shanna dirty your cloak. My mother used to wear them bright cloaks, and they're right gradely things again' a green field."

"Han ye known Susan Palmer long?" asked Mrs. Leigh, pleased with the admiration of her cloak.

"Ever since they comed to live in our street. Our Sally goes to her school."

"Whatten sort of a lass is she, for I ha' never seen her?"

"Well, as for looks, I can not say. It's so long since I first knowed her, that I've clean forgotten what I thought of her then. My master says he never saw such a smile for gladdening the heart. But may be it's not looks you're asking about. The best thing I can say of her looks is, that she's just one a stranger would stop in the street to ask help from if he needed it. All the little childer creeps as close as they can to her; she'll have as many as three or four hanging to her apron all at once."

"Is she cocket at all?"

"Cocket, bless you! you never saw a creature less set up in all your life. Her father's cocket enough. No! she's not cocket any way. You've not heard much of Susan Palmer, I reckon, if you think she's cocket. She's just one to come quietly in, and do the very thing most wanted; little things, maybe, that any one could do, but that few would think on, for another. She'll bring her thimble wi' her, and mend up after the childer o' nights—and she writes all Betty Harker's letters to her grandchild out at service—and she's in nobody's way, and that's a great matter, I take it. Here's the childer running past! School is loosed. You'll find her now, missus, ready to hear and to help. But we none on us frab her by going near her in school-time."

Poor Mrs. Leigh's heart began to beat, and she could almost have turned round and gone home again. Her country breeding had made her shy of strangers, and this Susan Palmer appeared to her like a real born lady by all accounts. So she knocked with a timid feeling at the indicated door, and when it was opened, dropped a simple curtsey without speaking. Susan had her little niece in her arms, curled up with fond endearment against her breast, but she put her gently down to the ground, and instantly placed a chair in the best corner of the room for Mrs. Leigh, when she told her who she was.

"It's not Will as has asked me to come," said the mother, apologetically, "I'd a wish just to speak to you myself!"

Susan colored up to her temples, and stooped to pick up the little toddling girl. In a minute or two Mrs. Leigh began again.

"Will thinks you would na respect us if you knew all; but I think you could na help feeling for us in the sorrow God has put upon us; so I just put on my bonnet, and came off unknownst to the lads. Every one says you're very good, and that the Lord has keeped you from falling from His ways; but maybe you've never yet been tried and tempted as some is. I'm perhaps speaking too plain, but my heart's welly broken, and I can't be choice in my words as them who are happy can. Well, now! I'll tell you the truth. Will dreads you to hear it, but I'll just tell it you. You mun know"—but here the poor woman's words failed her, and she could do nothing but sit rocking herself backward and forward, with sad eyes, straight-gazing into Susan's face, as if they tried to tell the tale of agony which the quivering lips refused to utter. Those wretched stony eyes forced the tears down Susan's cheeks, and, as if this sympathy gave the mother strength, she went on in a low voice, "I had a daughter once, my heart's darling. Her father thought I made too much on her, and that she'd grow marred staying at home; so he said she mun go among strangers, and learn to rough it. She were young, and liked the thought of seeing a bit of the world; and her father heard on a place in Manchester. Well! I'll not weary you. That poor girl were led astray; and first thing we heard on it, was when a letter of her father's was sent back by her missus, saying she'd left her place, or, to speak right, the master had turned her into the street soon as he had heard of her condition—and she not seventeen!"

She now cried aloud; and Susan wept too. The little child looked up into their faces, and, catching their sorrow, began to whimper and wail. Susan took it softly up, and hiding her face in its little neck, tried to restrain her tears, and think of comfort for the mother. At last she said:

"Where is she now?"

"Lass! I dunnot know," said Mrs. Leigh, checking her sobs to communicate this addition to her distress. "Mrs. Lomax telled me she went—"

"Mrs. Lomax—what Mrs. Lomax?"

"Her as lives in Brabazon-street. She telled me my poor wench went to the workhouse fra there. I'll not speak again' the dead; but if her father would but ha' letten me—but he were one who had no notion—no, I'll not say that; best

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say naught. He forgave her on his death-bed. I dare say I did na go th' right way to work."

"Will you hold the child for me one instant?" said Susan.

"Ay, if it will come to me. Childer used to be fond on me till I got the sad look on my face that scares them, I think."

But the little girl clung to Susan; so she carried it up-stairs with her. Mrs. Leigh sat by herself—how long she did not know.

Susan came down with a bundle of far-worn baby-clothes.

"You must listen to me a bit, and not think too much about what I'm going to tell you. Nanny is not my niece, nor any kin to me that I know of. I used to go out working by the day. One night, as I came home, I thought some woman was following me; I turned to look. The woman, before I could see her face (for she turned it to one side), offered me something. I held out my arms by instinct: she dropped a bundle into them with a bursting sob that went straight to my heart. It was a baby. I looked round again; but the woman was gone. She had run away as quick as lightning. There was a little packet of clothes—very few—and as if they were made out of its mother's gowns, for they were large patterns to buy for a baby. I was always fond of babies; and I had not my wits about me, father says; for it was very cold, and when I'd seen as well as I could (for it was past ten) that there was no one in the street, I brought it in and warmed it. Father was very angry when he came, and said he'd take it to the workhouse the next morning, and flyted me sadly about it. But when morning came I could not bear to part with it; it had slept in my arms all night; and I've heard what workhouse bringing is. So I told father I'd give up going out working, and stay at home and keep school, if I might only keep the baby; and after a while, he said if I earned enough for him to have his comforts, he'd let me; but he's never taken to her. Now, don't tremble so—I've but a little more to tell—and may be I'm wrong in telling it; but I used to work next door to Mrs. Lomax's, in Brabazon-street, and the servants were all thick together; and I heard about Bessy (they called her) being sent away. I don't know that ever I saw her; but the time would be about fitting to this child's age, and I've sometimes fancied it was hers. And now, will you look at the little clothes that came with her—bless her!"

But Mrs. Leigh had fainted. The strange joy and shame, and gushing love for the little child had overpowered her; it was some time before Susan could bring her round. There she was all trembling, sick impatience to look at the little frocks. Among them was a slip of paper which Susan had forgotten to name, that had been pinned to the bundle. On it was scrawled in a round stiff hand:

"Call her Anne. She does not cry much, and takes a deal of notice. God bless you and forgive me."

The writing was no clew at all; the name "Anne," common though it was, seemed something to build upon. But Mrs. Leigh recognized one of the frocks instantly, as being made out of part of a gown that she and her daughter had bought together in Rochdale.

She stood up, and stretched out her hands in the attitude of blessing over Susan's bent head.

"God bless you, and show you his mercy in your need, as you have shown it to this little child."

She took the little creature in her arms, and smoothed away her sad looks to a smile, and kissed it fondly, saying over and over again, "Nanny, Nanny, my little Nanny." At last the child was soothed, and looked in her face and smiled back again.

"It has her eyes," said she to Susan.

"I never saw her to the best of my knowledge. I think it must be hers by the frock. But where can she be?"

"God knows," said Mrs. Leigh; "I dare not think she's dead. I'm sure she isn't."

"No! she's not dead. Every now and then a little packet is thrust in under our door, with may be two half-crowns in it; once it was half-a-sovereign. Altogether I've got seven-and-thirty shillings wrapped up for Nanny. I never touch it, but I've often thought the poor mother feels near to God when she brings this money. Father wanted to set the policeman to watch, but I said, No, for I was afraid if she was watched she might not come, and it seemed such a holy thing to be checking her in, I could not find in my heart to do it."

"Oh, if we could but find her! I'd take her in my arms, and we'd just lie down and die together."

"Nay, don't speak so!" said Susan gently, "for all that's come and gone, she may turn right at last. Mary Magdalen did, you know."

"Eh! but I were nearer right about thee than Will. He thought you would never look on him again, if you knew about Lizzie. But thou'rt not a Pharisee."

"I'm sorry he thought I could be so hard," said Susan in a low voice, and coloring up. Then Mrs. Leigh was alarmed, and in her motherly anxiety, she began to fear lest she had injured Will in Susan's estimation.

"You see Will thinks so much of you—gold would not be good enough for you to walk on, in his eye. He said you'd never look at him as he was, let alone his being brother to my poor wench. He loves you so, it makes him think meanly on every thing belonging to himself, as not fit to come near ye—but he's a good lad, and a good son—thou'lt be a happy woman if thou'lt have him—so don't let my words go against him; don't!"

But Susan hung her head and made no answer. She had not known until now, that Will thought so earnestly and seriously about her; and even now she felt afraid that Mrs. Leigh's words promised her too much happiness, and that they could not be true. At any rate the instinct of modesty made her shrink from saying any thing

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which might seem like a confession of her own feelings to a third person. Accordingly she turned the conversation on the child.

"I'm sure he could not help loving Nanny," said she. "There never was such a good little darling; don't you think she'd win his heart if he knew she was his niece, and perhaps bring him to think kindly on his sister?"

"I dunnot know," said Mrs. Leigh, shaking her head. "He has a turn in his eye like his father, that makes me—. He's right down good though. But you see I've never been a good one at managing folk; one severe look turns me sick, and then I say just the wrong thing, I'm so fluttered. Now I should like nothing better than to take Nancy home with me, but Tom knows nothing but that his sister is dead, and I've not the knack of speaking rightly to Will. I dare not do it, and that's the truth. But you mun not think badly of Will. He's so good hissel, that he can't understand how any one can do wrong; and, above all, I'm sure he loves you dearly."

"I don't think I could part with Nancy," said Susan, anxious to stop this revelation of Will's attachment to herself. "He'll come round to her soon; he can't fail; and I'll keep a sharp look-out after the poor mother, and try and catch her the next time she comes with her little parcels of money."

"Ay, lass! we mun get hold of her; my Lizzie. I love thee dearly for thy kindness to her child; but, if thou can'st catch her for me, I'll pray for thee when I'm too near my death to speak words; and while I live, I'll serve thee next to her—she mun come first, thou know'st. God bless thee, lass. My heart is lighter by a deal than it was when I comed in. Them lads will be looking for me home, and I mun go, and leave this little sweet one," kissing it. "If I can take courage, I'll tell Will all that has come and gone between us two. He may come and see thee, mayn't he?"

"Father will be very glad to see him, I'm sure," replied Susan. The way in which this was spoken satisfied Mrs. Leigh's anxious heart that she had done Will no harm by what she had said; and with many a kiss to the little one, and one more fervent tearful blessing on Susan, she went homeward.

CHAPTER III.

That night Mrs. Leigh stopped at home; that only night for many months. Even Tom, the scholar, looked up from his books in amazement; but then he remembered that Will had not been well, and that his mother's attention having been called to the circumstance, it was only natural she should stay to watch him. And no watching could be more tender, or more complete. Her loving eyes seemed never averted from his face; his grave, sad, careworn face. When Tom went to bed the mother left her seat, and going up to Will where he sat looking at the fire, but not seeing it, she kissed his forehead, and said,

"Will! lad, I've been to see Susan Palmer!"

She felt the start under her hand which was placed on his shoulder, but he was silent for a minute or two. Then he said,

"What took you there, mother?"

"Why, my lad, it was likely I should wish to see one you cared for; I did not put myself forward. I put on my Sunday clothes, and tried to behave as yo'd ha liked me. At least I remember trying at first; but after, I forgot all."

She rather wished that he would question her as to what made her forget all. But he only said,

"How was she looking, mother?"

"Will, thou seest I never set eyes on her before; but she's a good, gentle-looking creature; and I love her dearly as I have reason to."

Will looked up with momentary surprise; for his mother was too shy to be usually taken with strangers. But after all it was natural in this case, for who could look at Susan without loving her? So still he did not ask any questions, and his poor mother had to take courage, and try again to introduce the subject near to her heart. But how?

"Will!" said she (jerking it out, in sudden despair of her own powers to lead to what she wanted to say), "I've telled her all."

"Mother! you've ruined me," said he, standing up, and standing opposite to her with a stern, white look of affright on his face.

"No! my own dear lad; dunnot look so scared, I have not ruined you!" she exclaimed, placing her two hands on his shoulders and looking fondly into his face. "She's not one to harden her heart against a mother's sorrow. My own lad, she's too good for that. She's not one to judge and scorn the sinner. She's too deep read in her New Testament for that. Take courage, Will; and thou mayst, for I watched her well, though it is not for one woman to let out another's secret. Sit thee down, lad, for thou look'st very white."

He sat down. His mother drew a stool toward him, and sat at his feet.

"Did you tell her about Lizzie, then?" asked he, hoarse and low.

"I did, I telled her all; and she fell a crying over my deep sorrow, and the poor wench's sin And then a light comed into her face, trembling and quivering with some new, glad thought; and what dost thou think it was, Will, lad? Nay, I'll not misdoubt but that thy heart will give thanks as mine did, afore God and His angels, for her great goodness. That little Nanny is not her niece, she's our Lizzie's own child, my little grandchild." She could no longer restrain her tears, and they fell hot and fast, but still she looked into his face.

"Did she know it was Lizzie's child? I do not comprehend," said he, flushing red.

"She knows now: she did not at first, but took the little helpless creature in, out of her

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own pitiful, loving heart, guessing only that it was the child of shame, and she's worked for it, and kept it, and tended it ever sin' it were a mere baby, and loves it fondly. Will! won't you love it?" asked she, beseechingly.

He was silent for an instant; then he said, "Mother, I'll try. Give me time, for all these things startle me. To think of Susan having to do with such a child!"

"Ay, Will! and to think (as may be yet) of Susan having to do with the child's mother! For she is tender and pitiful, and speaks hopefully of my lost one, and will try and find her for me, when she comes, as she does sometimes, to thrust money under the door for her baby. Think of that Will. Here's Susan, good and pure as the angels in heaven, yet, like them, full of hope and mercy, and one who, like them, will rejoice over her as repents. Will, my lad, I'm not afeared of you now, and I must speak, and you must listen. I am your mother, and I dare to command you, because I know I am in the right and that God is on my side. If He should lead the poor wandering lassie to Susan's door, and she comes back crying and sorrowful, led by that good angel to us once more, thou shalt never say a casting-up word to her about her sin, but be tender and helpful toward one 'who was lost and is found,' so may God's blessing rest on thee, and so mayst thou lead Susan home as thy wife."

She stood, no longer as the meek, imploring, gentle mother, but firm and dignified, as if the interpreter of God's will. Her manner was so unusual and solemn, that it overcame all Will's pride and stubbornness. He rose softly while she was speaking, and bent his head as if in reverence at her words, and the solemn injunction which they conveyed. When she had spoken, he said in so subdued a voice that she was almost surprised at the sound, "Mother, I will."

"I may be dead and gone—but all the same—thou wilt take home the wandering sinner, and heal up her sorrows, and lead her to her Father's house. My lad! I can speak no more; I'm turned very faint."

He placed her in a chair; he ran for water. She opened her eyes and smiled.

"God bless you, Will. Oh! I am so happy. It seems as if she were found; my heart is so filled with gladness.

That night, Mr. Palmer staid out late and long. Susan was afraid that he was at his old haunts and habits—getting tipsy at some public-house; and this thought oppressed her, even though she had so much to make her happy, in the consciousness that Will loved her. She sat up long, and then she went to bed, leaving all arranged as well as she could for her father's return. She looked at the little, rosy sleeping girl who was her bed-fellow, with redoubled tenderness, and with many a prayerful thought. The little arms entwined her neck as she lay down, for Nanny was a light sleeper, and was conscious that she, who was loved with all the power of that sweet childish heart, was near her, and by her, although she was too sleepy to utter any of her half-formed words.

And by-and-by she heard her father come home, stumbling uncertain, trying first the windows, and next the door-fastenings, with many a loud, incoherent murmur. The little innocent twined around her seemed all sweeter and more lovely, when she thought sadly of her erring father. And presently he called aloud for a light; she had left matches and all arranged as usual on the dresser, but, fearful of some accident from fire, in his unusually intoxicated state, she now got up softly, and putting on a cloak, went down to his assistance.

Alas! the little arms that were unclosed from her soft neck belonged to a light, easily awakened sleeper. Nanny missed her darling Susy, and terrified at being left alone in the vast, mysterious darkness, which had no bounds, and seemed infinite, she slipped out of bed, and tottered in her little night-gown toward the door. There was a light below, and there was Susy and safety! So she went onward two steps toward the steep, abrupt stairs; and then dazzled with sleepiness, she stood, she wavered, she fell! Down on her head, on the stone floor she fell! Susan flew to her, and spoke all soft, entreating, loving words; but her white lids covered up the blue violets of eyes, and there was no murmur came out of the pale lips. The warm tears that rained down, did not awaken her; she lay stiff, and weary with her short life, on Susan's knee. Susan went sick with terror. She carried her up-stairs, and laid her tenderly in bed; she dressed herself most hastily, with her trembling fingers. Her father was asleep on the settle down stairs; and useless, and worse than useless if awake. But Susan flew out of the door, and down the quiet, resounding street, toward the nearest doctor's house. Quickly she went; but as quickly a shadow followed, as if impelled by some sudden terror. Susan rung wildly at the night-bell—the shadow crouched near. The doctor looked out from an up-stairs window

"A little child has fallen down stairs at No. 9, Crown-street, and is very ill—dying I'm afraid. Please, for God's sake, sir, come directly. No. 9, Crown-street."

"I'll be there directly," said he, and shut the window.

"For that God you have just spoken about—for His sake—tell me are you Susan Palmer? Is it my child that lies a-dying?" said the shadow, springing forward, and clutching poor Susan's arm.

"It is a little child of two years old—I do not know whose it is; I love it as my own. Come with me, whoever you are; come with me."

The two sped along the silent streets—as silent as the night were they. They entered the house; Susan snatched up the light, and carried it up-stairs. The other followed.

She stood with wild glaring eyes by the bed side, never looking at Susan, but hungrily gazing

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at the little, white, still child. She stooped down, and put her hand tight on her own heart, as if to still its beating, and bent her ear to the pale lips. Whatever the result was, she did not speak; but threw off the bed-clothes wherewith Susan had tenderly covered up the little creature, and felt its left side.

Then she threw up her arms with a cry of wild despair.

"She is dead! she is dead!"

She looked so fierce, so mad, so haggard, that for an instant Susan was terrified—the next, the holy God had put courage into her heart, and her pure arms were round that guilty, wretched creature, and her tears were falling fast and warm upon her breast. But she was thrown off with violence.

"You killed her—you slighted her—you let her fall down those stairs! you killed her!"

Susan cleared off the thick mist before her, and gazing at the mother with her clear, sweet, angel-eyes, said, mournfully,

"I would have laid down my life for her."

"Oh, the murder is on my soul!" exclaimed the wild, bereaved mother, with the fierce impetuosity of one who has none to love her and to be beloved, regard to whom might teach self-restraint.

"Hush!" said Susan, her finger on her lips. "Here is the doctor. God may suffer her to live."

The poor mother turned sharp round. The doctor mounted the stair. Ah! that mother was right; the little child was really dead and gone.

And when he confirmed her judgment, the mother fell down in a fit. Susan, with her deep grief had to forget herself, and forget her darling (her charge for years), and question the doctor what she must do with the poor wretch, who lay on the floor in such extreme of misery.

"She is the mother!" said she.

"Why did not she take better care of her child?" asked he, almost angrily.

But Susan only said, "The little child slept with me; and it was I that left her."

"I will go back and make up a composing draught; and while I am away you must get her to bed."

Susan took out some of her own clothes, and softly undressed the stiff, powerless, form. There was no other bed in the house but the one in which her father slept. So she tenderly lifted the body of her darling; and was going to take it down stairs, but the mother opened her eyes, and seeing what she was about, she said,

"I am not worthy to touch her, I am so wicked; I have spoken to you as I never should have spoken; but I think you are very good; may I have my own child to lie in my arms for a little while?"

Her voice was so strange a contrast to what it had been before she had gone into the fit that Susan hardly recognized it; it was now so unspeakably soft, so irresistibly pleading, the features too had lost their fierce expression. and were almost as placid as death. Susan could not speak, but she carried the little child; and laid it in its mother's arms; then as she looked at them, something overpowered her, and she knelt down, crying aloud:

"Oh, my God, my God, have mercy on her, and forgive and comfort her."

But the mother kept smiling, and stroking the little face, murmuring soft, tender words, as if it were alive; she was going mad, Susan thought; but she prayed on, and on, and ever still she prayed with streaming eyes.

The doctor came with the draught. The mother took it, with docile unconsciousness of its nature as medicine. The doctor sat by her; and soon she fell asleep. Then he rose softly, and beckoning Susan to the door, he spoke to her there.

"You must take the corpse out of her arms. She will not awake. That draught will make her sleep for many hours. I will call before noon again. It is now daylight. Good-by."

Susan shut him out; and then gently extricating the dead child from its mother's arms, she could not resist making her own quiet moan over her darling. She tried to learn off its little placid face, dumb and pale before her.

"Not all the scalding tears of care
Shall wash away that vision fair
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
Not all the sights that dim her eyes,
Shall e'er usurp the place
Of that little angel-face."

And then she remembered what remained to be done. She saw that all was right in the house; her father was still dead asleep on the settle, in spite of all the noise of the night. She went out through the quiet streets, deserted still, although it was broad daylight, and to where the Leighs lived. Mrs. Leigh, who kept her country hours, was opening her window-shutters. Susan took her by the arm, and, without speaking, went into the house-place. There she knelt down before the astonished Mrs. Leigh, and cried as she had never done before; but the miserable night had overpowered her, and she who had gone through so much calmly, now that the pressure seemed removed, could not find the power to speak.

"My poor dear! What has made thy heart so sore as to come and cry a-this-ons? Speak and tell me. Nay, cry on, poor wench, if thou canst not speak yet. It will ease the heart, and then thou canst tell me."

"Nanny is dead!" said Susan. "I left her to go to father, and she fell down stairs, and never breathed again. Oh, that's my sorrow! but I've more to tell. Her mother is come—is in our house. Come and see if it's your Lizzie." Mrs. Leigh could not speak, but, trembling, put on her things, and went with Susan in dizzy haste back to Crown-street.

CHAPTER IV.

As they entered the house in Crown-street, they perceived that the door would not oper

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freely on its hinges, and Susan instinctively looked behind to see the cause of the obstruction. She immediately recognized the appearance of a little parcel, wrapped in a scrap of newspaper, and evidently containing money. She stooped and picked it up. "Look!" said she, sorrowfully, "the mother was bringing this for her child last night."

But Mrs. Leigh did not answer. So near to the ascertaining if it were her lost child or no, she could not be arrested, but pressed onward with trembling steps and a beating, fluttering heart. She entered the bedroom, dark and still. She took no heed of the little corpse, over which Susan paused, but she went straight to the bed, and withdrawing the curtain, saw Lizzie—but not the former Lizzie, bright, gay, buoyant, and undimmed. This Lizzie was old before her time; her beauty was gone; deep lines of care, and alas! of want (or thus the mother imagined) were printed on the cheek, so round, and fair, and smooth, when last she gladdened her mother's eyes. Even in her sleep she bore the look of woe and despair which was the prevalent expression of her face by day; even in her sleep she had forgotten how to smile. But all these marks of the sin and sorrow she had passed through only made her mother love her the more. She stood looking at her with greedy eyes, which seemed as though no gazing could satisfy their longing; and at last she stooped down and kissed the pale, worn hand that lay outside the bed-clothes. No touch disturbed the sleeper; the mother need not have laid the hand so gently down upon the counterpane. There was no sign of life, save only now and then a deep, sob-like sigh. Mrs. Leigh sat down beside the bed, and, still holding back the curtain, looked on and on, as if she could never be satisfied.

Susan would fain have staid by her darling one; but she had many calls upon her time and thoughts, and her will had now, as ever, to be given up to that of others. All seemed to devolve the burden of their cares on her. Her father, ill-humored from his last night's intemperance, did not scruple to reproach her with being the cause of little Nanny's death; and when, after bearing his upbraiding meekly for some time, she could no longer restrain herself, but began to cry, he wounded her even more by his injudicious attempts at comfort: for he said it was as well the child was dead; it was none of theirs, and why should they be troubled with it? Susan wrung her hands at this, and came and stood before her father, and implored him to forbear. Then she had to take all requisite steps for the coroner's inquest; she had to arrange for the dismissal of her school; she had to summon a little neighbor, and send his willing feet on a message to William Leigh, who, she felt, ought to be informed of his mother's whereabouts, and of the whole state of affairs. She asked her messenger to tell him to come and speak to her—that his mother was at her house. She was thankful that her father sauntered out to have a gossip at the nearest coach-stand, and to relate as many of the night's adventures as he knew; for as yet he was in ignorance of the watcher and the watched, who silently passed away the hours up-stairs.

At dinner-time Will came. He looked red, glad, impatient, excited. Susan stood calm and white before him, her soft, loving eyes gazing straight into his.

"Will," said she, in a low, quiet voice, "your sister is up-stairs."

"My sister!" said he, as if affrighted at the idea, and losing his glad look in one of gloom. Susan saw it, and her heart sank a little, but she went on as calm to all appearance as ever.

"She was little Nanny's mother, as perhaps you know. Poor little Nanny was killed last night by a fall down stairs." All the calmness was gone; all the suppressed feeling was displayed in spite of every effort. She sat down, and hid her face from him, and cried bitterly. He forgot every-thing but the wish, the longing to comfort her. He put his arm round her waist, and bent over her. But all he could say was, "Oh, Susan, how can I comfort you? Don't take on so—pray, don't!" He never changed the words, but the tone varied every time he spoke. At last she seemed to regain her power over herself, and she wiped her eyes, and once more looked upon him with her own quiet, earnest, unfearing gaze.

"Your sister was near the house. She came in on hearing my words to the doctor. She is asleep now, and your mother is watching her. I wanted to tell you all myself. Would you like to see your mother?"

"No!" said he. "I would rather see none but thee. Mother told me thou knew'st all." His eyes were downcast in their shame.

But the holy and pure did not lower or vail her eyes.

She said, "Yes, I know all—all but her sufferings. Think what they must have been!"

He made answer low and stern, "She deserved them all—every jot."

"In the eye of God, perhaps she does. He is the judge: we are not."

"Oh," she said, with a sudden burst, "Will Leigh, I have thought so well of you; don't go and make me think you cruel and hard. Goodness is not goodness unless there is mercy and tenderness with it. There is your mother who has been nearly heart-broken, now full of rejoicing over her child—think of your mother."

"I do think of her," said he. "I remember the promise I gave her last night. Thou should'st give me time. I would do right in time. I never think it o'er in quiet. But I will do what is right and fitting, never fear. Thou hast spoken out very plain to me, and misdoubted me, Susan; I love thee so, that thy words cut me. If I did hang back a bit from making sudden promises, it was because, not even for love of thee, would I say what I was not feeling; and at first I could not feel all at once as thou would'st have me. But I'm not cruel and

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hard; for if I had been, I should na' have grieved as I have done."

He made as if he were going away; and indeed he did feel he would rather think it over in quiet. But Susan, grieved at her incautious words, which had all the appearance of harshness, went a step or two nearer—paused—and then, all over blushes, said in a low, soft whisper,

"Oh, Will! I beg your pardon. I am very sorry—won't you forgive me?"

She who had always drawn back, and been so reserved, said this in the very softest manner; with eyes now uplifted beseechingly, now dropped to the ground. Her sweet confusion told more than words could do; and Will turned back, all joyous in his certainty of being beloved, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My own Susan!" he said.

Meanwhile the mother watched her child in the room above.

It was late in the afternoon before she awoke, for the sleeping draught had been very powerful. The instant she awoke, her eyes were fixed on her mother's face with a gaze as unflinching as if she were fascinated. Mrs. Leigh did not turn away, nor move. For it seemed as if motion would unlock the stony command over herself which, while so perfectly still, she was enabled to preserve. But by-and-by Lizzie cried out, in a piercing voice of agony,

"Mother, don't look at me! I have been so wicked!" and instantly she hid her face, and groveled among the bed-clothes, and lay like one dead—so motionless was she.

Mrs. Leigh knelt down by the bed, and spoke in the most soothing tones.

"Lizzie, dear, don't speak so. I'm thy mother, darling; don't be afeard of me. I never left off loving thee, Lizzie. I was always a-thinking of thee. Thy father forgave thee afore he died." (There was a little start here, but no sound was heard). "Lizzie, lass, I'll do aught for thee; I'll live for thee; only don't be afeard of me. Whate'er thou art or hast been, we'll ne'er speak on't. We'll leave th' oud times behind us, and go back to the Upclose Farm. I but left it to find thee, my lass; and God has led me to thee. Blessed be His name. And God is good, too, Lizzie. Thou hast not forgot thy Bible, I'll be bound, for thou wert always a scholar. I'm no reader, but I learnt off them texts to comfort me a bit, and I've said them many a time a day to myself. Lizzie, lass, don't hide thy head so, it's thy mother as is speaking to thee. Thy little child clung to me only yesterday; and if it's gone to be an angel, it will speak to God for thee. Nay, don't sob a that 'as; thou shalt have it again in heaven; I know thou'lt strive to get there, for thy little Nancy's sake—and listen! I'll tell thee God's promises to them that are penitent; only don't be afeard."

Mrs. Leigh folded her hands, and strove to speak very clearly, while she repeated every tender and merciful text she could remember. She could tell from the breathing that her daughter was listening; but she was so dizzy and sick herself when she had ended, that she could not go on speaking. It was all she could do to keep from crying aloud.

At last she heard her daughter's voice.

"Where have they taken her to?" she asked.

"She is down stairs. So quiet, and peaceful, and happy she looks."

"Could she speak? Oh, if God—if I might but have heard her little voice! Mother, I used to dream of it. May I see her once again—Oh, mother, if I strive very hard, and God is very merciful, and I go to Heaven, I shall not know her—I shall not know my own again—she will shun me as a stranger, and cling to Susan Palmer and to you. Oh woe! Oh woe!' She shook with exceeding sorrow.

In her earnestness of speech she had uncovered her face, and tried to read Mrs. Leigh's thoughts through her looks. And when she saw those aged eyes brimming full of tears, and marked the quivering lips, she threw her arms round the faithful mother's neck, and wept there as she had done in many a childish sorrow, but with a deeper, a more wretched grief. Her mother hushed her on her breast; and lulled her as if she were a baby; and she grew still and quiet.

They sat thus for a long, long time. At last Susan Palmer came up with some tea and bread and butter for Mrs. Leigh. She watched the mother feed her sick, unwilling child, with every fond inducement to eat which she could devise; they neither of them took notice of Susan's presence. That night they lay in each other's arms; but Susan slept on the ground beside them.

They took the little corpse (the little unconscious sacrifice, whose early calling-home had reclaimed her poor, wandering mother), to the hills, which in her life-time she had never seen. They dared not lay her by the stern grandfather in Milne-row church-yard, but they bore her to a lone moorland grave-yard, where long ago the Quakers used to bury their dead. They laid her there on the sunny slope, where the earliest spring-flowers blow.

Will and Susan live at the Upclose Farm. Mrs. Leigh and Lizzie dwell in a cottage so secluded that, until you drop into the very hollow where it is placed, you do not see it. Tom is a schoolmaster in Rochdale, and he and Will help to support their mother. I only know that, if the cottage be hidden in a green hollow of the hills, every sound of sorrow in the whole upland is heard there—every call of suffering or of sickness for help, is listened to by a sad, gentle-looking woman, who rarely smiles (and when she does, her smile is more sad than other people's tears), but who comes out of her seclusion whenever there's a shadow in any household. Many hearts bless Lizzie Leigh, but she—she prays always and ever for forgiveness—such forgiveness as may enable her to see her child once more. Mrs. Leigh is quiet and happy. Lizzie is to her eyes something precious—as the lost piece of silver—found once more. Susan is the bright one who brings sun-

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shine to all. Children grow around her and call her blessed. One is called Nanny. Her, Lizzie often takes to the sunny grave-yard in the uplands, and while the little creature gathers the daisies, and makes chains, Lizzie sits by a little grave, and weeps bitterly.

STEAM.

HOW wonderful are the revolutions which steam has wrought in the world! The diamond, we are told, is but pure carbon; and the dream of the alchymist has long been to disentomb the gem in its translucent purity from the sooty mass dug up from the coal-field. But if the visionary has failed to extricate the fair spirit from its earthly cerements, the practical philosopher has produced from the grimy lump a gem, in comparison to which the diamond is valueless—has evoked a Titanic power, before which the gods of ancient fable could not hold their heaven for an hour; a power wielding the thunderbolt of Jove, the sledge of Vulcan, the club of Hercules; which takes to itself the talaria of Mercury, the speed of Iris, and the hundred arms of Briareus. Ay, the carbon gives us, indeed, the diamond after all; the white and feathery vapor that hisses from the panting tube, is the priceless pearl of the modern utilitarian. Without STEAM man is nothing—a mere zoological specimen—Lord Monboddo's ape, without the caudal elongation of the vertebræ. With steam, man is every thing. A creature that unites in himself the nature and the power of every animal; more wonderful than the ornithorhynchus—he is fish, flesh, and fowl. He can traverse the illimitable ocean with the gambollings of the porpoise, and the snort of the whale; rove through the regions of the earth with the speed of the antelope, and the patient strength of the camel; he essays to fly through the air with the steam-wing of the aeronauticon, though as yet his pinions are not well fledged, and his efforts have been somewhat Icarian. And, albeit our own steam acronavigation is chiefly confined to those involuntary gambols (as Sterne happily called Sancho's blanket tossing), which we now and then take at the instance of an exploding boiler, yet may we have good hope that our grandchildren will be able to "take the wings of the morning," and sip their cup of tea genuine at Pekin. He is more than human, and little less than Divinity. Were Aristotle alive, he would define the genus "homo"—neither as "animal ridens," nor yet "animal sentiens," but "Animal VAPORANS." True it is, doubtless, that man alone can enjoy his joke. He hath his laugh, when the monkey can but grin and the ape jabber—his thinking he shares with the dog and the elephant; but who is there that can "get up the steam" but man? "Man," say we, "is an animal that VAPORETH!" and we will wager one of Stephenson's patent high-pressure engines again our cook's potato-steamer, that Dr. Whately will affirm our definition.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

[From The Ladies' Companion.]

PAPERS ON WATER.—No. 1.

WHY IS HARD WATER UNFIT FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES?

FEW subjects have attracted more attention among sanitary reformers, than the necessity of obtaining a copious supply of water to the dwellers in large cities. Experience has shown that the supply should be at least twenty gallons daily for each inhabitant, although forty gallons are necessary to carry out to the full extent all the sanitary improvements deemed desirable for the well-being of a population. But in looking to quantity of supply, quality has been thought of less importance; there could not be a more gross error, or one more fatal to civic economy and domestic comfort. As we are anxious to instruct the readers of this Journal in the science of every-day life, we propose to consider the subject of water-supply in some detail, and in the present article to explain the serious inconveniences which result from an injudicious selection of hard water for domestic purposes.

The water found in springs, brooks, and rivers, has its primary origin in the rain of the district, unless there should happen to be some accidental infiltration from the sea or other great natural reservoirs. This rain, falling on the upper soil, either runs off in streams, or, percolating through it and the porous beds beneath, gushes out in the form of springs wherever it meets with an impervious bed which refuses it a passage; pits sunk down to the latter detect it there, and these form the ordinary wells. In its passage through the pervious rocks, it takes up soluble impurities, varying in their amount and character with the nature of the geological formations, these impurities being either mineral, vegetable, or animal matter. The mineral ingredients may be chalk, gypsum, common salt, and different other compounds but it is the earthy salts generally which impress peculiar qualities on the water.

The salts of lime and magnesia communicate to water the quality termed *hardness*, a property which every one understands, but which it would be very difficult to describe. By far the most common giver of hardness is chalk, or, as chemists term it, carbonate of lime; a substance not soluble in pure water, but readily so in water containing carbonic acid. Rain water always contains this acid, and is, therefore, a solvent for the chalk disseminated in the different geological formations through which it percolates. Gypsum, familiarly known as plaster of Paris, and termed sulphate of lime by chemists, is also extensively diffused in rocks, and being itself soluble in water, becomes a very common hardening ingredient, though not of such frequent occurrence as chalk. Any earthy salt, such as chalk or gypsum, decomposes soap, and prevents its action as a detergent. Soap consists of an oily acid combined generally with soda. Now, when this is added to water containing

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lime, that earth unites with the oily acid, forming an insoluble soap, of no use as a detergent; this insoluble lime-soap is the curd which appears in hard water during washing with soap. Hard water is of no use as a cleanser, until all the lime has been removed by uniting with the oily acid of the soap. Every hundred gallons of Thames water destroy in this way thirty ounces of soap before becoming a detergent. But as this is an enormous waste, the dwellers in towns, supplied with hard water, resort to other methods of washing, so as to economize soap. If our readers in London observe their habits in washing, they will perceive that the principal quantity of the water is used by them not as a cleanser, but merely for the purposes of rinsing off the very sparing amount employed for detergent purposes. In London, we do not wash ourselves *in* but *out* of the basin. A small quantity of water is taken on the hands and saturated with soap so as to form a lather; the ablution is now made with this quantity, and the water in the basin is only used to rinse it off. The process of washing with soft water is entirely different, the whole quantity being applied as a detergent. To illustrate this difference, an experiment may be made, by washing the hands alternately in rain and then in hard water, such as that supplied to London; and the value of the soft water for the purposes of washing will be at once recognized. Even without soap, the soft water moistens the hand, while hard water flows off, just as if the skin had been smeared with oil. Now, although the soap may be economized in personal ablution by the uncomfortable method here described, it is impossible to obtain this economy in the washing of linen. In this case, the whole of the water must be saturated with soap before it is available. Soda is, to a certain extent, substituted with a view to economy, as much as £30,000 worth of soda being annually used in the metropolis to compensate for the hard quality of the water; and, perhaps, as an approximative calculation, £200,000 worth of soap is annually wasted without being useful as a detergent. This enormous tax on the community results from the hardness both of the well and river water; the former being generally much harder than the latter. But this expense, large as it may seem, is not the only consequence of a bad water supply. The labor required to wash with hard water is very much greater than that necessary when it is soft, this labor being represented in the excessive charges for washing. In fact, extraordinary as it may appear, it has recently been shown in evidence before the General Board of Health, that the washerwoman's interest in the community is actually greater than that of the cotton-spinner, with all his enormous capital. An instance of this will suffice to show our meaning: a gentleman buys one dozen shirts at a cost of £4, three of these are washed every week, the charge being fourpence each, making an annual account of £2 12*s*. The set of shirts, with careful management, lasts for three years, and has cost in washing £7 16*s*. The cotton-spinner's interest in the shirts and that of the shirt-maker's combined, did not exceed £4, while the washerwoman's interest is nearly double. A considerable portion of this amount is unavoidable; but a very large part is due to the excessive charges for washing rendered necessary by the waste of soap and increased labor required for cleansing. A family in London, with an annual income of £600, spends about one-twelfth of the amount, or £50, in the expenses of the laundry. On an average, every person in London, rich and poor, spends one shilling per week, or fifty-two shillings a year for washing. Hence, at least five million two hundred thousand pounds is the annual amount expended in the metropolis alone for this purpose. Yet, large as this amount is—and it matters not whether it be represented in the labors of household washing or that of the professed laundress—it is obvious that the greatest part of it is expended in actual labor, for the washerwoman is rarely a rich or even a thriving person. Hence, it follows that this labor, barely remunerative as it is, must be made excessive from some extraneous cause; for it is found by experience that one-half the charge is ample compensation in a country district supplied with soft water. The tear and wear of clothes by the system necessary for washing in hard water, is very important in the economical consideration of the question. The difference in this respect, between hard and soft water, is very striking. It has been calculated that the extra cost to ladies in London in the one article of collars, by the unnecessary tear and wear, as compared with country districts, is not less than, but probably much exceeds, £20,000.

We now proceed to draw attention to the inconvenience of hard water in cooking. It is well known that greens, peas, French beans, and other green vegetables, lose much of their delicate color by being boiled in hard water They not only become yellow, but assume a shriveled and disagreeable appearance, losing much of their delicacy to the taste. For making tea the evil is still more obvious. It is extremely difficult to obtain a good infusion of tea with hard water, however much may be wasted in the attempt. We endeavor to overcome the difficulty by the addition of soda, but the tea thus made is always inferior. One reason of this is, that it is difficult to adjust the quantity of the soda. Tea contains nearly 16 per cent. of cheese or casein, and this dissolves in water rendered alkaline by soda; and although the nutritious qualities are increased by this solution, the delicacy of the flavor is impaired. The water commonly used in London requires, at the very least, one-fifth more tea to produce an infusion of the same strength as that obtained by soft water. This, calculated on the whole amount of tea consumed in London, resolves itself into a pecuniary consideration of great magnitude.

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The effect of hard water upon the health of the lower animals is very obvious. Horses, sheep, and pigeons, refuse it whenever they can obtain a supply of soft water. They prefer the muddiest pool of the latter to the most brilliant and sparkling spring of the former. In all of them it produces colic, and sometimes more serious diseases. The coats of horses drinking hard water soon become rough, and stare, and they quickly fall out of condition. It is not, however, known that it exerts similar influences upon the health of man, although analogy would lead us to expect that a beverage unsuited to the lower animals can not be favorable to the human constitution. Persons with tender skins can not wash in hard water, because the insoluble salts left by evaporation produce an intolerable irritation.

In order to simplify the explanation of the action of hard water, attention has been confined to that possessing lime. But hard waters frequently contain magnesia, and in that case a very remarkable phenomenon attends their use. At a certain strength the magnesian salt does not decompose the soap, or retard the formation of a lather, but the addition of soft water develops this latent hardness. With such waters, the extraordinary anomaly appears, that the more soft water is added to them, up to a certain point, the harder do they become. Some of the wells at Doncaster are very remarkable in this respect, for when their hard water is diluted with eight times the quantity of pure soft distilled water, the resulting mixture is as hard—that is, it decomposes as much soap—as the undiluted water. Thus the dilution of such water with four or five times its bulk of soft rain water actually makes it harder. The cause of this anomaly has not yet been satisfactorily made out, but it only occurs in waters abounding in magnesia.

Having now explained the inconveniences of the hardening ingredients of water, we propose to show in the next article the action of other deteriorating constituents; and after having done so, it will become our duty to point out the various modes by which the evils thus exposed may best be counteracted or remedied.

L. P.

EARLY RISING.

DID you but know, when bathed in dew,
How sweet the little violet grew,
Amidst the thorny brake;
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
Nature's own favorite tints recall,
If once you let them go.

HERRICK.

[From Household Words.]

A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

AN alderman of the ancient borough of Beetlebury, and churchwarden of the parish of St. Wulfstan's, in the said borough, Mr. Blenkinsop might have been called, in the language of the sixteenth century, a man of worship. This title would probably have pleased him very much, it being an obsolete one, and he entertaining an extraordinary regard for all things obsolete, or thoroughly deserving to be so. He looked up with profound veneration to the griffins which formed the waterspouts of St. Wulfstan's church, and he almost worshiped an old boot under the name of a black jack, which on the affidavit of a foresworn broker, he had bought for a drinking-vessel of the sixteenth century. Mr. Blenkinsop even more admired the wisdom of our ancestors than he did their furniture and fashions. He believed that none of their statutes and ordinances could possibly be improved on, and in this persuasion had petitioned parliament against every just or merciful change, which, since he had arrived at man's estate, had been in the laws. He had successively opposed all the Beetlebury improvements, gas, water-works, infant schools, mechanics' institute, and library. He had been active in an agitation against any measure for the improvement of the public health, and being a strong advocate of intramural interment, was instrumental in defeating an attempt to establish a pretty cemetery outside Beetlebury. He had successfully resisted a project for removing the pig-market from the middle of High-street. Through his influence the shambles, which were corporation property, had been allowed to remain where they were; namely, close to the Town-hall, and immediately under his own and his brethren's noses. In short, he had regularly, consistently, and nobly done his best to frustrate every scheme that was proposed for the comfort and advantage of his fellow creatures. For this conduct he was highly esteemed and respected, and, indeed, his hostility to any interference with disease, had procured him the honor of a public testimonial; shortly after the presentation of which, with several neat speeches, the cholera broke out in Beetlebury.

The truth is, that Mr. Blenkinsop's views on the subject of public health and popular institutions were supposed to be economical (though they were, in truth, desperately costly), and so pleased some of the rate-payers. Besides, he withstood ameliorations, and defended nuisances and abuses with all the heartiness of an actual philanthropist. Moreover, he was a jovial fellow—a boon companion; and his love of antiquity leant particularly toward old ale and old port wine. Of both of these beverages he had been partaking rather largely at a visitation-dinner, where, after the retirement of the bishop and his clergy, festivities were kept up till late, under the presidency of the deputy-registrar One of the last to quit the Crown and Mitre was Mr. Blenkinsop.

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He lived in a remote part of the town, whither, as he did not walk exactly in a right line, it may be allowable perhaps, to say that he bent his course. Many of the dwellers in Beetlebury High-street, awakened at half-past twelve on that night. by somebody passing below, singing, not very distinctly,

"With a jolly full bottle let each man be armed,"

were indebted, little as they may have suspected it, to Alderman Blenkinsop, for their serenade.

In his homeward way stood the Market Cross; a fine medieval structure, supported on a series of circular steps by a groined arch, which served as a canopy to the stone figure of an ancient burgess. This was the effigies of Wynkyn de Vokes, once mayor of Beetlebury, and a great benefactor to the town; in which he had founded almhouses and a grammar-school, A. D. 1440. The post was formerly occupied by St. Wulfstan; but De Vokes had been removed from the Town Hall in Cromwell's time, and promoted to the vacant pedestal, *vice* Wulfstan, demolished. Mr. Blenkinsop highly revered this work of art, and he now stopped to take a view of it by moonlight. In that doubtful glimmer, it seemed almost life-like. Mr. Blenkinsop had not much imagination, yet he could well nigh fancy he was looking upon the veritable Wynkyn, with his bonnet, beard, furred gown, and staff, and his great book under his arm. So vivid was this impression, that it impelled him to apostrophize the statue.

"Fine old fellow!" said Mr. Blenkinsop. "Rare old buck! We shall never look upon your like again. Ah! the good old times—the jolly good old times! No times like the good old times, my ancient worthy. No such times as the good old times!"

"And pray, sir, what times do you call the good old times?" in distinct and deliberate accents, answered—according to the positive affirmation of Mr. Blenkinsop, subsequently made before divers witnesses—the Statue.

Mr. Blenkinsop is sure that he was in the perfect possession of his senses. He is certain that he was not the dupe of ventriloquism, or any other illusion. The value of these convictions must be a question betwen him and the world, to whose perusal the facts of his tale, simply as stated by himself, are here submitted.

When first he heard the Statue speak, Mr. Blenkinsop says, he certainly experienced a kind of sudden shock, a momentary feeling of consternation. But this soon abated in a wonderful manner. The Statue's voice was quite mild and gentle—not in the least grim—had no funereal twang in it, and was quite different from the tone a statue might be expected to take by any body who had derived his notions on that subject from having heard the representative of the class in "Don Giovanni."

"Well, what times do you mean by the good old times?" repeated the Statue, quite familiarly. The churchwarden was able to reply with some composure, that such a question coming from such a quarter had taken him a little by surprise.

"Come, come, Mr. Blenkinsop," said the Statue, "don't be astonished. 'Tis half-past twelve, and a moonlight night, as your favorite police, the sleepy and infirm old watchman, says. Don't you know that we statues are apt to speak when spoken to, at these hours? Collect yourself. I will help you to answer my own question. Let us go back step by step; and allow me to lead you. To begin. By the good old times, do you mean the reign of George the Third?"

"The last of them, sir," replied Mr. Blenkinsop, very respectfully, "I am inclined to think, were seen by the people who lived in those days."

"I should hope so," the Statue replied. "Those the good old old times? What! Mr. Blenkinsop, when men were hanged by dozens, almost weekly, for paltry thefts. When a nursing woman was dragged to the gallows with a child at her breast, for shop-lifting, to the value of a shilling. When you lost your American colonies, and plunged into war with France, which, to say nothing of the useless bloodshed it cost, has left you saddled with the national debt. Surely you will not call these the good old times, will you, Mr. Blenkinsop?"

"Not exactly, sir; no: on reflection I don't know that I can," answered Mr. Blenkinsop. He had now—it was such a civil, well-spoken statue—lost all sense of the preternatural horror of his situation, and scratched his head, just as if he had been posed in argument by an ordinary mortal.

"Well then," resumed the Statue, "my dear sir, shall we take the two or three reigns preceding? What think you of the then existing state of prisons and prison discipline? Unfortunate debtors confined indiscriminately with felons, in the midst of filth, vice, and misery unspeakable. Criminals under sentence of death tippling in the condemned cell, with the Ordinary for their pot-companion. Flogging, a common punishment of women convicted of larceny. What say you of the times when London streets were absolutely dangerous, and the passenger ran the risk of being hustled and robbed even in the daytime? When not only Hounslow and Bagshot Heath, but the public roads swarmed with robbers, and a stage-coach was as frequently plundered as a hen-roost. When, indeed, 'the road' was esteemed the legitimate resource of a gentleman in difficulties, and a highwayman was commonly called 'Captain'—if not respected accordingly. When cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and bull-baiting were popular, nay, fashionable amusements. When the heirs of the landed gentry could barely read and write, and divided their time between fox-hunting and guzzling. When a duelist was a hero, and it was an honor to have 'killed your man.' When a gentleman could hardly open his mouth without uttering a profane or filthy oath. When

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the country was continually in peril of civil war; through a disputed succession; and two murderous insurrections, followed by more murderous executions, actually took place. This era of inhumanity, shamelessness, brigandage, brutality, and personal and political insecurity, what say you of it, Mr. Blenkinsop? Do you regard this wig and pigtail period as constituting the good old times, respected friend?"

"There was Queen Anne's golden reign, sir," deferentially suggested Mr. Blenkinsop.

"A golden reign!" exclaimed the Statue. "A reign of favoritism and court trickery at home, and profitless war abroad. The time of Bolingbroke's, and Harley's, and Churchill's intrigues. The reign of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough and of Mrs. Masham. A golden fiddlestick! I imagine you must go farther back yet for your good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop."

"Well," answered the churchwarden, "I suppose I must, sir, after what you say."

"Take William the Third's rule," pursued the Statue. "War, war again; nothing but war. I don't think you'll particularly call these the good old times. Then what will you say to those of James the Second? Were they the good old times when Judge Jefferies sat on the bench? When Monmouth's rebellion was followed by the Bloody Assize. When the king tried to set himself above the law, and lost his crown in consequence. Does your worship fancy these were the good old times?"

Mr. Blenkinsop admitted that he could not very well imagine that they were.

"Were Charles the Second's the good old times?" demanded the Statue. "With a court full of riot and debauchery; a palace much less decent than any modern casino; while Scotch Covenanters were having their legs crushed in the 'Boots,' under the auspices and personal superintendence of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The time of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and Dangerfield, and their sham plots, with the hangings, drawings, and quarterings, on perjured evidence, that followed them. When Russell and Sidney were judicially murdered. The time of the great plague and fire of London. The public money wasted by roguery and embezzlement, while sailors lay starving in the streets for want of their just pay; the Dutch about the same time burning our ships in the Medway. My friend, I think you will hardly call the scandalous monarchy of the 'Merry Monarch' the good old times."

"I feel the difficulty which you suggest, sir," owned Mr. Blenkinsop.

"Now, that a man of your loyalty," pursued the Statue, "should identify the good old times with Cromwell's Protectorate, is, of course, out of the question."

"Decidedly, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Blenkinsop. "*He* shall not have a statue, though you enjoy that honor," bowing.

"And yet," said the Statue, "with all its faults, this era was perhaps no worse than any we have discussed yet. Never mind! It was a dreary, cant-ridden one, and if you don't think those England's palmy days, neither do I. There's the previous reign, then. During the first part of it, there was the king endeavoring to assert arbitrary power. During the latter, the Parliament were fighting against him in the open field. What ultimately became of him I need not say. At what stage of King Charles the First's career did the good old times exist Mr. Alderman? I need barely mention the Star Chamber and poor Prynne; and I merely allude to the fate of Strafford and of Laud. On consideration, should you fix the good old times any where thereabouts?"

"I am afraid not, indeed, sir," Mr. Blenkinsop responded, tapping his forehead.

"What is your opinion of James the First's reign? Are you enamored of the good old times of the Gunpowder Plot? or when Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded? or when hundreds of poor, miserable old women were burnt alive for witchcraft, and the royal wiseacre on the throne wrote as wise a book, in defense of the execrable superstition through which they suffered?"

Mr. Blenkinsop confessed himself obliged to give up the times of James the First.

"Now, then," continued the Statue, "we come to Elizabeth."

"There I've got you!" interrupted Mr Blenkinsop, exultingly. "I beg your pardon, sir," he added, with a sense of the freedom he had taken; "but everybody talks of the times of Good Queen Bess, you know."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Statue, not at all like Zamiel, or Don Guzman, or a pavior's rammer, but really with unaffected gayety "Everybody sometimes says very foolish things Suppose Everybody's lot had been cast under Elizabeth! How would Everybody have relished being subject to the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Commission, with its power of imprisonment, rack, and torture? How would Everybody have liked to see his Roman Catholic and Dissenting fellow-subjects butchered, fined, and imprisoned for their opinions; and charitable ladies butchered, too, for giving them shelter in the sweet compassion of their hearts? What would Everybody have thought of the murder of Mary Queen of Scots? Would Everybody, would Anybody, would *you*, wish to have lived in these days, whose emblems are cropped ears, pillory, stocks, thumb-screws, gibbet, ax, chopping-block, and scavenger's daughter? Will you take your stand upon this stage of history for the good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop?"

"I should rather prefer firmer and safer ground, to be sure, upon the whole," answered the worshiper of antiquity, dubiously.

"Well, now," said the Statue, "'tis getting late, and, unaccustomed as I am to conversational speaking, I must be brief. Were those the good old times when Sanguinary Mary roasted bishops, and lighted the fires of Smithfield? When Henry the Eighth, the British Bluebeard, cut his wives' heads off, and burnt Catholic and Protestant at

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the same stake? When Richard the Third smothered his nephews in the Tower? When the Wars of the Roses deluged the land with blood? When Jack Cade marched upon London? When we were disgracefully driven out of France under Henry the Sixth, or, as disgracefully, went marauding there, under Henry the Fifth? Were the good old times those of Northumberland's rebellion? Of Richard the Second's assassination? Of the battles, burnings, massacres, cruel tormentings, and atrocities, which form the sum of the Plantagenet reigns? Of John's declaring himself the Pope's vassal, and performing dental operations on the Jews? Of the Forest Laws and Curfew under the Norman kings? At what point of this series of bloody and cruel annals will you place the times which you praise? Or do your good old times extend over all that period when somebody or other was constantly committing high treason, and there was a perpetual exhibition of heads on London Bridge and Temple Bar?"

It was allowed by Mr. Blenkinsop that either alternative presented considerable difficulty.

"Was it in the good old times that Harold fell at Hastings, and William the Conqueror enslaved England? Were those blissful years the ages of monkery; of Odo and Dunstan, bearding monarchs and branding queens? Of Danish ravage and slaughter? Or were they those of the Saxon Heptarchy, and the worship of Thor and Odin? Of the advent of Hengist and Horsa? Of British subjugation by the Romans? Or, lastly, must we go back to the ancient Britons, Druidism, and human sacrifices, and say that those were the real, unadulterated, genuine, good old times, when the true-blue natives of this island went naked, painted with woad?"

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Blenkinsop, "after the observations that I have heard from you this night, I acknowledge that I *do* feel myself rather at a loss to assign a precise period to the times in question."

"Shall I do it for you?" asked the Statue.

"If you please, sir. I should be very much obliged if you would," replied the bewildered Blenkinsop, greatly relieved.

"The best times, Mr. Blenkinsop," said the Statue, "are the oldest. They are the wisest; for the older the world grows, the more experience it acquires. It is older now than ever it was. The oldest and best times the world has yet seen are the present. These, so far as we have yet gone, are the genuine good old times, sir."

"Indeed, sir!" ejaculated the astonished alderman.

"Yes, my good friend. These are the best times that we know of—bad as the best may be. But in proportion to their defects, they afford room for amendment. Mind that, sir, in the future exercise of your municipal and political wisdom. Don't continue to stand in the light which is gradually illuminating human darkness. The Future is the date of that happy period which your imagination has fixed in the Past. It will arrive when all shall do what is right; hence none shall suffer what is wrong. The true good old times are yet to come."

"Have you any idea when, sir?" Mr. Blenkinsop inquired, modestly.

"That is a little beyond me," the Statue answered. "I can not say how long it will take to convert the Blenkinsops. I devoutly wish you may live to see them. And with that, I wish you good-night, Mr. Blenkinsop."

"Sir," returned Mr. Blenkinsop, with a profound bow, "I have the honor to wish you the same."

Mr. Blenkinsop returned home an altered man. This was soon manifest. In a few days he astonished the Corporation by proposing the appointment of an Officer of Health to preside over the sanitary affairs of Beetlebury. It had already transpired that he had consented to the introduction of lucifer-matches into his domestic establishment, in which, previously, he had insisted on sticking to the old tinder-box. Next, to the wonder of all Beetlebury, he was the first to propose a great, new school, and to sign a requisition that a county penitentiary might be established for the reformation of juvenile offenders. The last account of him is, that he has not only become a subscriber to the mechanics' institute, but that he actually presided thereat, lately, on the occasion of a lecture on Geology.

The remarkable change which has occurred in Mr. Blenkinsop's views and principles, he himself refers to his conversation with the Statue, as above related. That narrative, however, his fellow-townsmen receive with incredulous expressions, accompanied by gestures and grimaces of like import. They hint, that Mr. Blenkinsop had been thinking for himself a little, and only wanted a plausible excuse for recanting his errors. Most of his fellow-aldermen believe him mad; not less on account of his new moral and political sentiments, so very different from their own, than of his Statue story. When it has been suggested to them that he has only had his spectacles cleaned, and has been looking about him, they shake their heads, and say that he had better have left his spectacles alone, and that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a good deal of dirt quite the contrary. *Their* spectacles have never been cleaned, they say, and any one may see they don't want cleaning.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Blenkinsop has found an altogther new pair of spectacles, which enable him to see in the right direction. Formerly, he could only look backward; he now looks forward to the grand object that all human eyes should have in view—progressive improvement.

He who can not live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.—Martial.

Men are harassed, not by things themselves, but by opinions respecting them.—Epictetus.

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[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MEMOIRS OF THE FIRST DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

WHILE the fortunes of the last Duchess of Orleans are still in uncertainty, it may not be unpleasing to read something of the family and character of the first princess who bore that title. The retrospect will carry us back to stirring times, and make us acquainted with the virtues and sufferings, as well as the crimes, which mark the family history of the great European houses. The story of Valentina Visconti links the history of Milan with that of Paris, and imparts an Italian grace and tenderness to the French annals. Yet although herself one of the gentlest of women, she was sprung from the fiercest of men. The history of the rise and progress of the family of Visconti is, in truth, one of the most characteristic that the Lombardic annalists have preserved.

The Sforzias, called Visconti from their hereditary office of *Vicecomes*, or temporal vicar of the Emperor, were a marked and peculiar race. With the most ferocious qualities, they combined high intellectual refinement, and an elegant and cultivated taste, in all that was excellent in art, architecture, poetry, and classical learning. The founder of the family was Otho, Archbishop of Milan at the close of the 13th century. He extended his vicarial authority into a virtual sovereignty of the Lombard towns, acknowledging only the German Emperor as his feudal lord. This self-constituted authority he transmitted to his nephew Matteo, "Il grande." In the powerful hands of Matteo the Magnificent, Milan became the capital of a virtual Lombardic kingdom. Three of the sons of Matteo were successively "tyrants" of Milan, the designation being probably used in its classical, rather than its modern sense. Galeazzo, the eldest, was succeeded by his son Azzo, the only one of the male representatives of the Visconti who exhibited any of the milder characteristics befitting the character of a virtuous prince. Luchino, his uncle and successor, was, however, a patron of learning, and has had the good fortune to transmit his name to us in illustrious company. At his court, in other respects contaminated by vice, and made infamous by cruelty, the poet Petrarch found a home and a munificent patron. Luchino cultivated his friendship. The poet was not above repaying attentions so acceptable by a no less acceptable flattery. Petrarch's epistle, eulogizing the virtues and recounting the glory of the tyrant, remains a humiliating record of the power of wealth and greatness, and the pliability of genius.

Luchino's fate was characteristic. His wife, Isabella of Fieschi, had frequently suffered from his caprice and jealousy; at length she learned that he had resolved on putting her to death. Forced to anticipate his cruel intent, she poisoned him with the very drugs he had designed for her destruction.

Luchino was succeeded by his brother Giovanni, Archbishop of Milan, the ablest of the sons of Matteo. Under his unscrupulous administration the Milanese territory was extended, until almost the whole of Lombardy was brought under the yoke of the vigorous and subtle tyrant. Although an ecclesiastic, he was as prompt to use the temporal as the spiritual sword. On his accession to power, Pope Clement the Sixth, then resident at Avignon, summoned him to appear at his tribunal to answer certain charges of heresy and schism. The papal legate sent with this commission had a further demand to make on behalf of the Pontiff—the restitution of Bologna, a fief of the church, which had been seized by the Milanese prelate, Giovanni Visconti, as well as the cession, by the latter, of either his temporal or spiritual authority, which the legate declared could not be lawfully united in the person of an archbishop. Giovanni insisted that the legate should repeat the propositions with which he was charged at church on the following Sunday: as prince and bishop he could only receive such a message in the presence of his subjects and the clergy of his province. On the appointed day, the archbishop having celebrated high-mass with unusual splendor, the legate announced the message with which he was charged by his Holiness. The people listened in silence, expecting a great discussion. But their astonishment was not greater than that of the legate, when Archbishop Giovanni stepped forth, with his crucifix in one hand, while with the other he drew from beneath his sacerdotal robes a naked sword, and exclaimed, "Behold the spiritual and temporal arms of Giovanni Visconti! By the help of God, with the one I will defend the other."

The legate could obtain no other answer, save that the archbishop declared that he had no intention of disobeying the pontiff's citation to appear at Avignon. He accordingly prepared, indeed, to enter such an appearance as would prevent citations of that kind in future.

He sent, as his precursor, a confidential secretary, with orders to make suitable preparations for his reception. Thus commissioned, the secretary proceeded to hire every vacant house in the city and surrounding neighborhod, within a circuit of several miles; and made enormous contracts for the supply of furniture and provisions for the use of the archbishop and his suite. These astounding preparations soon reached the ears of Clement. He sent for the secretary, and demanded the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings. The secretary replied, that he had instructions from his master, the Archbishop of Milan, to provide for the reception of 12,000 knights and 6,000 foot soldiers, exclusive of the Milanese gentlemen who would accompany their lord when he appeared at Avignon, in compliance with his Holiness's summons. Clement, quite unprepared for such a visit, only thought how he should extricate himself from so great a dilemma. He wrote to the haughty Visconti, begging that he would not put himself to the inconvenience of such a jour-

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ney: and, lest this should not be sufficient to deter him, proposed to grant him the investiture of Bologna — the matter in dispute between them — for a sum of money: a proposal readily assented to by the wealthy archbishop.

Giovanni Visconti bequeathed to the three sons of his brother Stephano a well-consolidated power; and, for that age, an enormous accumulation of wealth. The Visconti were the most skillful of financiers. Without overburthening their subjects, they had ever a well-filled treasury — frequently recruited, it is true, by the plunder of their enemies, or replenished by the contributions they levied on neighboring cities. The uniform success which attended their negotiations in these respects, encouraged them in that intermeddling policy they so often pursued. We can scarcely read without a smile the proclamations of their generals to the inoffensive cities, of whose affairs they so kindly undertook the unsolicited management.

"It is no unworthy design which has brought us hither," the general would say to the citizens of the towns selected for these disinterested interventions; "we are here to re-establish order, to destroy the dissensions and secret animosities which divide the people (say) of Tuscany. We have formed the unalterable resolution to reform the abuses which abound in all the Tuscan cities. If we can not attain our object by mild persuasions, we will succeed by the strong hand of power. Our chief has commanded us to conduct his armies to the gates of your city, to attack you at our swords' point, and to deliver over your property to be pillaged, unless (solely for your own advantage) you show yourselves pliant in conforming to his benevolent advice."

Giovanni Visconti, as we have intimated, was succeeded by his nephews. The two younger evinced the daring military talent which distinguished their race. Matteo, the eldest, on the contrary, abandoned himself to effeminate indulgences. His brothers, Bernabos and Galeazzo, would have been well pleased that he should remain a mere cipher, leaving the management of affairs in their hands; but they soon found that his unrestrained licentiousness endangered the sovereignty of all. On one occasion a complaint was carried to the younger brothers by an influential citizen. Matteo Visconti, having heard that this citizen's wife was possessed of great personal attractions, sent for her husband, and informed him that he designed her for an inmate of his palace, commanding him, upon pain of death, to fetch her immediately. The indignant burgher, in his perplexity, claimed the protection of Bernabos and Galeazzo. The brothers perceived that inconvenient consequences were likely to ensue. A dose of poison, that very day, terminated the brief career of Matteo the voluptuous.

Of the three brothers, Bernabos was the most warlike and the most cruel; Galeazzo the most subtle and politic. Laboring to cement his power by foreign alliances, he purchased from John, king of France, his daughter, Isabelle de Valois, as the bride of his young son and heir; and procured the hand of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III. of England, for his daughter Violante. While Galeazzo pursued these peaceful modes of aggrandizement, Bernabos waged successful war on his neighbors, subjecting to the most refined cruelties all who questioned his authority. It was he who first reduced the practice of the torture to a perfect system, extending over a period of forty-one days. During this period, every alternate day, the miserable victim suffered the loss of some of his members—an eye, a finger, an ear—until at last his torments ended on the fatal wheel. Pope after pope struggled in vain against these powerful tyrants. They laughed at excommunication, or only marked the fulmination of a papal bull by some fresh act of oppression on the clergy subject to their authority. On one occasion Urban the Fifth sent Bernabos his bull of excommunication, by two legates. Bernabos received the pontifical message unmoved. He manifested no irritation—no resentment; but courteously escorted the legates, on their return, as far as one of the principal bridges in Milan. Here he paused, about to take leave of them. "It would be inhospitable to permit you to depart," he said, addressing the legates, "without some refreshment; choose—will you eat or drink?" The legates, terrified at the tone in which the compliment was conveyed, declined his proffered civility. "Not so," he exclaimed, with a terrible oath; "you shall not leave my city without some remembrance of me; say, will you eat or drink?" The affrighted legates, perceiving themselves surrounded by the guards of the tyrant, and in immediate proximity to the river, felt no taste for drinking. "We had rather eat," said they; "the *sight* of so much water is sufficient to quench our thirst." "Well, then," rejoined Bernabos, "here are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought to me; you shall not pass this bridge until you have eaten, in my presence, the parchments on which they are written, the leaden seals affixed to them, and the silken cords by which they are attached." The legates urged in vain the sacred character of their offices of embassador and priest: Bernabos kept his word; and they were left to digest the insult as best they might. Bernabos and his brother, after having disposed of Matteo, became, as companions in crime usually do, suspicious of one another. In particular, each feared that the other would poison him. Those banquets and entertainments to which they treated one another must have been scenes of magnificent discomfort.

Galeazzo died first. His son, Giovanni-Galeazzo, succeeded, and matched the unscrupulous ambition of his uncle with a subtlety equal to his own. Not satisfied with a divided sway, he maneuvered unceasingly until he made himself master of the persons of Bernabos and his two sons. The former he kept a close prisoner

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for seven months, and afterward put to death by poison. The cruelty and pride of Bernabos had rendered him so odious to his subjects, that they made no effort on his behalf, but submitted without opposition to the milder government of Giovanni-Galeazzo. He was no less successful in obtaining another object of his ambition. He received from the Emperor Wenceslaus the investiture and dukedom of Milan, for which he paid the sum of 100,000 florins, and now saw himself undisputed master of Lombardy.

The court of Milan, during such a period, seems a strange theatre for the display of graceful and feminine virtues. Yet it was here, and under the immediate eye of her father, this very Giovanni-Galeazzo, that Valentina Visconti, one of the most amiable female characters of history, passed the early days of her eventful life. As the naturalist culls a wild flower from the brink of the volcano, the historian of the dynasty of Milan pauses to contemplate her pure and graceful character, presenting itself among the tyrants, poisoners, murderers, and infidels who founded the power and amassed the wealth of her family. It would be sad to think that the families of the wicked men of history partook of the crimes of their parents. But we must remember that virtue has little charm for the annalist; he records what is most calculated to excite surprise or awake horror, but takes no notice of the unobtrusive ongoings of those who live and die in peace and quietness. We may be sure that among the patrons of Petrarch there was no want of refinement, or of the domestic amenities with which a youthful princess, and only child, ought to be surrounded. In fact, we have been left the most permanent and practical evidences of the capacity of these tyrants for the enjoyment of the beautiful. The majestic cathedral of Milan is a monument of the noble architectural taste of Valentina's father. In the midst of donjons and fortress-palaces it rose, an embodiment of the refining influence of religion; bearing in many respects a likeness to the fair and innocent being whose fortunes we are about to narrate, and who assisted at its foundation. The progress of the building was slow; it was not till a more magnificent usurper than any of the Visconti assumed the iron-crown of Lombardy, in our own generation, that the general design of the Duomo of Milan was completed. Many of the details still remain unfinished; many statues to be placed on their pinnacles; some to be replaced on the marble stands from which they were overthrown by the cannon of Radetski. Of the old castle of the Visconti two circular towers and a curtain wall alone remain: its court-yard is converted into a barrack, its moats filled up, its terraced gardens laid down as an esplanade for the troops of the Austrian garrison. The family of the Visconti have perished. Milan, so long the scene of their glory, and afterward the battle-ground of contending claimants, whose title was derived through them, has ceased to be the capital of a free and powerful Italian state: but the Cathedral, after a growth of nearly four centuries, is still growing; and the name of the gentle Valentina, so early associated with the majestic Gothic edifice, "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

The year after the foundation of the Duomo, Valentina Visconti became the bride of Louis Duke of Orleans, only brother to the reigning monarch of France, Charles VI. Their politic father, the wise King Charles, had repaired the disasters occasioned by the successful English invasion, and the long captivity of John the Second. The marriage of Valentina and Louis was considered highly desirable by all parties The important town of Asti, with an immense marriage portion in money, was bestowed by Giovanni-Galeazzo on his daughter. A brilliant escort of the Lombard chivalry accompanied the "promessa sposa" to the French frontier

Charles VI. made the most magnificent preparations for the reception of his destined sister-in-law. The weak but amiable monarch, ever delighting in fêtes and entertainments, could gratify his childish taste, while displaying a delicate consideration and brotherly regard for Louis of Orleans. The marriage was to be celebrated at Mélun. Fountains of milk and choice wine played to the astonishment and delight of the bourgeois. There were jousts and tournaments, masks, and banquets, welcoming the richly-dowered daughter of Milan. All promised a life of secured happiness; she was wedded to the brave and chivalrous Louis of Orleans, the pride and darling of France. He was eminently handsome; and his gay, graceful, and affable manners gained for him the strong personal attachment of all who surrounded him. But, alas! for Valentina and her dream of happiness, Louis was a profligate; she found herself, from the first moment of her marriage, a neglected wife: her modest charms and gentle deportment had no attractions for her volatile husband. The early years of her wedded life were passed in solitude and uncomplaining sorrow. She bore her wrongs in dignified silence. Her quiet endurance, her pensive gentleness, never for a moment yielded; nor was she ever heard to express an angry or bitter sentiment. Still she was not without some consolation; she became the mother of promising children, on whom she could bestow the treasures of love and tenderness, of the value of which the dissolute Louis was insensible. Affliction now began to visit the French palace. Charles VI. had long shown evidences of a weak intellect. The events of his youth had shaken a mind never robust: indeed they were such as one can not read of even now without emotion.

During his long minority the country, which, under the prudent administration of his father, had well nigh recovered the defeats of Cressy and Poictiers, had been torn by intestine commotions. The regency was in the hands of the young king's uncles, the dukes of Anjou and Burgundy. The latter inheriting by his wife, who was heiress of Flanders, the rich provinces bordering France on the northeast, in addition

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to his province of Burgundy, found himself, in some respects, more powerful than his sovereign. The commercial prosperity of the Low Countries filled his coffers with money, and the hardy Burgundian population gave him, at command, a bold and intrepid soldiery.

From his earliest years, Charles had manifested a passion for the chase. When about twelve years old, in the forest of Senlis, he had encountered a stag, bearing a collar with the inscription, "*Cæsar hoc mihi donavit.*" This wonderful stag appeared to him in a dream a few years afterward, as he lay in his tent before Roosebeke in Flanders, whither he had been led by his uncle of Burgundy to quell an insurrection of the citizens of Ghent, headed by the famous Philip van Artevelde. Great had been the preparations of the turbulent burghers. Protected by their massive armor, they formed themselves into a solid square bristling with pikes. The French cavalry, armed with lances, eagerly waited for the signal of attack. The signal was to be the unfurling of the oriflamme, the sacred banner of France, which had never before been displayed but when battling against infidels. It had been determined, on this occasion, to use it against the Flemings because they rejected the authority of Pope Clement, calling themselves Urbanists, and were consequently looked on by the French as excluded from the pale of the church. As the young king unfurled this formidable banner, the sun, which had for days been obscured by a lurid fog, suddenly shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. A dove, which had long hovered over the king's battalion, at the same time settled on the flag-staff.

"Now, by the lips of those you love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!"

The French chivalry did indeed execute a memorable charge on these burghers of Ghent. Their lance points reached a yard beyond the heads of the Flemish pikes. The Flemings, unable to return or parry their thrusts, fell back on all sides. The immense central mass of human beings thus forcibly compressed, shrieked and struggled in vain. Gasping for breath, they perished, *en masse*, suffocated by the compression, and crushed under the weight of their heavy armor. A reward had been offered for the body of Philip van Artevelde: it was found amid a heap of slain, and brought to the king's pavilion. The young monarch gazed on the mortal remains of his foe, but no wound could be discovered on the body of the Flemish leader —he had perished from suffocation. The corpse was afterward hanged on the nearest tree. When the king surveyed this horrible yet bloodless field, the appalling spectacle of this mass of dead, amounting, it is said, to 34,000 corpses, was more than his mind could bear. From this period unmistakable evidences of his malady became apparent. The marvelous stag took possession of his fancy; it seemed to him the emblem of victory, and he caused it to be introduced among the heraldic insignia of the kingdom.

In his sixteenth year, the king selected, as the partner of his throne, the beautiful Isabeau of Bavaria. She also was a Visconti by the mother's side, her father having wedded one of the daughters of Bernabos. In her honor various costly fêtes had been given. On one of these occasions the royal bridegroom displayed his eccentricity in a characteristic manner. The chroniclers of the time have given us very detailed accounts of these entertainments. The costumes were extravagantly fantastic: ladies carried on their head an enormous *hennin*, a very cumbrous kind of head-dress, surmounted by horns of such dimensions, that their exit or entrance into an apartment was a work of considerable difficulty. The shoes were equally absurd and inconvenient; their pointed extremities, half a yard in length, were turned up and fastened to the knees in various grotesque forms. The robes, the long open sleeves of which swept the ground, were emblazoned with strange devices. Among the personal effects of one of the royal princes we find an inventory of about a thousand pearls used in embroidering on a robe the words and music of a popular song.

The chronicle of the *Religieux de St. Denis* describes one of these masked balls, which was held in the court-yard of that venerable abbey, temporarily roofed over with tapestries for the occasion. The sons of the Duke of Anjou, cousins of the king, were prepared to invade Naples, in right of their father, to whom Joanna of Naples had devised that inheritance. Previous to their departure, their royal cousin resolved to confer on them the order of knighthood. An immense concourse of guests were invited to witness the splendid ceremonial, and take part in the jousts and tournaments which were to follow. The king had selected a strange scene for these gay doings. The Abbey of St. Denis was the last resting-place of the kings of France. Here mouldered the mortal remains of his predecessors, and here were to repose his bones when he, too, should be "gathered to his fathers." The celebrated "Captain of the Companies," the famous du Guesclin, the saviour of France in the reign of his father, had paid the debt of nature many years before, and reposed there among the mortal remains of those whose throne he had guarded so well. The astonishment of the guests was extreme, when it appeared that the exhumation and reinterment of du Guesclin formed part of the programme of the revels. The old warrior was taken up, the funeral rites solemnly gone through, three hundred livres appropriated to the pious use of masses for his soul, and the revelers dismissed to meditate on the royal eccentricities.

The murder of the Constable of France, Oliver de Clisson, followed soon after, and quite completed the break down of poor Charles's mind. This powerful officer of the crown had long been feared and hated by the great feudal lords,

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especially by the Duke of Brittany, who entertained an absurd jealousy of the one-eyed hero. Although Clisson, by his decisive victory at Auray, had secured to him the contested dukedom of Brittany, the jealous duke treacherously arrested his benefactor and guest, whom he kept prisoner in the dungeons of his castle of La Motte. In the first transports of his fury the duke had given orders that de Clisson should be put to death; but his servants, fearing the consequences of so audacious an act, left his commands unexecuted. Eventually, the Constable was permitted by his captor to purchase his freedom, a condition which was no sooner complied with, than the duke repented having allowed his foe to escape from his hands. He now suborned Pierre de Craon, a personal enemy of de Clisson, to be the executioner of his vengeance. The Constable was returning to his hotel, having spent a festive evening with his sovereign, when he was set on by his assassins. He fell, covered with wounds, and was left for dead. To increase his torments, the murderer announced to him, as he fell, his name and motives. But, though severely injured, Clisson was yet alive. The noise of the conflict reached the king, who was just retiring to rest. He hastened to the spot. His bleeding minister clung to his robe, and implored him to swear that he should be avenged.

"My fidelity to your majesty has raised up for me powerful enemies: this is my only crime. Whether I recover or perish from my wounds, swear to me that I shall not be unavenged."

"I shall never rest, so help me God," replied the excited monarch, "until the authors of this audacious crime shall be brought to justice."

Charles kept his word. Although suffering from fever, the result of this night's alarm and exposure, he collected a considerable army, and marched for Brittany. His impatient eagerness knew no bounds. Through the sultry, noonday heat, over the arid plains and dense forests of Brittany, he pursued the assassin of his Constable. He rode the foremost of his host; often silently and alone. One day, having undergone great personal fatigue, he had closed his eyes, still riding forward, when he was aroused by the violent curveting of his steed, whose bridle had been seized by a wild-looking man, singularly clad.

"Turn back, turn back, noble king," cried he; "to proceed further is certain death, you are betrayed!" Having uttered these words, the stranger disappeared in the recesses of the forest before any one could advance to arrest him.

The army now traversed a sandy plain, which reflected the intensity of the solar rays. The king wore a black velvet jerkin, and a cap of crimson velvet, ornamented with a chaplet of pearls. This ill-selected costume rendered the heat insufferable. While musing on the strange occurrence in the forest, he was aroused by the clashing of steel around him. The page, who bore his lance, had yielded to the drowsy influences of the oppressive noonday heat, and as he slumbered his lance had fallen with a ringing sound on the casque of the page before him. The succession of these alarms quite damaged Charles's intellect. He turned, in a paroxysm of madness, crying, "Down with the traitors!" and attacked his own body-guard. All made way, as the mad king assailed them. Several fell victims to his wildly-aimed thrusts, before he sunk at length, exhausted by his efforts, a fit of total insensibility followed. His brother of Orleans and kinsman of Burgundy had him conveyed by slow stages to Paris.

Charles's recovery was very tedious. Many remedies were tried—charms and incantations, as well as medicines; but to the great joy of the people, who had always loved him, his reason was at length pronounced to be restored, and his physicians recommended him to seek amusement and diversion in festive entertainments.

Another shock, and Charles VI. became a confirmed lunatic. This tragical termination of an absurd frolic occurred as follows:

On a gala occasion the monarch and five knights of his household conceived the design of disguising themselves as satyrs. Close-fitting linen dresses, covered with some bituminous substance, to which was attached fine flax resembling hair, were stitched on their persons. Their grotesque figures excited much merriment. The dukes of Orleans and Bar, who had been supping elsewhere, entered the hall somewhat affected by their night's dissipation. With inconceivable folly, one of these tipsy noblemen applied a torch to the covering of one of the satyrs. The miserable wretch, burning frightfully and hopelessly, rushed through the hall in horrible torments, shrieking in the agonies of despair. The fire was rapidly communicated. To those of the satyrs, whose hairy garments were thus ignited, escape was hopeless. To detach the flaming pitch was impossible; they writhed and rolled about, but in vain: their tortures only ended with their lives. One alone beside the king escaped. Recollecting that the buttery was near, he ran and plunged himself in the large tub of water provided for washing the plates and dishes. Even so, he did not escape without serious injuries. The king had been conversing in his disguise with the young bride of the duke of Berri. She had recognized him, and with admirable presence of mind and devotion, she held him fast, covering him with her robe lest a spark should descend on him. To her care and energy he owed his preservation from so horrible a fate; but, alas! only to linger for years a miserable maniac. The terrible spectacle of his companions in harmless frolic perishing in this dreadful manner before his eyes, completed the wreck of his already broken intellect. His reason returned but partially. Even these slight amendments were at rare intervals. He became a squalid and pitiable object; his person utterly neglected, for his garments could only be

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changed by force. His heartless and faithless wife deserted him—indeed, in his insane fits his detestation of her was excessive—and neglected their children. One human being only could soothe and soften him, his sister-in-law, Valentina Visconti.

Charles had always manifested the truest friendship for the neglected wife of his brother. They were alike unhappy in their domestic relations; for the gallantries of the beautiful queen were scarcely less notorious than those of Louis of Orleans; and if scandal spoke truly, Louis himself was one of the queen's lovers. The brilliant and beautiful Isabeau was distinguished by the dazzlingly clear and fair complexion of her German fatherland. and the large lustrous eyes of the Italian. But Charles detested her. and delighted in the society of Valentina. He was never happy but when near her. In the violent paroxysms of his malady, she only could venture to approach him—she alone had influence over the poor maniac. He yielded to her wishes without opposition; and in his occasional glimpses of reason, touchingly thanked his "dear sister" for her watchful care and forbearance.

It must have been a dismal change, even from the barbaric court of Milan; but Valentina was not a stranger to the consolations which are ever the reward of those who prove themselves self-sacrificing in the performance of duty. She was eminently happy in her children. Charles, her eldest son, early evinced a delicate enthusiasm of mind—the sensitive organization of genius. He was afterward to become, *par excellence*, the poet of France. In his childhood he was distinguished for his amiable disposition and handsome person. Possibly at the time of which we now write, was laid the foundation of that sincere affection for his cousin Isabella, eldest daughter of the king, which many years afterward resulted in their happy union. One of the most touching poems of Charles of Orleans has been charmingly rendered into English by Mr. Carey. It is addressed to his deceased wife, who died in child-bed at the early age of twenty-two.

"To make my lady's obsequies,
My love a minster wrought,
And in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave,
And grief, illumined by tears,
Irradiated her grave;
And round about in quaintest guise
Was carved, 'Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.'

"Above her lieth spread a tomb,
Of gold and sapphires blue;
The gold doth mark her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portray'd,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her wondrous beauty made;
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

"No more, no more; my heart doth faint.
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all;
Who in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his Paradise,
And with his saints to reign;
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes!

The same delicate taste and sweet sensibility which are here apparent, break forth in another charming poem by Charles, composed while a prisoner in England, and descriptive of the same delightful season that surrounds us with light and harmony, while we write, "le premier printemps:"

"The Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind, and rain, and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight pour'd on lake and hill.

"No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill;
For Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind, and rain, and icy chill.

"River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way
All in their new apparel vie,
For Time hath laid his mantle by."

We have said little of Louis of Orleans, the unfaithful husband of Valentina. This young prince had many redeeming traits of character. He was generous, liberal, and gracious; adored by the French people; fondly loved, even by his neglected wife. His tragical death, assassinated in cold blood by his cousin, Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy, excited in his behalf universal pity. Let us review the causes which aroused the vindictive hostility of the Duke of Burgundy, only to be appeased by the death of his gay and unsuspicious kinsman.

Among the vain follies of Louis of Orleans, his picture-gallery may be reckoned the most offensive. Here were suspended the portraits of his various mistresses; among others he had the audacity to place there the likeness of the Bavarian princess, wife of Jean-sans-peur. The resentment of the injured husband may readily be conceived. In addition to this very natural cause of dislike, these dukes had been rivals for that political power which the imbecility of Charles the Sixth placed within their grasp.

The unamiable elements in the character of the Duke of Burgundy had been called into active exercise in very early life. While Duke de Nevers, he was defeated at Nicopolis, and made prisoner by Bajazet, surnamed "Ilderim," or the Thunderer. What rendered this defeat the more mortifying was, the boastful expectation of success proclaimed by the Christian army. "If the sky should fall, we could uphold it on our lances," they exclaimed, but a few hours before their host was scattered, and its leaders prisoners to the Moslem. Jean-sans-

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peur was detained in captivity until an enormous ransom was paid for his deliverance. Giovanni-Galeazzo was suspected of connivance with Bajazet, both in bringing the Christians to fight at a disadvantage, and in putting the Turks on the way of obtaining the heaviest ransoms. The splenetic irritation of this disaster seems to have clung long after to the Duke of Burgundy. His character was quite the reverse of that of his confiding kinsman of Orleans. He was subtle, ambitious, designing, crafty—dishonorably resorting to guile, where he dared not venture on overt acts of hostility. For the various reasons we have mentioned, he bore a secret but intense hatred to his cousin Louis.

In the early winter of 1407, the Duke of Orleans, finding his health impaired, bade a temporary adieu to the capital, and secluded himself in his favorite chateau of Beauté. He seems to have been previously awakened to serious reflections. He had passed much of his time at the convent of the Celestines, who, among their most precious relics, still reckon the illuminated manuscript of the Holy Scriptures presented to them by Louis of Orleans, and bearing his autograph. To this order of monks he peculiarly attached himself, spending most of the time his approaching death accorded to him. A spectre, in the solitude of the cloisters, appeared to him, and bade him prepare to stand in the presence of his Maker. His friends in the convent, to whom he narrated the occurrence, contributed by their exhortations to deepen the serious convictions pressing on his mind. There now seemed a reasonable expectation that Louis of Orleans would return from his voluntary solitude at his chateau on the Marne, a wiser and a better man, cured, by timely reflection, of the only blemish which tarnished the lustre of his many virtues.

The aged Duke of Berri had long lamented the ill-feeling and hostility which had separated his nephews of Orleans and Burgundy. It was his earnest desire to see these discords, so injurious to their true interests and the well-being of the kingdom, ended by a cordial reconciliation. He addressed himself to Jean-sans-peur, and met with unhoped-for success. The Duke of Burgundy professed his willingness to be reconciled, and acceded with alacrity to his uncle's proposition of a visit to the invalided Louis. The latter, ever trusting and warm-hearted, cordially embraced his former enemy. They received the sacrament together, in token of peace and good-will: the Duke of Burgundy, accepting the proffered hospitality of his kinsman, promised to partake of a banquet to be given on this happy occasion by Louis of Orleans, a few days later.

During the interval the young duke returned to Paris. His sister-in-law, Queen Isabeau, was then residing at the Hotel Barbette—a noble palace in a retired neighborhood, with fine gardens, almost completely secluded. Louis of Orleans, almost unattended, visited the queen, to condole with her on the loss of her infant, who had survived its birth but a few days. While they were supping together, Seas de Courteheuze, valet-de-chambre to Charles VI., arrived with a message to the duke: "My lord, the king sends for you, and you must instantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and to him, which he must communicate to you this night." Louis of Orleans, never doubting that this message came from his brother, hastened to obey the summons. His inconsiderable escort rendered him an easy prey to the ruffians who lay in wait for him. He was cruelly murdered; his skull cleft open, the brains scattered on the pavement; his hand so violently severed from the body, that it was thrown to a considerable distance; the other arm shattered in two places; and the body frightfully mangled. About eighteen were concerned in the murder: Raoul d'Oquetonville and Seas de Courteheuze acted as leaders. They had long waited for an opportunity, and lodged at an hotel "having for sign the image of Our Lady," near the Porte Barbette, where, it was afterward discovered, they had waited for several days for their victim. Thus perished, in the prime of life, the gay and handsome Louis of Orleans. The mutilated remains were collected, and removed to the Church of the Guillemins, the nearest place where they might be deposited. This confraternity were an order of hermits, who had succeeded to the church convent of the Blanc Manteax, instituted by St. Louis.

The church of the Guillemins was soon crowded by the friends and relatives of the murdered prince. All concurred in execrating the author or authors of this horrid deed. Suspicion at first fell upon Sir Aubert de Canny, who had good reason for hating the deceased duke. Louis of Orleans, some years previously, had carried off his wife, Marietta D'Enghein, and kept her openly until she had borne him a son, afterward the celebrated Dunois. Immediate orders were issued by the king for the arrest of the Knight of Canny. Great sympathy was felt for the widowed Valentina, and her young and fatherless children. No one expressed himself more strongly than the Duke of Burgundy He sent a kind message to Valentina, begging her to look on him as a friend and protector. While contemplating the body of his victim, he said, "Never has there been committed in the realm of France a fouler murder." His show of regret did not end here: with the other immediate relatives of the deceased prince, he bore the pall at the funeral procession. When the body was removed to the church of the Celestines, there to be interred in a beautiful chapel Louis of Orleans had himself founded and built, Burgundy was observed by the spectators to shed tears. But he was destined soon to assume quite another character, by an almost involuntary act. The provost of Paris, having traced the flight of the assassins, had ascertained beyond doubt that they had taken refuge at

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the hotel of this very Duke of Burgundy. He presented himself at the council, and undertook to produce the criminals, if permitted to search the residences of the princes. Seized with a sudden panic, the Duke of Burgundy, to the astonishment of all present, became his own accuser. Pale and trembling, he avowed his guilt: "It was I!" he faltered; "the devil tempted me!" The other members of the council shrunk back in undisguised horror. Jean-sans-peur, having made this astounding confession, left the council-chamber, and started, without a moment's delay, for the Flemish frontier. He was hotly pursued by the friends of the murdered Louis; but his measures had been taken with too much prompt resolution to permit of a successful issue to his Orleanist pursuers. Once among his subjects of the Low Countries, he might dare the utmost malice of his opponents.

In the mean time, the will of the deceased duke was made public. His character, like Cæsar's, rose greatly in the estimation of the citizens, when the provisions of his last testament were made known. He desired that he should be buried without pomp in the church of the Celestines, arrayed in the garb of that order. He was not unmindful of the interests of literature and science; nor did he forget to make the poor and suffering the recipients of his bounty. Lastly, he confided his children to the guardianship of the Duke of Burgundy: thus evincing a spirit unmindful of injuries, generous, and confiding. This document also proved, that even in his wild career, Louis of Orleans was at times visited by better and holier aspirations.

Valentina mourned over her husband long and deeply; she did not long survive him; she sunk under her bereavement, and followed him to the grave ere her year of widowhood expired. At first the intelligence of his barbarous murder excited in her breast unwonted indignation. She exerted herself actively to have his death avenged. A few days after the murder, she entered Paris in "a litter covered with white cloth, and drawn by four white horses." All her retinue wore deep mourning. She had assumed for her device the despairing motto:

"Rien ne m'est plus,
Plus ne m'est rien."

Proceeding to the Hôtel St. Pôl, accompanied by her children and the Princess Isabella, the affianced bride of Charles of Orleans, she threw herself at the king's knees, and, in a passion of tears, prayed for justice on the murderer of his brother, her lamented lord. Charles was deeply moved: he also wept aloud. He would gladly have granted her that justice which she demanded, had it been in his power to do so; but Burgundy was too powerful. The feeble monarch dared not offend his overgrown vassal. A process at law was all the remedy the king could offer.

Law was then, as now, a tedious and uncertain remedy, and a rich and powerful traverser could weary out his prosecutor with delays and quibbles equal to our own. Jean-sans-peur returned in defiance to Paris to conduct the proceedings in his own defense. He had erected a strong tower of solid masonry in his hôtel; here he was secure in the midst of his formidable guards and soldiery. For his defense, he procured the services of Jean Petit, a distinguished member of the University of Paris, and a popular orator. The oration of Petit (which has rendered him infamous), was rather a philippic against Louis of Orleans, than a defense of Jean-sans-peur. He labors to prove that the prince deserved to die, having conspired against the king and kingdom. One of the charges —that of having, by incantations, endeavored to destroy the monarch—gives us a singular idea of the credulity of the times, when we reflect that these absurd allegations were seriously made and believed by a learned doctor, himself a distinguished member of the most learned body in France, the University of Paris. The Duke of Orleans conspired "to cause the king, our lord, to die of a disorder, so languishing and so slow, that no one should divine the cause of it; he, by dint of money, bribed four persons, an apostate monk, a knight, an esquire, and a varlet, to whom he gave his own sword, his dagger, and a ring, for them to consecrate to, or more properly speaking, to make use of, in the name of the devil," &c. "The monk made several incantations.... And one grand invocation on a Sunday, very early, and before sunrise on a mountain near to the tower of Mont-joy.... The monk performed many superstitious acts near a bush, with invocations to the devil; and while so doing he stripped himself naked to his shirt and kneeled down: he then struck the points of the sword and dagger into the ground, and placed the ring near them. Having uttered many invocations to the devils, two of them appeared to him in the shape of two men, clothed in brownish-green, one of whom was called Hermias, and the other Estramain. He paid them such honors and reverence as were due to God our Saviour—after which he retired behind the bush. The devil who had come for the ring took it and vanished, but he who was come for the sword and dagger remained—but afterward, having seized them, he also vanished. The monk, shortly after, came to where the devils had been, and found the sword and dagger lying flat on the ground, the sword having the point broken—but he saw the point among some powder where the devil had laid it. Having waited half-an-hour, the other devil returned and gave him the ring, which to the sight was of the color of red, nearly scarlet, and said to him: 'Thou wilt put it into the mouth of a dead man in the manner thou knowest,' and then he vanished."

To this oration the advocate of the Duchess of Orleans replied at great length. Valentina's answer to the accusation we have quoted, was concise and simple. "The late duke, Louis of Orleans, was a prince of too great piety and

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virtue to tamper with sorceries and witchcraft." The legal proceedings against Jean-sans-peur seemed likely to last for an interminable period. Even shonld they be decided in favor of the family of Orleans, the feeble sovereign dared not carry the sentence of the law into execution against so powerful an offender as the Duke of Burgundy. Valentina knew this; she knew also that she could not find elsewhere one who could enforce her claims for justice—justice on the murderer of her husband—the slayer of the father of her defenseless children. Milan, the home of her girlhood, was a slaughter-house, reeking with the blood of her kindred. Five years previously her father, Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, had died of the plague which then desolated Italy. To avoid this terrible disorder he shut himself up in the town of Marignano, and amused himself during his seclusion by the study of judicial astrology, in which science he was an adept. A comet appeared in the sky. The haughty Visconti doubted not that this phenomenon was an announcement to him of his approaching death. "I thank God," he cried, "that this intimation of my dissolution will be evident to all men: my glorious life will be not ingloriously terminated." The event justified the omen.

By his second marriage with Katharina Visconti, daughter of his uncle Bernabos, Giovanni Galeazzo left two sons, still very young, Giovanni-Maria and Philippo-Maria, among whom his dominions were divided, their mother acting as guardian and regent.

All the ferocious characteristics of the Visconti seemed to be centred in the stepmother of Valentina. The Duchess of Milan delighted in executions; she beheaded, on the slightest suspicions, the highest nobles of Lombardy. At length she provoked reprisals, and died the victim of poison. Giovanni-Maria, nurtured in blood, was the worthy son of such a mother. His thirst for blood was unquenchable; his favorite pursuit was to witness the torments of criminals delivered over to bloodhounds, trained for the purpose, and fed only on human flesh. His huntsman and favorite, Squarcia Giramo, on one occasion, for the amusement of his master, threw to them a young boy only twelve years of age. The innocent child clung to the knees of the duke, and entreated that he might be preserved from so terrible a fate. The bloodhounds hung back. Squarcia Giramo seizing the child, with his hunting-knife cut his throat, and then flung him to the dogs. More merciful than these human monsters, they refused to touch the innocent victim.

Facino Cane, one of the ablest generals of the late duke, compelled the young princes to admit him to their council, and submit to his management of their affairs; as he was childless himself, he permitted them to live, stripped of power, and in great penury. To the sorrow and dismay of the Milanese, they saw this salutary check on the ferocious Visconti about to be removed by the death of Facino Cane. Determined to prevent the return to power of the young tyrant, they attacked and massacred Giovanni-Maria in the streets of Milan. While this tragedy was enacting, Facino Cane breathed his last.

Philippo-Maria lost not a moment in causing himself to be proclaimed duke. To secure the fidelity of the soldiery, he married, without delay, the widow of their loved commander. Beatrice di Tenda, wife of Facino Cane, was an old woman, while her young bridegroom was scarcely twenty years of age: so ill-assorted a union could scarcely be a happy one. Philippo-Maria, the moment his power was firmly secured, resolved to free himself from a wife whose many virtues could not compensate for her want of youth and beauty. The means to which he resorted were atrocious: he accused the poor old duchess of having violated her marriage vow, and compelled, by fear of the torture, a young courtier, Michel Orombelli, to become her accuser. The duke, therefore, doomed them both to be beheaded. Before the fatal blow of the executioner made her his victim, Beatrice di Tenda eloquently defended herself from the calumnies of her husband and the base and trembling Orombelli. "I do not repine,' she said, "for I am justly punished for having violated, by my second marriage, the respect due to the memory of my deceased husband; I submit to the chastisement of heaven; I only pray that my innocence may be made evident to all and that my name may be transmitted to posterity pure and spotless."

Such were the sons of Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, the half-brothers of the gentle Valentina of Orleans. When she sank broken-hearted into an early grave—her husband unavenged, her children unprotected—she felt how hopeless it would be to look for succor or sympathy to her father's house; yet her last moments were passed in peace. Her maternal solicitude for her defenseless orphans was soothed by the conviction that they would be guarded and protected by one true and faithful friend. Their magnanimous and high-minded mother had attached to them, by ties of affection and gratitude more strong, more enduring than those of blood, one well fitted by his chivalrous nature and heroic bravery to defend and shelter the children of his protectress. Dunois—"the young and brave Dunois"—the bastard of Orleans, as he is generally styled, was the illegitimate son of her husband. Valentina, far from slighting the neglected boy, brought him home to her, nurtured and educated him with her children, cherishing him as if he had indeed been the son of her bosom. If the chronicles of the time are to be believed, she loved him more fondly than her own offspring. "My noble and gallant boy," she would say to him, "I have been robbed of thee; it is thou that art destined to be thy father's avenger; wilt thou not, for my sake, who have loved thee so well, protect and cherish these helpless little ones?"

Long years after the death of Valentina the

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vengeance of heaven did overtake Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy: he fell the victim of treachery such as he had inflicted on Louis of Orleans; but the cruel retaliation was not accomplished through the instrumentality or connivance of the Orleanists: Dunois was destined to play a far nobler part. The able seconder of Joan of Arc —the brave defender of Orleans against the besieging English host—he may rank next to his illustrious countrywoman, "La Pucelle," as the deliverer of his country from foreign foes. His bravery in war was not greater than his disinterested devotion to his half-brothers. Well and nobly did he repay to Valentina, by his unceasing devotion to her children, her tender care of his early years. Charles of Orleans, taken prisoner by the English at the fatal battle of Agincourt, was detained for the greater part of his life in captivity: his infant children were unable to maintain their rights. Dunois reconquered for them their hereditary rights, the extensive appanages of the house of Orleans. They owed every thing to his sincere and watchful affection.

Valentina's short life was one of suffering and trial; but she seems to have issued from the furnace of affliction "purified seven times." In the midst of a licentious court and age, she shines forth a "pale pure star." Her spotless fame has never been assailed. Piety, purity, and goodness, were her distinguishing characteristics. She was ever a self-sacrificing friend, a tender mother, a loving and faithful wife. Her gentle endurance of her domestic trials recalls to mind the character of one who may almost be styled her contemporary, the "patient Griselda," so immortalized by Chaucer and Boccacio. Valentina adds another example to the many which history presents for our contemplation, to show that suffering virtue, sooner or later, meets with its recompense, even in this life. The broken-hearted Duchess of Orleans became the ancestress of two lines of French sovereigns, and through her the kings of France founded their claims to the Duchy of Milan. Her grandson, Louis the Twelfth, the "father of his people," was the son of the poet Duke of Orleans. On the extinction of male heirs to this elder branch, the descendant of her younger son, the Duke of Angoulême, ascended the throne as Francis the First. Her great-grand-daughter was the mother of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, the "magnanimo Alfonso" of the poet Tasso. His younger sister, Leonora, will ever be remembered as the beloved one of the great epic poet of Italy—the ill-starred Torquato Tasso.

The mortal remains of Valentina repose at Blois; her heart is buried with her husband, in the church of the Celestines at Paris. Over the tomb was placed the following inscription:

"Cy gist Loys Duc D'Orleans.
Lequel sur tous duez terriens,
Fut le plus noble en son vivant
Mais ung qui voult aller devant,
Par envye le feist mourir."

M. N.

THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE "Wellington Independent" gives the following account of a recent expedition made by the Lieutenant-Governor to the Middle Island: After leaving the Wairau, having traversed the Kaparatehau district, his Excellency and his attendants reached the snowy mountains to the southward, about four short days' journey from the Wairau, and encamped at the foot of the Tapuenuko mountain, which they ascended. Previously to starting into the pass which is supposed to exist between the Wairau and Port Cooper plains, his Excellency ascended the great snowy mountain which forms the principal peak of the Kaikoras, and which attains an elevation of at least 9000 feet, the upper part being heavily covered with snow to a great depth. He succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain, but so late as to be unable to push on to the southern edge of the summit, when an extensive view southwards would have been obtained. In returning, a steep face of the hill (little less than perpendicular), down which hung a bed of frozen snow, had to be crossed for a considerable distance. Mr. Eyre, who had led the party up the dangerous ascent, was in advance with one native the others being 200 feet before and behind him, on the same perpendicular of the snow. He heard a cry, and looking round, saw Wiremu Hoeta falling down the precipice, pitching from ledge to ledge, and rolling over and over in the intervals, till he fell dead, and no doubt smashed to pieces at a depth below of about 1500 feet, where his body could be seen in a sort of ravine, but where it was impossible to get at it. His Excellency narrowly escaped from similar destruction, having lost both feet from under him, and only saving himself by the use of an iron-shod pole which he carried. Another of the natives had a still narrower escape, having actually fallen about fifteen yards, when he succeeded in clutching a rock and saving himself. The gloom which this unfortunate event caused, and the uncertainty of crossing the rivers while the snows are melting, induced his Excellency to return.

GENIUS.

SELF-COMMUNION and solitude are its daily bread; for what is genius but a great and strongly-marked individuality—but an original creative being, standing forth alone amidst the undistinguishable throng of our everyday world? Genius is a lonely power; it is not communicative; it is not the gift of a crowd; it is not a reflection cast from without upon the soul. It is essentially an inward light, diffusing its clear and glorious radiance over the external world. It is a broad flood, pouring freely forth its deep waters; but with its source forever hidden from human ken. It is the creator, not the creature: it calls forth glorious and immortal shapes; but it is called into being by none—save God.—*Women in France during the Eighteenth Century.*

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[From Household Words.]

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

JEFFREY was a year younger than SCOTT, whom he outlived eighteen years, and with whose career his own had some points of resemblance. They came of the same middle-class stock, and had played together as lads in the High School "yard" before they met as advocates in the Court of Session. The fathers of both were connected with that court; and from childhood, both were devoted to the law. But Scott's boyish infirmity imprisoned him in Edinburgh, while Jeffrey was let loose to Glasgow University, and afterward passed up to Queen's College, Oxford. The boys, thus separated, had no remembrance of having previously met, when they saw each other at the Speculative Society in 1791.

The Oxford of that day suited Jeffrey ill. It suited few people well who cared for any thing but cards and claret. Southey, who came just after him, tells us that the Greek he took there he left there, nor ever passed such unprofitable months; and Lord Malmesbury, who had been there but a little time before him, wonders how it was that so many men should make their way in the world creditably, after leaving a place that taught nothing but idleness and drunkenness. But Jeffrey was not long exposed to its temptations. He left after the brief residence of a single term; and what in after life he remembered most vividly in connection with it, seems to have been the twelve days' hard traveling between Edinburgh and London, which preceded his entrance at Queen's. Some seventy years before, another Scotch lad, on his way to become yet more famous in literature and law, had taken nearly as many weeks to perform the same journey; but, between the schooldays of Mansfield and of Jeffrey, the world had not been resting.

It was enacting its greatest modern incident, the first French Revolution, when the young Scotch student returned to Edinburgh and changed his College gown for that of the advocate. Scott had the start of him in the Court of Session by two years, and had become rather active and distinguished in the Speculative Society before Jeffrey joined it. When the latter, then a lad of nineteen, was introduced (one evening in 1791), he observed a heavy-looking young man officiating as secretary, who sat solemnly at the bottom of the table in a huge woolen night-cap, and who, before the business of the night began, rose from his chair, and, with imperturbable gravity seated on as much of his face as was discernible from the wrappings of the "portentous machine" that enveloped it, apologized for having left home with a bad toothache. This was his quondam schoolfellow Scott. Perhaps Jeffrey was pleased with the mingled enthusiasm for the speculative, and regard for the practical, implied in the woolen nightcap; or perhaps he was interested by the Essay on Ballads which the hero of the nightcap read in the course of the evening: but before he left the meeting he sought an introduction to Mr. Walter Scott, and they were very intimate for many years afterward.

The Speculative Society dealt with the usual subjects of elocution and debate prevalent in similar places then and since; such as, whether there ought to be an Established Religion, and whether the Execution of Charles I. was justifiable, and if Ossian's poems were authentic? It was not a fraternity of speculators by any means of an alarming or dangerous sort. John Allen and his friends, at this very time, were spouting forth active sympathy for French Republicanism at Fortune's Tavern under immediate and watchful superintendence of the Police; James Mackintosh was parading the streets with Horne Tooke's colors in his hat; James Montgomery was expiating in York jail his exulting ballad on the fall of the Bastile; and Southey and Coleridge, in despair of old England, had completed the arrangements of their youthful colony for a community of property, and proscription of every thing selfish, on the banks of the Susquehanna; but the speculative orators rarely probed the sores of the body politic deeper than an inquiry into the practical advantages of belief in a future state? and whether it was for the interest of Britain to maintain the balance of Europe? or if knowledge could be too much disseminated among the lower ranks of the people?

In short, nothing of the extravagance of the time, on either side, is associable with the outset of Jeffrey's career. As little does he seem to have been influenced, on the one hand, by the democratic foray of some two hundred convention delegates into Edinburgh in 1792, as, on the other, by the prominence of his father's name to a protest of frantic high-tory defiance; and he was justified, not many years since, in referring with pride to the fact that, at the opening of his public life, his view of the character of the first French revolution, and of its probable influence on other countries, had been such as to require little modification during the whole of his subsequent career. The precision and accuracy of his judgment had begun to show itself thus early. At the crude young Jacobins, so soon to ripen into Quarterly Reviewers, who were just now coquetting with Mary Woolstonecraft, or making love to the ghost of Madame Roland, or branding as worthy of the bowstring the tyrannical enormities of Mr. Pitt, he could afford to laugh from the first. From the very first he had the strongest liberal tendencies, but restrained them so wisely that he could cultivate them well.

He joined the band of youths who then sat at the feet of Dugald Stewart, and whose first incentive to distinction in the more difficult paths of knowledge, as well as their almost universal adoption of the liberal school of politics, are in some degree attributable to the teaching of that distinguished man. Among them were Brougham and Horner, who had played together from boyhood in Edinburgh streets, had joined the

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Speculative on the same evening six years after Jeffrey (who in Brougham soon found a sharp opponent on colonial and other matters), and were still fast friends. Jeffrey's father, raised to a deputy clerk of session, now lived on a third or fourth flat in Buchanan's Court in the Lawn Market, where the worthy old gentleman kept two women servants and a man at livery; but where the furniture does not seem to have been of the soundest. This fact his son used to illustrate by an anecdote of the old gentleman eagerly setting-to at a favorite dinner one day, with the two corners of the table cloth tied round his neck to protect his immense professional frills, when the leg of his chair gave way, and he tumbled back on the floor with all the dishes, sauces, and viands a-top of him. Father and son lived here together, till the latter took for his first wife the daughter of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of St. Andrew, and moved to an upper story in another part of town. He had been called to the bar in 1794, and was married eight years afterward. He had not meanwhile obtained much practice, and the elevation implied in removal to an upper flat is not of the kind that a young Benedict covets. But distinction of another kind was at length at hand.

One day early in 1802, "in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey," Mr. Jeffrey had received a visit from Horner and Sydney Smith, when Sydney, at this time a young English curate temporarily resident in Edinburgh, preaching, teaching, and joking with a flow of wit, humanity, and sense that fascinated every body, started the notion of the Edinburgh Review. The two Scotchmen at once voted the Englishman its editor, and the notion was communicated to John Archibald Murray (Lord Advocate after Jeffrey, long years afterward), John Allen (then lecturing on medical subjects at the University, but who went abroad before he could render any essential service), and Alexander Hamilton (afterward Sanscrit professor at Haileybury). This was the first council; but it was extended, after a few days, till the two Thomsons (John and Thomas, the physician and the advocate), Thomas Brown (who succeeded to Dugald Stewart's chair), and Henry Brougham, were admitted to the deliberations. Horner's quondam playfellow was an ally too potent to be obtained without trouble; and, even thus early, had not a few characteristics in common with the Roman statesman and orator whom it was his greatest ambition in after life to resemble, and of whom Shakspeare has told us that he never followed any thing that other men began.

"You remember how cheerfully Brougham approved of our plan at first," wrote Jeffrey to Horner, in April, in the thick of anxious preparations for the start, "and agreed to give us an article or two without hesitation. Three or four days ago I proposed two or three books that I thought would suit him; when he answered with perfect good humor, that he had changed his view of our plan a little, and rather thought now that he should decline to have any connection with it." This little coquetry was nevertheless overcome; and before the next six months were over, Brougham had become an efficient and zealous member of the band.

It is curious to see how the project hung fire at first. Jeffrey had nearly finished four articles, Horner had partly written four, and more than half the number was printed; and yet well-nigh the other half had still to be written. The memorable fasciculus at last appeared in November, after a somewhat tedious gestation of nearly ten months; having been subject to what Jeffrey calls so "miserable a state of backwardness" and so many "symptoms of despondency," that Constable had to delay the publication some weeks beyond the day first fixed. Yet as early as April had Sydney Smith completed more than half of what he contributed, while nobody else had put pen to paper; and shortly after the number appeared, he was probably not sorry to be summoned, with his easy pen and his cheerful wit, to London, and to abandon the cares of editorship to Jeffrey.

No other choice could have been made. That first number settled the point. It is easy to discover that Jeffrey's estimation in Edinburgh had not, up to this time, been in any just proportion to his powers; and that, even with those who knew him best, his playful and sportive fancy sparkled too much to the surface of his talk to let them see the grave, deep currents that ran underneath. Every one now read with surprise the articles attributed to him. Sydney had yielded him the place of honor, and he had vindicated his right to it. He had thrown out a new and forcible style of criticism, with a fearless, unmisgiving, and unhesitating courage. Objectors might doubt or cavil at the opinions expressed; but the various and comprehensive knowledge, the subtle, argumentative genius, the brilliant and definite expression, there was no disputing or denying. A fresh and startling power was about to make itself felt in literature.

"Jeffrey," said his most generous fellow laborer, a few days after the Review appeared, "is the person who will derive most honor from this publication, as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best; I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man, whose real character is so much the reverse; he has, indeed, a very sportive and playful fancy, but it is accompanied with an extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding." This confident passage from a private journal of the 20th November, 1802, may stand as a re-

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markable monument of the prescience of Francis Horner.

Yet it was also the opinion of this candid and sagacious man that he and his fellows had not gained much character by that first number of the Review. As a set-off to the talents exhibited, he spoke of the severity—of what, in some of the papers, might be called the scurrility—as having given general dissatisfaction; and he predicted that they would have to soften their tone, and be more indulgent to folly and bad taste. Perhaps it is hardly thus that the objection should have been expressed. It is now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, admitted on all hands that the tone adopted by these young Edinburgh reviewers was in some respects extremely indiscreet; and that it was not simply folly and bad taste, but originality and genius, that had the right to more indulgence at their hands. When Lord Jeffrey lately collected Mr. Jeffrey's critical articles, he silently dropped those very specimens of his power which by their boldness of view, severity of remark, and vivacity of expression, would still as of old have attracted the greatest notice; and preferred to connect with his name, in the regard of such as might hereafter take interest in his writings, only those papers which, by enforcing what appeared to him just principles and useful opinions, he hoped might have a tendency to make men happier and better. Somebody said by way of compliment of the early days of the Scotch Review, that it made reviewing more respectable than authorship; and the remark, though essentially the reverse of a compliment, exhibits with tolerable accuracy the general design of the work at its outset. Its ardent young reviewers took a somewhat too ambitious stand above the literature they criticised. "To all of us," Horner ingenuously confessed, "it is only matter of temporary amusement and subordinate occupation."

Something of the same notion was in Scott's thoughts when, smarting from a severe but not unjust or ungenerous review of Marmion, he said that Jeffrey loved to see imagination best when it is bitted and managed, and ridden upon the *grand pas*. He did not make sufficient allowance for starts and sallies and bounds, when Pegasus was beautiful to behold, though sometimes perilous to his rider. He would have had control of horse as well as rider, Scott complained, and made himself master of the ménage to both. But on the other hand this was often very possible; and nothing could then be conceived more charming than the earnest, playful, delightful way in which his comments adorned and enriched the poets he admired. Hogarth is not happier in Charles Lamb's company, than is the homely vigor and genius of Crabbe under Jeffrey's friendly leading; he returned fancy for fancy to Moore's exuberance, and sparkled with a wit as keen; he "tamed his wild heart" to the loving thoughtfulness of Rogers, his scholarly enthusiasm, his pure and vivid pictures; with the fiery energy and passionate exuberance of Byron, his bright, courageous spirit broke into earnest sympathy; for the clear and stirring strains of Campbell he had an ever lively and liberal response; and Scott, in the midst of many temptations to the exercise of severity never ceased to awaken the romance and generosity of his nature.

His own idea of the more grave critical claims put forth by him in his early days, found expression in later life. He had constantly endeavored, he said, to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism. He had earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense, both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments, and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. Nor without good reason did he take this praise to himself. The taste which Dugald Stewart had implanted in him, governed him more than any other at the outset of his career; and may often have contributed not a little, though quite unconsciously, to lift the aspiring young metaphysician somewhat too ambitiously above the level of the luckless author summoned to his judgment seat. Before the third year of the review had opened, he had broken a spear in the lists of metaphysical philosophy even with his old tutor, and with Jeremy Bentham, both in the maturity of their fame; he had assailed, with equal gallantry, the opposite errors of Priestley and Reid; and, not many years later, he invited his friend Alison to a friendly contest, from which the fancies of that amiable man came out dulled by a superior brightness, by more lively, varied, and animated conceptions of beauty, and by a style which recommended a more than Scotch soberness of doctrine with a more than French vivacity of expression.

For it is to be said of Jeffrey, that when he opposed himself to enthusiasm, he did so in the spirit of an enthusiast; and that this had a tendency to correct such critical mistakes as he may occasionally have committed. And as of him, so of his Review. In professing to go deeply into the *principles* on which its judgments were to be rested, as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate—it substantially succeeded, as Jeffrey presumed to think it had done, in familiarizing the public mind with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit; as well as in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence, of all such occasional writings far beyond the limits of Great Britain.

Nor let it be forgotten that the system on which Jeffrey established relations between his writers and publishers has been of the highest value as a precedent in such matters, and has protected the independence and dignity of a later race of reviewers. He would never receive an unpaid-for contribution. He declined to make it the interest of the proprietors to prefer a certain class of contributors. The payment was ten guineas a sheet at first, and rose gradually to double that sum, with increase

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on special occasions; and even when rank or other circumstances made remuneration a matter of perfect indifference, Jeffrey insisted that it should nevertheless be received. The Czar Peter, when working in the trenches, he was wont to say, received pay as a common soldier. Another principle which he rigidly carried out, was that of a thorough independence of publishing interests. The Edinburgh Review was never made in any manner tributary to particular bookselling schemes. It assailed or supported with equal vehemence or heartiness the productions of Albemarle-street and Paternoster-row. "I never asked such a thing of him but once," said the late Mr. Constable, describing an attempt to obtain a favorable notice from his obdurate editor, "and I assure you the result was no encouragement to repeat such petitions." The book was Scott's edition of Swift; and the result one of the bitterest attacks on the popularity of Swift, in one of Jeffrey's most masterly criticisms.

He was the better able thus to carry his point, because against more potent influences he had already taken a decisive stand. It was not till six years after the Review was started that Scott remonstrated with Jeffrey on the virulence of its party politics. But much earlier even than this, the principal proprietors had made the same complaint; had pushed their objections to the contemplation of Jeffrey's surrender of the editorship; and had opened negotiations with writers known to be bitterly opposed to him. To his honor, Southey declined these overtures, and advised a compromise of the dispute. Some of the leading Whigs themselves were discontented, and Horner had appealed to him from the library of Holland House. Nevertheless, Jeffrey stood firm. He carried the day against Paternoster-row, and unassailably established the all-important principle of a perfect independence of his publishers' control. He stood as resolute against his friend Scott; protesting that on one leg, and the weakest, the Review could not and should not stand, for that its *right leg* he knew to be politics. To Horner he replied, by carrying the war into the Holland House country with inimitable spirit and cogency. "Do, for Heaven's sake, let your Whigs do something popular and effective this session. Don't you see the nation is now divided into two, and only two parties; and that *between* these stand the Whigs, utterly inefficient, and incapable of ever becoming efficient, if they will still maintain themselves at an equal distance from both. You must lay aside a great part of your aristocratic feelings, and side with the most respectable and sane of the democrats."

The vigorous wisdom of the advice was amply proved by subsequent events, and its courage nobody will doubt who knows any thing of what Scotland was at the time. In office, if not in intellect, the Tories were supreme. A single one of the Dundases named the sixteen Scots peers, and forty-three of the Scots commoners; nor was it an impossible farce, that the sheriff of a county should be the only freeholder present at the election of a member to represent it in Parliament, should as freeholder vote himself chairman, should as chairman receive the oaths and the writ for himself as sheriff, should as chairman and sheriff sign them, should propose himself as candidate, declare himself elected, dictate and sign the minutes of election, make the necessary indenture between the various parties represented solely by himself, transmit it to the Crown-office, and take his seat by the same night's mail to vote with Mr. Addington! We must recollect such things, when we would really understand the services of such men as Jeffrey. We must remember the evil and injustice he so strenuously labored to remove, and the cost at which his labor was given. We must bear in mind that he had to face day by day, in the exercise of his profession, the very men most interested in the abuses actively assailed, and keenly resolved, as far as possible, to disturb and discredit their assailant. "Oh, Mr. Smith," said Lord Stowell to Sydney, "you would have been a much richer man if you had come over to us!" This was in effect the sort of thing said to Jeffrey daily in the Court of Session, and disregarded with generous scorn. What it is to an advocate to be on the deaf side of "the ear of the Court," none but an advocate can know; and this, with Jeffrey, was the twenty-five years' penalty imposed upon him for desiring to see the Catholics emancipated, the consciences of dissenters relieved, the barbarism of jurisprudence mitigated, and the trade in human souls abolished.

The Scotch Tories died hard. Worsted in fair fight they resorted to foul; and among the publications avowedly established for personal slander of their adversaries, a pre-eminence so infamous was obtained by the Beacon, that it disgraced the cause irretrievably. Against this malignant libeler Jeffrey rose in the Court of Session again and again, and the result of its last prosecution showed the power of the party represented by it thoroughly broken. The successful advocate, at length triumphant even in that Court over the memory of his talents and virtues elsewhere, had now forced himself into the front rank of his profession; and they who listened to his advocacy found it even more marvelous than his criticism, for power, versatility, and variety. Such rapidity yet precision of thought, such volubility yet clearness of utterance, left all competitors behind. Hardly any subject could be so indifferent or uninviting, that this teeming and fertile intellect did not surround it with a thousand graces of allusion, illustration, and fanciful expression. He might have suggested Butler's hero,

> "—who could not ope
> His mouth but out there flew a trope,"

with the difference that each trope flew to its proper mark, each fancy found its place in the dazzling profusion, and he could at all times, with a charming and instinctive ease, put the nicest restraints and checks on his glowing

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velocity of declamation. A worthy Glasgow baillie, smarting under an adverse verdict obtained by these facilities of speech, could find nothing so bitter to advance against the speaker as a calculation made with the help of Johnson's Dictionary, to the effect that Mr. Jeffrey, in the course of a few hours, had spoken the whole English language twice over!

But the Glasgow baillie made little impression on his fellow citizens; and from Glasgow came the first public tribute to Jeffrey's now achieved position, and legal as well as literary fame. He was elected Lord Rector of the University in 1821 and 1822. Some seven or eight years previously he had married the accomplished lady who survives him, a grand-niece of the celebrated Wilkes; and had purchased the lease of the villa near Edinburgh which he occupied to the time of his death, and whose romantic woods and grounds will long be associated with his name. At each step of his career a new distinction now awaited him, and with every new occasion his unflagging energies seemed to rise and expand. He never wrote with such masterly success for his Review as when his whole time appeared to be occupied with criminal prosecutions, with contested elections, with journeyings from place to place, with examinings and cross-examinings, with speeches, addresses, exhortations, denunciations. In all conditions and on all occasions, a very atmosphere of activity was around him. Even as he sat, apparently still, waiting to address a jury or amaze a witness, it made a slow man nervous to look at him. Such a flush of energy vibrated through that delicate frame, such rapid and never ceasing thought played on those thin lips, such restless flashes of light broke from those kindling eyes. You continued to look at him, till his very silence acted as a spell; and it ceased to be difficult to associate with his small but well-knit figure even the giant-like labors and exertions of this part of his astonishing career.

At length, in 1829, he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; and thinking it unbecoming that the official head of a great law corporation should continue the editing of a party organ, he surrendered the management of the Edinburgh Review. In the year following, he took office with the Whigs as Lord Advocate, and replaced Sir James Scarlett in Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of Malton. In the next memorable year he contested his native city against a Dundas; not succeeding in his election, but dealing the last heavy blow to his opponent's sinking dynasty. Subsequently he took his seat as Member for Perth, introduced and carried the Scotch Reform bill, and in the December of 1832 was declared member for Edinburgh. He had some great sorrows at this time to check and alloy his triumphs. Probably no man had gone through a life of eager conflict and active antagonism with a heart so sensitive to the gentler emotions, and the deaths of Mackintosh and Scott affected him deeply. He had had occasion, during the illness of the latter, to allude to him in the House of Commons; and he did this with so much beauty and delicacy, with such manly admiration of the genius and modest deference to the opinions of his great Tory friend, that Sir Robert Peel made a journey across the floor of the house to thank him cordially for it.

The House of Commons nevertheless was not his natural element, and when, in 1834, a vacancy in the Court of Session invited him to his due promotion, he gladly accepted the dignified and honorable office so nobly earned by his labors and services. He was in his sixty-second year at the time of his appointment, and he continued for nearly sixteen years the chief ornament of the Court in which he sat. In former days the judgment-seats in Scotland had not been unused to the graces of literature: but in Jeffrey these were combined with an acute and profound knowledge of law less usual in that connection; and also with such a charm of demeanor, such a play of fancy and wit sobered to the kindliest courtesies, such clear sagacity, perfect freedom from bias, consideration for all differences of opinion; and integrity, independence, and broad comprehensiveness of view in maintaining his own; that there has never been but one feeling as to his judicial career. Universal veneration and respect attended it. The speculative studies of his youth had done much to soften all the asperities of his varied and vigorous life, and now, at its close, they gave to his judgments a large reflectiveness of tone, a moral beauty of feeling, and a philosophy of charity and good taste, which have left to his successors in that Court of Session no nobler models for imitation and example. Impatience of dullness *would* break from him, now and then; and the still busy activity of his mind might be seen as he rose often suddenly from his seat, and paced up and down before it; but in his charges or decisions nothing of this feeling was perceptible, except that lightness and grace of expression in which his youth seemed to linger to the last, and a quick sensibility to emotion and enjoyment which half concealed the ravages of time.

If such was the public estimation of this great and amiable man, to the very termination of his useful life, what language should describe the charm of his influence in his private and domestic circle? The affectionate pride with which every citizen of Edinburgh regarded him rose here to a kind of idolatry. For here the whole man was known—his kind heart, his open hand, his genial talk, his ready sympathy, his generous encouragement and assistance to all that needed it. The first passion of his life was its last, and never was the love of literature so bright within him as at the brink of the grave. What dims and deadens the impressibility of most men, had rendered his not only more acute and fresh, but more tributary to calm satisfaction, and pure enjoyment. He did not live merely in the past as age is wont to do, but drew delight from

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every present manifestation of worth or genius, from whatever quarter it addressed him. His vivid pleasure where his interest was awakened, his alacrity and eagerness of appreciation, the fervor of his encouragement and praise, have animated the hopes and relieved the toil alike of the successful and the unsuccessful, who can not hope, through whatever checkered future may await them, to find a more generous critic, a more profound adviser, a more indulgent friend.

The present year opened upon Francis Jeffrey with all hopeful promise. He had mastered a severe illness, and resumed his duties with his accustomed cheerfulness; private circumstances had more than ordinarily interested him in his old Review; and the memory of past friends, giving yet greater strength to the affection that surrounded him, was busy at his heart. "God bless you!" he wrote to Sydney Smith's widow on the night of the 18th of January; "I am very old, and have many infirmities; but I am tenacious of old friendships, and find much of my present enjoyments in the recollections of the past." He sat in Court the next day, and on the Monday and Tuesday of the following week, with his faculties and attention unimpaired. On the Wednesday he had a slight attack of bronchitis; on Friday, symptoms of danger appeared; and on Saturday he died, peacefully and without pain. Few men had completed with such consummate success the work appointed them in this world; few men had passed away to a better with more assured hopes of their reward. The recollection of his virtues sanctifies his fame; and his genius will never cease to awaken the gratitude, respect, and pride of his countrymen.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

METAL IN SEA-WATER.

THE French *savans*, MM. Malaguti, Derocher, and Sarzeaud, announce that they have detected in the waters of the ocean the presence of copper, lead, and silver. The water examined appears to have been taken some leagues off the coast of St. Malo, and the fucoidal plants of that district are also found to contain silver. The *F. serratus* and the *F. ceramoides* yielded ashes containing 1-100,000th, while the water of the sea contained but little more than 1-100,000,000th. They state also that they find silver in sea-salt, in ordinary muriatic acid, and in the soda of commerce; and that they have examined the rock-salt of Lorraine, in which also they discover this metal. Beyond this, pursuing their researches on terrestrial plants, they have obtained such indications as leave no doubt of the existence of silver in vegetable tissues. Lead is said to be always found in the ashes of marine plants, usually about an 18-100,000th part, and invariably a trace of copper. Should these results be confirmed by further examination, we shall have advanced considerably toward a knowledge of the phenomena of the formation of mineral veins.—*Athenæum.*

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

DR. JOHNSON: HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE, AND HIS DEATH.

THE title is a captivating one, and will allure many, but it very feebly expresses the contents of the volume, which brings under our observation the religious opinions of scores upon scores of other men, and is enriched with numerous anecdotes of the contemporaries of the great lexicographer. The book, indeed, may be considered as a condensation of all that was known and recorded of Dr. Johnson's practice and experience of religion from his youth to his death; of its powerful influence over him through many years of his life—of the nature of his faith, and of its fruits in his works; but there is added to this so much that is excellent of other people—the life of the soul is seen in so many other characters—so many subjects are introduced that are more or less intimately connected with that to which the title refers, and all are so admirably blended together, and interwoven with the excellent remarks of the author, as to justify us in saying of the book, that it is one of the most edifying and really useful we have for years past met with.

It has often been our lot to see the sneers of beardless boys at the mention of religion, and to hear the titter of the empty-headed when piety was spoken of, and we always then thought of the profound awe with which the mighty mind of Dr. Johnson was impressed by such subjects—of his deep humiliation of soul when he reflected upon his duties and responsibilities—and of his solemn and reverential manner when religion became the topic of discourse, or the subject of his thoughts. His intellect, one of the grandest that was ever given to man, humbled itself to the very dust before the Giver; the very superiority of his mental powers over those of other men, made him but feel himself the less in his own sight, when he reflected from whom he had his being, and to whom he must render an account of the use he made of the vast intellectual powers he possessed.

But the religion of Dr. Johnson consisted not in deep feeling only, nor in much talking nor professing, but was especially distinguished by its practical benevolence: when he possessed but two-pence, one penny was always at the service of any one who had nothing at all; his poor house was an asylum for the poor, a home for the destitute: there, for months and years together, he sheltered and supported the needy and the blind, at a time when his utmost efforts could do no more than provide bare support for them and himself. Those whom he loved not he would serve—those whom he esteemed not he would give to, and labor for, and devote the best powers of his pen to help and to benefit.

The cry of distress, the appeal of the afflicted, was irresistible with him—no matter whatever else pressed upon him—whatever literary calls were urging him—or however great the need of the daily toil for the daily bread—all was

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abandoned till the houseless were sheltered, till the hungry were fed, and the defenseless were protected; and it would be difficult to name any of all Dr. Johnson's contemporaries—he in all his poverty, and they in all their abundance—in whose lives such proofs could be found of the most enlarged charity and unwearied benevolence.

But the book treats of so many subjects, of so much that is connected with religion in general, and with the Church of England in particular, that we can really do no more than refer our readers to the volume itself; with the assurance that they will find in it much useful and agreeable information on all those many matters which are connected in these times with Church interests, and which are more or less influencing all classes of the religious public.

The author writes freely, and with great power; he argues ably, and discusses liberally all the points of religious controversy, and a very delightful volume is the result of his labors. It must do good, it must please and improve the mind, as well as delight the heart of all who read it. Indeed, no one not equal to the work could have ventured upon it without lasting disgrace had he failed in it; a dissertation upon the faith and morals of a man whose fame has so long filled the world, and in whose writings so much of his religious feelings are displayed, and so much of his spiritual life is unvailed, must be admirably written to receive any favor from the public; and we think that the author has so ably done what he undertook to do, that that full measure of praise will be awarded to him, which in our judgment he deserves.

A perusal of this excellent work reminds us of the recent sale of some letters and documents of Dr. Johnson from Mr. Linnecar's collection. The edifying example of this good and great man, so well set forth in the present volume, is fully borne out n an admirable prayer composed by Dr. Johnson, a few months before his death, the original copy of which was here disposed of. For the gratification of the reader, we may be allowed to give the following brief abstract of the contents of these papers:

"To David Garrick.

"Streatham, December 12, 1771.

"I have thought upon your epitaph, but without much effect; an epitaph is no easy thing. Of your three stanzas, the third is utterly unworthy of you. The first and third together give no discriminative character. If the first alone were to stand, Hogarth would not be distinguished from any other man of intellectual eminence. Suppose you worked upon something like this:

"The hand of Art here torpid lies,
That traced th' essential form of grace,
Here death has clos'd the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

If genius warm thee, Reader, stay,
If merit touch thee, shed a tear,
Be Vice and Dullness far away,
Great Hogarth's honor'd dust is here."

"To Dr. Farmer.

"Bolt Court, July 22d, 1777

"The booksellers of London have undertaken a kind of body of English Poetry, excluding generally the dramas, and I have undertaken to put before each author's works a sketch of his life, and a character of his writings. Of some, however, I know very little, and am afraid I shall not easily supply my deficiencies. Be pleased to inform me whether among Mr. Burke's manuscripts, or any where else at Cambridge any materials are to be found."

"To Ozias Humphrey.

"May 31st, 1784.

"I am very much obliged by your civilities to my godson, and must beg of you to add to them the favor of permitting him to see you paint, that he may know how a picture is begun, advanced and completed. If he may attend you in a few of your operations, I hope he will show that the benefit has been properly conferred, both by his proficiency and his gratitude."

The following beautiful prayer is dated Ash bourne, Sept. 18, 1784:

"Make me truly thankful for the call by which Thou hast awakened my conscience and summoned me to repentance. Let not Thy call, O Lord, be forgotten, or Thy summons neglected, but let the residue of my life, whatever it shall be, be passed in true contrition, and diligent obedience. Let me repent of the sins of my past life, and so keep Thy laws for the time to come, that when it shall be Thy good pleasure to call me to another state, I may find mercy in Thy sight. Let Thy Holy Spirit support me in the hour of death, and, O Lord, gran' me pardon in the day of Judgment."

Besides the above, Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to the author of "Ossian's Poems," in which he says, "I will not be deterred from detecting what I think to be a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian," was sold at this sale for twelve guineas.

SONETTO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENEDETTO MENZINI.

I PLANTED once a laurel tree,
And breathed to heaven an humble vow
That Phœbus' favorite it might be,
And shade and deck a poet's brow!
I prayed to Zephyr that his wing,
Descending through the April sky,
Might wave the boughs in early spring,
And brush rude Boreas frowning by.
And slowly Phœbus heard the prayer,
And slowly, slowly, grew the tree,
And others sprang more fast and fair,
Yet marvel not that this should be;
For tardier still the growth of Fame—
And who is *he* the crown may claim?

ETA

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[From Household Words.]

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said,

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

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And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago,

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

LONGFELLOW.

THE muse of Mr. Longfellow owes little or none of her success to those great national sources of inspiration which are most likely to influence an ardent poetic temperament. The grand old woods—the magnificent mountain and forest scenery—the mighty rivers—the trackless savannahs—all those stupendous and varied features of that great country, with which, from his boyhood, he must have been familiar, it might be thought would have stamped some of these characteristics upon his poetry. Such, however, has not been the case. Of lofty images and grand conceptions we meet with few, if any, traces. But brimful of life, of love, and of truth, the stream of his song flows on with a tender and touching simplicity, and a gentle music, which we have not met with since the days of our own Moore. Like him, too, the genius of Mr. Longfellow is essentially lyric; and if he has failed to derive inspiration from the grand features of his own country, he has been no unsuccessful student of the great works of the German masters of song. We could almost fancy, while reading his exquisite ballad of the "Beleaguered City," that Goethe, Schiller, or Uhland was before us; and yet, we must by no means be understood to insinuate that he is a mere copyist—quite the contrary. He has become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of these exquisite models, that he has contrived to produce pieces marked with an individuality of their own, and noways behind them in point of poetical merit. In this regard he affords another illustration of the truth of the proposition, that the legendary lore and traditions of other countries have been very serviceable toward the formation of American literature.

. . . . . .

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness, which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six-and-thirty, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book; a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away: they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart; and they now reside together at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his head-quarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies. These interesting facts were communicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrow —*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE CHAPEL BY THE SHORE.

BY the shore, a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round,
Buttressed with a grassy mound:
Where Day, and Night, and Day go by
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas—
Shaking of the guardian trees—
Piping of the salted breeze—
Day, and Night, and Day go by,
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
And Day, and Night, and Day go by,
Here the stillness is most deep.

And the ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain,
As Day, and Night, and Day go by,
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed;
And now the graves are also dead:
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
As Day, and Night, and Day go by,
And stars move calmly overhead.

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[From Household Words.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

THE LUCIFER MATCH.

SOME twenty years ago the process of obtaining fire, in every house in England, with few exceptions, was as rude, as laborious, and as uncertain, as the effort of the Indian to produce a flame by the friction of two dry sticks.

The nightlamp and the rushlight were for the comparatively luxurious. In the bedrooms of the cottager, the artisan, and the small tradesman, the infant at its mother's side too often awoke, like Milton's nightingale, "darkling"—but that "nocturnal note" was something different from "harmonious numbers." The mother was soon on her feet; the friendly tinder-box was duly sought. Click, click, click; not a spark tells upon the sullen blackness. More rapidly does the flint ply the sympathetic steel. The room is bright with the radiant shower. But the child, familiar enough with the operation, is impatient at its tediousness, and shouts till the mother is frantic. At length one lucky spark does its office—the tinder is alight. Now for the match. It will not burn. A gentle breath is wafted into the murky box; the face that leans over the tinder is in a glow. Another match, and another, and another. They are all damp. The toil-worn father "swears a prayer or two;" the baby is inexorable; and the misery is only ended when the goodman has gone to the street door, and after long shivering has obtained a light from the watchman.

In this, the beginning of our series of Illustrations of Cheapness, let us trace this antique machinery through the various stages of its production.

The tinder-box and the steel had nothing peculiar. The tinman made the one as he made the saucepan, with hammer and shears; the other was forged at the great metal factories of Sheffield and Birmingham; and happy was it for the purchaser if it were something better than a rude piece of iron, very uncomfortable to grasp. The nearest chalk quarry supplied the flint. The domestic manufacture of the tinder was a serious affair. At due seasons, and very often if the premises were damp, a stifling smell rose from the kitchen, which, to those who were not intimate with the process, suggested doubts whether the house were not on fire. The best linen rag was periodically burnt, and its ashes deposited in the tinman's box, pressed down with a close fitting lid, upon which the flint and steel reposed. The match was chiefly an article of itinerant traffic. The chandler's shop was almost ashamed of it. The mendicant was the universal match-seller. The girl who led the blind beggar had invariably a basket of matches. In the day they were vendors of matches—in the evening manufacturers. On the floor of the hovel sit two or three squalid children, splitting deal with a common knife The matron is watching a pipkin upon a slow fire. The fumes which it gives forth are blinding as the brimstone s liquifying. Little bundles of split deal are ready to be dipped, three or four at a time. When the pennyworth of brimstone is used up, when the capital is exhausted, the night's labor is over. In the summer, the manufacture is suspended, or conducted upon fraudulent principles. Fire is then needless; so delusive matches must be produced —wet splints dipped in powdered sulphur. They will never burn, but they will do to sell to the unwary maid-of-all-work.

About twenty years ago Chemistry discovered that the tinder-box might be abolished. But Chemistry set about its function with especial reference to the wants and the means of the rich few. In the same way the first printed books were designed to have a great resemblance to manuscripts, and those of the wealthy class were alone looked to as the purchasers of the skillful imitations. The first chemical light producer was a complex and ornamental casket, sold at a guinea. In a year or so, there were pretty portable cases of a phial and matches, which enthusiastic young housekeepers regarded as the cheapest of all treasures at five shillings By-and-by the light-box was sold as low as a shilling. The fire revolution was slowly approaching. The old dynasty of the tinder-box maintained its predominance for a short while in kitchen and garret, in farm-house and cottage. At length some bold adventurer saw that the new chemical discovery might be employed for the production of a large article of trade—that matches, in themselves the vehicles of fire without aid of spark and tinder, might be manufactured upon the factory system—that the humblest in the land might have a new and indispensable comfort at the very lowest rate of cheapness. When Chemistry saw that phosphorus, having an affinity for oxygen at the lowest temperature, would ignite upon slight friction, and so ignited would ignite sulphur, which required a much higher temperature to become inflammable, thus making the phosphorus do the work of the old tinder with far greater certainty; or when Chemistry found that chlorate of potash by slight friction might be exploded so as to produce combustion, and might be safely used in the same combination—a blessing was bestowed upon society that can scarcely be measured by those who have had no former knowledge of the miseries and privations of the tinder-box. The Penny Box of Lucifers, or Congreves, or by whatever name called, is a real triumph of Science, and an advance in civilization.

Let us now look somewhat closely and practically into the manufacture of a Lucifer Match.

The combustible materials used in the manufacture render the process an unsafe one. It can not be carried on in the heart of towns without being regarded as a common nuisance. We must therefore go somewhere in the suburbs of London to find such a trade. In the neigh-

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borhood of Bethnal Green there is a large open space called Wisker's Gardens. This is not a place of courts and alleys, but a considerable area, literally divided into small gardens, where just now the crocus and the snowdrop are telling hopefully of the springtime. Each garden has the smallest of cottages—for the most part wooden—which have been converted from summer-houses into dwellings. The whole place reminds one of numberless passages in the old dramatists, in which the citizens' wives are described in their garden-houses of Finsbury or Hogsden, sipping syllabub and talking fine on summer holidays. In one of these garden-houses, not far from the public road, is the little factory of "Henry Lester, Patentee of the Domestic Safety Match-box," as his label proclaims. He is very ready to show his processes, which in many respects are curious and interesting.

Adam Smith has instructed us that the business of making a pin is divided into about eighteen distinct operations; and further, that ten persons could make upward of forty-eight thousand pins a day with the division of labor; while if they had all wrought independently and separately, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty. The Lucifer Match is a similar example of division of labor, and the skill of long practice. At a separate factory, where there is a steam-engine, not the refuse of the carpenter's shop, but the best Norway deals are cut into splints by machinery, and are supplied to the match-maker. These little pieces, beautifully accurate in their minute squareness, and in their precise length of five inches, are made up into bundles, each of which contains eighteen hundred. They are daily brought on a truck to the dipping-house, as it is called—the average number of matches finished off daily requiring two hundred of these bundles. Up to this point we have had several hands employed in the preparation of the match, in connection with the machinery that cuts the wood. Let us follow one of these bundles through the subsequent processes. Without being separated, each end of the bundle is first dipped into sulphur. When dry, the splints, adhering to each other by means of the sulphur, must be parted by what is called dusting. A boy sitting on the floor, with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a sort of a mallet on the dipped ends till they become thoroughly loosened. In the best matches the process of sulphur-dipping and dusting is repeated. They have now to be plunged into a preparation of phosphorus or chlorate of potash, according to the quality of the match. The phosphorus produces the pale, noiseless fire; the chlorate of potash the sharp, crackling illumination. After this application of the more inflammable substance, the matches are separated, and dried in racks. Thoroughly dried, they are gathered up again into bundles of the same quantity; and are taken to the boys who cut them; for the reader will have observed that the bundles have been dipped at each end. There are few things more remarkable in manufactures than the extraordinary rapidity of this cutting process, and that which is connected with it. The boy stands before a bench, the bundle on his right hand, a pile of half opened empty boxes on his left, which have been manufactured at another division of this establishment. These boxes are formed of scale-board, that is, thin slices of wood, planed or scaled off a plank. The box itself is a marvel of neatness and cheapness. It consists of an inner box, without a top, in which the matches are placed, and of an outer case, open at each end, into which the first box slides. The matches, then, are to be cut, and the empty boxes filled, by one boy. A bundle is opened; he seizes a portion, knowing, by long habit, the required number with sufficient exactness; puts them rapidly into a sort of frame, knocks the ends evenly together, confines them with a strap which he tightens with his foot, and cuts them in two parts with a knife on a hinge, which he brings down with a strong leverage: the halves lie projecting over each end of the frame; he grasps the left portion and thrusts it into a half open box, which he instantly closes, and repeats the process with the matches on his right hand. This series of movements is performed with a rapidity almost unexampled; for in this way, two hundred thousand matches are cut, and two thousand boxes filled in a day, by one boy, at the wages of three halfpence per gross of boxes. Each dozen boxes is then papered up, and they are ready for the retailer. The number of boxes daily filled at this factory is from fifty to sixty gross.

The *wholesale* price per dozen boxes of the best matches is FOURPENCE, of the second quality, THREEPENCE.

There are about ten Lucifer Match manufactories in London. There are others in large provincial towns. The wholesale business is chiefly confined to the supply of the metropolis and immediate neighborhood by the London makers; for the railroad carriers refuse to receive the article, which is considered dangerous in transit. But we must not therefore assume that the metropolitan population consume the metropolitan matches. Taking the population at upward of two millions, and the inhabited houses at about three hundred thousand, let us endeavor to estimate the distribution of these little articles of domestic comfort.

At the manufactory at Wisker's Gardens there are fifty gross, or seven thousand two hundred boxes, turned out daily, made from two hundred bundles, which will produce seven hundred and twenty thousand matches. Taking three hundred working days in the year, this will give for one factory, two hundred and sixteen millions of matches annually, or two millions one hundred and sixty thousand boxes, being a box of one hundred matches for every individual of the London population. But there are ten other Lucifer manufactories, which are

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estimated to produce about four or five times as many more. London certainly can not absorb ten millions of Lucifer boxes annually, which would be at the rate of thirty-three boxes to each inhabited house. London, perhaps, demands a third of the supply for its own consumption; and at this rate the annual retail cost for each house is eightpence, averaging those boxes sold at a halfpenny, and those at a penny. The manufacturer sells this article, produced with such care as we have described, at one farthing and a fraction per box.

And thus, for the retail expenditure of three farthings per month, every house in London, from the highest to the lowest, may secure the inestimable blessing of constant fire at all seasons, and at all hours. London buys this for ten thousand pounds annually.

The excessive cheapness is produced by the extension of the demand, enforcing the factory division of labor, and the most exact saving of material. The scientific discovery was the foundation of the cheapness. But connected with this general principle of cheapness, there are one or two remarkable points, which deserve attention.

It is a law of this manufacture that the demand is greater in the summer than in the winter. The old match maker, as we have mentioned, was idle in the summer—without fire for heating the brimstone—or engaged in more profitable field-work. A worthy woman, who once kept a chandler's shop in a village, informs us, that in summer she could buy no matches for retail, but was obliged to make them for her customers. The increased summer demand for the Lucifer Matches shows that the great consumption is among the masses—the laboring population—those who make up the vast majority of the contributors to duties of customs and excise. In the houses of the wealthy there is always fire; in the houses of the poor, fire in summer is a needless hourly expense. Then comes the Lucifer Match to supply the want; to light the candle to look in the dark cupboard—to light the afternoon fire to boil the kettle. It is now unnecessary to run to the neighbor for a light, or, as a desperate resource, to work at the tinder-box. The Lucifer Matches sometimes fail, but they cost little, and so they are freely used, even by the poorest.

And this involves another great principle. The demand for the Lucifer Match is always continuous, for it is a perishable article. The demand never ceases. Every match burnt demands a new match to supply its place. This continuity of demand renders the supply always equal to the demand. The peculiar nature of the commodity prevents any accumulation of stock; its combustible character—requiring the simple agency of friction to ignite it—renders it dangerous for large quantities of the article to be kept in one place. Therefore no one makes for store, but all for immediate sale. The average price, therefore, must always yield a profit, or the production would altogether cease. But these essential qualities limit the profit. The manufacturers can not be rich without secret processes or monopoly. The contest is to obtain the largest profit by economical management. The amount of skill required in the laborers, and the facility of habit, which makes fingers act with the precision of machines, limit the number of laborers, and prevent their impoverishment. Every condition of this cheapness is a natural and beneficial result of the laws that govern production.

The Sardinian Government is about to execute a grand engineering project; it is going to pierce the summit-ridge of the Alps with a tunnel twice as long as any existing tunnel in the world. A correspondent of the *Times* announces the fact. From London as far as Chambery, by the Lyons railroad, all is at present smooth enough; and the Lyons road is indeed about to be pushed up the ascents of Mont Meillaud and St. Maurienne, even as far as Modane at the foot of the Northern crest of the Graian and Cottian Alps: but there all further progress is arrested; you can not hope to carry a train to Susa and Turin unless you pierce the snow-capped barrier itself: this is the very step which the Chevalier Henry Maus projects. The Chevalier is Honorary Inspector of the Génie Civil; it was he who projected and executed the great works on the Liége railroad. After five years of incessant study, many practical experiments, and the invention of new machinery for boring the mountain, he made his final report to the Government on the 8th of February, 1849. A commission of distinguished civil engineers, artillery officers, geologists, senators, and statesmen, have reported unanimously in favor of the project; and the Government has resolved to carry it out forthwith. The "Railroad of the Alps," connecting the tunnel with the Chambery railway on the one side and with that of Susa on the other side, will be 36,565 metres or 20¾ English miles in length, and will cost 21,000,000 francs. The connecting tunnel is thus described:

"It will measure 12,290 metres, or nearly seven English miles in length; its greatest height will be 19 feet, and its width 25 feet, admitting, of course, of a double line of rail. Its northern entrance is to be at Modane, and the southern entrance at Bardonneche, on the river Mardovine. This latter entrance, being the highest point of the intended line of rail, will be 4,092 feet above the level of the sea, and yet 2,400 feet below the highest or culminating point of the great road or pass over the Mont Cenis. It is intended to divide the connecting lines of rail leading to either entrance of the tunnel into eight inclined planes of about 5,000 metres or 2½ English miles each, worked like those at Liége, by endless cables and stationary engines, but in the present case moved by water-power derived from the torrents."

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THE FLOWER GATHERER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.]

"God sends upon the wings of Spring,
Fresh thoughts into the breasts of flowers."
MISS BREMER.

THE young and innocent Theresa had passed the most beautiful part of the spring upon a bed of sickness; and as soon as ever she began to regain her strength, she spoke of flowers, asking continually if her favorites were again as lovely as they had been the year before, when she had been able to seek for and admire them herself. Erick, the sick girl's little brother, took a basket, and showing it to his mamma, said, in a whisper, "Mamma, I will run out and get poor Theresa the prettiest I can find in the fields." So out he ran, for the first time for many a long day, and he thought that spring had never been so beautiful before; for he looked upon it with a gentle and loving heart, and enjoyed a run in the fresh air, after having been a prisoner by his sister's couch, whom he had never left during her illness. The happy child rambled about, up hill and down hill. Nightingales sang, bees hummed, and butterflies flitted round him, and the most lovely flowers were blowing at his feet. He jumped about, he danced, he sang, and wandered from hedge to hedge, and from flower to flower, with a soul as pure as the blue sky above him, and eyes that sparkled like a little brook bubbling from a rock. At last he had filled his basket quite full of the prettiest flowers; and, to crown all, he had made a wreath of field-strawberry flowers, which he laid on the top of it, neatly arranged on some grass, and one might fancy them a string of pearls, they looked so pure and fresh. The happy boy looked with delight at his full basket, and putting it down by his side, rested himself in the shade of an oak, on a carpet of soft green moss. Here he sat, looking at the beautiful prospect that lay spread out before him in all the freshness of spring, and listening to the ever-changing songs of the birds. But he had really tired himself out with joy; and the merry sounds of the fields, the buzzing of the insects, and the birds' songs, all helped to send him to sleep. And peacefully the fair child slumbered, his rosy cheek resting on the hands that still held his treasured basket.

But while he slept a sudden change came on. A storm arose in the heavens, but a few moments before so blue and beautiful. Heavy masses of clouds gathered darkly and ominously together; the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled louder and nearer. Suddenly a gust of wind roared in the boughs of the oak, and startled the boy out of his quiet sleep. He saw the whole heavens vailed by black clouds; not a sunbeam gleamed over the fields, and a heavy clap of thunder followed his waking. The poor child stood up, bewildered at the sudden change; and now the rain began to patter through the leaves of the oak, so he snatched up his basket, and ran toward home as fast as his legs could carry him. The storm seemed to burst over his head. Rain, hail, and thunder, striving for the mastery, almost deafened him, and made him more bewildered every minute. Water streamed from his poor soaked curls down his shoulders, and he could scarcely see to find his way homeward. All on a sudden a more violent gust of wind than usual caught the treasured basket, and scattered all his carefully-collected flowers far away over the field. His patience could endure no longer, for his face grew distorted with rage, and he flung the empty basket from him, with a burst of anger. Crying bitterly, and thoroughly wet, he reached at last his parents' house in a pitiful plight.

But soon another change appeared; the storm passed away, and the sky grew clear again. The birds began their songs anew, the countryman his labor. The air had become cooler and purer, and a bright calm seemed to lie lovingly in every valley and on every hill. What a delicious odor rose from the freshened fields! and their cultivators looked with grateful joy at the departing clouds, which had poured the fertilizing rain upon them. The sight of the blue sky soon tempted the frightened boy out again, and being by this time ashamed of his ill-temper, he went very quietly to look for his discarded basket, and to try and fill it again. He seemed to feel a new life within him. The cool breath of the air—the smell of the fields—the leafy trees—the warbling birds, all appeared doubly beautiful after the storm, and the humiliating consciousness of his foolish and unjust ill-temper softened and chastened his joy. After a long search he spied the basket lying on the slope of a hill, for a bramble bush had caught it, and sheltered it from the violence of the wind. The child felt quite thankful to the ugly-looking bush as he disentangled the basket.

But how great was his delight on looking around him, to see the fields spangled with flowers, as numerous as the stars of heaven! for the rain had nourished into blossom thousands of daisies, opened thousands of buds, and scattered pearly drops on every leaf. Erick flitted about like a busy bee, and gathered away to his heart's content. The sun was now near his setting, and the happy child hastened home with his basket full once more. How delighted he was with his flowery treasure, and with the pearly garland of fresh strawberry-flowers! The rays of the sinking sun played over his fair face as he wandered on, and gave his pretty features a placid and contented expression. But his eyes sparkled much more joyously when he received the kisses and thanks of his gentle sister. "Is it not true, dear," said his mother, "that the pleasures we prepare for others are the best of all?"

ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.—A Mr. Jules Aleix, of Paris, states that he has discovered a new method of education, by which a child can be taught to read in fifteen lessons, and has petitioned the Assembly to expend 50,000 francs on a model school to demonstrate the fact.

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[From Household Words.]

SHORT CUTS ACROSS THE GLOBE.

TO a person who wishes to sail for California an inspection of the map of the world reveals a provoking peculiarity. The Atlantic Ocean—the highway of the globe—being separated from the Pacific by the great western continent, it is impossible to sail to the opposite coasts without going thousands of miles out of his way; for he must double Cape Horn. Yet a closer inspection of the map will discover that but for one little barrier of land, which is in size but as a grain of sand to the bed of an ocean, the passage would be direct. Were it not for that small neck of land, the Isthmus of Panama (which narrows in one place to twenty-eight miles) he might save a voyage of from six to eight thousand miles, and pass at once into the Pacific Ocean. Again, if his desires tend toward the East, he perceives that but for the Isthmus of Suez, he would not be obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope. The eastern difficulty has been partially obviated by the overland route opened up by the ill-rewarded Waghorn The western barrier has yet to be broken through.

Now that we can shake hands with Brother Jonathan in twelve days by means of weekly steamers; travel from one end of Great Britain to another, or from the Hudson to the Ohio, as fast as the wind, and make our words dance to distant friends upon the magic tight wire a great deal faster—now that the European and Columbian Saxon is spreading his children more or less over all the known habitable world: it seems extraordinary that the simple expedient of opening a twenty-eight mile passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, to save a dangerous voyage of some eight thousand miles, has not been already achieved. In this age of enterprise that so simple a remedy for so great an evil should not have been applied appears astonishing. Nay, we ought to feel some shame when we reflect that evidences in the neighborhood of both isthmuses exist of such junction having existed, in what we are pleased to designate "barbarous" ages.

Does nature present insurmountable engineering difficulties to the Panama scheme? By no means: for after the Croton aqueduct, our own railway tunneling, and the Britannia tubular bridge, engineering difficulties have become obsolete. Are the levels of the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, which should be joined, so different, that if one were admitted the fall would inundate the surrounding country? Not at all. Hear Humboldt on these points.

Forty years ago he declared it to be his firm opinion that "the Isthmus of Panama is suited to the formation of an oceanic canal—one with fewer sluices than the Caledonian Canal—capable of affording an unimpeded passage, at all seasons of the year, to vessels of that class which sail between New York and Liverpool, and between Chili and California." In the recent edition of his "Views of Nature," he "sees no reason to alter the views he has always entertained on this subject." Engineers, both British and American, have confirmed this opinion by actual survey. As, then, combination of British skill, capital, and energy, with that of the most "go-ahead" people upon earth, have been dormant, whence the secret of the delay? The answer at once allays astonishment: Till the present time, the speculation would not have "paid."

Large works of this nature, while they create an inconceivable development of commerce, must have a certain amount of a trading population to begin upon. A gold-beater can cover the effigy of a man on horseback with a sovereign; but he must have the sovereign first. It was not merely because the full power of the iron rail to facilitate the transition of heavy burdens had not been estimated, and because no Stephenson had constructed a "Rocket engine," that a railway with steam locomotives was not made from London to Liverpool before 1836. Until the intermediate traffic between these termini had swelled to a sufficient amount in quantity and value to bear reimbursement for establishing such a mode of conveyance, its execution would have been impossible, even though men had known how to set about it.

What has been the condition of the countries under consideration? In 1839, the entire population of the tropical American isthmus, in the states of central America and New Grenada did not exceed three millions. The number of the inhabitants of pure European descent did not exceed one hundred thousand. It was only among this inconsiderable fraction that any thing like wealth, intelligence, and enterprise, akin to that of Europe, was to be found; the rest were poor and ignorant aboriginals and mixed races, in a state of scarcely demi-civilization. Throughout this thinly-peopled and poverty-stricken region, there was neither law nor government. In Stephens's "Central America," may be found an amusing account of a hunt after a government, by a luckless American diplomatist, who had been sent to seek for one in central America. A night wanderer running through bog and brake after a will-o'-the-wisp, could not have encountered more perils, or in search of a more impalpable phantom. In short, there was nobody to trade with. To the south of the isthmus, along the Pacific coast of America, there was only one station to which merchants could resort with any fair prospect of gain—Valparaiso. Except Chili, all the Pacific states of South America were retrograding from a very imperfect civilization, under a succession of petty and aimless revolutions. To the north of the isthmus matters were little, if any thing better. Mexico had gone backward from the time of its revolution; and, at the best, its commerce in the Pacific had been confined to a yearly ship between Acapulco and the Philippines. Throughout California and Oregon, with the exception of a few European and half-breed

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members, there were none but savage aboriginal tribes. The Russian settlements in the far north had nothing but a paltry trade in furs with Kamschatka, that barely defrayed its own expenses. Neither was there any encouragement to make a short cut to the innumerable islands of the Pacific. The whole of Polynesia lay outside of the pale of civilization. In Tahiti, the Sandwich group, and the northern peninsula of New Zealand, missionaries had barely sowed the first seeds of morals and enlightenment. The limited commerce of China and the Eastern Archipelago was engrossed by Europe, and took the route of the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a few annual vessels that traded from the sea-board states of the North American Union to Valparaiso and Canton. The wool of New South Wales was but coming into notice, and found its way to England alone round the Cape of Good Hope. An American fleet of whalers scoured the Pacific, and adventurers of the same nation carried on a desultory and inconsiderable traffic in hides with California, in tortoise-shell and mother of pearl with the Polynesian Islands.

What, then, would have been the use of cutting a canal, through which there would not have passed five ships in a twelvemonth? But twenty years have worked a wondrous revolution in the state and prospects of these regions.

The traffic of Chili has received a large development, and the stability of its institutions has been fairly tried. The resources of Costa Rica, the population of which is mainly of European race, is steadily advancing. American citizens have founded a state in Oregon. The Sandwich Islands have become for all practical purposes an American colony. The trade with China—to which the proposed canal would open a convenient avenue by a western instead of the present eastern route—is no longer restricted to the Canton river, but is open to all nations as far north as the Yang-tse-Kiang. The navigation of the Amur has been opened to the Russians by a treaty, and can not long remain closed against the English and American settlers between Mexico and the Russian settlements in America. Tahiti has become a kind of commercial emporium. The English settlements in Australia and New Zealand have opened a direct trade with the Indian Archipelago and China. The permanent settlements of intelligent and enterprising Anglo-Americans and English in Polynesia, and on the eastern and western shores of the Pacific, have proved so many *dépôts* for the adventurous traders with its innumerable islands, and for the spermaceti whalers. Then the last, but greatest addition of all, is California: a name in the world of commerce and enterprise to conjure with. There gold is to be had for fetching. Gold, the main-spring of commercial activity, the reward of toil—for which men are ready to risk life, to endure every sort of privation; sometimes, alas! to sacrifice every virtue; one most especially, and that is patience. They will away with her now.

Till the discovery of the new gold country how contentedly they dawdled round Cape Horn; creeping down one coast, and up another: but now such delay is not to be thought of. Already, indeed, Panama has become the seat of a great, increasing, and perennial transit trade. This can not fail to augment the settled population of the region, its wealth and intelligence. Upon these facts we rest the conviction that the time has arrived for realizing the project of a ship canal there or in the near neighborhood.

That a ship canal, and not a railway, is what is first wanted (for very soon there will be both), must be obvious to all acquainted with the practical details of commerce. The delay and expense to which merchants are subjected, when obliged to "break bulk" repeatedly between the port whence they sail and that of their destination, is extreme. The waste and spoiling of goods, the cost of the operation, are also heavy drawbacks, and to these they are subject by the stormy passage round Cape Horn.

Two points present themselves offering great facilities for the execution of a ship canal. The one is in the immediate vicinity of Panama, where the many imperfect observations which have hitherto been made, are yet sufficient to leave no doubt that, as the distance is comparatively short, the summit levels are inconsiderable, and the supply of water ample. The other is some distance to the northward. The isthmus is there broader, but is in part occupied by the large and deep fresh-water lakes of Nicaragua and Naragua. The lake of Nicaragua communicates with the Atlantic by a copious river, which may either be rendered navigable, or be made the source of supply for a side canal. The space between the two lakes is of inconsiderable extent, and presents no great engineering difficulties. The elevation of the lake of Naragua above the Pacific is inconsiderable; there is no hill range between it and the gulf of Canchagua; and Captain Sir Edward Belcher carried his surveying ship *Sulphur* sixty miles up the Estero Real, which rises near the lake, and falls into the gulf. The line of the Panama canal presents, as Humboldt remarks, facilities equal to those of the line of the Caledonian canal. The Nicaragua line is not more difficult than that of the canal of Languedoc, a work executed between 1660 and 1682, at a time when the commerce to be expedited by it did not exceed —n :: equaled—that which will find its way across the Isthmus; when great part of the maritime country was as thinly inhabited by as poor a population as the Isthmus now is; and when the last subsiding storms of civil war, and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., unsettled men's minds, and made person and property insecure.

The cosmopolitan effects of such an undertaking, if prosecuted to a successful close, it is impossible even approximately to estimate. The acceleration it will communicate to the already rapid progress of civilization in the Pacific is

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obvious. And no less obvious are the beneficial effects it will have upon the mutual relations of civilized states, seeing that the recognition of the independence and neutrality in times of general war of the canal and the region through which it passes, is indispensable to its establishment.

We have dwelt principally on the commercial, the economical considerations of the enterprise, for they are what must render it possible. But the friends of Christian missions, and the advocates of universal peace among nations, have yet a deeper interest in it. In the words used by Prince Albert at the dinner at the Mansion House respecting the forthcoming great exhibition of arts and industry, "Nobody who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which, indeed, all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirements placed within the reach of every body; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning."

Every short cut across the globe brings man in closer communion with his distant brotherhood, and results in concord, prosperity, and peace.

Truth in Pleasure.—Men have been said to be sincere in their pleasures, but this is only that the tastes and habits of men are more easily discernible in pleasure than in business; the want of truth is as great a hindrance to the one as to the other. Indeed, there is so much insincerity and formality in the pleasurable department of human life, especially in social pleasures, that instead of a bloom there is a slime upon it, which deadens and corrupts the thing. One of the most comical sights to superior beings must be to see two human creatures with elaborate speech and gestures making each other exquisitely uncomfortable from civility; the one pressing what he is most anxious that the other should not accept, and the other accepting only from the fear of giving offense by refusal. There is an element of charity in all this too; and it will be the business of a just and refined nature to be sincere and considerate at the same time. This will be better done by enlarging our sympathy, so that more things and people are pleasant to us, than by increasing the civil and conventional part of our nature, so that we are able to do more seeming with greater skill and endurance.—*Friends in Council.*

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

THE GERMAN MEISTERSINGERS—HANS SACHS.

WE once chanced to meet with a rare old German book which contains an accurate history of the foundation of the Meistersingers, a body which exercised so important an influence upon the literary history, not only of Germany, but of the whole European Continent, that the circumstances connected with its origin can not prove uninteresting to our readers.

The burghers of the provincial towns in Germany had gradually formed themselves into guilds or corporations, the members of which, when the business of the day was discussed, would amuse themselves by reading some of the ancient traditions of their own country, as related in the old Nordic poems. This stock of literature was soon exhausted, and the worthy burghers began to try their hands at original composition. From these rude snatches of song sprung to life the fire of poetic genius, and at Mentz was first established that celebrated guild, branches of which soon after extended themselves to most of the provincial towns. The fame of these social meetings soon became widely spread. It reached the ears of the emperor, Otho I., and, about the middle of the ninth century, the guild received a royal summons to attend at Pavia, then the emperor's residence. The history of this famous meeting remained for upward of six hundred years upon record among the archives of Mentz, but is supposed to have been taken away, among other plunder, about the period of the Smalkaldic war. From other sources of information we can, however, gratify the curiosity of the antiquarian, by giving the names of the twelve original members of this guild:

Walter, Lord of Vogelweid,
Wolfgang Eschenbach, Knight,
Conrad Mesmer, Knight,
Franenlob of Mentz, } Theologians,
Mergliny of Ment, }
Klingsher,
Starke Papp,
Bartholomew Regenboger, a blacksmith
The Chancellor, a fisherman,
Conrad of Wurtzburg,
Stall Seniors,
The Roman of Zgwickau.

These gentlemen, having attended the royal summons in due form, were subjected to a severe public examination before the court by the wisest men of their times, and were pronounced masters of their art; enthusiastic encomiums were lavished upon them by the delighted audience, and they departed, having received from the emperor's hands a crown of pure gold, to be presented annually to him who should be selected by the voice of his fellows as laureate for the year.

Admission to these guilds became, in process of time, the highest literary distinction; it was eagerly sought for by numberless aspirants, but

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the ordeal through which the candidate had to pass became so difficult that very few were found qualified for the honor. The compositions of the candidates were measured with a degree of critical accuracy of which candidates for literary fame in these days can form but little idea. The ordeal must have been more damping to the fire of young genius than the most slashing article ever penned by the most caustic reviewer. Every composition had of necessity to belong to a certain class; each class was distinguished by a limited amount of rhymes and syllables, and the candidate had to count each stanza, as he read it, upon his fingers. The redundancy or the deficiency of a single syllable was fatal to his claims, and was visited in addition by a pecuniary fine, which went to the support of the corporation.

Of that branch of this learned body which held its meetings at Nuremberg, Hans Sachs became, in due time, a distinguished member. His origin was obscure—the son of a tailor, and a shoemaker by trade. The occupations of his early life afforded but little scope for the cultivation of those refined pursuits which afterward made him remarkable. The years of his boyhood were spent in the industrious pursuit of his lowly calling; but when he had arrived at the age of eighteen, a famous minstrel, Numenbach by name, chancing to pass his dwelling, the young cobbler was attracted by his dulcet strains, and followed him. Numenbach gave him gratuitous instruction in his tuneful art, and Hans Sachs forthwith entered upon the course of probationary wandering, which was an essential qualification for his degree. The principal towns of Germany by turns received the itinerant minstrel, who supported himself by the alternate manufacture of verses and of shoes. After a protracted pilgrimage of several years, he returned to Nuremberg, his native city, where, having taken unto himself a wife, he spent the remainder of his existence; not unprofitably, indeed, as his voluminous works still extant can testify. We had once the pleasure of seeing an edition of them in the library at Nuremberg, containing two hundred and twelve pieces of poetry, one hundred and sixteen sacred allegories, and one hundred and ninety-seven dramas—a fertility of production truly wonderful, and almost incredible, if we reflect that the author had to support a numerous family by the exercise of his lowly trade.

The writings of this humble artisan proved an era, however, in the literary history of Germany. To him may be ascribed the honor of being the founder of her school of tragedy as well as comedy; and the illustrious Goethe has, upon more than one occasion, in his works, expressed how deeply he is indebted to this poet of the people for the outline of his immortal tragedy of "Faust." Indeed, if we recollect aright, there are in his works several pieces which he states are after the manner of Hans Sachs.

The Lord of Vogelweid, whose name we find occupying so conspicuous a position in the roll of the original Meistersingers, made rather a curious will—a circumstance which we find charmingly narrated in the following exquisite ballad:

"WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

"Vogelweid, the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

"And he gave the monks his treasure,
Gave them all with this bequest—
They should feed the birds at noontide,
Daily, on his place of rest.

"Saying, 'From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long.

"Thus the bard of lore departed,
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted,
By the children of the choir.

"Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair—
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

"On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place—
On the pavement, on the tomb-stone,
On the poet's sculptured face:

"There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered,
Was the name of Vogelweid.

"'Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, 'Why this waste of food,
Be it changed to loaves henceforward,
For our fasting brotherhood.'

"Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bell rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

"Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

"Time has long effaced the inscription
On the cloister's funeral stones;
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

"But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid."

EDUCATION.—The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive.

There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist.

The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches every thing else, and not that.—*Tales and Essays by John Sterling.*

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[From Household Words.]

GHOST STORIES—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MADLLE CLAIRON.

THE occurrence related in the letter which we are about to quote, is a remarkable instance of those apparently supernatural visitations which it has been found so difficult (if not impossible) to explain and account for. It does not appear to have been known to Scott, Brewster, or any other English writer who has collected and endeavored to expound those ghostly phenomena.

Clairon was the greatest tragedian that ever appeared on the French stage; holding on it a supremacy similar to that of Siddons on our own. She was a woman of powerful intellect, and had the merit of affecting a complete revolution in the French school of tragic acting; substituted an easy, varied and natural delivery for the stilted and monotonous declamation which had till then prevailed, and being the first to consult classic taste and propriety of costume. Her mind was cultivated by habits of intimacy with the most distinguished men of her day; and she was one of the most brilliant ornaments of those literary circles which the contemporary memoir writers describe in such glowing colors. In an age of corruption, unparalleled in modern times, Mademoiselle Clairon was not proof against the temptations to which her position exposed her. But a lofty spirit, and some religious principles, which she retained amidst a generation of infidels and scoffers, saved her from degrading vices, and enabled her to spend an old age protracted beyond the usual period of human life, in respectability and honor.

She died in 1803, at the age of eighty. She was nearly seventy when the following letter was written. It was addressed to M. Henri Meister, a man of some eminence among the literati of that period; the associate of Diderot, Grimm, D'Holbach, M. and Madame Necker, &c., and the *collaborateur* of Grimm in his famous "Correspondence." This gentleman was Clairon's "literary executor;" having been intrusted with her memoirs, written by herself, and published after her death.

With this preface we give Mademoiselle Clairon's narrative, written in her old age, of an occurence which had taken place half a century before.

"In 1743, my youth, and my success on the stage, had drawn round me a good many admirers. M. de S——, the son of a merchant in Brittany, about thirty years old, handsome, and possessed of considerable talent, was one of those who were most strongly attached to me. His conversation and manners were those of a man of education and good society, and the reserve and timidity which distinguished his attention made a favorable impression on me. After a green-room acquaintance of some time I permitted him to visit me at my house, but a better knowledge of his situation and character was not to his advantage. Ashamed of being only a *bourgeois*, he was squandering his fortune at Paris under an assumed title. His temper was severe and gloomy: he knew mankind too well, he said, not to despise and avoid them. He wished to see no one but me, and desired from me, in return, a similar sacrifice of the world. I saw, from this time, the necessity, for his own sake as well as mine, of destroying his hopes by reducing our intercourse to terms of less intimacy. My behavior brought upon him a violent illness, during which I showed him every mark of friendly interest, but firmly refused to deviate from the course I had adopted. My steadiness only deepened his wound; and unhappily, at this time, a treacherous relative, to whom he had intrusted the management of his affairs, took advantage of his helpless condition by robbing him, and leaving him so destitute that he was obliged to accept the little money I had, for his subsistence, and the attendance which his condition required. You must feel, my dear friend, the importance of never revealing this secret. I respect his memory, and I would not expose him to the insulting pity of the world. Preserve, then, the religious silence which after many years I now break for the first time.

"At length he recovered his property, but never his health; and thinking I was doing him a service by keeping him at a distance from me, I constantly refused to receive either his letters or his visits.

"Two years and a half elapsed between this period and that of his death. He sent to beg me to see him once more in his last moments, but I thought it necessary not to comply with his wish. He died, having with him only his domestics, and an old lady, his sole companion for a long time. He lodged at that time on the Rempart, near the Chaussée d'Antin; I resided in the Rue de Bussy, near the Abbaye St. Germain. My mother lived with me; and that night we had a little party to supper. We were very gay, and I was singing a lively air, when the clock struck eleven, and the sound was succeeded by a long and piercing cry of unearthly horror. The company looked aghast; I fainted, and remained for a quarter of an hour totally insensible. We then began to reason about the nature of so frightful a sound, and it was agreed to set a watch in the street in case it were repeated.

"It was repeated very often. All our servants, my friends, my neighbors, even the police, heard the same cry, always at the same hour, always proceeding from under my windows, and appearing to come from the empty air. I could not doubt that it was meant entirely for me. I rarely supped abroad; but the nights I did so, nothing was heard; and several times, when I came home, and was asking my mother and servants if they had heard any thing, it suddenly burst forth, as if in the midst of us. One night, the President de B——, at whose house I had supped, desired to see me safe home. While he was bidding me 'good night' at my door, the

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cry broke out seemingly from something between him and me. He, like all Paris, was aware of the story; but he was so horrified, that his servants lifted him into his carriage more dead than alive.

"Another time, I asked my comrade Rosely to accompany me to the Rue St. Honoré to choose some stuffs, and then to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de St. P——, who lived near the Porte Saint-Denis. My ghost story (as it was called) was the subject of our whole conversation. This intelligent young man was struck by my adventure, though he did not believe there was any thing supernatural in it. He pressed me to evoke the phantom, promising to believe if it answered my call. With weak audacity I complied, and suddenly the cry was heard three times with fearful loudness and rapidity. When we arrived at our friend's door both of us were found senseless in the carriage.

"After this scene, I remained for some months without hearing any thing. I thought it was all over; but I was mistaken.

"All the public performances had been transferred to Versailles on account of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to pass three days there, but sufficient lodgings were not provided for us. Madame Grandval had no apartment; and I offered to share with her the room with two beds which had been assigned to me in the avenue of St. Cloud. I gave her one of the beds and took the other. While my maid was undressing to lie down beside me, I said to her, "We are at the world's end here, and it is dreadful weather; the cry would be somewhat puzzled to get at us." In a moment it rang through the room. Madame Grandval ran in her night-dress from top to bottom of the house, in which nobody closed an eye for the rest of the night. This, however, was the last time the cry was heard.

"Seven or eight days afterward, while I was chatting with my usual evening circle, the sound of the clock striking eleven was followed by the report of a gun fired at one of the windows. We all heard the noise, we all saw the fire, yet the window was undamaged. We concluded that some one sought my life, and that it was necessary to take precautions again another attempt. The Intendant des Menus Plaisirs, who was present, flew to the house of his friend, M. de Marville, the Lieutenant of Police. The houses opposite mine were instantly searched, and for several days were guarded from top to bottom. My house was closely examined; the street was filled with spies in all possible disguises. But, notwithstanding all this vigilance, the same explosion was heard and seen for three whole months always at the same hour, and at the same window-pane, without any one being able to discover from whence it proceeded. This fact stands recorded in the registers of the police.

"Nothing was heard for some days; but having been invited by Mademoiselle Dumesnil * to join a little evening party at her house near the *Barrière blanche*, I got into a hackney-coach at eleven o'clock with my maid. It was clear moonlight as we passed along the Boulevards, which were then beginning to be studded with houses. While we were looking at the half-finished buildings, my maid said, 'Was it not in this neighborhood that M. de S—— died?' 'From what I have heard,' I answered, 'I think it should be there'—pointing with my finger to a house before us. From that house came the same gunshot that I had heard before. It seemed to traverse our carriage, and the coachman set off at full speed, thinking we were attacked by robbers. We arrived at Mademoiselle Dumesnil's in a state of the utmost terror; a feeling I did not get rid of for a long time."

[Mademoiselle Clairon gives some further details similar to the above, and adds that the noises finally ceased in about two years and a half. After this, intending to change her residence, she put up a bill on the house she was leaving; and many people made the pretext of looking at the apartments an excuse for gratifying their curiosity to see, in her every-day guise, the great tragedian of the Théâtre Français.]

"One day I was told that an old lady desired to see my rooms. Having always had a great respect for the aged, I went down to receive her. An unaccountable emotion seized me on seeing her, and I perceived that she was moved in a similar manner. I begged her to sit down, and we were both silent for some time. At length she spoke, and, after some preparation, came to the subject of her visit.

"'I was, mademoiselle, the best friend of M. de S——, and the only friend whom he would see during the last year of his life. We spoke of you incessantly; I urging him to forget you, —he protesting that he would love you beyond the tomb. Your eyes which are full of tears allow me to ask you why you made him so wretched; and how, with such a mind and such feelings as yours, you could refuse him the consolation of once more seeing and speaking to you?"

"'We can not,' I answered, 'command our sentiments. M. de S—— had merit and estimable qualities; but his gloomy, bitter, and overbearing temper made me equally afraid of his company, his friendship, and his love. To make him happy, I must have renounced all intercourse with society, and even the exercise of my talents. I was poor and proud; I desire, and hope I shall ever desire, to owe nothing to any one but myself. My friendship for him prompted me to use every endeavor to lead him to more just and reasonable sentiments: failing in this, and persuaded that his obstinacy proceeded less from the excess of his passion than from the violence of his character, I took the firm resolution to separate from him entirely. I refused to see him in his last moments, because the sight would have rent my heart; because I feared to appear too barbarous if I remained inflexible, and to make myself wretched if I yielded. Such, madame, are the motives of my conduct—motives for which, I think, no one can blame me.'

* The celebrated tragedian

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"'It would indeed,' said the lady, 'be unjust to condemn you. My poor friend himself in his reasonab', moments acknowledged all that he owed you. But his passion and his malady overcame him, and your refusal to see him hastened his last moments. He was counting the minutes, when at half-past ten, his servant came to tell him that decidedly you would not come. After a moment's silence, he took me by the hand with a frightful expression of despair. Barbarous woman! he cried; but she will gain nothing by her cruelty. As I have followed her in life, I shall follow her in death! I endeavored to calm him; he was dead.'

"I need scarcely tell you, my dear friend, what effect these last words had upon me. Their analogy to all my apparitions filled me with terror, but time and reflection calmed my feelings. The consideration that I was neither the better nor the worse for all that had happened to me, has led me to ascribe it all to chance. I do not, indeed, know what *chance* is; but it can not be denied that the something which goes by that name has a great influence on all that passes in the world.

"Such is my story; do with it what you will. If you intend to make it public, I beg you to suppress the initial letter of the name, and the name of the province."

This last injunction was not, as we see, strictly complied with; but, at the distance of half a century, the suppression of a name was probably of little consequence.

There is no reason to doubt the entire truth of Mademoiselle Clairon's narrative. The incidents which she relates made such a deep and enduring impression on her mind, that it remained uneffaced during the whole course of her brilliant career, and, almost at the close of a long life spent in the bustle and business of the world, inspired her with solemn and religious thoughts. Those incidents can scarcely be ascribed to delusions of her imagination; for she had a strong and cultivated mind, not likely to be influenced by superstitious credulity; and besides, the mysterious sounds were heard by others as well as herself, and had become the subject of general conversation in Paris. The suspicion of a trick or conspiracy never seems to have occurred to her, though such a supposition is the only way in which the circumstances can be explained; and we are convinced that this explanation, though not quite satisfactory in every particular, is the real one. Several portentous occurrences, equally or more marvelous, have thus been accounted for.

Our readers remember the history of the Commissioners of the Roundhead Parliament for the sequestration of the royal domains, who were terrified to death, and at last fairly driven out of the Palace of Woodstock, by a series of diabolical sounds and sights, which were long afterward discovered to be the work of one of their own servants, Joe Tomkins by name, a loyalist in the disguise of a puritan. The famous "Cock-lane Ghost," which kept the town in agitation for months, and baffled the penetration of multitudes of the divines, philosophers, and literati of the day, was a young girl of some eleven or twelve years old, whose mysterious knockings were produced by such simple means, that their remaining so long undetected is the most marvelous part of the story. This child was the agent of a conspiracy formed by her father, with some confederates, to ruin the reputation of a gentleman by means of pretended revelations from the dead. For this conspiracy these persons were tried, and the father, the most guilty party, underwent the punishment of the pillory.

A more recent story is that of the "Stockwell Ghost," which forms the subject of a volume published in 1772, and is shortly told by Mr. Hone in the first volume of his "Every Day Book." Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady residing at Stockwell, in Surrey, had her house disturbed by portents, which not only terrified her and her family, but spread alarm through the vicinity. Strange noises were heard proceeding from empty parts of the house, and heavy articles of furniture, glass, and earthenware, were thrown down and broken in pieces before the eyes of the family and neighbors. Mrs. Golding, driven by terror from her own dwelling, took refuge, first in one neighboring house, and then in another, and thither the prodigies followed her. It was observed that her maid-servant, Ann Robinson, was always present when these things took place, either in Mrs. Golding's own house, or in those of the neighbors. This girl, who had lived only about a week with her mistress, became the subject of mistrust and was dismissed, after which the disturbances entirely ceased. But the matter rested on mere suspicion. "Scarcely any one," says Mr. Hone, "who lived at that time listened patiently to the presumption, or without attributing the whole to witchcraft." At length Mr. Hone himself obtained a solution of the mystery from a gentleman who had become acquainted with Ann Robinson many years after the affair happened, and to whom she had confessed that she alone had produced all these supernatural horrors, by fixing wires or horse-hairs to different articles, according as they were heavy or light, and thus throwing them down, with other devices equally simple, which the terror and confusion of the spectators prevented them from detecting. The girl began these tricks to forward some love affair, and continued them for amusement when she saw the effect they produced.

Remembering these cases, we can have little doubt that Mademoiselle Clairon's maid was the author of the noises which threw her mistress and her friends into such consternation. Her own house was generally the place where these things happened; and on the most remarkable occasions where they happened elsewhere, is is expressly mentioned that the maid was present. At St. Cloud it was to the maid, who was her bed-fellow, that Clairon was congratulating herself on being out of the way of the cry, when it suddenly was heard in the very room. She had

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her maid in the carriage with her on the Boulevards, and it was immediately after the girl had asked her a question about the death of M. de S—— that the gun-shot was heard, which seemed to traverse the carriage. Had the maid a confederate—perhaps her fellow-servant on the box—to whom she might have given the signal? When Mademoiselle Clairon went a-shopping to the Rue St. Honoré, she probably had her maid with her, either in or outside the carriage; and, indeed, in every instance the noises took place when the maid would most probably have been present, or close at hand. In regard to the unearthly cry, she might easily have produced it herself without any great skill in ventriloquism, or the art of imitating sounds; a supposition which is rendered the more probable, as its realization was rendered the more easy, by the fact of no words having been uttered—merely a wild cry. Most of the common itinerant ventriloquists on our public race-courses can utter speeches for an imaginary person without any perceptible motion of the lips; the utterance of a mere sound in this way would be infinitely less difficult.

The noises resembling the report of fire-arms (very likely to have been unconsciously, and in perfect good faith, exaggerated by the terror of the hearers) may have been produced by a confederate fellow-servant, or a lover. It is to be observed, that the first time this seeming report was heard, the houses opposite were guarded by the police, and spies were placed in the street, but Mademoiselle Clairon's own house was merely "examined." It is evident that these precautions, however effectual against a plot conducted from without, could have no effect whatever against tricks played within her house by one or more of her own servants.

As to the maid-servant's motives for engaging in this series of deceptions, many may have existed and been sufficiently strong; the lightest, which we shall state last, would probably be the strongest. She may have been in communication with M. de S——'s relations for some hidden purpose which never was effected. How far this circumstance may be connected with the date of the first portent, the very night of the young man's death, or whether that coincidence was simply accidental, is matter for conjecture. The old lady, his relative, who afterward visited Clairon, and told her a tale calculated to fill her with superstitious dread, *may* herself have been the maid-servant's employer for some similar purpose; or (which is at least equally probable) the tale may have had nothing whatever to do with the sound, and may have been perfectly true. But all experience in such cases assures us that the love of mischief, or the love of power, and the desire of being important, would be sufficient motives to the maid for such a deception. The more frightened Clairon was, the more necessary and valuable her maid became to her, naturally. A thousand instances of long continued deception on the part of young women, begun in mere folly, and continued for the reasons just mentioned, though continued at an immense cost of trouble, resolution, and self-denial in all other respects, are familiar to most readers of strange transactions, medical and otherwise. There seem to be strong grounds for the conclusion that the maid was the principal, if not the sole agent in this otherwise supernatural part of this remarkable story.

THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

WE must not allow a poet of the tender and manly feeling of Mr. Bowles to pass away from among us with a mere notice of his death amid the common gossip of the week. The peculiar excellence of his Sonnets and his influence on English poetry deserve a further notice at our hands.

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, of an ancient family in the county of Wilts, was born in the village of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire—a parish of which his father was vicar—on the 24th of September, 1762. His mother was the daughter of Dr. Richard Gray, chaplain to Nathaniel Crew, bishop of Durham. He was educated at Winchester School, under Dr. Joseph Warton, and rose to be the senior boy. Warton took much notice of him; and, on his removal to Oxford, in 1782, was the means, we have heard, of inducing him to enter at Trinity College, of which Tom Warton was then the senior Fellow. "Among my contemporaries at Trinity," he says, "were several young men of talents and literature—Headley, Kett, Benwell, Dallaway, Richards, Dornford." Of these Headley is still remembered by some beautiful pieces of poetry, distinguished for imagery, pathos, and simplicity.

Mr. Bowles became a poet in print in his twenty-seventh year—publishing in 1789 a very small volume in quarto, with the very modest title of "Fourteen Sonnets." His excellencies were not lost on the public; and in the same year appeared a second edition, with seven additional sonnets. "I had just entered on my seventeenth year," says Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," "when the Sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty-one in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me by a schoolfellow [at Christ's Hospital] who had quitted us for the University. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions—as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard. And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author." Coleridge was always consistent in his admiration of Mr. Bowles. Charlotte Smith and Bowles, he says—writing in 1797—are they who first made the sonnet popular among the present generation of English readers; and in the same year in which this encomium was printed, his own volume of poetry contains "Sonnets attempted in the manner of Mr. Bowles." "My obligations to Mr. Bowles,"

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he adds in another place, "were indeed important, and for radical good:" and that his approbation might not be confined to prose, he has said in verse:

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for those soft strains
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

Mr. Bowles's sonnets were descriptive of his personal feelings; and the manly tenderness which pervades them was occasioned, he tells us, by the sudden death of a deserving young woman with whom

"Sperabat longos, heu! ducere soles,
Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu."

An eighth edition appeared in 1802; and a ninth and a tenth have since been demanded.

While at Trinity—where he took his degree in 1792—Mr. Bowles obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem. On leaving the University he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to a curacy in Wiltshire; from which he was preferred to a living in Gloucestershire—and in 1803 to a canonry in Salisbury Cathedral. His next step was to the rectory of Bremhill in Wiltshire—to which he was presented by Archbishop Moore. Here he remained till his death—beloved by his parishioners and by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. A volume of his sermons ("Paulus Parochialis"), designed for country congregations, was published in 1826.

The Sonnets were followed, at an Horatian interval, by other poems hardly of an inferior quality: such, for instance, as his "Hope, an Allegorical Sketch"—"St. Michael's Mount"—"Coombe Ellen"—and "Grave of Howard." His "Spirit of Discovery by Sea," the longest of his productions, was published in 1804, and is now chiefly remembered by the unhappy notoriety which Lord Byron obtained for it by asserting in his "English Bards" that the poet had made the woods of Madeira tremble to a kiss. Lord Byron subsequently acknowledged that he had mistaken Mr. Bowles's meaning: too, late, however, to remove the injurious impression which his hasty reading had occasioned. Generally, Mr. Bowles's more ambitious works may be ranked as superior to the poems of Crowe and Carrington—both of which in their day commanded a certain reputation—and as higher in academical elegance than the verse of Mr. James Montgomery; while they have neither the nerve and occasional nobility of Cowper, nor that intimate mixture of fancy, feeling, lofty contemplations, and simple themes and images which have placed Wordsworth at the head of a school.

The school of the Wartons was not the school of Pope; and the comparatively low appreciation of the great poetical satirist, which Mr. Bowles entertained and asserted in print, was no doubt imbibed at Winchester under Joseph Warton, and strengthened at Oxford under Tom. Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope is a very poor performance. He had little diligence, and few indeed of the requirements of an editor. He undertook to traduce the moral character of Pope; and the line in which Lord Byron refers to him on that account

"To do for hate what Mallet did for hire"

will long be remembered to his prejudice. His so-called "invariable principles of poetry" maintained in his Pope and in his controversy with Byron and Campbell, are better based than critics hitherto have been willing to admit. Considering how sharply the reverend Pamphleteer was hit by the Peer's ridicule, it must be always remembered, to the credit of his Christianity, that possibly the most popular of all the dirges written on Lord Byron's death came from Mr. Bowles's pen; and the following tributary stanza is deepened in its music by the memory of the former war.

"I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors who thus sadly died,
Still less, CHILDE HAROLD, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of Genius misapplied;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:
But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from the Perseus's side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave."

It only remains for us to add, that Mr. Bowles wrote a somewhat poor life of Bishop Ken—that he was famous for his Parson Adams-like forgetfulness—that his wife died in 1844, at the age of 72—and that he himself at the time of his death was in his eighty-eighth year.—*London Athenæum.*

MORNING IN SPRING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV SOLLING.)

FROM the valleys to the hills
See the morning mists arise;
And the early dew distills
Balmy incense to the skies.

Purple clouds, with vapory grace,
Round the sun their soft sail fling;
Now they fade—and fre.. his face
Beams the new-born bliss of Spring!

From the cool grass glitter bright
Myriad drops of diamond dew;
Bending 'neath their pressure light,
Waves the green corn, springing new

Nought but the fragrant wind is heard,
Whispering softly through the trees;
Or, lightly perched, the early bird
Chirping to the morning breeze.

Dewy May-flowers to the sun
Ope their buds of varied hue:
Fragrant shades—his beams to shun—
Hide the violet's heavenly blue.

A joyous sense of life revived
Streams through every limb and vein:
I thank thee, Lord! that I have lived
To see the bright young Spring again!

ETA.

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[From Household Words.]

WORK! AN ANECDOTE.

A CAVALRY OFFICER of large fortune, who had distinguished himself in several actions, having been quartered for a long time in a foreign city, gradually fell into a life of extreme and incessant dissipation. He soon found himself so indisposed to any active military service, that even the ordinary routine became irksome and unbearable. He accordingly solicited and obtained leave of absence from his regiment for six months. But, instead of immediately engaging in some occupation of mind and body, as a curative process for his morbid condition, he hastened to London, and gave himself up entirely to greater luxuries than ever, and plunged into every kind of sensuality. The consequence was a disgust of life and all its healthy offices. He became unable to read half a page of a book, or to write the shortest note; mounting his horse was too much trouble; to lounge down the street was a hateful effort. His appetite failed, or every thing disagreed with him; and he could seldom sleep. Existence became an intolerable burden; he therefore determined on suicide.

With this intention he loaded his pistols, and, influenced by early associations, dressed himself in his regimental frock-coat and crimson sash, and entered St. James's Park a little before sunrise. He felt as if he was mounting guard for the last time; listened to each sound, and looked with miserable affection across the misty green toward the Horse Guards, faintly seen in the distance.

A few minutes after the officer had entered the park, there passed through the same gate a poor mechanic, who leisurely followed in the same direction. He was a gaunt, half-famished looking man, and walked with a sad air, his eyes bent thoughtfully on the ground, and his large bony hands dangling at his sides.

The officer, absorbed in the act he meditated, walked on without being aware of the presence of another person. Arriving about the middle of a wide open space, he suddenly stopped, and drawing forth both pistols, exclaimed, "Oh, most unfortunate and most wretched man that I am! Wealth, station, honor, prospects, are of no avail! Existence has become a heavy torment to me! I have not strength—I have not courage to endure or face it a moment longer!"

With these words he cocked the pistols, and was raising both of them to his head, when his arms were seized from behind, and the pistols twisted out of his fingers. He reeled round, and beheld the gaunt scarecrow of a man who had followed him.

"What are you?" stammered the officer, with a painful air; "How dare you to step between me and death?"

"I am a poor, hungry mechanic;" answered the man, "one who works from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and yet finds it hard to earn a living. My wife is dead—my daughter was tempted away from me—and I am a lone man. As I have nobody to live for, and have become quite tired of my life, I came out this morning, intending to drown myself. But as the fresh air of the park came over my face, the sickness of life gave way to shame at my own want of strength and courage, and I determined to walk onward and live my allotted time. But what are *you?* Have you encountered cannon-balls and death in all shapes, and now want the strength and courage to meet the curse of idleness?"

The officer was moving off with some confused words, but the mechanic took him by the arm, and threatening to hand him over to the police if he resisted, led him droopingly away.

This mechanic's work was that of a turner, and he lived in a dark cellar, where he toiled at his lathe from morning to night. Hearing that the officer had amused himself with a little turnery in his youth, the poor artisan proposed to take him down into his work-shop. The officer offered him money; and was anxious to escape; but the mechanic refused it, and persisted.

He accordingly took the morbid gentleman down into his dark cellar, and set him to work at his lathe. The officer began very languidly, and soon rose to depart. Whereupon, the mechanic forced him down again on the hard bench, and swore that if he did not do an hour's work for him, in return for saving his life, he would instantly consign him to a policeman, and denounce him for attempting to commit suicide At this threat the officer was so confounded, that he at once consented to do the work.

When the hour was over, the mechanic insisted on a second hour, in consequence of the slowness of the work—it had not been a fair hour's labor. In vain the officer protested, was angry, and exhausted—had the heartburn—pains in his back and limbs—and declared it would kill him. The mechanic was inexorable. "If it *does* kill you," said he, "then you will only be where you would have been if I had not stopped you." So the officer was compelled to continue his work with an inflamed face, and the perspiration pouring down over his cheeks and chin.

At last he could proceed no longer, come what would of it, and sank back in the arms of his persecuting preserver. The mechanic now placed before him his own breakfast, composed of a two-penny loaf of brown bread, and a pint of small beer; the whole of which the officer disposed of in no time, and then sent out for more.

Before the boy who was dispatched on this errand returned, a little conversation had ensued; and as the officer rose to go, he smilingly placed his purse, with his card, in the hands of the mechanic. The poor, ragged man received them with all the composure of a physician, and with a sort of dry, grim humor which appeared peculiar to him, and the only relief of his otherwise rough and rigid character, made sombre by the constant shadows and troubles of life.

But the moment he read the name on the card,

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all the hard lines in his deeply-marked face underwent a sudden contortion. Thrusting back the purse and card into the officer's hand, he seized him with a fierce grip by one arm—hurried him, wondering, up the dark broken stairs, along the narrow passage—then pushed him out at the door!

"You are the fine gentleman who tempted my daughter away!" said he.

"I—*your* daughter!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes, my daughter; Ellen Brentwood!" said the mechanic. "Are there so many men's daughters in the list, that you forget her name?"

"I implore you," said the officer, "to take this purse. *Pray*, take this purse! If you will not accept it for yourself, I entreat you to send it to her!"

"Go and buy a lathe with it," said the mechanic. "Work, man! and repent of your past life!"

So saying, he closed the door in the officer's face, and descended the stairs to his daily labor.

IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.—Taking the whole of northern Europe—including Scotland, and France and Belgium (where education is at a low ebb), we find that to every $2\frac{1}{4}$ of the population, there is one child acquiring the rudiments of knowledge; while in England there is only one such pupil to every fourteen inhabitants. It has been calculated that there are at the present day in England and Wales nearly 8,000,000 persons who can neither read nor write—that is to say, nearly one quarter of the population. Also, that of all the children between five and fourteen, more than one half attend no place of instruction. These statements would be hard to believe, if we had not to encounter in our every-day life degrees of illiteracy which would be startling, if we were not thoroughly used to it. Wherever we turn, ignorance, not always allied to poverty, stares us in the face. If we look in the *Gazette*, at the list of partnerships dissolved, not a month passes but some unhappy man, rolling, perhaps, in wealth, but wallowing in ignorance, is put to the *experimentum crucis* of "his mark." The number of petty jurors—in rural districts especially—who can only sign with a cross, is enormous. It is not unusual to see parish documents of great local importance defaced with the same humiliating symbol by persons whose office shows them to be not only "men of mark," but men of substance. A housewife in humble life need only turn to the file of her tradesmen's bills to discover hieroglyphics which render them so many arithmetical puzzles. In short, the practical evidences of the low ebb to which the plainest rudiments of education in this country have fallen, are too common to bear repetition. We can not pass through the streets, we can not enter a place of public assembly, or ramble in the fields, without the gloomy shadow of Ignorance sweeping over us.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

[From The Ladies' Companion.]

MEN AND WOMEN.

A WOMAN is naturally gratified when a man singles her out, and addresses his conversation to her. She takes pains to appear to the best advantage, but without any thought of willfully misleading.

How different is it with men! At least it is thus that women in general think of men. The mask with them is deliberately put on and worn as a mask, and wo betide the silly girl who is too weak or too unsuspicious, not to appear displeased with the well-turned compliments and flattering attentions so lavishly bestowed upon her by her partner at the ball. If a girl has brothers she sees a little behind the scenes, and is saved much mortification and disappointment. She discovers how little men mean by attentions they so freely bestow upon the last new face which takes their fancy.

Men are singularly wanting in good feeling upon this subject; they pay a girl marked attention, flatter her in every way, and then, perhaps, when warned by some judicious friend that they are going too far, "can hardly believe the girl could be so foolish as to fancy that any thing was meant."

The fault which strikes women most forcibly in men is *selfishness*. They expect too much in every way, and become impatient if their comforts and peculiarities are interfered with. If the men of the present day were less selfish and self-indulgent, and more willing to be contented and happy upon moderate means, there would be fewer causes of complaint against young women undertaking situations as governesses when they were wholly unfit for so responsible an office. I feel the deepest interest in the present movement for the improvement of the female sex; and most cordially do I concur in the schemes for this desirable purpose laid down in "The Ladies' Companion;" but I could not resist the temptation of lifting up my voice in testimony against some of the every-day faults of men, to which I think many of the follies and weaknesses of women are mainly to be attributed.

Mr. Thackeray is the only writer of the present day who touches, with any severity, upon the faults of his own sex. He has shown us the style of women that he thinks men most admire, in "Amelia," and "Mrs. Pendennis." Certainly, my own experience agrees with his opinion; and until men are sufficiently improved to be able to appreciate higher qualities in women, and to choose their wives among women who possess such qualities, I do not expect that the present desirable movement will make much progress. The improvement of both sexes must be simultaneous. A "gentleman's horror" is still a "blue stocking," which unpleasing epithet is invariably bestowed upon all women who have read much, and who are able to think and act for themselves.

A YOUNG WIFE

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THE RETURN OF POPE PIUS IX. TO ROME.

THE banishment of a Pope has hitherto been a rare event: the following detailed and graphic description of the return of PIUS IX. to his seat of empire, superadds a certain degree of historical importance to its immediate interest. It is from the correspondence of the "London Times."

VELLETRI, *Thursday, April* 11.

All speculation is now set at rest—the last and the most important stage in the Papal progress has been made—the Pope has arrived at Velletri.

The Pope was expected yesterday at three o'clock, but very early in the morning every one in the town, whether they had business to execute or not, thought it necessary to rush about, here, there, and every where. I endeavored to emulate this activity, and to make myself as ubiquitous as the nature of the place, which is built on an ascent, and my own nature, which is not adapted to ascents, would allow me. At one moment I stood in admiration at the skill with which sundry sheets and napkins were wound round a wooden figure, to give it a chaste and classic appearance, which figure—supposed to represent Charity, Fortitude, Prudence, or Plenty—was placed as a *basso relievo* on the triumphal arch, where it might have done for any goddess or virtue in the mythology or calendar. At another moment I stood on the Grand Place, marveling at the arch and dry manner in which half a dozen painters were inscribing to Pio Nono, over the doors of the Municipality, every possible quality which could have belonged to the whole family of saints—one man, in despair at giving adequate expression to his enthusiasm, having satisfied himself with writing *Pio Nono Immortale! Immortale! Immortale! Vero Angelo!*

But to say the truth, there was something very touching in the enthusiasm of this rustic and mountain people, although it was sometimes absurdly and quaintly expressed; for instance, in one window there was a picture, or rather a kind of transparency, representing little angels, which a scroll underneath indicated as the children of His Holiness. Whether the Velletrians intended to represent their own innocence or to question that of His Holiness, I did not choose to inquire. Then there were other pictures of the Pope in every possible variety of dress; sometimes as a young officer, at another as a cardinal; again, a corner shop had him as a benevolent man in a black coat and dingy neckcloth; but, most curious of all, he at one place took the shape of a female angel placing her foot on the demon of rebellion. The circumstance of his Protean quality arose from each family having turned their pictures from the inside outside the houses, and printed Pio Nono under each; but if the features of each picture differed, not so the feelings that placed them there; it was a touching and graceful sight to see the people as they greeted each other that morning.

As the day drew on, the preparations were completed, and the material of which every house was built was lost under a mass of scarlet and green. But, alas! about three o'clock the clouds gathered upon Alba; Monte Calvi was enveloped in mist, which sailed over the top of Artemisio; the weather turned cold; and the whole appearance of the day became threatening. The figure of the Pope on the top of the triumphal arch, to compose which sundry beds must have been stripped of their sheets—for it was of colossal dimensions—quivered in the breeze, and at every blast I expected to see the worst possible omen—the mitre, which was only fastened by string to the sacred head, falling down headless; but having pointed this out to some persons who were too excited themselves to see anything practical, a boy was sent up, and with two long nails secured the mitre more firmly on the sacred head than even Lord Minto's counsels could do. At three o'clock the Municipality passed down the lines of troops amid every demonstration of noisy joy. There were half a dozen very respectable gentlemen in evening dress, all looking wonderfully alike, and remarkably pale, either from the excitement or the important functions which they had to perform; but I ought to speak well of them, for they invited me to the reserved part of the small entrance square, where I had the good fortune to shelter myself from the gusts of wind which drove down from the hills. From three to six we all waited, the people very patient, and fortunately so crowded that they could not well feel cold. The cardinal's servants—strange, grotesque-looking fellows in patchwork liveries—were running up and down the portico, and the soldiers on duty began to give evident signs of a diminution of ardor. Some persons were just beginning to croak, "Well, I told you he would not come," when the cannon opened from the heights, the troops fell in—a carriage is seen coming down the hill, but it is the wrong road. Who can it be? The troops seem to know, for the chasseurs draw their swords, the whole line present arms, the band strikes up, and the French General Baraguay d'Hilliers dashes through the gates. Again roar the cannon—another carriage is seen, and this time in the right direction; it is preceded by the Pope's courier, covered with scarlet and gold. The people cheered loudly, although they could not have known whom it contained; but they cheered the magnificent arms and the reeking horses. It was the Vice-Legate of Velletri, Monsignore Beraldi. The Municipality rushed to the door of the carriage, and a little, energetic-looking man in lace and purple descended, and was almost smothered in the embraces of the half dozen municipal officers, who confused him with questions—"Dove e la sua Santita!" "Vicino! Vicino!" "E a Frosinone, e a Valomontone?" "Bellissimo, bellissimo, receviemento! sorprendente! Tanto bello! tanto bel-

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to!" was all the poor little man could jerk out, and at each word he was stifled with fresh embraces; but he was soon set aside and forgotten, when half a dozen of the Papal couriers galloped up, splashed from head to foot. They were followed by several carriages with four or six horses, the postillions in their new liveries; then came a large squadron of Neapolitan cavalry, and immediately afterward the Pope. It was a touching sight. While the women cried, the men shouted; but however absurd a description of enthusiasm may be, in its action it was very fine. As he passed on, the troops presented arms, and every one knelt. He drew up in front of the municipality, who were so affected or so frightened that their speech ended in nothing. The carriage door was opened, and then the scene which ensued was without parallel; every one rushed forward to kiss the foot which he put out. One little Abbate, Don Pietro Metranga, amused me excessively. Nothing could keep him back; he caught hold of the sacred foot, he hugged it, he sighed, he wept over it. A knot of gentlemen were standing on the steps of the entrance, among others Mr. Baillie Cochrane, in the Scotch Archers' uniform, whom His Holiness beckoned forward, and put out his hand for him to kiss. Again the carriages would have moved on, for it was late, and *Te Deum* had to be sung; but for some time it was quite impossible to shake off the crowd at the door. At last the procession moved, and I, at the peril of my life—for the crowd, couriers, and chasseurs rode like lunatics—ran down to the cathedral. To my surprise, the Pope had anticipated me, and the door was shut. I was about to retire in despair, when I saw a little man creeping silently up to a small gate, followed by a very tall and ungainly prince in a red uniform, which put me very much in mind of Ducrow in his worst days. I looked again, and I knew it was my friend the Abbé, and if I followed him I must go right. It was as I expected. While we had been abusing the arrangements, he had gone and asked for the key of the sacristy, by which way we entered the church. It was densely crowded in all parts, and principally by troops who had preoccupied it. When the host was raised, the effect was grand in the extreme. The Pope, with all his subjects, bowed their heads to the pavement, and the crash of arms was succeeded by the most perfect silence. The next ceremony was the benediction of the people from the palace, which is situate on the extreme height of the town. Nerving myself for this last effort, I struggled and stumbled up the hill. There the thousands from the country and neighborhood were assembled, and in a few minutes the Pope arrived. In the interval all the façades of the houses had been illuminated, and the effects of the light on the various picturesque groups and gay uniforms was very striking. A burst of music and fresh cannon announced the arrival of His Holiness. He went straight into the palace, and in a few minutes the priests with the torches entered the small chapel which was erected on the balcony. The Pope followed, and then arose one shout, such as I never remember to have heard: another and another, and all knelt, and not a whisper was heard. As the old man stretched out his hands to bless the people, his voice rung clear and full in the night:

"Sit nomen Dei benedictum."

And the people, with one voice, replied:

"Ex hoc et nunc et in seculum."

Then the Pope:

"Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini."

The people:

"Qui fecit coelum et terram."

His Holiness:

"Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus Pater, Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus."

And the people, with one voice:

"Amen!"

Thursday Evening.

The Velletri fireworks were certainly a failure; the population understands genuflexions better than squibs and crackers; but the illumination, which consisted of large pots of grease placed on posts at intervals of a yard down every street, had really a very good effect, and might afford a good hint for cheap illuminations in England. What is most remarkable to an Englishman on such occasions is, the total absence of drunkenness and the admirable and courteous conduct of the people to each other. It seemed to me that the population never slept; they were perambulating the streets chanting "Viva Pio Nono" all night; and, at 8 o'clock this morning, there was the same crowd, with the same excitement. I went early to the Papal Palace to witness the reception of the different deputations; but, notwithstanding my activity, I arrived one of the last, and on being shown into a waiting-room found myself standing in a motley group of generals of every clime, priests in every variety of costume, judges, embassadors, and noble guards. A long suite of ten rooms was thrown open, and probably the old and tapestried walls had never witnessed so strange a sight before as the gallery presented. There was a kind of order and degree preserved in the distribution of the visitors. The first room mostly contained priests of the lower ranks, in the second were gentlemen in violet colored dresses, looking proud and inflated; then came a room full of officers, then distinguished strangers, among whom might be seen General Baraguay d'Hilliers, Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan embassador, the Princes Massimo, Corsini, Ruspoli, Cesareni, all covered with stars, ribbons, and embroidery. The door of each room was kept by the municipal troops, who were evidently very new to the work, for the pages in their pink silk dresses might be seen occasionally instructing them in the salute. Presently there was a move, every one drew back for Cardinal Macchi; he is the *doyen* of the college, and, as Archbishop of Velletri, appeared in his brightest scarlet robes—a fit subject for the pencil of

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the great masters. He was followed by Cardinals Asquini and Dupont in more modest garb, and each as he passed received and gracefully acknowledged the homage of the crowd. While we were standing waiting, two priests in full canonicals marched by with stately steps, preceded by the cross, and bearing the consecrated elements which they were to administer to the Pope; they remained with him about twenty minutes, and again the doors were thrown open, and they came out with the same forms. The Sacrament was succeeded by the breakfast service of gold, which it would have made any amateurs of Benvenuto Cellini's workmanship envious to see. At last the breakfast was ended, and I began to hope there was some chance of our suspense terminating, when there was a great movement among the crowd at one end of the gallery, the pages rushed to their posts, flung back the two doors, and the Prime Minister, Cardinal Antonelli, entered. Standing in that old palace, and gazing on the Priest Premier, I could realize the times of Mazarin and Richelieu. Neither of these could have possessed a haughtier eye than Antonelli, or carried themselves more proudly: every action spoke the man self-possessed and confident in the greatness of his position. He is tall, thin, about forty-four or forty-five, of a dark and somewhat sallow complexion, distinguished not by the regularity or beauty of his features, but by the calmness and dignity of their expression. As the mass moved to let him pass to the Papal apartments at the other extremity of the gallery, there was nothing flurried in his manner or hurried in his step—he knew to a nicety the precise mode of courtesy which he should show to each of his worshipers; for instance, when the French general—ay, the rough soldier of the camp—bent to kiss his hand, he drew it back, and spoke a few low, complimentary words as he bowed low to him, always graciously, almost condescendingly. When the Roman princes wished to perform the same salute his hand met their lips half-way. When the crowd of abbés, monks, priests, and deacons, seized it, it passed on unresistingly from mouth to mouth, as though he knew that blessing was passing out of him, but that he found sufficient for all. I was beginning to marvel what had become of my little friend of the preceding evening, Don Pietro, when I observed a slight stoppage, occasioned by some one falling at the Cardinal's feet. It was Don Pietro. He had knelt down to get a better hold of the hanging fringes, and no power could withdraw them from his lips; he appeared determined to exhaust their valuable savor, and, for the first time, I saw a smile on Antonelli's countenance, which soon changed into a look of severity, which so frightened the little abbate that he gave up his prey. Cardinal Antonelli went in to the Pope, and expectation and patience had to be renewed. Then came all the deputations in succession, men with long parchments and long faces of anxiety. There could not have been less than eight or ten of these, who all returned from the interview looking very bright and contented, ejaculating "*Quanto e buono! quanto buono!*" To my great disappointment, a very officious little gentleman, who, it appears, is a nephew of Cardinal Borroneo, and who, only two days since, had been appointed a kind of deputy master of the ceremonies, informed me that it was very unlikely His Holiness could receive any more people, as he had to go out at eleven, which fact was confirmed by the Papal couriers, who marched, booted and spurred, whip in hand, into the ante-room. This announcement had scarcely been made, when Cardinal Antonelli appeared and informed us that the Pope would receive two or three at a time, but that they must not stop long. The first batch consisted of "our own correspondent;" Don Flavio Ghigi, I looked round to see who was the third, it was the little abbate. As we entered the presence chamber, I made an inclination, but, to my surprise, both Don Flavio and Don Pietro rushed forward. The Ghigi gracefully, and with emotion, kissed the Sovereign's foot, and then his hand, which was extended to him. His Holiness had evidently been greatly excited. He took Don Flavio by the hand, saying, "Rise up, my son, our sorrows are over." Meanwhile Don Pietro had embraced not merely the foot, but the ankle. Vainly the Pope bade him rise. At last he exclaimed, looking at the little man with wonder, "Eh! Ché Don Pietro con una barba!" "Ah," said the unclerical priest, not in any degree taken by surprise, "Since our misfortunes, your Holiness, I never had the heart to shave." "Then, now that happier times are come, we shall see your face quite clean," was the Pope's reply. More genuflexions, more embracings, and away we went. After a few minutes' delay, the gentlemen of the chamber gave notice that His Holiness was about to pass; he was preceded by priests bearing the crucifix, and this time wore a rich embroidered stole; his benevolent face lighted up as he blessed all his servants who knelt on his passage. He has a striking countenance, full of paternal goodness; nor does his tendency to obesity interfere with the dignity of his movements. Some half-dozen Capuchins fell down before him, and the guards had some difficulty in making them move out of the way. As the Pope moved he dispensed his blessing to the right and to the left. Meanwhile a great crowd had collected outside. When he appeared he was enthusiastically cheered. He entered his carriage—the scarlet couriers kicked, cracked, and spurred—the troops all knelt—the band played some strange anthem, for he has become rather tired of "*Viva Pio Nono*," with which he has no agreeable associations—and the pageant passed away.

I was compelled to decline the invitation from the Council of State; and, soon after his Holiness's departure, I started for Rome, in order to arrive before the gates were shut, for the passport system is in the strictest operation.

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All along the road fortunately the preparations have taken the turn of cleanliness—whitewash is at a premium. At Genzano and Albano the woods of Dunsinane seem to be moving through the towns. At the former place I saw General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had to send to Albano for two cutlets and bread, the supplies of Genzano being exhausted. The Pope leaves Velletri to-morrow, Friday, 12th, at 8 o'clock. At Genzano the Neapolitan troops leave him, and are replaced by the French; at Albano he breakfasts, and enters Rome at 4 o'clock. Preparations are making for a grand illumination, and the town is all alive.

ROME, *Friday Evening, April* 12.

The history of the last two years has taught us to set very little reliance on any demonstrations of public opinion. But for this sad experience I should have warmly congratulated the Pope and his French advisers on the success of their experiment, and augured well of the new Roman era from the enthusiasm which has ushered it in. It is true that there was wanting the delirious excitement which greeted our second Charles on his return from a sixteen years' exile; nor were the forms of courtly etiquette broken through as on that memorable 21st of March, when Napoleon, accompanied by Cambronne and Bertrand dashed into the court of the Tuileries and was borne on the shoulders of his troops into the Salle des Maréchaux. Even the genuine heartiness, the uncalculating expression of emotion, which delighted the Pope at Frosinone and Velletri, were not found in Rome; but then it must be remembered that it was from Rome the Pope was driven forth as an exile—that shame and silence are the natural expressions of regret and repentance; so, considering every thing, the Pope was very well received. Bright banners waved over his head, bright flowers were strewn on his path, the day was warm and sunny—in all respects it was a morning *albà notanda credà*, one of the *dies fasti* of the reformed Papacy.

And yet the thoughts which the gorgeous scene suggested were not of unmixed gratification. French troops formed the Papal escort; French troops lined the streets and thronged St. Peter's. At first the mind was carried back to the times when Pepin, as the eldest son of the Catholic church, restored the Pope to the throne of the Apostle, and for the moment we were disposed to feel that the event and the instrument were happily associated; but a moment's glance at the tri-color standard, at the free and easy manner of the general-in-chief when he met the Pope at the gate of the Lateran, recalled the mind back to the French Republic, with all its long train of intrigue, oppression, and infatuated folly.

But, whatever the change of scene may be, it must be admitted that the drama was full of interest and the decorations magnificent. When the sun shone on the masses collected in the Piazza of St. Giovanni, and the great gates of the Lateran being thrown open the gorgeous hierarchy of Rome, with the banners of the various Basilicæ, the insignia and costume of every office issued forth, the effect was beyond measure imposing. An artist must have failed in painting, as he must have failed in composing such a picture. Precisely at 4 o'clock the batteries on the Place announced that the *cortége* was in view, and presently the clouds of dust blown before it gave a less agreeable assurance of its approach. The procession was headed by a strong detachment of cavalry; then followed the tribe of couriers, outriders, and officials —whom I described from Velletri—more troops, and then the Pope. As he passed the drums beat the *générale*, and the soldiers knelt, it was commonly reported, but I know not with what truth; it was the first time they ever knelt before the head of the church. Certainly, with the Italians church ceremonies are an instinct —the coloring and grouping are so accidentally but artistically arranged; the bright scarlet of the numerous cardinals mingling with the solemn black of the *Conservatori*, the ermine of the senate, the golden vestments of the high-priests, and the soberer hues of the inferior orders of the clergy. When the Pope descended from the carriage a loud cheer was raised and handkerchiefs were waved in abundance; but, alas! the enthusiasm that is valuable is that which does not boast of such a luxury as handkerchiefs. Very few people seemed to think it necessary to kneel, and, on the whole, the mass were more interested in the pageant itself than in the circumstances in which it originated. The excitement of curiosity was, however, at its height, for many people in defiance of horse and foot broke into the square, where they afforded excellent sport to the chasseurs, who amused themselves in knocking off their hats and then in preventing them from picking them up. I ran down in time to see his Holiness march in procession up the centre of the magnificent St. Giovanni. This religious part of the ceremony was perhaps more imposing than that outside the church. The dead silence while the Pope prayed, the solemn strains when he rose from his knees, the rich draperies which covered the walls and cast an atmosphere of purple light around, the black dresses and the vails which the ladies wore, mingling with every variety of uniform, stars, and ribbons, produced an admirable effect. The great object, when this ceremony was half finished, was to reach St. Peter's before the Pope could arrive there, every body, of course, starting at the same moment, and each party thinking they were going to do a very clever thing in taking a narrow roundabout way to the Ponte Sisto, so choking it up and leaving the main road by the Coliseum and the Foro Trajano quite deserted. In the palmiest days of the circus Rome could never have witnessed such chariot-racing. All ideas of courtesy and solemnity befitting the occasion were banished. The only thing was who could arrive first at the bridge. The streets as we passed through were quite

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deserted—it looked like a city of the dead. As we passed that admirable institution, the Hospital St. Giovanni Colabita, which is always open to public view, the officiating priests and soldiers were standing in wonder at the entrance, and the sick men raised themselves on their arms and looked with interest on the excitement occasioned by the return of the Head of that Church, to which they owed the foundation where they sought repose, and the faith that taught them hope. By the time we arrived at St. Peter's the immense space was already crowded, but, thanks to my Irish pertinacity, I soon elbowed myself into a foremost place at the head of the steps. Here I had to wait for about an hour, admiring the untiring energy of the mob, who resisted all the attempts of the troops to keep them back, the gentle expostulations of the officers, and sometimes the less gentle persuasion of the bayonet. At 6 o'clock, the banners flew from the top of Adrian's Tomb, and the roar of cannon recommenced; but again the acclamations were very partial, and, but for the invaluable pocket-handkerchiefs of the ever-sympathizing ladies, the affair must have passed off rather coldly. It was, however, very different in St. Peter's. When his Holiness trod that magnificent temple the thousands collected within its walls appeared truly impressed with the grandeur, the almost awful grandeur of the scene. The man, the occasion, and the splendor, all so striking; never was the host celebrated under a more remarkable combination of circumstances. The word of command given to the troops rang through the immense edifice, then the crash of arms, and every man knelt for some moments amid a breathless silence, only broken by the drums, which rolled at intervals. The mass was ended. St. Peter's sent forth the tens of thousands, the soldiers fell in, the pageantry was at an end. Then came the illumination, which was very beautiful, not from the brilliancy of the lights, but from its being so universal. St. Peter's was only lighted *en demi-toilette*, and is to appear in his glory to-morrow evening; but as the wind played among the lamps, and the flames flickered and brightened in the breeze, the effect from the Pincian was singularly graceful. The Campodoglio, that centre of triumph, was in a blaze of glory, and the statues of the mighty of old stood forth, like dark and solemn witnesses of the past, in the sea of light. But one by one the lamps died out, the silence and the darkness of the night resumed their sway, and the glory of the day became the history of the past.

Thus far prognostications have been defeated. The Pope is in the Vatican. Let us hope the prophets of evil may again find their predictions falsified; but, alas! it is impossible to be blind to the fact, that within the last few days the happiness of many homes has been destroyed, and that the triumph of the one has been purchased by the sorrows of the many. True, some 30,000 scudi have been given in charity, of which the Pope granted 25,000; but there is that which is even more blessed than food—it is liberty. There were conspiracies, it is true. An attempt was made to set fire to the Quirinal; a small *machine infernale* was exploded near the Palazzo Teodoli. There was the excuse for some arrests, but not for so many. But if the hand of the administration is to press too heavily on the people, the absence of prudence and indulgence on the part of the church can not be compensated for by the presence of its head. In former days of clerical ignorance and religious bigotry the master-writings of antiquity, which were found inscribed on old parchments, were obliterated to make way for missals, homilies, and golden legends, gorgeously illuminated but ignorantly expressed. Let not the church fall into the same error in these days, by effacing from its record the stern but solemn lessons of the past, to replace them by illiberal, ungenerous, and therefore erroneous views, clothed although they may be with all the pride and pomp of papal supremacy. Doubtless some time will elapse before any particular course of policy will be laid down. The Pope will for the moment bide his time and observe. No one questions his good intentions, no man puts his benevolence in doubt. Let him only follow the dictates of his own kindness of heart, chastened by his bitter experience, which will teach him alike to avoid the extremes of indulgence and the excesses of severity.

Saturday Morning, April 13.

I am glad to be able to add that the night has passed off in the most quiet and satisfactory manner, and I do not hear that in a single instance public tranquillity was disturbed. The decorations, consisting of bright colors and rich tapestry, which ornamented the windows and balconies yesterday, are kept up to-day, and the festive appearance of the city is fully maintained. There is an apparent increase of movement in all the principal thoroughfares. His Holiness is engaged to-day in receiving various deputations, but to-morrow the ceremonies will recommence with high mass at St. Peter's, after which the Pope will bless the people from the balcony, and no doubt for several days to come religious observances will occupy all the time and attention of his Holiness. I am very glad to find, from a gentleman who arrived last night, having followed the papal progress through Cesterna, Velletri, Genzano, and Albano, several hours after I had left, that the most perfect tranquillity prevailed on the whole line of road, and up to the gates of Rome, at four o'clock this morning not a single accident had occurred to disturb the general satisfaction. Of course the whole city is alive with reports of various descriptions; every body draws his own conclusions from the great events of yesterday, and indulges in vaticinations in the not improbable event of General Baraguay d'Hilliers' immediate departure, now that his mission has been accomplished. A fine field will be open for speculation. Meanwhile the presence of the sovereign has been of one inestimable advantage to the

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town—it has put the municipality on the alert. The heaps of rubbish have been removed from the centres of the squares and the corners of the different streets, to the great discomfiture of the tribes of hungry dogs which, for the comfort of the tired population, had not energy to bay through the night. Workpeople have been incessantly employed in carting away the remains of republican violence. I observe, however, that the causeway between the Vatican and St. Angelo, which was broken down by the mob, has not yet been touched. Are we to hail this as an omen that the sovereign will never again require to seek the shelter of the fortress, or as an evidence that the ecclesiastical and the civil power are not yet entirely united?

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE SAND.

THE COMEDY OF FRANÇOIS LE CHAMPI.

SCARCELY half a dozen years have elapsed since it was considered a dangerous experiment to introduce the name of George Sand into an English periodical. In the interval we have overcome our scruples, and the life and writings of George Sand are now as well known in this country as those of Charles Dickens, or Bulwer Lytton. The fact itself is a striking proof of the power of a great intellect to make itself heard in spite of the prejudices and aversion of its audience.

The intellectual power of George Sand is attested by the suffrages of Europe. The use to which she has put it is another question. Unfortunately, she has applied it, for the most part, to so bad a use, that half the people who acknowledge the ascendency of her genius, see too much occasion to deplore its perversion.

The principles she has launched upon the world have an inevitable tendency toward the disorganization of all existing institutions, political and social. This is the broad, palpable fact, let sophistry disguise or evade it as it may. Whether she pours out an intense novel that shall plow up the roots of the domestic system, or composes a proclamation for the Red Republicans that shall throw the streets into a flame, her influence is equally undeniable and equally pernicious.

It has been frequently urged, in the defense of her novels, that they do not assail the institution of marriage, but the wrongs that are perpetrated in its name. Give her the full benefit of her intention, and the result is still the same. Her eloquent expositions of ill-assorted unions—her daring appeals from the obligations they impose, to the affections they outrage—her assertion of the rights of nature over the conventions of society, have the final effect of justifying the violation of duty on the precarious ground of passion and inclination. The bulk of her readers—of all readers—take such social philosophy in the gross; they can not pick out its nice distinctions, and sift its mystical refinements. It is less a matter of reasoning than of feeling. Their sensibility, and not their judgment, is invoked. It is not to their understanding that these rhapsodies are addressed, but to their will and their passions. A writer who really meant to vindicate an institution against its abuses, would adopt a widely different course; and it is only begging George Sand out of the hands of the jury to assert that the *intention* of her writings is opposed to their *effect*, which is to sap the foundations upon which the fabric of domestic life reposes.

Her practice accords harmoniously with her doctrines. Nobody who knows what the actual life of George Sand has been, can doubt for a moment the true nature of her opinions on the subject of marriage. It is not a pleasant subject to touch, and we should shrink from it, if it were not as notorious as every thing else by which she has become famous in her time. It forms, in reality, as much a part of the philosophy she desires to impress upon the world, as the books through which she has expounded her theory. It is neither more nor less than her theory of freedom and independence in the matter of passion (we dare not dignify it by any higher name) put into action—rather vagrant action, we fear, but, on that account, all the more decisive. The wonder is, how any body, however ardent an admirer of George Sand's genius, can suppose for a moment that a woman who leads this life from choice, and who carries its excesses to an extremity of voluptuous caprice, could by any human possibility pass so completely out of herself into another person in her books. The supposition is not only absurd in itself, but utterly inconsistent with the boldness and sincerity of her character.

Some sort of justification for the career of Madame Dudevant has been attempted to be extracted from the alleged unhappiness of her married life, which drove her at last to break the bond, and purchase her liberty at the sacrifice of a large portion of her fortune, originally considerable. But all such justifications must be accepted with hesitation in the absence of authentic data, and more especially when subsequent circumstances are of a nature to throw suspicion upon the defense. Cases undoubtedly occur in which the violent disruption of domestic ties may be extenuated even upon moral grounds; but we can not comprehend by what process of reasoning the argument can be stretched so as to cover any *indiscretions* that take place afterward.

Madame Dudevant was married in 1822; her husband is represented as a plain country gentleman, very upright and literal in his way, and quite incapable, as may readily be supposed, of sympathizing with what one of her ablest critics calls her "aspirations toward the infinite, art and liberty." She bore him two children, lived with him eight years, and, shortly after the insurrection of July, 1830, fled from her dull house at Nohant, and went up to Paris. Upon this step nobody has a right to pronounce judgment. Nor should the world penetrate the recesses of her private life from that day for

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ward, if her life could be truly considered private, and if it were not in fact and in reality a part and parcel of her literary career. She has made so little scruple about publishing it herself, that nobody else need have any such scruple on that head. She has been interwoven in such close intimacies with a succession of the most celebrated persons, and has acted upon all occasions so openly, that there is not the slightest disguise upon the matter in the literary circles of Paris. But even all this publicity might not wholly warrant a reference to the erratic course of this extraordinary woman, if she had not made her own experiences, to some extent, the basis of her works, which are said by those most familiar with her habits and associations, to contain, in a variety of forms, the confession of the strange vicissitudes through which her heart and imagination have passed. The reflection is not limited to general types of human character and passion, but constantly descends to individualization; and her intimate friends are at no loss to trace through her numerous productions a whole gallery of portraits, beginning with poor M. Dudevant, and running through a remarkable group of contemporary celebrities. Her works then are, avowedly, transcripts of her life; and her life consequently becomes, in a grave sense, literary property, as the spring from whence has issued the turbid principles she glories in enunciating.

We have no desire to pursue this view of George Sand's writings to its ultimate consequences. It is enough for our present purpose to indicate the source and nature of the influence she exercises. Taking her life and her works together, their action and re-action upon each other, it may be observed that such a writer could be produced and fostered only in such a state of society as that of Paris. With all her genius she would perish in London. The moral atmosphere of France is necessary alike to its culture and reception—the volcanic soil—the perpetual excitement—the instability of the people and the government—the eternal turmoil, caprice, and transition—a society agitated and polluted to its core. These elements of fanaticism and confusion, to which she has administered so skillfully, have made her what she is. In such a country as England, calm, orderly, and conservative, her social philosophy would lack earth for its roots and air for its blossoms. The very institutions of France, upon which no man can count for an hour, are essential to her existence as a writer.

But time that mellows all things has not been idle with George Sand. After having written "Indiana," "Lelie," "Valentine," and sundry other of her most conspicuous works, she found it necessary to defend herself against the charge of advocating conjugal infidelity. The defense, to be sure, was pre-eminently sophistical, and rested on a complete evasion of the real question; but it was a concession to the feelings and decorum of society which could not fail in some measure to operate as a restraint in future labors. Her subsequent works were not quite so decisive on these topics; and in some of them marriage was even treated with a respectful recognition, and love was suffered to run its course in purity and tranquillity, without any of those terrible struggles with duty and conscience which were previously considered indispensable to bring out its intensity.

And now comes an entirely new phase in the development of George Sand's mind. Perhaps about this time the influences immediately acting upon her may have undergone a modification that will partly help to explain the miracle. Her daughter, the fair Solange, is grown up and about to be married; and the household thoughts and cares, and the tenderness of a serious and unselfish cast, which creep to a mother's heart on such occasions, may have shed their sweetness upon this wayward soul, and inspired it with congenial utterances. This is mere speculation, more or less corroborated by time and circumstance; but whatever may have been the agencies by which the charm was wrought, certain it is that George Sand has recently produced a work which, we will not say flippantly in the words of the song,

"Has for once a moral,"

but which is in the highest degree chaste in conception, and full of simplicity and truthfulness in the execution. This work is in the form of a three-act comedy, and is called "François le Champi." (For the benefit of the country gentlemen, we may as well at once explain that the word *champi* means a foundling of the fields.)

The domestic morality, the quiet nature, the *home feeling* of this comedy may be described as something wonderful for George Sand; not that her genius was not felt to be plastic enough for such a display, but that nobody suspected she could have accomplished it with so slight an appearance of artifice or false sentiment, or with so much geniality and faith in its truth. But this is not the only wonder connected with "François le Champi." Its reception by the Paris audience was something yet more wonderful. We witnessed a few weeks ago at the Odeon its hundred and fourth or fifth representation—and it was a sight not readily forgotten. The acting, exquisite as it was through the minutest articulation of the scene, was infinitely less striking than the stillness and patience of the spectators. It was a strange and curious thing to see these mercurial people pouring in from their gay *cafés* and *restaurants*, and sitting down to the representation of this dramatic pastoral with much the same close and motionless attention as a studious audience might be expected to give to a scientific lecture. And it was more curious still to contrast what was doing at that moment in different places with a like satisfaction to other crowds of listeners; and to consider what an odd compound that people must be who can equally enjoy the rustic virtues of the Odeon, and the grossnesses and prurient humors of the Variétés. Paris and the

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Parisians will, probably, forever remain an enigma to the moral philosopher. One never can see one's way through their surprising contradictions, or calculate upon what will happen next, or what turn any given state of affairs will take. In this sensuous, sentimental, volatile, and dismal Paris, any body who may think it worth while to cross the water for such a spectacle, may see reproduced together, side by side, the innocence of the golden age, and the worst vices of the last stage of a high civilization.

At the bottom of all this, no doubt, will be found a constitutional melancholy that goes a great way to account for the opposite excesses into which the national character runs. A Frenchman is at heart the saddest man in the universe; but his nature is of great compass at both ends, being deficient only in the repose of the middle notes. And this constitutional melancholy opposed to the habitual frivolity (it never deserved to be called mirth) of the French is now more palpable than ever. Commercial depression has brought it out in its darkest colors. The people having got what they wanted, begin now to discover that they want every thing else. The shops are empty—the Palais Royal is as *triste* as the suburb of a country town—and the drive in the Champs Elysées, in spite of its display of horsemen and private carriages, mixed up in motley cavalcade with hack cabriolets and omnibuses, is as different from what it used to be in the old days of the monarchy, as the castle of Dublin will be by-and-by, when the viceregal pageant is removed to London. The sparkling butterflies that used to flirt about in the gardens of the Tuileries, may now be seen pacing moodily along, their eyes fixed on the ground, and their hands in their pockets, sometimes with an old umbrella (which seems to be received by common assent as the emblem of broken-down fortunes), and sometimes with a brown paper parcel under their arms. The animal spirits of the Parisians are very much perplexed under these circumstances; and hence it is that they alternately try to drown their melancholy in draughts of fierce excitement, or to solace it by gentle sedatives.

George Sand has done herself great honor by this charming little drama. That she should have chosen such a turbulent moment for such an experiment upon the public, is not the least remarkable incident connected with it. Only a few months before we heard of her midnight revels with the heads of the Repulican party in the midst of the fury and bloodshed of an *emeute;* and then follows close upon the blazing track of revolution, a picture of household virtues so sweet and tranquil, so full of tenderness and love, that it is difficult to believe it to be the production of the same hand that had recently flung flaming addresses, like brands, into the streets to set the town on fire. But we must be surprised at nothing that happens in France, where truth is so much stranger than fiction, as to extinguish the last fragment of an excuse for credulity and wonder.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XV.

AT one time the whole court was thrown into great commotion by a sudden fancy which the king took for worsted work. A courier was instantly dispatched to Paris for wool, needles, and canvas. He only took two hours and a half to go and come back, and the same day all the courtiers in Versailles were seen, with the Duke of Gesvres at their head, embroidering like their sovereign. At a later period, both the new and the old nobility joined in the common pursuit of pleasure before their fall. Bad taste and frivolousness marked their amusements. Titled ladies, who eagerly sought the favor of being allowed a seat in the presence of Madame de Pompadour, visited in secret the popular ball of the Porcherons, or amused themselves by breaking plates and glasses in obscure cabarets, assuming the free and reckless tone of men. Their husbands in the meanwhile embroidered at home, or paced the stately galleries of Louis XIV. at Versailles, a little painted cardboard figure in one hand, while with the other they drew the string which put it in motion. This preposterous amusement even spread throughout the whole nation, and grave magistrates were to be met in the streets playing, like the rest, with their *pantins*, as these figures were called. This childish folly was satirized in the following epigram:

"D'un peuple frivole et volage
Pantin fut la divinité.
Faut-il être s'il chérissait l'image
Dont il est la réalité?"

The general degeneracy of the times was acknowledged even by those who shared in it. The old nobles ascribed it to that fatal evil, the want of female chastity. Never, indeed, had this social stain been so universal and so great.—*Women in France during the Eighteenth Century.*

THE PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.—One forenoon I did prevail with my mother to let them carry her to a considerable distance from the house, to a sheltered, sunny spot, whereunto we did often resort formerly to hear the wood-pigeons which frequented the fir trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did pass an hour or two very pleasantly. She remarked, how merciful it was ordered that these pleasures should remain to the last days of life; that when the infirmities of age make the company of others burdensome to us and ourselves a burden to them, the quiet contemplation of the works of God affords a simple pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented mind to enjoy: the singing of birds, even a single flower, or a pretty spot like this, with its bank of primroses, and the brook running in there below, and this warm sunshine, how pleasant they are. They take back our thoughts to our youth, which age doth love to look back upon.—*Diary of Lady Willoughby.*

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[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

THE CIRCASSIAN PRIEST-WARRIOR AND HIS WHITE HORSE.

A TRUE TALE OF THE DAGHESTAN.

THE Russian camp lay at the foot
  Of a bold and lofty hill,
Where many a noble tree had root,
  And babbled many a rill;
And the rill's laughter and the shade—
  The melody and shade combin'd—
Men of most gentle feelings made,
  But of unbending mind.

On that hill's side, concealed by trees,
  Slumber'd Circassia's might,
Awaiting till the war-horse neighs
  His welcome to the light.
The first gray light broke forth at length,
And with it rose the Invader's strength.

Now, if the Vulture, reasoning bird,
  Foretelling blood and scenting strife,
Had not among the hill-clouds stirr'd,
  One would have said that human life,
Save that of shepherds tending flocks,
  Breathed not among yon silent rocks.

What Spectre, gliding tow'rd the rays
Of rising sun, meets Russian gaze,
And is it fright, amaze, or awe,
Distends each eye and hangs each jaw?

A Horse, as snow on mountain height,
His master clothed all, too, in white,
Moved slowly up the mountain's side,
Arching his neck in conscious pride.
And though the cannon pointed stood,
Charged with its slumb'ring lava flood,
The rider gave no spur nor stroke,
  Nor did he touch the rein which lay
Upon the horse's neck—who yoke
  Of spur nor rein did e'er obey.
His master's voice he knew—the horse,
And by it checked or strain'd his course.
But even no voice was needed now,
For when he reach'd the mountain's brow,
He halted while his master spread
His arms full wide, threw back his head,
And pour'd to Allah forth a pray'r—
Or seem'd to pray—for Russian ear
Even in that pure atmosphere,
The name of Allah 'lone could hear.

The sound, whose purport is to name
  God's name—it is an awful sound,
No matter from what lips it came,
  Or in what form 'tis found—
Jehovah! Allah! God alike,
Must Christian heart with terror strike.
For ignorant as may be man,
  Or with perverted learning stored,
There is, within the soul's wide span,
  A deep unutterable word.
A music, and a hymn,
  Which any voice of love that breaks
  From pious spirit gently wakes,
Like slumb'ring Cherubim.

And "Allah, Allah, Allah!" rose
More thrilling still for Russian foes
  By Russian eyes unseen!
  Behind a thick wood's screen,
Circassia's dreadful horsemen were
Bowed to the earth, and drinking there
Enthusiasm grand from pray'r,
Ready to spring as soldier fir'd,
When soldier is a Priest inspir'd.
Ay, o'er that host the sacred name
Of Allah rolled, a scorching flame,
That thrilled into the heart's deep core,
  And swelled it like a heaving ocean
Visited by Tempest's roar.
  Invader! such sublime emotion
Bodes thee no good—so do not mock
The sacred sound which fills each rock.

"Yon Priest must fall, and by his blood
  Damp the affrighted army's zeal,
Who dream his body's proof and good
  'Gainst flying ball or flashing steel."

A gun was pointed—match applied—
The ball leaped forth; the smoke spread wide,
And cleared away as the echo died,
And "Allah! Allah! Allah!" rose
  From lips that never quiver'd:
Nor changed the White Priest's grand repose,
  The White Horse never shiver'd.

The cannoneer, now trembling, blushed,
  For he rarely missed his aim,
While his commander forward rushed,
  With words of bitter blame.

"There is no mark to guide the eye,"
  Faltered the chidden man;
"Yon thing of white is as the sky—
  No difference can I scan!"
"Let charge the gun with *mitraille* show'r,
And Allah will be heard no more."

And the gun was charged, and fixed, and fired;
  Full fifty bullets flew.
The smoke hung long, the men admired
  How the cannon burst not through.
And the startled echoes thundered,
And more again all wondered—
As died away the echoes' roar—
The name of Allah rose once more.

And "Allah! Allah! Allah!" rose,
While horse and rider look'd repose,
As statues on the mountain raised,
Round whom the *mitraille* idly blazed,
And rent and tore the earth around;
But nothing shook except the ground,
Still the untroubled lip ne'er quivered,
Still that white altar-horse ne'er shivered.

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'Wait his return," the captain cried;
"The mountain's side a mark supplies,
And range in line some twenty guns:
Fire one by one, as back he runs;
With *mitraille* loaded be each gun—
For him who kills a grade is won!"

But back the White Horse ran not—no!
His pace was gentle, grand, and slow;
His rider on the holy skies,
In meditation fix'd his eyes.
The enemy, with murderous plan,
Knew not which to most admire,
The grand White Steed, the grander man,
When, lo! the signal—"Fire!"

"Unscath'd! unscath'd! now mark the race!"
The laughing soldiers cried:
The White Horse quickens not his pace,
The Priest spurs not his side.

'Ha! mark his figure on the rock!"
A second gun is ringing,
The rock itself is springing,
As from a mine's low shock,
Its splinters flying in the air,
And round the Priest and steed is there
Of balls and stones an atmosphere.

What not one stain upon his side!
The whited robe remains undyed—
No bloody rain upon the path—
Surprise subdues the soldier's wrath.
"Give him a chance for life, one chance;
(Now, hear the chance the captain gave)
Let every gun be fired at once—
At random, too—and he, the brave,
If he escape, will have to tell
A prodigy—a miracle—
Or meet the bloodiest grave
That ever closed o'er human corse,
O'er rider brave, or gallant horse."

And away, and away, like thunder weather,
Full twenty cannon blaze together;
Forth the volcano vomits wide.
The men who fired them spring aside,
As back the cannons wheeled.
Then came a solemn pause;
One would have thought the mountain reeled,
As a crater opes its jaws.

But the smoke and sulphur clearing,
Down the mountain's side, unfearing,
Phantom-like glided horse and man,
As though they had no danger ran.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" the soldiers cheer,
And clap their hands in wild delight.
Circassia's Priest, who scorn'd to fear,
Bears the applause of Muscovite.
But, soldiers, load your guns once more;
Load them if ye have time,
For ears did hear your cannons roar,
To whom it is as sweet bells chime,
Inviting to a battle feast.

Dark eyes did see the *mitraille* driven,
With murderous intent,
'Gainst the High Priest, to whom was given
Protection by offended Heaven,
From you on murder bent,
Haste, sacrilegious Russian, haste,
For behold, their forest-screen they form,
With the ominous sounds of a gathering storm

Promptly—swiftly—fatally burst,
That storm by Patriot-piety nursed;
Down it swept the mountain's side;
Fast o'er the plain it pour'd,
An avalanche—a deluge wide,
O'er the invader roared.
A White Horse, like a foaming wave,
Dashed forward 'mong the foremost brave.
And swift as is the silver light,
He arrowy clear'd his way,
And cut the mass as clouds a ray.
Or meteor piercing night.
Aimed at him now was many a lance,
No spear could stop his fiery prance,
Oft would he seize it with his mouth,
With snort and fierce tempestuous froth.
While swift the rider would cut down
The lanceman rash, and then dash on
Among advancing hosts, or flying,
Marking his path with foemen dying.

Now, the morning after, when
The gray light kiss'd the mountain,
And down it, like a fountain,
Freshly, clearly ran—oh, then
The Priest and White Horse rose,
So white they scarce threw shade,
But now no sacrilegious blows
At man nor horse are made.

The eyes profane that yester glared,
Hung'ring for that sacred life,
Were quench'd in yester's fatal strife,
And void of meaning stared.
No lip could mock—no Russian ear
Thanksgiving unto Allah hear,
"To Allah, the deliverer!"
The mountain look'd unchang'd, the plain is red;
Peaceful be the fallen invaders' bed.

Paris. J. F. C.

On Atheism.—"I had rather," says Sir Francis Bacon, "believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought miracles to convince Atheists, because His ordinary works are sufficient to convince them. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

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[From the London Examiner.]

UNSECTARIAN EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

UPON none of the various classes of official men who have been employed for the last twenty years in introducing or extending social and administrative reforms, has a more delicate, invidious, and thankless task devolved, than upon those who have had the charge of the preliminary arrangements for a system of national education.

A growing sense of the importance of this great subject has been slowly manifesting itself since the close of last century. The Edgeworths diffused practical views of individual education. Lancaster demonstrated the possibility, by judicious arrangement, of imparting instruction to great numbers of children at once, and, by thus reducing the cost of education, of rendering it acceptable to the poorest. Before Lancaster entered the field some benevolent persons, among whom Nonconformists were the most numerous and active, had set on foot Sunday schools for the benefit of those whose week-day toil left them no leisure for mental cultivation. The High Church and Tory parties at first very bitterly opposed these Sunday and Lancaster schools; but finding the tide too strong against them, they set up Dr. Bell, as a Churchman, against Lancaster the Dissenter, and organized the National School Society in opposition to the British and Foreign School Society. Controversy, as usual, not only increased the numbers of those who took an interest in the discussion, but rectified and improved public opinion on the matters at issue. The *Edinburgh Review* took the lead, and for a considerable time kept it, as the champion of unsectarian education; and the wit and wisdom of Sydney Smith did invaluable service in this field.

The result was, that, very gradually, by means of individuals and private associations, opportunities of education were extended to classes who had not previously enjoyed them; improved methods of tuition were introduced; and the good work went on in an imperfect, scrambling, amorphous way till after the passing of the reform bill, and the establishment of the Whigs in power. From this time we have to date the first regular efforts—poor enough at first, lamentably inadequate still, but steadily and progressively increasing—to countenance and extend general education by the government and legislature.

The beginnings were very feeble, as we have said. From 1833 to 1838, £20,000 was annually voted for the promotion of educational purposes, and this paltry sum was administered by the Lords of the Treasury. Since 1839 the annual grant has been administered by the Committee of Council on Education, and its amount has been progressively augmented. From 1839 to 1842 inclusive it was £30,000 per annum; in 1843 and 1844 it was £40,000; £75,000 in 1845; £100,000 in 1846 and in 1847; and in 1848 it was raised to £125,000. The distribution of this grant being intrusted to a committee of council, the president became to a certain extent invested with the character of a Minister of Education. A machinery of government inspectors of schools was organized, and a permanent educational secretary attached to the committee. Not to mention other valuable results, we may add that the establishment of workhouse and factory schools, and the institution of the normal school for training teachers at Kneller Hall, are among the most prominent benefits for which we are indebted to this growing recognition of a care for the extension of general education as one of the duties of government.

When we thus look back on the twenty years since 1830, it can not be denied that a great advance has been made. We have now the rudiments of an educational department of government. The grants annually voted by parliament for educational purposes are still, it must be confessed, unworthily small, when contrasted with the sums freely voted for less essential objects; and the operations of the committee on education have been thwarted, impeded, and obstructed by all kinds of narrow-minded and vexatious opposition. Still we can console ourselves by the reflection that we have got an educational department of government; that the public mind is becoming familiarized with its existence, and convinced of its utility; and that its organization, slowly indeed, but surely, is being extended and perfected.

This was substantially admitted by Mr. Fox in the able speech introducing his supplementary educational plan to the House of Commons; and with the strongest sense of the merits and claims of the government measure, we find ourselves able very heartily to approve of the proposal of Mr. Fox. It would remedy the defects of the existing system with the least possible jar to existing prejudices. With nothing heretofore set on foot for the promotion of educational purposes would it in any way meddle—being addressed simply to the remedy of notorious defects, and for that purpose using and strengthening the machinery at present employed by government. It is on every account desirable that a fair and earnest consideration should be given to the second reading of this bill. It has been mixed up with other educational projects lately set on foot, and not a very correct impression prevails respecting it.

For here we must be allowed to remark, in passing, that of all the caviling and vexatious obstructions which the committee of council have had to encounter, the most ungracious and indefensible appear to have been those offered by advocates of unsectarian education less reasonable and considerate than Mr. Fox. We are not going to challenge any particular respect for the feelings of men in office. It is the well-understood fate of those who undertake reforms to be criticised sharply and unreflectingly; such

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unsparing treatment helps to harden them for the discharge of unpalatable duties; and even the most captious objections may be suggestive of improved arrangements. But making every allowance on this score, it remains incontrovertible that men entertaining sound abstract views respecting unsectarian education, and the importance of intrusting to the local public a large share in the control of educational institutions, like the members of the Lancashire School Association and others, have not only refused to make due allowance for the obstructions opposed to the committee of council on education by the prepossessions of the general public, but, by assuming an attitude of jealous opposition to it, have materially increased the difficulties with which it has had to labor. These gentlemen think no reform worth having unless it accord precisely with their preconceived notions; and are not in the least contented with getting what they wish, unless they can also have it in the exact way they wish it. Other and even more factious malcontents have been found among a class of very worthy but not very wise persons, who, before government took any charge of education, had exerted themselves to establish Sunday and other schools; and have now allowed the paltry jealousy lest under a new and improved system of general education their own local and congregational importance may be diminished, to drive them into a virulent opposition to any scheme of national education under the auspices or by the instrumentality of government. But all this parenthetically. Our immediate object is to comment upon an opposition experienced in carrying out the scheme of operations which the state of public opinion has compelled government to adopt, coming from the very parties who were most instrumental in forcing that scheme upon it.

The committee of council, finding it impossible, in the face of threatened resistance from various religious bodies, to institute schools by the unaided power of the secular authorities, yielded so far as to enter into arrangements with the existing societies of promoters of schools, with a view to carry out the object through their instrumentality. The correspondence commenced in 1845 under the administration of Sir Robert Peel, and the arrangements were concluded under the ministry of Lord John Russell in 1846. It was agreed that money should be advanced by government to assist in founding and supporting schools in connection with various religious communions, on the conditions that the schools should be open to the supervision of government inspectors (who were, however, to be restrained from all interference "with the religious instruction, or discipline, or management of the schools"), and that certain "management clauses," drawn up in harmony with the religious views of the respective communions, should be adhered to. On these terms arrangements were concluded with the National Society, representing the promoters of Church of England schools; with the British and Foreign School Society; with the Wesleyan body; and with the Free Church of Scotland. A negotiation with the Poor-school Committee of the Roman Catholic Church is still pending.

With the exception of the National Society, all the bodies who entered into these arrangements with the Committee of Council have cooperated with it in a frank and fair spirit, and to good purpose. A majority of the National Society, on the other hand, have made vehement efforts to recede from the very arrangements which they themselves had proposed; and have at length concluded a tedious and wrangling attempt to cajole or bully the committee on education to continue their grants, and yet emancipate them from the conditions on which they were made, by passing, on the 11th of December last, a resolution which virtually suspends all co-operation between the society and government. The state of the controversy may be briefly explained.

The "management clauses" relating to Church of England schools are few in number. They relate, first, to the constitution of the managing committee in populous and wealthy districts of towns; second, to the constitution of the committee in towns and villages having not less than a population of five hundred, and a few wealthy and well-educated inhabitants; third, to its constitution in very small parishes, where the residents are all illiterate, or indifferent to education; and, fourth, to its constitution in rural parishes having a population under five hundred, and where, from poverty and ignorance, the number of subscribers is limited to very few persons. There are certain provisions common to all these clauses. The master, mistress, assistant teachers, managers, and electors, must all be *bona fide* members of the church; the clergyman is *ex-officio* chairman of the committee, with power to place his curate or curates upon it, and with a casting vote; the superintendence of the religious and moral instruction is vested exclusively in the clergyman, with an appeal to the bishop, whose decision is final: the bishop has a veto on the use of any book, in school hours, which he deems contrary to the doctrines of the church; in matters not relating to religious and moral instruction, an appeal lies to the president of the council, who refers it to one of the inspectors of schools nominated by himself, to another commissioner nominated by the bishop of the diocese, and to a third named by the other two commissioners. It must be kept in mind as bearing on the composition of such commissions, that the concurrence of the archbishop of the province is originally requisite in appointing inspectors of church schools, and that the third commissioner must be a magistrate and member of the church. We now come to the points of difference in these "management clauses." They relate exclusively to the constitution of the local school committees. In the first class of schools, the committee is elected by annual subscribers; in the second, it is nominated by the promoters, and vacancies

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are supplied by election; in the third it is nominated, as the promotions and vacancies are filled up, by the remaining members, till the bishop may direct the election to be thrown open to subscribers; in the fourth no committee is provided, but the bishop may order one to be nominated by the clergyman from among the subscribers.

The management clauses, thus drawn, were accepted by the National Society. The provisions for appeal, in matters of moral and religious instruction, had been proposed by themselves, and were in a manner forced by them on the committee of council. Let us now look at the claims which the society has since advanced, and on account of the refusal of which it has suspended, if not finally broken off, its alliance with the committee.

The National Society required: 1st, that a free choice among the several clauses be left to the promoters of church schools; 2d, that another court of appeal be provided, in matters not relating to religious and moral instruction; and 3d, that all lay members of school committees shall qualify to serve, by subscribing a declaration not merely to the effect that they are members of the church, but that they have for three years past been communicants. And because demur is made to these demands, the committee of the society have addressed a letter to the committee of council, in which they state that they "deeply regret the resolution finally adopted by the committee of council to exclude from all share in the parliamentary grant for education, those church schools the promoters of which are unwilling to constitute their trust deeds on the model prescribed by their lordships."

It is a minor matter, yet, in connection with considerations to be hereafter alluded to, not unworthy of notice, that this statement is simply untrue. The committee of council have only declined to contribute, in the cases referred to, to the building of schools; they have not absolutely declined to contribute to their support when built. They have refused to give public money to build schools without a guarantee for their proper management; but they have not refused to give public money to support even such schools as withhold the guarantee, so long as they *are* properly conducted.

The object of the alterations in the management clauses demanded by the National Society is sufficiently obvious. It is asked that a free choice among the several clauses be left to the promoters of church schools. This is a Jesuitical plan for getting rid of the co-operation and control of lay committee-men. The fourth clause would uniformly be chosen, under which no committee is appointed, but the bishop may empower the clergyman to nominate one. It is asked that another court of appeal be provided in matters relating to the appointment, selection, and dismissal of teachers and their assistants. By this means the teachers would be placed, in all matters, secular as well as religious, under the despotic control of the clergy instead of being amenable, in purely secular matters, to a committee principally composed of laymen, with an appeal to lay judges. The third demand also goes to limit the range of lay interference with, and control of church schools. The sole aim of the demands of the National Society, however variously expressed, is to increase the clerical power. Their desire and determination is to invest the clergy with absolute despotic power over all Church of England Schools.

In short, the quarrel fastened by the National Society on the committee on education is but another move of that clerical faction which is resolute to ignore the existence of laymen as part of the church, except in the capacity of mere passing thralls and bondsmen of the clergy. It is a scheme to further their peculiar views. It is another branch of the agitation which preceded and has followed the appeal to the judicial committee of the privy council in the Gorham case. It is a trick to render the church policy and theories of Philpotts omnipotent. The equivocation to evade the arrangement investing a degree of control over church schools in lay contributors to their foundation and support, by insisting upon liberty to choose an inapplicable "management clause," is transparent. So is the factious complaint against the court of appeal provided in secular matters, and the allegation that Nonconformists have no such appeal, when the complainants know that this special arrangement was conceded at their own request. The untrue averment that the committee of council have refused to contribute to the support of schools not adopting the management clauses is in proper keeping with these equivocations. Let us add that the intolerant, almost blasphemous denunciations of the council, and of all who act with it, which some advancers of these falsehoods and equivocations have uttered from the platform, are no more than might have been expected from men so lost to the sense of honesty and shame.

The position of the committee of council on education is, simply and fairly, this: They have yielded to the religious sentiment of an overwhelming majority in the nation, and have consented to the experiment of conducting the secular education of the people by the instrumentality of the various ecclesiastical associations into which the people are divided. But with reference to the church, as to all other communions, they insist upon the laity having a fair voice in the administration of those schools which are in part supplied by the public money, and which have in view secular as well as religious instruction. The clergy of only two communions seek to thwart them in this object, and to arrogate all power over the schools to themselves. The conduct of the ultra-High Church faction in the Anglican establishment we have attempted to make clear. The conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy has been more temperate, but hardly less insincere or invidious

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Their poor-school committee declare that their prelates would be unwilling "to accept, were it tendered to them, an appellate jurisdiction over schools in matters purely secular;" but at the same time they claim for their "ecclesiastical authorities" the power of deciding what questions do or do not affect "religion and morals." The committee of the council, on the one hand, are exerting themselves to give effect to the desire of a great majority of the English public, that religious and moral shall be combined with intellectual education; and, on the other, to guard against their compliance with this desire being perverted into an insidious instrument for enabling arrogant priesthoods to set their feet on the necks of the laity.

We challenge for public men thus honorably and usefully discharging important duties a more frank and cordial support than it has yet been their good fortune to obtain. Several ornaments of the church, conspicuous for their learning and moderation—such men as the Bishop of Manchester, Archdeacon Hare, and the Rev. Henry Parr Hamilton—have already borne direct and earnest testimony to the temper and justice, as well as straightforward honesty of purpose, displayed by the committee of council. It is to be hoped that the laity of the church will now extend to them the requisite support; and that the Nonconformists and educational enthusiasts, who, by their waywardness, have been playing the game of the obscurantist priests, may see the wisdom of altering this very doubtful policy.

[From the London Athenæum.]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE great philosophical poet of our age, William Wordsworth, died at Rydal Mount, in Westmoreland—among his native lakes and hills—on the 23d of April, in the eighty-first year of his age. Those who are curious in the accidents of birth and death, observable in the biographies of celebrated men, have thought it worthy of notice that the day of Wordsworth's death was the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, and educated at Hawkeshead Grammar School, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was designed by his parents for the Church—but poetry and new prospects turned him into another path. His pursuit through life was poetry, and his profession that of Stamp Distributor for the Government in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland: to which office he was appointed by the joint interest, as we have heard, of his friend, Sir George Beaumont, and his patron, Lord Lonsdale.

Mr. Wordsworth made his first appearance as a poet in the year 1793, by the publication of a thin quarto volume entitled "An Evening Walk—an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England, by W. Wordsworth, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge." Printed at London, and published by Johnson in St. Paul's Church-yard from whose shop seven years before had appeared "The Task" of Cowper. In the same year he published "Descriptive Sketches in Verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss and Savoyard Alps."

What was thought of these poems by a few youthful admirers may be gathered from the account given by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria." "During the last year of my residence at Cambridge, 1794, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication, entitled 'Descriptive Sketches;' and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." The two poets, then personally unknown to each other, first became acquainted in the summer of 1796, at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire. Coleridge was then in his twenty-fourth year, and Wordsworth in his twenty-sixth. A congeniality of pursuit soon ripened into intimacy; and in September, 1798, the two poets, accompanied by Miss Wordsworth, made a tour in Germany.

Wordsworth's next publication was the first volume of his "Lyrical Ballads," published in the summer of 1798 by Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, who purchased the copyright for thirty guineas. It made no way with the public, and Cottle was a loser by the bargain. So little, indeed, was thought of the volume, that when Cottle's copyrights were transferred to the Messrs. Longman, the "Lyrical Ballads" was thrown in as a valueless volume, in the mercantile idea of the term. The copyright was afterward returned to Cottle; and by him transferred to the great poet, who lived to see it of real money value in the market of successful publications.

Disappointed but not disheartened by the very indifferent success of his "Lyrical Ballads," years elapsed before Mr. Wordsworth again appeared as a poet. But he was not idle. He was every year maturing his own principles of poetry and making good the remark of Coleridge, that to admire on principle is the only way to imitate without loss of originality. In the very year which witnessed the failure of his "Lyrical Ballads," he wrote his "Peter Bell," the most strongly condemned of all his poems. The publication of this when his name was better known (for he kept it by him till, he says, it nearly survived its *minority*,") brought a shower of contemptuous criticisms on his head.

Wordsworth married in the year 1803 Miss Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, and settled among his beloved Lakes—first at Grasmere, and afterward at Rydal Mount. Southey's subsequent retirement to the same beautiful country, and Coleridge's visits to his brother poets, originated the name of the Lake School of Poetry—"the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes"—by which the opponents of their principles and the admirers of the *Edinburgh Review* distinguished the three great poets

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whose names have long been and will still continue to be connected.

Wordsworth's fame increasing, slowly, it is true, but securely, he put forth in 1807 two volumes of his poems. They were reviewed by Byron, then a young man of nineteen, and as yet not even a poet in print, in the *Monthly Literary Recreations* for the August of that year. "The poems before us," says the reviewer, "are by the author of 'Lyrical Ballads,' a collection which has not undeservedly met with a considerable share of public applause. The characteristics of Mr. Wordsworth's muse are, simple and flowing, though occasionally inharmonious verse, strong and sometimes irresistible appeals to the feelings, with unexceptionable sentiments. Though the present work may not equal his former efforts, many of the poems possess a native elegance, natural and unaffected, totally devoid of the tinsel embellishments and abstract hyperboles of several contemporary sonneteers. 'The Song at the feasting of Brougham Castle,' 'The Seven Sisters,' 'The Affliction of Margaret ——, of ——,' possess all the beauties and few of the defects of this writer. The pieces least worthy of the author are those entitled 'Moods of My Own Mind.' We certainly wish these moods had been less frequent." Such is a sample of Byron's criticism—and of the criticising indeed till very recently of a large class of people misled by the caustic notices of the *Edinburgh Review*, the pungent satires of Byron, and the admirable parody of the poet's occasional style contained in the "Rejected Addresses."

His next publication was "The Excursion, being a portion of The Recluse," printed in quarto in the autumn of 1814. The critics were hard upon it. "This will never do," was the memorable opening of the review in the *Edinburgh*. Men who thought for themselves thought highly of the poem—but few dared to speak out. Jeffrey boasted wherever he went that he had *crushed* it in its birth. "*He* crush 'The Excursion!'" said Southey, "tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw." What Coleridge often wished, that the first two books of "The Excursion" had been published separately under the name of "The Deserted Cottage" was a happy idea—and one, if it had been carried into execution, that would have removed many of the trivial objections made at the time to its unfinished character.

While "The Excursion" was still dividing the critics much in the same way that Davenant's "Gondibert" divided them in the reign of Charles the Second, "Peter Bell" appeared, to throw among them yet greater difference of opinion. The author was evidently aware that the poem, from the novelty of its construction, and the still greater novelty of its hero, required some protection, and this protection he sought behind the name of Southey: with which he tells us in the Dedication, his own had often appeared "both for good and evil." The deriders of the poet laughed still louder than before—his admirers too were at first somewhat amazed—and the only consolation which the poet obtained was from a sonnet of his own, in imitation of Milton's sonnet, beginning:

> A book was writ of late called "Tetrachordon."

This sonnet runs as follows—

> A book came forth of late, called "Peter Bell;"
> Not negligent the style;—the matter?—good
> As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
> Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;
> But some (who brook these hackneyed themes full well
> Nor heat at Tam O'Shanter's name their blood)
> Waxed wrath, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,
> On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
> Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen
> Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,
> Heed not such onset! Nay, if praise of men
> To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
> Lift up that gray-haired forehead and rejoice
> In the just tribute of thy poet's pen.

Lamb in thanking the poet for his strange but clever poem, asked "Where was 'The Wagoner?'" of which he retained a pleasant remembrance from hearing Wordsworth read it in MS. when first written in 1806. Pleased with the remembrance of the friendly essayist, the poet determined on sending "The Wagoner" to press—and in 1815 the poem appeared with a dedication to his old friend who had thought so favorably of it. Another publication of this period which found still greater favor with many of his admirers, was "The White Doe of Rylstone;" founded on a tradition connected with the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, and on a ballad in Percy's collection called "The Rising of the North."

His next poem of consequence in the history of his mind is "The River Duddon," described in a noble series of sonnets, and containing some of his very finest poetry. The poem is dedicated to his brother, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, and appeared in 1820. The subject seems to have been suggested by Coleridge; who, among his many unfulfilled intentions, designed writing "The Brook," a poem which in his hands would surely have been a masterly performance.

The "Duddon" did much for the extension of Wordsworth's fame; and the public began to call, in consequence, for a fresh edition of his poems. The sneers of Byron, so frequent in his "Don Juan," such as,

> Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope,
> Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey,
> Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
> The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthey;

and again in another place,

> "Peddlers" and "Boats" and "Wagons." Oh! ye shades
> Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?

and somewhat further on,

> The little boatman and his Peter Bell
> Can sneer at him who drew Achitophel,

fell comparatively harmless. The public had now found out (what was known only to a few before) that amid much novelty of construction

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and connected with some very homely heroes, there was a rich vein of the very noblest poetry throughout the whole of Wordsworth's works, such as was not to be found elsewhere in the whole body of English poetry. The author felt at the same time the truth of his own remark, that no really great poet had ever obtained an immediate reputation, or any popular recognition commensurate to his merits.

Wordsworth's last publication of importance was his "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems," published in 1835. The new volume, however, rather sustained than added to his reputation. Some of the finer poems are additions to his Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, which have always ranked among the most delightful of his works.

In the same year Mr. Wordsworth received a pension of £300 a year from Sir Robert Peel's government, and permission to resign his office of Stamp Distributor in favor of his son. The remaining fifteen years of his life were therefore even less diversified by events of moment than any fifteen years previous had been. He seems henceforth to have surrendered himself wholly to the muse—and to contemplations suitable to his own habits of mind and to the lovely country in which he lived. This course of life, however, was varied by a tour to Italy in company with his friend, Mr. Crabb Robinson. The result of his visit, as far as poetry is concerned, was not remarkable.

On Southey's death Mr. Wordsworth was appointed Poet Laureate: an appropriate appointment, if such an office was to be retained at all—for the laurel dignified by the brows of Ben Johnson, Davenant, Dryden, Tom Warton, and Southey, had been sullied and degraded by appearing on the unworthy temples of Tate, Eusden, Whitehead, and Pye. Once, and once only, did Wordsworth sing in discharge of his office—on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to the University of Cambridge. There is more obscurity, however, than poetry in what he wrote. Indeed, the Ode in question must be looked on as another addition to the numerous examples that we possess of how poor a figure the Muse invariably makes when the occasion of her appearance is such as the poet himself would not have selected for a voluntary invocation.

If Wordsworth was unfortunate—as he certainly was—in not finding any recognition of his merits till his hair was gray, he was luckier than other poets similarly situated have been in living to a good old age, and in the full enjoyment of the amplest fame which his youthful dreams had ever pictured. His admirers have perhaps carried their idolatry too far: but there can be no doubt of the high position which he must always hold among British Poets. His style is simple, unaffected, and vigorous—his blank verse manly and idiomatic—his sentiments both noble and pathetic—and his images poetic and appropriate. His sonnets are among the finest in the language: Milton's scarcely finer. "I think," says Coleridge, "that Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great philosophic poet than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton; but it seems to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position which is peculiarly—perhaps I might say exclusively—fitted for him. His proper title is *Spectator ab extra*."

Mr. Wordsworth's works are rich in quotations suitable to the various phases of human life; and his name will be remembered not by his "Peter Bell," or his "Idiot Boy," or even his "Wagoner," but by his "Excursion," his "Laodamia," his "Tintern Abbey," some twenty of his sonnets, his "Daisy," and his "Yarrow *Un*visited." The lineaments of his face will be perpetuated by Chantrey's noble bust; not by the pictures of it, which in too many cases justify the description that he gave of one of them in our hearing: "It is the head of a drover, or a common juryman, or a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, or a speaker in the House of Commons: . . . . as for the head of a poet, it is no such thing."

THE MOTHER'S FIRST DUTY.

I WOULD wish every mother to pay attention to the difference between a course of action, adopted in compliance with *the authority*, and between a conduct pursued *for the sake of another*.

The first proceeds from reasoning; the second flows from affection. The first may be abandoned, when the immediate cause may have ceased to exist; the latter will be permanent, as it did not depend upon circumstances, or accidental considerations, but is founded in a moral and constant principle.

In the case now before us, if the infant does not disappoint the hope of the mother, it will be a proof, first of affection, secondly, of confidence.

Of affection—for the earliest, and the most innocent wish to please, is that of the infant to please the mother. If it be questioned, whether that wish can at all exist in one so little advanced in development, I would again, as I do upon almost all occasions, appeal to the experience of mothers.

It is a proof, also, of confidence. Whenever an infant has been neglected; when the necessary attention has not been paid to its wants; and when, instead of the smile of kindness, it has been treated with the frown of severity; it will be difficult to restore it to that quiet and amiable disposition, in which it will wait for the gratification of its desires without impatience, and enjoy it without greediness.

If affection and confidence have once gained ground in the heart, it will be the first duty of the mother to do every thing in her power to encourage, to strengthen, and to elevate this principle.—*Pestalozzi.*

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PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE revival of gymnastics is, in my opinion, the most important step that has been done in that direction. The great merit of the gymnastic art is not the facility with which certain exercises are performed, or the qualification which they may give for certain exertions that require much energy and dexterity; though an attainment of that sort is by no means to be despised. But the greatest advantage resulting from a practice of those exercises, is the natural progress which is observed in the arrangement of them, beginning with those which, while they are easy in themselves, yet lead as a preparatory practice to others which are more complicated and more difficult. There is not, perhaps, any art in which it may be so clearly shown, that energies which appeared to be wanting, are to be produced, as it were, or at least are to be developed, by no other means than practice alone. This might afford a most useful hint to all those who are engaged in teaching any object of instruction, and who meet with difficulties in bringing their pupils to that proficiency which they had expected. Let them recommence on a new plan, in which the exercises shall be differently arranged, and the subjects brought forward in a manner that will admit of the natural progress from the easier to the more difficult. When talent is wanting altogether, I know that it can not be imparted by any system of education. But I have been taught by experience to consider the cases, in which talents of any kind are absolutely wanting, but very few. And in most cases, I have had the satisfaction to find, that a faculty which had been quite given over, instead of being developed, had been obstructed rather in its agency by a variety of exercises which tended to perplex or to deter from further exertion.

And here I would attend to a prejudice, which is common enough, concerning the use of gymnastics; it is frequently said, that they may be very good for those who are strong enough; but that those who are suffering from weakness of constitution would be altogether unequal to, and even endangered by, a practice of gymnastics.

Now, I will venture to say, that this rests merely upon a misunderstanding of the first principles of gymnastics: the exercises not only vary in proportion to the strength of individuals; but exercises may be, and have been devised, for those also who were decidedly suffering. And I have consulted the authority of the first physicians, who declared, that in cases which had come under their personal observation, individuals affected with pulmonary complaints, if these had not already proceeded too far, had been materially relieved and benefited by a constant practice of the few and simple exercises, which the system in such cases proposes.

And for this very reason, that exercises may be devised for every age, and for every degree of bodily strength, however reduced, I consider it to be essential, that mothers should make themselves acquainted with the principles of gymnastics, in order that, among the elementary and preparatory exercises, they may be able to select those which, according to circumstances, will be most likely to suit and benefit their children.

If the physical advantage of gymnastics is great and incontrovertible, I would contend, that the moral advantage resulting from them is as valuable. I would again appeal to your own observation. You have seen a number of schools in Germany and Switzerland, of which gymnastics formed a leading feature; and I recollect that in our conversations on the subject, you made the remark, which exactly agrees with my own experience, that gymnastics, well conducted, essentially contribute to render children not only cheerful and healthy, which, for moral education, are two all-important points, but also to promote among them a certain spirit of union, and a brotherly feeling, which is most gratifying to the observer: habits of industry, openness and frankness of character, personal courage, and a manly conduct in suffering pain, are also among the natural and constant consequences of an early and a continued practice of exercises on the gymnastic system.—*Pestalozzi.*

MARRIED MEN.—So good was he, that I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other, people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found a man more lovable, more captivating than when he is a married man; that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect in my eyes as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting, in his manly arms, wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closes around him and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually *beautified* by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me.

Nevertheless, I can not prevent the thing. It is so, and it can not be otherwise, and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my further confession, that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy, as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because it seems to me, that I living unmarried, or mateless, have with that happiness little to do. But it is so, and it always was so.—*Miss Bremer.*

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[From the London Examiner.]

SYDNEY SMITH ON MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy; delivered at the Royal Institution, in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. Longman and Co.

HOW difficult it is to discover the merits of a manuscript appears from the history of this book. Lord Jeffrey, consulted as to the expediency of its publication, while it yet existed but in pen and ink, gave a decidedly adverse opinion. But some hundred copies having been printed for private distribution, and a copy reaching Lord Jeffrey, he hastened, with his accustomed candor and sweetness of disposition, to retract his hostile verdict, after reading the book in print; and (only three days before he was attacked by the illness which terminated his valuable life) thus wrote to Sydney Smith's widow:

"I am now satisfied that in what I then said, I did great and grievous injustice to the merit of these lectures, and was quite wrong in dissuading their publication, or concluding they would add nothing to the reputation of the author; on the contrary, my firm impression is, that, with a few exceptions, they will do him as much credit as any thing he ever wrote, and produce, on the whole, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a *truer* and more engaging view of his character, than most of what the world has yet seen of his writings."

One practical application of this anecdote is to enforce the importance of calligraphical studies upon authors. A hieroglyphical hand is the false medium excluding British authors from the public. In general we should say that there is no class of men whose education in this respect is so deplorably imperfect, or to whom "only six lessons" would so often be priceless.

We must confess that the book before us has taken us by surprise, notwithstanding our affectionate esteem and admiration for its writer. It has raised our estimate of the power and range of his intellect, of his insight into human character, of his well-balanced judgment, of his tolerance and charity undebased by compromise with the vicious or mean, of the vigorous play of his thoughts, of the sustained beauty of his style, of his eloquence as well as his humor, and of his profundity no less than of his wit. Hurriedly composed and unrevised though the lectures obviously are, fragmentary as the condition is in which they have been preserved, they are an invaluable addition to English literature.

Their delivery is associated with the first outbreak of a fashion ridiculed by Lord Byron in his *Beppo* and his *Blues*. The poet's satirical touches notwithstanding, we think that those lectures at the Royal Institution were even more wanted by their fashionable auditors at the time, than the similar prelections at Mechanics' Institutes which came in vogue for less fashionable auditors some few years later. Had it only been possible to insure the services of a series of Sydney Smiths, the Institution might have gone on lecturing to the present day to the unspeakable advantage of all parties concerned. What innumerable fopperies in literature, in politics, in religion, we might thus have escaped, it is not easy to conjecture!

The "Elementary Sketches" were delivered soon after the commencement of Sydney's metropolitan career, and bear strong marks of his recent residence in Edinburgh. In their general outline they closely approximate to the course delivered from the moral philosophy chairs of Scotch Universities. The division of the subject is the same; the authorities most frequently and panegyrically cited are the same; the principles and opinions set forth are in the main the same. Sydney Smith's moral philosophy belongs undeniably to the Scotch school—to the school of Reid, Stewart, and Adam Smith. But his "sketches" do not the less indicate an original thinker, a master in the science taught, and one who can suggest to the great men we have named almost as much as he receives from them.

The book is an excellent illustration of what could be gained by engrafting the Edinburgh philosophy on a full-grown healthy English intellect. The habits of English society, and the classical tastes imbibed at an English University, preserved Sydney Smith from that touch of pedantry which characterized the thinkers of the Scotch universities, trained in a provincial sphere, and trammeled by the Calvinistic logic even after they had freed themselves from the Calvinistic theology. Without disparaging the Edinburgh school of literature, the fact must be admitted that its most prominent ornaments have generally had the advantage of a "foreign" education. Hume and Black studied in France; Adam Smith was the member of an English university; Jeffrey had become familiar with Oxford, though he did not stay there; Horner was caught young, and civilized at Hackney; and Mackintosh and Brougham, thoroughly Scotch-bred, expanded amazingly when transplanted to the south. It may be a national weakness, but it occurs to us that Sydney Smith, who was southern born as well as bred, is still more free from narrownesses and angularities than any of them.

The healthy and genial nature of the man accounts for his most characteristic excellencies, but this book exhibits much we had not looked for. The lectures on the passions evince a power of comprehending and sympathizing with what is great in the emotional part of human nature for which we were not prepared. The lectures on the conduct of the understanding, and on habit, show that the writer had studied profoundly and successfully the discipline of the mind and character. The lectures on the beautiful are pervaded by a healthy and unaffected appreciation of the loveliness of external nature. And combined with these high qualities, is that incessant play of witty and humorous fancy (perhaps the only certain safeguard against sentimental and systematic excesses, and, when duly restrained

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by the judgment and moral sense, the best corrective of hasty philosophizing), so peculiar to Sydney Smith. Much of all that we have mentioned is indeed and undoubtedly attributable to the original constitution of Smith's mind; but for much he was also, beyond all question, indebted to the greater freedom of thought and conversation which (as compared with the Scotch) has always characterized literary and social opinion in England.

The topics discussed in the lectures naturally resolve themselves into, and are arranged in, three divisions. We have an analysis of the thinking faculties, or the powers of perception, conception, and reasoning; an analysis of the powers of taste, or of what Schiller and other Germans designate the *æsthetical* part of our nature; and an exposition of the "active powers of the mind," as they are designated in the nomenclature of the school of Reid, the appetites, passions, and will. All these themes are discussed with constant reference to a practical application of the knowledge conveyed. Every thing is treated in subordination to the establishment of rules for the right conduct of the understanding, and the formation of good habits. These practical lessons for the strengthening of the reason, and the regulation of the emotions and imagination, constitute what, in the language of Sydney Smith, and the school to which he belongs, is called "Moral Philosophy."

Apart from any particular school, the impression of the author left by the perusal of his lectures is that he was a man of considerable reading in books, but far more deeply read in the minds of those he encountered in society. It is in this extensive knowledge of the world, confirming and maturing the judgments suggested by his wisely-balanced powers of feeling and humor, that the superiority of Smith over the rest of his school consists. He knows men not merely as they are represented in books, but as they actually are; he knows them not only as they exist in a provincial sphere, narrowed by petty interests and trammeled by pedantic opinion, but as they exist in the freest community of the world, where boundless ambition and enterprise find full scope.

It appears to us that Sidney Smith is most perfectly at home—most entirely in his element—when discussing the "active powers" of man, or those impulses in which originate the practical business of life. Scarcely, if at all, secondary in point of excellence to his remarks on these topics, are those which he makes on the sublime and beautiful (a fact for which many will not be prepared), and on wit and humor (which every body will have expected). The least conclusive and satisfactory of his discussions are those which relate to the intellectual powers, or the anatomy of mind. With reference to this part of the course, however, it must be kept in remembrance that here, more than in the other two departments, he was fettered by the necessity of being popular in his language, and brief and striking in his illustrations, in order to keep within the range of the understandings and intellects of his auditory. These earlier lectures, too, survive in a more fragmentary and dilapidated condition than the rest. And after all, even where we seem to miss a sufficiently extensive and intimate acquaintance with the greatest and best writers on the subjects handled, or a sufficiently subtle and precise phraseology, we always find the redeeming qualities of lively and original conception, of witty and forcible illustration, and of sound manly sense most felicitously expressed.

In the general tone and tendency of the lectures there is something Socratic. There is the pervading common sense and practical turn of mind which characterized the Greek philosopher. There is the liberal tolerance, and the moral intrepidity. There is the amusement always insinuating or enforcing instruction. There is the conversational tone, and adaptation to the tastes and habits of the social circle. We feel that we are listening to a man who moves habitually in what is called the best society, who can relish and add a finishing grace to the pleasures of those portions of the community, but who retains unsophisticated his estimate of higher and more important matters, and whose incessant aim is to engraft a better and worthier tone of thought and aspiration upon the predominating frivolity of his associates. Nothing can be more graceful or charming than the way in which Sydney accommodates himself to the habitual language and thoughts of his brilliant auditory; nothing more manly or strengthening than the sound practical lessons he reads to them. Such a manual should now be invaluable to our aristocracy. Let them thoroughly embue themselves with its precepts, and do their best to act as largely as possible upon its suggestions. They can have no better chance of maintaining their position in the front of English society.

To appreciate the book as a whole—and its purpose, thought, and sentiment impart to it a unity of the highest kind—it must be not only read but studied. A few citations, however, gleaned here and there at random, may convey some notion of the characteristic beauties and felicities of thought and expression which are scattered through every page of it.

SOCRATES.

Socrates was, in truth, not very fond of subtle and refined speculations; and upon the intellectual part of our nature, little or nothing of his opinions is recorded. If we may infer any thing from the clearness and simplicity of his opinions on moral subjects, and from the bent which his genius had received for the useful and the practical, he would certainly have laid a strong foundation for rational metaphysics. The slight sketch I have given of his moral doctrines contains nothing very new or very brilliant, but comprehends those moral doctrines which every person of education has been accustomed to hear from his childhood; but two thousand years ago they were great discoveries, two thousand years since, common sense was not invented. If

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Orpheus, or Linus, or any of those melodious moralists, sung, in bad verses, such advice as a grandmamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In Hesiod there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces: and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pythagoras and Mrs. Trimmer; both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore, to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings to the practical rules of life; he was the great father and inventor of common sense, as Ceres was of the plow, and Bacchus of intoxication. First, he taught his contemporaries that they did not know what they pretended to know; then he showed them that they knew nothing; then he told them what they ought to know. Lastly, to sum the praise of Socrates, remember that two thousand years ago, while men were worshiping the stones on which they trod, and the insects which crawled beneath their feet; two thousand years ago, with the bowl of poison in his hand, Socrates said, "I am persuaded that my death, which is now just coming, will conduct me into the presence of the gods, who are the most righteous governors, and into the society of just and good men; and I derive confidence from the hope that something of man remains after death, and that the condition of good men will then be much better than that of the bad." Soon after this he covered himself up with his cloak and expired.

PLATO.

Of all the disciples of Socrates, Plato, though he calls himself the least, was certainly the most celebrated. As long as philosophy continued to be studied among the Greeks and Romans, his doctrines were taught, and his name revered. Even to the present day his writings give a tinge to the language and speculations of philosophy and theology. Of the majestic beauty of Plato's style, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea. He keeps the understanding up to a high pitch of enthusiasm longer than any existing writer; and, in reading Plato, zeal and animation seem rather to be the regular feelings than the casual effervescence of the mind. He appears almost disdaining the mutability and imperfection of the earth on which he treads, to be drawing down fire from heaven, and to be seeking among the gods above, for the permanent, the beautiful, and the grand! In contrasting the vigor and the magnitude of his conceptions with the extravagance of his philosophical tenets, it is almost impossible to avoid wishing that he had confined himself to the practice of eloquence; and, in this way giving range and expansion to the mind which was struggling within him, had become one of those famous orators who

> "Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
> Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

After having said so much of his language, I am afraid I must proceed to his philosophy; observing always, that, in stating it, I do not always pretend to understand it, and do not even engage to defend it. In comparing the very few marks of sobriety and discretion with the splendor of his genius, I have often exclaimed as Prince Henry did about Falstaff's bill, "Oh, monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

DR. REID.

In answer to these metaphysical lunacies, Dr. Reid has contended that, for all reasoning, there must be some first principles from whence such reasoning originates, and which must *necessarily* be incapable of proof or they would not be *first principles;* and that facts so irresistibly ingrafted upon human belief as the existence of mind and matter, must be assumed for truths, and reasoned upon as such. All that these skeptics have said of the outer and the inner world may, with equal justice, be applied to every other radical truth. Who can prove his own personal identity? A man may think himself a clergyman, and believe he has preached for these ten years last past; but I defy him to offer any sort of *proof* that he has not been a fishmonger all the time. . . . . ever doubt that all reasoning *must* end in arbitrary belief; that we must, at last, come to that point where the only reply can be, "*I am so*—this belief is the constitution of my nature—God willed it." I grant that this reasoning is a ready asylum for ignorance and imbecility, and that it affords too easy a relief from the pain of rendering a reason: but the most unwearied vigor of human talents must at last end there; the wisdom of ages can get no further; here, after all, the Porch, the Garden, the Academy, the Lyceum, must close their labors.

Much as we are indebted to Dr. Reid for preaching up this doctrine, he has certainly executed it very badly; and nothing can be more imperfect than the table of first principles which he has given us—an enumeration of which is still a desideratum of the highest importance. The skeptics may then call the philosophy of the human mind merely hypothetical; but if it be so, all other knowledge must, of course, be hypothetical also; and if it be so, and all is erroneous, it will do quite as well as reality, if we keep up a certain proportion in our errors: for there *may* be no such things as lunar tables, no sea, and no ships; but, by falling into one of these errors after the other, we avoid shipwreck, or, what is the same thing, as it gives the same pain, the idea of shipwreck. So with the philosophy of the human mind: I may have no memory, and no imagination—they may be mistakes; but if I cultivate them both, I derive honor and respect from my fellow-creatures,

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which may be mistakes also; but they harmonize so well together, that they are quite as good as realities. The only evil of errors is, that they are never supported by consequences; if they were, they would be as good as realities. Great merit is given to Dr. Reid for his destruction of what is called the ideal system, but I confess I can not see the important consequences to which it has yet led.

PUNS.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious; the other, more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs;* but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now, here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game:* and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.

IMPORTANCE OF BEING ABLE TO DESPISE RIDICULE.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these But learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—do it, not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm: resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

BULLS AND CHARADES.

A bull—which must by no means be passed over in this recapitulation of the family of wit and humor—a bull is exactly the counterpart of a witticism: for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from bulls, proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit and bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an apparent relation between two actions which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have none at all. In the late rebellion in Ireland, the rebels, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against some great banker, passed a resolution that they would burn his notes; which they accordingly did, with great assiduity; forgetting, that in burning his notes they were destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames, a correspondent value went into the banker's pocket. A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife, of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was *hereditary* in some families. Take any instance of this branch of the ridiculous, and you will always find an apparent relation of ideas leading to a complete inconsistency.

I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery: if charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy, the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.

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WIT AND PROFESSED WITS.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is, to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer: in process of time, he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be *probable*, too, that a *mere* wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are *useful*, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colors. In short, the character of a *mere* wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times, have been witty, Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the *danger* of wit: I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous; wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics: nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavor of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.

I remember once seeing an advertisement in the papers, with which I was much struck; and which I will take the liberty of reading: "Lost, in the Temple Coffee-house, and supposed to be taken away by mistake, an oaken stick, which has supported its master not only over the greatest part of Europe, but has been his companion in his journeys over the inhospitable deserts of Africa: whoever will restore it to the waiter, will confer a very serious obligation on the advertiser; or, if that be any object, shall receive a recompense very much above the value

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of the article restored." Now, here is a man, who buys a sixpenny stick, because it is useful; and, totally forgetting the trifling causes which first made his stick of any consequence, speaks of it with warmth and affection; calls it his companion; and would hardly have changed it, perhaps, for the gold stick which is carried before the king. But the best and the strongest example of this, and of the customary progress of association, is in the passion of avarice. A child only loves a guinea because it shines; and, as it is equally splendid, he loves a gilt button as well. In after-life, he begins to love wealth, because it affords him the comforts of existence; and then loves it so well, that he denies himself the common comforts of life to increase it. The uniting idea is so totally forgotten, that it is completely sacrificed to the ideas which it unites. Two friends unite against the person to whose introduction they are indebted for their knowledge of each other; exclude him their society, and ruin him by their combination.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF ENJOYMENT.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure: and it is most probably the recollection of their past pleasures, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them; and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.

HAPPINESS AS A MORAL AGENT.

That virtue gives happiness we all know; but if it be true that happiness contributes to virtue, the principle furnishes us with some sort of excuse for the errors and excesses of able young men, at the bottom of life, fretting with impatience under their obscurity, and hatching a thousand chimeras of being neglected and overlooked by the world. The natural cure for these errors is the sunshine of prosperity: as they get happier, they get better, and learn, from the respect which they receive from others, to respect themselves. "Whenever," says Mr. Lancaster (in his book just published), "I met with a boy particularly mischievous, I made him a monitor: I never knew this fail." The *cause* for the promotion, and the kind of encouragement it must occasion, I confess appear rather singular, but of the *effect*, I have no sort of doubt.

POWER OF HABIT.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions: whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such-like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished, and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the count, a professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding, "was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."

THE USE OF THE PASSIONS.

The passions are in morals, what motion is in physics; they create, preserve, and animate, and without them all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundations of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together, all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions, shaking his frame, dissipates all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rends in pieces that cobweb vail with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Æneas saw the gods themselves at work, so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!

Look at great men in critical and perilous moments, when every cold and little spirit is extinguished: their passions always bring them out harmless, and at the very moment when they *seem* to perish, they emerge into greater glory. Alexander in the midst of his mutinous

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soldiers; Frederick of Prussia, combating against the armies of three kingdoms; Cortes, breaking in pieces the Mexican empire: their passions led all these great men to fix their attention strongly upon the objects of their desires; they saw them under aspects unknown to, and unseen by common men, and which enabled them to conceive and execute those hardy enterprises, deemed rash and foolish, till their wisdom was established by their success. It is, in fact, the great passions alone which enable men to distinguish between what is difficult and what is impossible; a distinction always confounded by merely *sensible* men, who do not even *suspect* the existence of those means which men of genius employ to effect their object. It is only passion which gives a man that high enthusiasm for his country, and makes him regard it as the only object worthy of human attention; an enthusiasm which to common eyes appears madness and extravagance, but which always creates fresh powers of mind, and commonly insures their ultimate success. In fact, it is only the great passions which, tearing us away from the seductions of indolence, endow us with that continuity of attention, to which alone superiority of mind is attached. It is to their passions alone, under the providence of God, that nations must trust, when perils gather thick about them, and their last moments seem to be at hand. The history of the world shows us that men are not to be counted by their numbers, but by the fire and vigor of their passions; by their deep sense of injury; by their memory of past glory; by their eagerness for fresh fame; by their clear and steady resolution of ceasing to live, or of achieving a particular object, which, when it is *once* formed, strikes off a load of manacles and chains, and gives free space to all heavenly and heroic feelings. All great and extraordinary actions come from the heart. There are seasons in human affairs, when qualities fit enough to conduct the common business of life, are feeble and useless, and when men must trust to emotion for that safety which reason at such times can never give. These are the feelings which led the ten thousand over the Carduchian mountains; these are the feelings by which a handful of Greeks broke in pieces the power of Persia: they have, by turns, humbled Austria, reduced Spain; and in the fens of the Dutch, and on the mountains of the Swiss, defended the happiness, and revenged the oppressions of man! God calls all the passions out in their keenness and vigor for the present safety of mankind. Anger, and revenge, and the heroic mind, and a readiness to suffer; all the secret strength, all the invisible array of the feelings, all that nature has reserved for the great scenes of the world. For the usual hopes and the common aids of man are all gone! Kings have perished, armies are subdued, nations mouldered away! Nothing remains, under God, but those passions which have often proved the best ministers of His vengeance, and the surest protectors of the world.

In that, and similar passages, a sustained feeling and expression not ordinarily associated with Sydney Smith, impresses the reader with its unaffected eloquence and emotion. We close the book reluctantly, for we leave many things unquoted that had the most forcibly impressed us. In the two chapters on the conduct of the understanding, there are most masterly disquisitions on labor and study as connected with the manifestations of genius; on the importance of men adhering to the particular line of their powers or talents, and on the tendency of all varieties of human accomplishment to the same great object of exalting and gladdening life. We would also particularly mention a happy and noble recommendation of the uses of classical study at the close of the chapter on the sublime.

YOUNG POET'S PLAINT.

GOD, release our dying sister!
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss'd her:
Whiter than the wild, white roses,
Famine in her face discloses
Mute submission, patience holy,
Passing fair! but passing slowly.

Though she said, "You know I'm dying."
In her heart green trees are sighing;
Not of them hath pain bereft her,
In the city, where we left her:
"Bring," she said, "a hedgeside blossom!"
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

ELLIOTT.

ALEXANDER AFTER THE RETREAT FROM LUTZEN.—"The Emperor of Russia passed the night of the battle at Pegau, whither his britcka containing his papers and camp-bed had been brought; and, after having been twenty-four hours on horseback, Lord Cathcart and his staff found the bare floor of a cottage so comfortable a couch, without even the luxury of straw, that no one seemed in a hurry to rise when we were informed soon after daylight, that his imperial majesty was about to mount and depart, and that the enemy were approaching to dislodge us. The emperor slowly rode some miles toward the rear, along the Altenburg road, conversing with Lord Cathcart about the battle: he laid great stress upon the report of the commandant of artillery as to the want of ammunition, which he assigned as the principal reason for not renewing the action; he spoke of the result as a victory gained on our side; and it was afterward the fashion in the army to consider it as such, though not perhaps a victory so important in its consequences, or so decisive as could have been wished. At length the emperor observed that he did not like to been riding fast to the rear, and that it was now necessary for him to go to Dresden with all expedition, and prepare for ulterior operations: he then entered his little traveling-carriage, which was drawn by relays of Cossack horses, and proceeded by Altenburg to Penig."—*Cathcart.*

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[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE REDEEMER.

BY MINZONI.

WHEN, in that last, loud wail, the Son of God
Rent open graves and shook the mountain's steep—
Adam, affrighted from his world-long sleep,
Raised up his head; then stark and upright stood:
With fear and wonder filled, he moved around
His troubled eyes—then asked, with throbbing heart,
Who was that awful One who hung apart,
Gore-stained and lifeless, on the curst tree bound.
Soon as he learned, his penitent hand defiled
His shriveled brow and bloodless cheeks, and tore
The hoary locks that streamed his shoulders o'er.
Turning to Eve, in lamentation wild,
He cried, 'till Calvary echoed to the cry—
"WOMAN! FOR THEE I'VE GIVEN MY LORD TO DIE!"

TWO SONNETS ON JUDAS.

BY MONTI.

I.

Down on the Temple-floor the traitor flung
The infamous bribe for which he sold the Lord,
Then in despair rushed forth, and with a cord,
From out the tree, his reprobate body hung.
Pent in his throat, the struggling spirit poured
A mingled sound of rage and wildest grief,
And Christ it cursed, and its own sin in chief,
Which glutted hell with triumphs so abhorred.
Forth with a howl at last the spirit fled.
Then Justice bore it to the holy mount,
And dipping there her finger in the fount
Of Christ's all-sacred blood, the sentence dread
Wrote on its brow of everlasting woe,
Then, loathing, plunged it into hell below.

II.

Down into hell that wretched soul she flung,
When lo! a mighty earthquake shook the ground;
The mountain reeled. The wind swept fierce around
The black and strangled body where it hung.
From Calvary at eve, the angels wending,
On slow, hushed wing, their holy vigil o'er,
Saw it afar, and swift their white wings, blending
With trembling fear, their pure eyes spread before.
Meanwhile fiends pluck the corse down in the gloom,
And on their burning shoulders, as a bier,
Convey the burden to its nameless doom.
Cursing and howling, downward thus they steer
Their hell-ward course, and in its depths restore
The wandering soul to its damned corse once more.

SONNET UPON JUDAS.

BY GIANNI.

Spent with the struggles of his mad despair,
Judas hung gasping from the fatal tree;
Then swift the tempter-fiend sprang on him there,
Flapping his flame-red wings exultingly.
With griping claws he clutched the noose that bound
The traitor's throat, and hurled him down below,
Where hell's hot depths, incessant bubbling glow
His burning flesh and crackling bones around:
There, mid the gloomy shades, asunder riven
By storm and lurid flame, was SATAN seen;
Relaxing his stern brow, with hideous grin
Within his dusky arms the wretch he caught,
And with smutched lips, fuliginous and hot,
Repaid the kiss which he to Christ had given.

THE CHARACTER OF BURNS.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

PERHAPS no falsehood has been more frequently repeated, than that men of genius are less fortunate and less virtuous than other men; but the obvious truth, that they who attempt little are less liable to failure than they who attempt much, will account for the proverbial good luck of fools. In our estimate of the sorrows and failings of literary men, we forget that sorrow is the common lot; we forget, too, that the misfortunes and the errors of men of genius are recorded; and that, although their virtues may be utterly forgotten, their minutest faults will be sure to find zealous historians. And this is as it should be. Let the dead instruct us. But slanderers blame, in individuals, what belongs to the species. "We women," says Clytemnestra in Eschylus, when meditating the murder of her husband, and in reply to an attendant who was praising the gentleness of the sex, "We women are—what we are." So is it with us all. Then let every fault of men of genius be known; but let not hypocrisy come with a sponge, and wipe away their virtues.

Of the misfortunes of Cowper we have all heard, and certainly he was unfortunate, for he was liable to fits of insanity. But it might be said of him, that he was tended through life by weeping angels. Warm-hearted friends watched and guarded him with intense and unwearied solicitude; the kindest hearted of the softer sex, the best of the best, seems to have been born only to anticipate his wants. A glance at the world, will show us that his fate, though sad, was not saddest; for how many madmen are there, and how many men still more unfortunate than madmen, who have no living creature to aid, or soothe, or pity them! Think of Milton —"blind among enemies!"

But the saddest incident in the life of Cowper

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remains to be told. In his latter days, he was pensioned by the crown—a misfortune which I can forgive to him, but not to destiny. It is consoling to think, that he was not long conscious of his degradation after the cruel kindness was inflicted on him. But why did not his friends, if weary of sustaining their kinsman stricken by the arrows of the Almighty, suffer him to perish in a *beggars'* mad-house? Would he had died in a ditch rather than this shadow had darkened over his grave! Burns was more fortunate in his death than Cowper: he lived self-supported to the end. Glorious hearted Burns! Noble, but unfortunate Cowper!

Burns was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback: of Scott and Byron, the cripples: of the epileptic Julius Cæsar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle without going into fits; and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed: where Cobbett (a man of talent, not of genius) would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over five-barred gates, he probably would not have written his inimitable sofa-and-lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow that he would not have written the "Essay on Man;" and they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we having only one in our language, William Hazlitt, so, very tall and complete men are as rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And if it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps seldom find a gigantic body combined with a soul of Æolian tones; it is equally undeniable, that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong, and handsome, as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair.

But he was unfortunate, we are told. Unfortunate! He was a tow-heckler who cleared six hundred pounds by the sale of his poems: of which sum he left two hundred pounds behind him, in the hands of his brother Gilbert: two facts which prove that he could neither be so unfortunate, nor so imprudent, as we are told he was. If he had been a mere tow-heckler, I suspect he would never have possessed six hundred shillings.

But he *was* imprudent, it is said. Now, he is a wise man who has done one act that influences beneficially his whole life. Burns did three such acts—he wrote poetry—he published it; and, despairing of his farm, he became an exciseman. It is true he did one imprudent act; and, I hope, the young persons around me will be warned by it; he took a farm, without thoroughly understanding the business of farming.

It does not appear that he wasted or lost any capital, except what he threw away on his farm. He was unlucky, but not imprudent in giving it up when he did. Had he held it a little longer, the Bank Restriction Act would have enriched him at the expense of his landlord; but Burns was an honest man, and, therefore, alike incapable of desiring and foreseeing that enormous villainy.

But he was neglected, we are told. Neglected! No strong man in good health *can* be neglected, if he is true to himself. For the benefit of the young, I wish we had a correct account of the number of persons who fail of success, in a thousand that resolutely strive to do well. I do not think it exceeds one per cent. By whom was Burns neglected? Certainly not by the people of Scotland: for they paid him the highest compliment that can be paid to an author: they bought his book! Oh, but he ought to have been pensioned. Pensioned! Can not we think of poets without thinking of pensions? *Are* they such poor creatures, that they can not earn an honest living? Let us hear no more of such degrading and insolent nonsense.

But he was a drunkard, it is said. I do not mean to exculpate him when I say that he was probably no worse, in that respect, than his neighbors; for he *was* worse if he was not better than they, the balance being against him; and his Almighty Father would not fail to say to him, "What didst thou with the lent talent?" But drunkenness, in his time, was the vice of his country—it is so still; and if the traditions of Dumfries are to be depended on, there are allurements which Burns was much less able to resist than those of the bottle; and the supposition of his frequent indulgence in the crimes to which those allurements lead, is incompatible with that of his habitual drunkenness.

OF DELAYS.—Fortune is like the market where, many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like the Sibyl's offer, who at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. . . . . There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light if they once seem light: and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers halfway, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows—as some have been, when the moon was low and shone on their enemies, and so to shoot off before the time—or to teach dangers to come on, by an over-early buckling toward them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed; and, generally, it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speed.—*Lord Bacon.*

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[From the London Examiner.]

THE PARIS ELECTION.

ALL Paris is absorbed in the contest between the stationer Leclerc and Eugene Sue the novelist. Strange it is that the party which pretends to superior intelligence and refinement, should have put forward as their candidate merely a specimen of constabulary violence, an honest policemen, in fact; while the party accused of consisting of the mere dregs of society has selected for its representative one of the most refined and searching intellects of the day. If ever a man became a Socialist from conviction, it has been Sue; for his writings clearly show the progress and the changes of his mind. From depicting high society and influences he acquired a disgust for them; by diving among the vulgar, he discovered virtues whose existence he did not suspect. And though the conclusions he has drawn are erroneous, they would seem to be sincere.

It is remarkable indeed to observe how all the great literary geniuses of the day in France have taken the popular side. We know how boldy Lamartine plunged into it. Victor Hugo has taken the same part, and Eugene Sue. Alexandre Dumas, though in the employ of Louis Philippe in 1830, soon flung aside court livery and conservatism. Emile de Girardin, another man of first rate literary ability, is decidedly Socialist. Beranger, as far as age will permit him, is a stern republican. When a cause thus attracts and absorbs all the floating talent of a country, there is a vitality and respectability in it, more than we are at present inclined to allow to French democratic parties.

That the intellect, that is, the entire working intelligence of the country, has labored on the Democratic, and, we fear even on the Socialist side, is too evident from the fact that the opinions of the latter have gained ground, and not retrograded even in the provinces, where property is subdivided, and where there are few of the indigent classes. In no place is property more generally possessed that in the South of France; and there the results of the last two years have been certainly to strengthen democratic ideas, and to make monarchic ones decline. There is no mistaking, indeed, in what direction the current of ideas has set.

The Conservatives, or Monarchists, or the old political class, whatever one pleases to call them, begin to perceive that they are beaten in the intellectual, the argumentative struggle. They therefore make an appeal to arms. This is evident in all their acts, arguments, and movements. Their efforts are directed to crush the press, proscribe and imprison writers, and abolish meetings and speeches, except those delivered in their own clubs. They give the universities over to the Jesuits, and elect for the Assembly no longer orators, but stout soldiers. Changarnier is the Alpha, and Leclerc the Omega of such a party. Strategy is its policy. It meditates no question of political economy or of trade, but bethinks it how streets are best defended, and how towns are fortified against themselves. A War Minister, a Tax Minister, and a Police Minister—these form the head Cabinet of France. As to foreign policy, trade policy, and the other paraphernalia of government, all this is as much a sham and a humbug, as an assembly must be of which the majority is marshaled and instructed in a club, before it dares proceed to its duties of legislation.

The entire tendency is to change an intelleotual and argumentative into a physical struggle. What events may occur, and what fortune prevail in a war of this kind, it is utterly impossible to foretell. For, after all, the results of war depend infinitely upon chance, and still more on the talent of the leader which either party may choose to give itself. Nor is it always the one which conquers first that maintains its ascendency to the last. A war of this kind in France would evidently have many soldiers enlisted on either side, and soldiers in that country make excellent officers. The Conservatives seem to think that the strife will be decided, as of old, in the streets of Paris; and they look to the field of battle, and prepare for it, with a forethought and a vigilance as sanguinary and destructive as it is determined. We doubt, however, whether any quantity of street-fighting in the metropolis can decide a quarrel which becomes every day more embittered and more universal. Socialism will not be put down in a night, nor yet in three days; no nor, we fear, even in a campaign.

Looking on the future in this light, it appears to us of trifling moment whether M. Leclerc or M. Sue carry the Paris election. Some thousand voters, more or less, on this side or on that, is no decision. The terrible fact is, the almost equal division of French society into two camps, either of which makes too formidable a minority to put up with defeat and its consequences, without one day or other taking up arms to advance fresh pretensions and defend new claims.

MRS. HEMANS.—She reminds us of a poet just named, and whom she passionately admired, namely, Shelley. Like him, drooping, fragile, a reed shaken by the wind, a mighty mind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music—like him, the victim of exquisite nervous organization—like him, verse flowed on and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were, to death; like him she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active, not stony, silent and motionless, still less misanthropical and disdainful; like him she was gentle, playful, they could both run about their prison garden, and dally with the dark chains which they knew bound them to death. Mrs. Hemans was not indeed a *Vates*, she has never reached his heights, nor sounded his depths, yet they are, to our thought, so strikingly alike as to seem brother and sister, in one beautiful but delicate and dying family.—*Gilfillan*.

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THE POPE AT HOME AGAIN.

THE Pope has returned to Rome, but the Papacy is not reinstated. The past can not be recalled. When Pius the Ninth abandoned the territorial seat of the Papal power, he relinquished the post that preserved to that power its place of command throughout many parts of Europe. It was the "Pope *of Rome*" to whom the many did homage, and the Pope could only be deemed to be "*of* Rome" so long as he was *at* Rome: for there can be no doubt that a great part of the spiritual influence possessed by the Sovereign Pontiff has been indissolubly connected with the temporal sovereignty and territorial abode of the Pontificate. Even after his dispossession, for a time, no doubt, heart might have been kept up among his more refined and cultivated followers; but the most faithful peoples have always demanded a tangible standard or beacon of their faith—a pillar of fire or a visible church. When Pius left Rome, the rock became tenantless; the mansion of St. Peter was vacant; a Pope in lodgings was no Pope of Europe. And so it was felt.

But the bodily restoration of Pius the Ninth to the capital of his states is not the restoration of the Pope to his spiritual throne. That can no more be effected. The riddle has been read, in these terrible days of reading and writing—so different from the days when a Papal rustication at Avignon disturbed the Catholic world, and verily shook the Papacy to its foundations even then. Some accounts describe the Pope's return as a triumph, and relate how the Romans submitted themselves in obedient ecstasy to his blessing: it is not true—it is not in the nature of things. It is easy to get up an array of popular feeling, as in a theatre, which shall make a show—a frontage of delight; easy to hire twelve beggars that their feet may be washed. Mr. Anderson of Drury Lane can furnish any amount of popular feeling or pious awe at a shilling a head; and the managers know these things in Rome, where labor is much cheaper than with us. Pius returned to Rome under cover of the French bayonets, to find a people cowed and sulky—contrasting their traditions with the presence of the Gaul, remembering in bitterness the days before the Papacy, and imputing this crowning finish of their disgrace to the Pope forced back upon them.

Even were the people for a moment pleased to see the well-meaning and most unfortunate old man, the days of his inscrutable power are over. Nothing can again be inscrutable that he can hold. While he was away, the tongue of Rome was let loose, and can he make the ear of Rome forget what it heard in those days of license? Can he undo the knowledge which men then attained of each other, and their suppressed ideas? Assuredly not. When he left the keys of St. Peter in his flight, men unlocked the door of the sanctuary, and found out his secret—that it was bare. Political bondage to them will be, not the renewal of pious ignorance, but the rebinding of limbs that have learned to be free.

Nay, were Rome to resume her subjection, the past has been too much broken up elsewhere for a quiet return to the old régime, even in Italy. The ecclesiastical courts have been abolished in Piedmont, and the Sardinian states henceforth stand in point of free discussion on a level with Germany, if not with France. The Pope will be fain to permit more in Genoa or Turin than the eating of eggs during Lent—to permit a canvassing of Papal authority fatal to its existence. But in Tuscany, for many generations, a spirit of free discussion has existed among the educated classes: the reforming spirit of Ricci has never died in the capital of Tuscany, and the memory of Leopold protected the freedom of thought: a sudden and a new value has been given to that prepared state of the Tuscan mind by the existence of free institutions in Piedmont. Giusti will no longer need to traverse the frontier of Italy in search of a printer. With free discussion in two of the Italian states, Milan will not be deaf, nor Naples without a whisper. Italy *must* sooner or later get to know her own mind, and then the Bishop of Rome will have to devise a new position for himself.

Abroad, in Catholic Europe, there is the same disruption between the past and the future. The Archbishop of Cologne exposed, in his rashness, the waning sanctity of the Church; the Neo-Catholics have exposed its frangible condition. Sectarian distinctions are torn to pieces in Hungary by the temporal conflicts, and the dormant spirit of a national Protestantism survives in sullen hatred to alien rule. Austria proper is pledged to any course of political expediency which may defer the evil day of Imperial accountability, and will probably, in waxing indifferency, see fit to put Lombardy on a spiritual par with Piedmont. France is precarious in her allegiance. Two countries alone remain in unaltered relation to the See of Rome—Spain, the most bigoted of the children of Rome; and Ireland, the most faithful. But Ireland is impotent. And to this day Spain asserts, and preserves, the *national* independence which she has retained throughout the most arrogant days of Romish supremacy, throughout the tyrant régime of Torquemada. Even court intrigue dares not prostitute the *nationality* of Spain to Roman influence. Rome is the talk of the world, and the return of Pius to the Vatican can not restore the silent submission of the faithful. He is but to be counted among the "fashionable arrivals."—*London Spectator*.

CIVIL LIBERTY DEFINED.—This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for —*John Milton*.

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[From the London Examiner.]

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

THE Jutland and Sleswick pirates, who fourteen centuries ago performed the great achievement of conquering and colonizing Britain, have since, in the persons of their descendants, achieved the still greater feat of colonizing and settling, while they are in a fair way of conquering and occupying, a whole continent, to the destruction or absorption of every other race. The Anglo-Saxon population of America, in fact, constitutes, at this moment, a people more numerous and mighty than any European nation of the period when their emigration commenced. The very same people is now engaged in achieving another great, although not equally great enterprise, the colonization of another continent, Australia; and the Australian colonies, within sixty years of their first foundation, are already calling loudly for self and responsible government, which is, by more than a century, sooner than the American Colonies made a similar claim. We have not the least doubt but that it will be to the mutual and permanent advantage of both parties, that these demands of the Colonists, which are in no respect unreasonable, should be liberally and readily granted.

The better to understand our position in relation to them, let us compare the two continents alluded to. America has a greater extent of territory, and therefore more room for expansion than Australia. Its natural products are more valuable, its soil is more fertile, and its climates more varied and propitious to vegetation. Its greatest superiority over Australia, however, consists in its magnificent water communication —its great rivers, its splendid lakes, its navigable estuaries, and its commodious harbors. Finally, it possesses the vast advantage of being only one-sixth part of the distance that Australia is from the civilization and markets of Europe.

Let us now see what Australia is. It is said to contain three millions of square miles. But of this we take it that about one-half, or all of it that lies north of the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude, is unfit for our use as Europeans, and, most probably, for the profitable use of any people, on account of the comparative sterility of the land, or, what in such a situation is equivalent to sterility, the drought of the climate. But for these great and, we fear, insuperable disadvantages, the tropical portion of Australia might have been peopled from industrious and teeming China, which, with the help of steam navigation, is at an easy distance. Notwithstanding this serious deduction from its available area, Australia has extent enough for the abode of a great people, as what remains is equal to near twenty Britains, or above seven countries as large as France!

The absence of good water communication is the greatest defect of Australia. It has not one great river which at once penetrates deeply into the country and communicates by a navigable course with the sea. The best of its rivers are not equal to those of the fourth or fifth order in America, and it has no lake at all of commercial value. Another almost equally great disadvantage is frequent and long-continued droughts, even of its southern parts, which, however, as strength and wealth increase, may in time be, at least, mitigated by the erection of great works of irrigation, such as those on which the existence of whole populations depend in the warmer regions of Asia.

In salubrity of climate Australia has a great superiority, not only over America, but over every other country. For the rearing of sheep and the production of fine wool, it may be said to possess almost a natural monopoly; and in this respect, it will soon become as necessary to us, and probably as important, as America is for the growth of cotton. Its adaptation for pastoral husbandry is such, indeed, that we have often thought, had it been settled by Tartars or Arabs, or even by Anglo-Saxons of the time of Hengist and Horsa, that it would have been now thinly inhabited by nomade hordes, mere shepherds and robbers, if there was any one to rob. One immense advantage Australia possesses over America, which must not be omitted—the total absence of a servile population and an alien race. In America the bondsmen form a fourth part of the whole population, and in Australia little more than one sixtieth, speedily to vanish altogether.

If the comparison between America and Australia have reference to the facility of achieving and maintaining independence, all the advantages are unquestionably on the side of Australia. It is at least six times as far away from Europe; and a military force sufficient to have even a chance of coercing the colonists could not get at them in less than four months, while the voyage would force it to run the gauntlet of the equator and both tropics. When it reached its destination, supposing its landing to be unopposed, it would have to march every step to seek the insurgents, for there is neither river nor estuary to transport it into the interior of the country. The colonists, rifle in hand, and driving their flocks and herds before them to the privation of the invader, would of course take to the bush, and do so with impunity, being without tents or equipage, or risk of starvation, having a wholesome sky over their heads, and abundant food in their cattle. With a thorough knowledge of localities, the colonial riflemen, under such circumstances, would be more than a match for regular troops, and could pick off soldiers with more ease than they bring down the kangaroo or opossum.

We should look, however, to the number and character of the Australian population. In 1828 the total colonial population of Australia was 53,000, of whom a large proportion were convicts. In 1848 it was 300,000, of which the convicts were but 6000. In the two years since, 37,000 emigrants have proceeded thither, and the total population at this moment can not be less than 350,000. It has, therefore, been

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multiplied in twenty-two years' time by near seven-fold; and if it should go on at this rate of increase, in the year 1872 it will amount to close on two millions and a half, which is a greater population than that of the old American colonies at the declaration of independence, and after an existence of 175 years. Such a population, or the one half of it, would, from numbers, position, and resources, be unconquerable.

Such is a true picture, we conceive, of the position in which we stand in relation to our Australian colonies. Meanwhile, the colonists are loyal, affectionate, and devoted, and (the result of absence and distance) with really warmer feelings toward the mother country than those they left behind them. It will be the part of wisdom on our side to keep them in this temper. They demand nothing that is unreasonable—nothing that it is not equally for their advantage and ours that we should promptly and freely concede. They ask for responsible government, and doing so they ask for no more than what is possessed by their fellow-citizens. They ought to have perfect power over their own resources and their own expenditure; but, in justice and fairness, they ought also to defray their own military charges; and, seeing they have neither within nor without any enemy that can cope with a company of light infantry, the cost ought not to be oppressive to them.

The Australian colonies are, at present, governed in a fashion to produce discontent and recalcitration. They are, consequently, both troublesome and expensive. The nation absolutely gains nothing by them that it would not gain, and even in a higher degree, were they self-governed, or, for that matter, were they even independent. Thus, emigration to them would go on at least in the same degree as it does now. It does so go on, to the self-governed colony of Canada, and to the country which was once colonies, and this after a virtual separation of three quarters of a century.

In like manner will our commercial intercourse with the Australian colonies proceed under self-government. In 1828, the whole exports of Australia amounted only to the paltry sum of £181,000, and in 1845, the last for which there is a return, they had come to £2,187,633, or in seventeen years' time, had been increased by above fourteen-fold, a rapidity of progress to which there is no parallel. At this ratio, of course, they can not be expected to proceed in future: for the Australians, having coal, iron, and wool in abundance, will soon learn to make coarse fabrics for themselves. The finer they will long receive from us, as America, after its long separation, still does. But that the Australian Colonies, under any circumstances, are destined to become one of the greatest marts of British commerce, may be considered as a matter of certainty. The only good market in the world, for the wool, the tallow, the train oil, and the copper ore of Australia, is England; and to England they must come, even if Australia were independent to-morrow; and they must be paid for, too, in British manufactures. Independence has never kept the tobacco of America from finding its best market in England, nor has it prevented American cotton from becoming the greatest of the raw materials imported by England.

A common lineage, a common language, common manners, customs, laws, and institutions, bind us and our Australian brethren together, and will continue to do so perhaps longer than the British Constitution itself will last. They form, in fact, a permanent bond of union; whereas the influence of patronage, and the trickeries of Conservative legislation, do but provoke and hasten the separation which they are foolishly framed to prevent.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

JEWISH VENERATION.

THE veneration of the Jew for the law is displayed by the grossest superstition, a copy of the Torah or Decalogue being carefully soldered into a narrow tin case, and hung over the entrance to their chambers, as old crones with us nail a horse-shoe to a door; it is even believed to avail as an amulet or charm capable of averting evil, or curing the most obstinate disease. "Ah," said a bed-ridden old Hebrew woman to me, as I visited the mission hospital in Jerusalem, "what can the doctors do for me? If I could only touch the Torah I should be made whole." Not exactly comprehending what she meant, I handed her a little tin-cased copy of the Ten Commandments; she grasped it in her emaciated hands, which trembled with anxiety, and her eyes were lit up with a transient gleam of joy. "Are you made whole?" I inquired; she made no answer, fell back on her pillow, let drop the Torah, and turned from me with a sigh.

Sitting one evening with an intelligent German Jew, who used often to pay me a visit at my lodgings, the conversation turned on Jewish religious rites and ceremonies. Alluding to the day of atonement, he assured me that on that day the Jews believe that ministers are appointed in heaven for the ensuing year: a minister over angels; one over the stars; one over earth; the winds, trees, plants, birds, beasts, fishes, men, and so forth.

That, on that day also, the good and evil deeds of every son of Abraham are actually summed up, and the balance struck for or against each, individually. Where the evil deeds preponderate, such individuals are brought in as in debt to the law; and ten days after the day of atonement, summonses are issued to call the defaulters before God. When these are served, the party summoned to appear is visited either with sudden death or a rapid and violent disease which must terminate speedily in death. "But can not the divine wrath be appeased?" said I. "Not appeased," said my informant; "*the decree must be evaded.*" "How so?" "Thus," he replied. "When a Jew is struck with sud-

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den sickness about this time, if he apprehends that his call is come, he sends immediately for twelve elders of his people; they demand his name; he tells them, for example, my name is Isaac; they answer, thy name shall no more be Isaac, but Jacob shall thy name be called. Then kneeling round the sick man, they pray for him in these words: O God, thy servant, Isaac, has not good deeds to exceed the evil, and a summons against him has gone forth; but this pious man before thee, is named Jacob, and not Isaac. There is a flaw in the indictment; the name in the angel's summons is not correct, therefore, thy servant Jacob can not be called on to appear." "After all," said I, "suppose this Jacob dies." "Then," replied my companion, "*the Almighty is unjust;* the summons was irregular, and its execution not according to law."

Does not this appear incredible? Another anecdote, and I have done.

On the same occasion we were speaking about vows, and the obligation of fulfilling them. "As to paying your vow," said my Jewish friend, "we consider it performed, if the vow be observed to the letter." He then gave me the following rather ludicrous illustration as a case in point: There was in his native village a wealthy Jew, who was seized with a dangerous illness. Seeing death approach, despite of his physician's skill, he bethought him of vowing a vow; so he solemnly promised, that if God would restore him to health, he, on his part, would sell a certain fat beast in his stall, and devote the proceeds to the Lord.

The man recovered, and in due time appeared before the door of the synagogue, driving before him a goodly ox, and carrying under one arm a large, black Spanish cock. The people were coming out of the synagogue, and several Jewish butchers, after artistically examining the fine, fat beast, asked our convalescent what might be the price of the ox. "This ox," replied the owner, "I value at *two shillings*" (I substitute English money); but the cock," he added, ostentatiously exhibiting chanticleer, I estimate at *twenty pounds*." The butchers laughed at him; they thought he was in joke. However, as he gravely persisted that he was in earnest, one of them, taking him at his word, put down two shillings for the ox. "Softly, my good friend," rejoined the seller, "*I have made a vow not to sell the ox without the cock;* you must buy both, or be content with neither." Great was the surprise of the bystanders, who could not conceive what perversity possessed their wealthy neighbor. But the cock being value for two shillings, and the ox for twenty pounds, the bargain was concluded, and the money paid.

Our worthy Jew now walks up to the Rabbi, cash in hand. "This," said he, handing the two shillings, "I devote to the service of the synagogue, being the price of the ox, which I had vowed; and this, placing the twenty pounds in his own bosom, is lawfully mine own, for is it not the price of the cock?" "And what did your neighbors say of the transaction? Did they not think this rich man an arrant rogue?" "Rogue!" said my friend, repeating my last words with some amazement, "they considered him a pious and a *clever* man." Sharp enough, thought I; but delicate about exposing my ignorance, I judiciously held my peace.

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS.

I.

YOU have heard the ancient story,
How the gallant sons of Greece,
Long ago, with Jason ventured
For the fated Golden Fleece;
How they traversed distant regions,
How they trod on hostile shores;
How they vexed the hoary Ocean
With the smiting of their oars;—
Listen, then, and you shall hear another wondrous tale,
Of a second Argo steering before a prosperous gale!

II.

From the southward came a rumor,
Over sea and over land;
From the blue Ionian islands,
And the old Hellenic strand,
That the sons of Agamemnon,
To their faith no longer true,
Had confiscated the carpets
Of a black and bearded Jew!
Helen's rape, compared to this, was but an idle toy,
Deeper guilt was that of Athens than the crime of haughty Troy.

III.

And the rumor, winged by Ate,
To the lofty chamber ran,
Where great Palmerston was sitting
In the midst of his Divan:
Like Saturnius triumphant,
In his high Olympian hall,
Unregarded by the mighty,
But detested by the small;
Overturning constitutions—setting nations by the ears,
With divers sapient plenipos, like Minto and his peers.

IV.

With his fist the proud dictator
Smote the table that it rang—
From the crystal vase before him
The blood-red wine upsprang!
"Is my sword a wreath of rushes,
Or an idle plume my pen,
That they dare to lay a finger
On the meanest of my men?
No amount of circumcision can annul the Briton's right—
Are they mad, these lords of Athens, for I know they can not fight?

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v.

"Had the wrong been done by others,
By the cold and haughty Czar,
I had trembled ere I opened
All the thunders of my war.
But I care not for the yelping
Of these fangless curs of Greece—
Soon and sorely will I tax them
For the merchant's plundered Fleece.
From the earth his furniture for wrath and vengeance cries—
Ho, Eddisbury! take thy pen, and straightway write to Wyse!"

VI.

Joyfully the bells are ringing
In the old Athenian town,
Gayly to Piræus harbor
Stream the merry people down;
For they see the fleet of Britain
Proudly steering to their shore,
Underneath the Christian banner
That they knew so well of yore,
When the guns at Navarino thundered o'er the sea,
And the Angel of the North proclaimed that Greece again was free.

VII.

Hark!—a signal gun—another!
On the deck a man appears
Stately as the Ocean-shaker—
"Ye Athenians, lend your ears!
Thomas Wyse am I, a herald
Come to parley with the Greek;
Palmerston hath sent me hither,
In his awful name I speak—
Ye have done a deed of folly—one that ye shall sorely rue!
Wherefore did ye lay a finger on the carpets of the Jew?

VIII.

"Don Pacifico of Malta!
Dull indeed were Britain's ear,
If the wrongs of such a hero
Tamely she could choose to hear!
Don Pacifico of Malta!
Knight-commander of the Fleece—
For his sake I hurl defiance
At the haughty towns of Greece.
Look to it—For by my head! since Xerxes crossed the strait,
Ye never saw an enemy so vengeful at your gate.

IX.

"Therefore now, restore the carpets,
With a forfeit twenty-fold;
And a goodly tribute offer
Of your treasure and your gold
Sapienza and the islet
Cervi, ye shall likewise cede,
So the mighty gods have spoken,
Thus hath Palmerston decreed!
Ere the sunset, let an answer issue from your monarch's lips;
In the mean time, I have orders to arrest your merchants' ships."

X.

Thus he spoke, and snatched a trumpet
Swiftly from a soldier's hand,
And therein he blew so shrilly,
That along the rocky strand
Rang the war-note, till the echoes
From the distant hills replied,
Hundred trumpets wildly wailing,
Poured their blast on every side;
And the loud and hearty shout of Britain rent the skies,
"Three cheers for noble Palmerston! another cheer for Wyse!"

XI.

Gentles! I am very sorry
That I can not yet relate,
Of this gallant expedition,
What has been the final fate.
Whether Athens was bombarded
For her Jew-coercing crimes,
Hath not been as yet reported
In the columns of the *Times*.
But the last acounts assure us of some valuable spoil:
Various coasting vessels, laden with tobacco, fruit, and oil.

XII.

Ancient chiefs! that sailed with Jason
O'er the wild and stormy waves—
Let not sounds of later triumphs
Stir you in your quiet graves!
Other Argonauts have ventured
To your old Hellenic shore,
But they will not live in story
Like the valiant men of yore.
O! 'tis more than shame and sorrow thus to jest upon a theme
That for Britain's fame and glory, all would wish to be a dream!

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE will present monthly a digest of all Foreign Events, Incidents, and Opinions, that may seem to have either interest or value for the great body of American readers. Domestic intelligence reaches every one so much sooner through the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, that its repetition in the pages of a Monthly would be dull and profitless. We shall confine our summary, therefore, to the events and movements of foreign lands.

The AFFAIRS OF FRANCE continue to excite general interest. The election of member of the Assembly in Paris has been the great European event of the month. The Socialists nominated EUGENE SUE; their opponents, M. LECLERC. The first is known to all the world as a literary man of great talent, personally a profligate—wealthy, unprincipled, and unscrupulous. The latter was a tradesman, distinguished for nothing but having fought and lost a son at the barricades, and entirely unqualified for the post for which he had been put in nomination. The contest was thus not so much a struggle between the *men*, as the *parties* they represented; and those parties were not simply Socialists and Anti-Socialists. Each party included more than its name would imply. The Socialists in Paris are all Republicans: it suits the purposes of the Government to consider all Republicans as Socialists, inasmuch as it gives them an admirable opportunity to make war upon Republicanism, while they seem only to be resisting Socialism. In this adroit and dangerous manner LOUIS NAPOLEON was advancing with rapid strides toward that absolutism—that personal domination independent of the Constitution, which is the evident aim of all his efforts and all his hopes. He had gone on exercising the most high-handed despotism, and violating the most explicit and sacred guarantees of the Constitution. He had forbidden public meetings, suppressed public papers, and outraged private rights, with the most wanton disregard of those provisions of the Constitution by which they are expressly guaranteed. The nomination of EUGENE SUE was a declaration of hostility to this unconstitutional dynasty. He was supported not only by the Socialists proper, but by all citizens who were in favor of maintaining the Republic with its constitutional guarantees. The issue was thus between a Republic and a Monarchy, between the Constitution and a Revolution. For days previous to the election this issue was broadly marked, and distinctly recognized by all the leading royalist journals, and the Republic was attacked with all the power of argument and ridicule. Repressive laws, and a stronger form of government, which should bridle the fierce democracy, were clamorously demanded. The very day before the polls were opened, the *Napoleon* journal, which derives its chief inspiration from the President, drew a colored parallel between the necessities of the 18th *Brumaire*, and those of the present crisis, and entered into a labored vindication of all the arbitrary measures which followed BONAPARTE's dissolution of the Assembly, and his usurpation of the executive power. The most high-handed expedients were resorted to by the ministry to assure the success of the coalition. The sale of all the principal democratic journals in the streets was interdicted. The legal prosecutions of the Procureur General virtually re-established the censorship of the Press. Placards in favor of the democratic candidate were excluded from the street walls, while those of his opponent were every where emblazoned. Electoral meetings were prohibited; democratic merchants and shop-keepers were threatened with a loss of patronage; and the whole republican party was officially denounced as a horde of imbeciles, and knaves, and fanatics. No means were left unemployed by the reactionists to secure a victory.

It was all in vain. On closing the polls the vote stood thus:

EUGENE SUE	128,007
M. LECLERC	119,420
SUE's majority.....	8,587

And, what is still more startling, *four-fifths* of all the votes given by the Army were cast for SUE. The result created a good deal of alarm in Paris. Stocks fell, and there seemed to be a general apprehension of an outbreak. If any such event occurs, however, it will be through the instigation of the Government. Finding himself outvoted, LOUIS NAPOLEON would undoubtedly be willing to try force. In any event, we do not believe it will be found possible to overthrow Republicanism in France.

Previous to the election there was a *Mutiny in the 11th Infantry*. On the march of the 2d battalion from Rennes to Toulon, on the 11th April, the popular cry was raised by the common soldiers, urged on by the democrats of the town, and they insulted their officers. At Angers the men were entertained at a fête; and in the evening the soldiers and subaltern officers, accompanied by their entertainers, paraded the streets, shouting again and again, "Vive la République démocratique et sociale!" The Minister of War, on receiving intelligence of this affair, ordered the battalion to be disbanded, and the subalterns and soldiers drafted into the regiments at Algiers.

Besides this disgrace, an involuntary and *Appalling Calamity* befell this regiment. When the 3d battalion was leaving Angers, on the 16th, at eleven o'clock in the morning they met a squadron of hussars coming from Nantes, which crossed over the suspension-bridge of the Basse Maine, without any accident. A fearful storm raged at the time. The last of the horses

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had scarcely crossed the bridge than the head of the column of the third battalion of the 11th appeared on the other side. Reiterated warnings were given to the troops to break into sections, as is usually done, but, the rain falling heavily, it was disregarded, and they advanced in close column. The head of the battalion had reached the opposite side—the pioneers, the drummers, and a part of the band were off the bridge, when a horrible crash was heard; the cast-iron columns of the right bank suddenly gave way, crushing beneath them the rear of the fourth company, which, with the flank company, had not stepped upon the bridge. To describe the frightful spectacle, and the cries of despair which were raised, is impossible. The whole town rushed to the spot to give assistance. In spite of the storm, all the boats that could be got at were launched to pick up the soldiers in the river, and a great number who were clinging to the parapets of the bridge, or who were afloat by their knapsacks, were immediately got out. The greater number were, however, found to be wounded by the bayonets, or by the fragments of the bridge falling on them. As the soldiers were got out, they were led into the houses adjoining, and every assistance given. A young lieutenant, M. Loup, rendered himself conspicuous for his heroic exertions; and a young workwoman, at the imminent danger of her life, jumped into the water, and saved the life of an officer who was just sinking. A journeyman hatter stripped and jumped into the river, and, by his strength and skill in swimming, saved a great many lives. One of the soldiers who had reached the shore unhurt, immediately stripped, and swam to the assistance of his comrades. The lieutenant-colonel, an old officer of the empire, was taken out of the river seriously wounded, but remained to watch over the rescue of his comrades. It appears that some people of the town were walking on the bridge at the time of the accident, for among the bodies found were those of a servant-maid and two children.

When the muster-roll was called, it was found that there were 219 soldiers missing, whose fate was unknown. There were, besides, 33 bodies lying in the hospital, and 30 wounded men; 70 more bodies were found during the morning, 4 of whom were officers.

M. Proudhon was arrested on the 18th, and sent to the fortress of Doullens, for having charged the ministry in his own paper, the "Voix du Peuple," with having occasioned the disaster of Angers by sending the 11th Regiment of Light Infantry to Africa. In a letter from prison he acquitted the government of design in producing the catastrophe, but in a tone which hinted the possibility of so diabolical a crime having been meditated.

A *Notorious Murderer* has been arrested in France, whose mysterious and criminal career would afford the materials for a romance. He was taken at Ivry, in virtue of a writ granted by the President, on the demand of the Sardinian government, having been condemned for a murder under extraordinary circumstances. He was arrested in 1830, at Chambery, his native town, for being concerned in a murder; but he escaped from the prison of Bonneville, where he was confined, and by means of a disguise succeeded in reaching the town of Chene Tonnex, where he went to an inn which was full of travelers There being no vacant beds, the innkeeper allowed him to sleep in a room with a cattle-dealer, named Claude Duret. The unfortunate cattle-dealer was found dead in the morning, he having been smothered with the mattress on which he had slept. He had a large sum of money with him, which was stolen, and this, as well as his papers, had, no doubt, been taken by Louis Pellet, who had disappeared. Judicial inquiries ensued, and the result was that Louis Pellet, already known to have committed a murder, was condemned, *par contumace*, to ten years' imprisonment at the galleys by the senate of Chambery. In the mean time Louis Pellet, profiting by the papers of the unfortunate Claude Duret, contrived to reach Paris, when he opened a shop, where he organized a foreign legion for Algeria, enrolled himself under the name of his victim, and sailed for Oran in a government vessel. From this time up to 1834 all trace of him was lost. He came to Paris, took a house, amassed a large sum of money, and it turns out he was mixed up with a number of cases of murder, swindling, and forgery. These facts came to the knowledge of the police, owing to Pellet having been taken before the Correctional Police for a trifling offense, when he appealed against the punishment of confinement for five days. The French government immediately sent an account of the arrest of this great criminal to the consul of the government of Savoy resident at Paris.

Political movements in ENGLAND are not without interest and importance, although nothing startling has occurred. The birth of another Prince, christened ARTHUR, has furnished another occasion for evincing the attachment of the English people to their sovereign. The event, which occurred on the 28th of April, was celebrated by the usual demonstrations of popular joy. Few years will elapse, however, before each of the princes and princesses, whose advent is now so warmly welcomed, will require a splendid and expensive establishment, which will add still more to the burdens of taxation which already press, with overwhelming weight, upon the great mass of the English people. Thus it is that every thing in that country, however fortunate and welcome it may appear, tends irresistibly to an increase of popular burdens which infallibly give birth to popular discontents.

The attention of Parliament has been attracted of late, in an unusual degree, to the intellectual wants of the humbler classes, and to the removal, by legislation, of some of the many restrictions which now deprive them of all access even to the most ordinary sources of information. Even

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newspapers, which in this country go into the hands of every man, woman, and child who can read, and which therefore enable every member of the community to keep himself informed concerning all matters of interest to him as a citizen, are virtually prohibited to the poorer classes in England by the various duties which are imposed upon them, and which raise the price so high as to be beyond their reach. Mr. GIBSON, in the House of Commons, brought forward resolutions, on the 16th of April, to abolish what he justly styled these *Taxes on Knowledge:* they proposed 1st, to repeal the excise duty only on paper; 2d, to abolish the stamp, and 3d, the advertisement duty on newspapers; 4th, to do away with the customs duty on foreign books. In urging these measures Mr. GIBSON said, that the sacrifice of the small excise duty on paper yearly, would lead to the employment of 40,000 people in London alone. The suppression of Chambers' Miscellany, and the prevented re-issue of Mr. Charles Knight's Penny Cyclopædia, from the pressure of the duty, were cited as gross instances of the check those duties impose on the diffusion of knowledge. Mr. GIBSON did not propose to alter the postal part of the newspaper stamp duties; all the duty paid for postage—a very large proportion—would therefore still be paid. He dwelt on the unjust Excise caprices which permit this privilege to humorous and scientific weekly periodicals, but deny it to the avowed "news" columns of the daily press. He especially showed by extracts from a heap of unstamped newspapers, that great evil is committed on the poorest reading classes, by denying them that useful fact and true exposition which would be the best antidote to the pernicious principles now disseminated among them by the cheap, unstamped press. There is no reason but this duty, which only gives £350,000 per annum, why the poor man should not have his penny and even his halfpenny newspaper, to give him the leading facts and the important ideas of the passing time. The tax on advertisements checks information, fines poverty, mulcts charity, depresses literature, and impedes every species of mental activity, to realize £150,000 per annum. That mischievous tax on knowledge, the duty on foreign books, is imposed for the sake of no more than £8000 a year! Mr. GIBSON concluded by expressing his firm conviction, that unless these taxes were removed, and the progress of knowledge by that and every other possible means facilitated, evils most terrible would arise in the future—a not unfit retribution for the gross impolicy of the legislature. He was supported by Mr. ROEBUCK, but the motion was negatived, 190 to 89. In his speech he instanced a curious specimen of the manner in which the act is sometimes evaded. A Greenock publisher himself informed him that, having given offense to the authorities by some political reflections in a weekly unstamped newspaper of his of the character of *Chambers's Journal*, he was prosecuted for violation of the Stamp Act, and fined for each of five numbers £25. Thereupon he diligently studied the Act; and finding that printing upon *cloth* was not within the prohibition, he set to work and printed his journal upon cloth—giving matter "savoring of intelligence" without the penny stamp—and calling his paper the *Greenock Newscloth*, sent it forth despite the Solicitor to the Stamp Office.

The *Education Bill* introduced by Mr. FOX came up on the 17th, and was discussed at some length. The general character of the measure proposed, is very forcibly set forth in an article from the *Examiner*, which will be found upon a preceding page of this Magazine. The bill was opposed mainly by Lord ARUNDEL, a Catholic, on the ground that it made no provision for religious education, and secular education he denounced as essentially atheistic. Mr. ROEBUCK advocated the bill in an able and eloquent speech, urging the propriety of education as a means of preventing crime. He asked for the education of the people, and he asked it upon the lowest ground. As a mere matter of policy, the state ought to educate the people; and why did he say so? Lord Ashley had been useful in his generation in getting up Ragged Schools. It was a great imputation upon the kingdom that such schools were needed. Why were they needed? Because of the vice which was swarming in all our great cities. "We pass laws," said he, "send forth an army of judges and barristers to administer them, erect prisons and place aloft gibbets to enforce them; but religious bigotry prevents the chance of our controlling the evil at the source, by so teaching the people as to prevent the crimes we strive to punish." It was because he believed that prevention was better than cure; it was because he believed that the business of government was to prevent crime in every possible way rather than to punish it after its commission, that he asked the house to divest themselves of all that prejudice and bigotry which was at the bottom of the opposition to this measure. The bill was warmly opposed, however, and its further consideration was postponed until the 20th of May.

The ministry during the month has been defeated upon several measures, though upon none of very great importance. In the first week of the meeting of parliament after the Easter holidays, the cabinet had to endure, in the House of Commons, three defeats—two positive, and one comparative; and, shortly after, a fourth. On a motion, having for its object improvement in the status and accommodation of assistant-surgeons on board Her Majesty's ships, ministers were placed in a minority equal to eight votes. On the measure for extending the jurisdiction of county courts, to which they were not disposed to agree, they voted with a minority, which numbered 67 against 144 votes. These were the positive defeats; the comparative one arose out of a motion to abolish the window-tax. Against this the cabinet made some effort, but its supporters only mustered

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in sufficient strength to afford a majority of three. Their last disaster was in a committee on the New Stamp Duties Bill. The ministry seem disposed to gratify the public by economy so far as possible, Lord JOHN RUSSELL having introduced and carried a motion for a select committee on the subject.

Great preparations are making for the Industrial Exhibition of 1851. It has been decided that it is to take place in Hyde Park in a building made of iron to guard against fire. The *Literary Gazette* has the following paragraph in regard to it:

"We are informed that an overture has been received by the Royal Commissioners from the government of the United States of America, offering to remove the exhibition, after its close in London, to be reproduced at New York, and paying a consideration for the same which would go toward the increase of the English fund. With regard to this fund, while we again express our regret at its languishing so much, and at the continuance of the jobbing which inflicted the serious wound on its commencement, and is still allowed to paralyze the proceedings in chief, we adhere to the opinion that it will be sufficient for the Occasion. The Occasion, not as bombastically puffed, but as nationally worthy; and that the large sum which may be calculated upon for admissions (not to mention this new American element), will carry it through in as satisfactory a manner as could be expected."

The *Expeditions to the Arctic Seas* in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN attract a good deal of attention. It is stated that Captain Penny was to sail April 30th from Scotland, in command of the two ships the Lady Franklin and the Sophia. He will proceed without delay to Jones's Sound; which he purposes thoroughly to explore. The proposed expedition under the direction of Sir John Ross will also be carried into execution. He will sail from Ayr about the middle of May; and will probably be accompanied by Commander Philips, who was with Sir James Ross in his Antarctic Expedition. Another expedition, in connection with that of Sir John Ross, is under consideration. It has for its object the search of Prince Regent's Inlet by ship as far south as Brentford Bay; from whence walking and boating parties might be dispatched in various directions. This plan—which could be carried into effect by dispatching a small vessel with Sir John Ross, efficiently equipped for the service—is deemed highly desirable by several eminent authorities; as it is supposed—and not without considerable reason—that Sir John Franklin may be to the south of Cape Walker; and that he would, in such case, presuming him to be under the necessity of forsaking his ships this spring, prefer making for the wreck of the Fury stores in Prince Regent's Inlet, the existence of which he is aware of, to attempting to gain the barren shore of North America, which would involve great hazard and fatigue. As a matter of course this second expedition would be of a private nature, and wholly independent of those dispatched by the Admiralty. These various expeditions, in addition to that organized by Mr. HENRY GRINNELL of New York, will do all that can be done toward rescuing Captain FRANKLIN, or, at least, obtaining some knowledge of his fate.

The death of WORDSWORTH, the Patriarch of English Poetry, and that of BOWLES, distinguished also in the same high sphere, have called forth biographical notices from the English press. A sketch of each of these distinguished men will be found in these pages. The propriety of discontinuing the laureateship is forcibly urged. About £2000 has been contributed toward the erection of a monument to Lord JEFFREY.

The LONDON SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES present nothing of extraordinary interest for the month. At the meeting of the Geological Society, March 28, Sir RODERICK MURCHISON read a paper of some importance on the Relations of the Hot Water and Vapor sources of Tuscany to the Volcanic Eruptions of Italy. On the 10th of April, a paper was read from Prof. LEPSIUS on the height of the Nile valley in Nubia, which was formerly much greater than it is now.

At the Royal Society, April 12, the Rev. Professor O'BRIEN, in a paper "on a Popular View of certain Points in the Undulatory Theory of Light," restricted his illustration to a single topic, namely, the analogy of the mixture of colors to the mixture of sounds, having first explained generally what the undulatory theory of light is, and the composition of colors and sounds. At the meeting on the 19th, Mr. STENHOUSE, in concluding a paper on the artificial production of organic bases, said he did not despair of producing artificially the natural alkaloids, and the more especially as, thirty years ago, we could not produce any alkaloids. Before the chair was vacated, Mr. FARADAY submitted a powerful magnet which had been sent to him by a foreign philosopher; indeed, it was the strongest ever made. A good magnet, Mr. Faraday said, weighing 8 lbs., would support a weight of about 40 lbs. The magnet he exhibited had surprised him; it weighed only 1 lb., and it supported 26½ lbs. This magnet, so beautifully made, was, we believe, constructed by M. Lozeman, on a new method, the result of the researches of M. Elias, both of Haarlem.

At another meeting of the same society, Dr. MANTELL submitted a paper upon the *Pelorosaurus*, an undescribed, gigantic terrestrial reptile, of which an enormous arm-bone, or humerus, has recently been discovered in Sussex. It was found imbedded in sandstone, by Mr. Peter Fuller, of Lewes, at about twenty feet below the surface; it presents the usual mineralized condition of the fossil bones from the arneaceous strata of the Wealden. It is four and a half feet in length, and the circumference of its distal extremity is 32 inches! It has a medullary cavity 3 inches in diameter, which at once separates it from the Cetiosaurus and other sup-

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posed marine Saurians, while its form and proportions distinguish it from the humerus of the Iguanodon, Hylæosaurus, and Megalosaurus. It approaches most nearly to the Crocodilians, but possesses characters distinct from any known fossil genus. Its size is stupendous, far surpassing that of the corresponding bone even of the gigantic Iguanodon; and the name of *Pelorosaurus* (from πέλωρ, *pelōr*, monster) is, therefore, proposed for the genus, with the specific term *Conybeari*, in honor of the palæontological labors of the Dean of Llandaff. No bones have been found in such contiguity with this humerus as to render it certain that they belonged to the same gigantic reptile; but several very large caudal vertebræ of peculiar characters, collected from the same quarry, are probably referable to the Pelorosaurus; these, together with some distal caudals which belong to the same type, are figured and described by the author. Certain femora and other bones from the oolite of Oxfordshire, in the collection of the dean of Westminster, at Oxford, are mentioned as possessing characters more allied to those of the Pelorosaurus, or to some unknown terrestrial Saurian, than to the Cetiosaurus, with which they have been confounded. As to the magnitude of the animal to which the humerus belonged, Dr. Mantell, while disclaiming the idea of arriving at any certain conclusions from a single bone, stated that in a Gavial 18 feet long, the humerus is one foot in length, *i. e.*, one-eighteenth part of the length of the animal, from the end of the muzzle to the tip of the tail. According to these admeasurements the Pelorosaurus would be 81 feet long, and its body 20 feet in circumference. But if we assume the length and number of the vertebræ as the scale, we should have a reptile of relatively abbreviated proportions; even in this case, however, the original creature would far surpass in magnitude the most colossal of reptilian forms.

A writer in the *Athenæum*, in speaking of the expense of marble and bronze statues, which limits the possession of works of high art to the wealthy, calls attention to the fact that *lead* possesses every requisite for the casting of statues which bronze possesses, while it excels that costly material in two very important particulars—cheapness, and fusibility at a low temperature. As evidence that it may be used for that purpose, he cites the fact that the finest piece of statuary in Edinburgh is composed of lead. This is the equestrian statue of Charles the Second, erected in the Parliament Square by the magistrates of Edinburgh in honor of the restoration of that monarch. This statue is such a fine work of art that it has deceived almost every one who has mentioned its composition. Thus, a late writer in giving an account of the statuary in Edinburgh describes it as consisting of "hollow bronze;" and in "Black's Guide through Edinburgh" it is spoken of as "the best specimen of bronze statuary which Edinburgh possesses." *It is, however, composed of lead*, and has already, without sensible deterioration, stood the test of 165 years' exposure to the weather, and it still seems as fresh as if erected but yesterday. Lead, therefore, appears from this instance to be sufficiently durable to induce artists to make trial of it in metallic castings, instead of bronze.

Intelligence from Mosul to the 4th ult. states that Mr. LAYARD and his party are still carrying on their excavations at Nimrood and Nineveh. A large number of copper vessels beautifully engraved have been found in the former; and from the latter a large assortment of fine slabs illustrative of the rule, conquests, domestic life, and arts of the ancient Assyrians, are daily coming to light, and are committed to paper by the artist, Mr. Cooper, one of the expedition. Mr. Layard intends to make a trip to the Chaboor, the Chaboras of the Romans, and to visit Reish Aina, the Resen of Scripture, where he hopes to find a treasure of Assyrian remains.

THE LITERARY INTELLIGENCE of the month is not of special interest. The first part of a new work by WILLIAM MURE, entitled a "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," has just been published in London, and elicits warm commendation from the critical journals. The three volumes thus far published are devoted mainly to a discussion of HOMER. MR. CHARLES MERIVALE has also completed and published two volumes of his "History of the Romans under the Empire," which extend to the death of Julius Caesar.

Mrs. SARA COLERIDGE, widow of HENRY NELSON, and daughter of S. T. COLERIDGE, has collected such of her father's supposed writings in the Watchman, Morning Post, and Courier, ranging between the years 1795 and 1817, as could with any certainty be identified for his, and, with such as he avowed by his signature, has published them in three duodecimo volumes, as *Essays on his own Times*, or a second series of *The Friend*. They are dedicated to Archdeacon Hare, and embody not a little of that system of thought, or method of regarding public affairs from the point of view of a liberal and enlarged Christianity, which is now ordinarily associated with what is called the German party in the English Church. The volumes are not only a valuable contribution to the history of a very remarkable man's mind, but also to the history of the most powerful influence now existing in the world—the Newspaper Press.

A more complete and elaborate work upon this subject, however, has appeared in the shape of two post octavo volumes by Mr. F. KNIGHT HUNT, entitled *The Fourth Estate*. Mr. Hunt describes his book very fairly as contributions toward a history of newspapers, and of the liberty of the press, rather than as a complete historical view of either; but he has had a proper feeling for the literature of his subject, and has varied his entertaining anecdotes of the present race of newspaper men, with extremely curious and valuable notices of the past.

Of books on mixed social and political ques-

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tions the most prominent has been a new volume of Mr. LAING's *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People*, devoted to the last two years, from the momentous incidents of which Mr. Laing derives sundry warnings as to the instability of the future, the necessity of changes in education and political arrangements, and the certain ultimate predominance of material over imaginative influences in the progress of civilization, which his readers will very variously estimate, according to their habits of thinking; and Mr. KAY's collections of evidence as to the present *Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe*, the object of which is to show that the results of the primary schools, and of the system of dividing landed property, existing on the Continent, has been to produce a certain amount of mental cultivation and social comfort among the lower classes of the people abroad, to which the same classes in England can advance no claim whatever. The book contains a great deal of curious evidence in support of this opinion.

Of works strictly relating to modern history, the first volume of General KLAPKA's memoirs of the *War in Hungary*, and a military treatise by Colonel CATHCART on the *Russian and German Campaigns of* 1812 *and* 1813, may be mentioned as having authority. Klapka was a distinguished actor in the war he now illustrates by his narrative, and Colonel Cathcart saw eight general actions lost and won in which Napoleon commanded in person.

In the department of biography, the principal publications have been a greatly improved edition of Mr. Charles Knight's illustrations of the *Life of Shakspeare*, with the erasure of many fanciful, and the addition of many authentic details; a narrative of the *Life of the Duke of Kent*, by Mr. Erskine Neale, in which the somewhat troubled career of that very amiable prince is described with an evident desire to do justice to his character and virtues; and a *Life of Dr. Andrew Combe*, of Edinburgh, an active and benevolent physician, who led the way in that application of the truths and teachings of physiology to health and education, which has of late occupied so largely the attention of the best thinkers of the time, and whose career is described with affectionate enthusiasm by his brother Mr. George Combe. Not as a regular biography, but as a delightful assistance, not only to our better knowledge of the wittiest and one of the wisest of modern men, but to our temperate and just judgments of all men, we may mention the publication of the posthumous fragments of SYDNEY SMITH's *Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*.

To the department of poetry, Mr. BROWNING's *Christmas Eve and Easter Day* has been the most prominent addition. But we have also to mention a second and final volume of *More Verse and Prose* by the late Corn-law Rhymer; a new poetical translation of *Dante's Divine Comedy*, by Mr. Patrick Bannerman; and a dramatic poem, called the *Roman*, by a writer who adopts the fictitious name of Sydney Yendys, on the recent revolutionary movements in Italy. In prose fiction, the leading productions have been a novel entitled the *Initials*, depicting German social life, by a new writer; and an historical romance, called *Reginald Hastings*, of which the subject is taken from the English civil wars, by Mr. ELIOT WARBURTON.

The DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS, during the month, have not been very numerous, though they comprise names of considerable celebrity in various departments.

Of WORDSWORTH and BOWLES, both poets, and both friends of COLERIDGE, LAMB, SOUTHEY, and CRABBE, more detailed mention is made in preceding pages.

Lieut.-General Sir JAMES BATHURST, K.C.B., died at Kibworth Rectory, Leicestershire, on the 13th, in his 68th year. When he entered the army in 1794, if his age be correctly stated, he could have been only twelve years of age. He served at Gibraltar and in the West Indies, the capture of Surinam, the campaign in Egypt in 1801, in the expedition to Hanover, and in the actions fought for the relief of Dantzic, as well as in those of Lomitten, Deppen, Gutstadt, Heilsberg, and Friedland. Subsequently he served at Rugen, and at the siege of Copenhagen. In 1808 and 1809, he served with the army in Portugal and Spain as assistant quartermaster-general, and as military secretary to the Duke of Wellington.

Madame DULCKEN died on the 13th, in Harley-street, aged 38. She was the sister of the celebrated violinist, David, and had been for many years resident in England, where she held a conspicuous position among the most eminent professors of the piano-forte.

Sir ARCHIBALD GALLOWAY, Chairman of the Hon. East India Company, died on the 6th, in London, aged 74, after a few hours' illness. He transacted business at the India House on the 4th, and presided at the banquet recently given by the directors of the East India Company to Lord Gough.

Rear-Admiral HILLS died on the 8th, aged 73. He became a lieutenant in 1798, and a post-captain in 1814. The deceased was a midshipman of the Eclair at the occupation of Toulon, and was lieutenant of the Amethyst at the capture of various prizes during the late war.

Dr. PROUT, F.R.S., expired in Piccadilly, on the 9th, at an advanced age. He was till lately in extensive practice as a physician, besides being a successful author.

Captain SMITH, R.N., the Admiralty superintendent of packets at Southampton, died on the 8th, unexpectedly. He was distinguished as the inventor of paddle-box boats for steamers, and of the movable target for practicing naval gunnery. He entered the navy in 1808, and saw a good deal of service till the close of the war.

Madame TUSSAUD, the well-known exhibitor

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of wax figures, died on the 10th, in her 90th year. She was a native of Berne, but left Switzerland when but six years old for Paris, where she became a pupil of her uncle, M. Curtius, "artiste to Louis XVI.," by whom she was instructed in the fine arts, of which he was an eminent professor. Madame Tussaud prided herself upon the fact of having instructed Madame Elizabeth to draw and model, and she continued to be employed by that princess until October, 1789. She passed unharmed through the horrors of the Revolution, perhaps by reason of her peculiar ability as a modeler; for she was employed to take heads of most of the Revolutionary leaders. She came to England in 1802, and has from that time been occupied in gathering the popular exhibition now exhibiting in London.

Affairs in ITALY seem very unpromising. The POPE returned to Rome on the 12th: and in this number of this Magazine will be found a detailed and very graphic account of his approach, entry, and reception. From subsequent accounts there is reason to fear that the POPE has fallen entirely under the influence of the Absolutist party, which now sways the councils of the Vatican; and the same arbitrary proceedings appear to be carried on in his immediate presence as were the order of the day when he resided at Portici. The secret press of the Republican party is kept at work, and its productions, somehow or other, find their way into the hands of PIO NONO himself, filling him with indignation. It is said that the Pontiff is very much dissatisfied with his present position, which he feels to be that of a prisoner or hostage. No one is allowed to approach him without permission, and all papers are opened beforehand by the authority of Cardinal ANTONELLI. It is generally feared that his Holiness is a tool in the hands of the Absolutists—a very pretty consummation to have been brought about by the republican bayonets of France! ITALY, for which so many hopes have been entertained, and of whose successful progress in political regeneration so many delightful anticipations have been indulged, seems to be overshadowed, from the Alps to the Abruzzi, with one great failure.

The two Overland Mails from India which arrived during the month brought news that there had been some fighting in the newly acquired territories. On the 2d of February a body of Affredies, inhabitants of the Kohat hills, about a thousand strong, attacked the camp of a party of British sappers, employed in making a road in a pass between Peshawur and Kohat. Twelve of the latter were killed, six wounded, and the camp was plundered. To avenge this massacre a strong force under Colonel Bradshaw, Sir Charles Napier himself, with Sir John Campbell, accompanying him, marched from Peshawur on the 9th. The mountaineers made a stand in every pass and defile; but although the troops destroyed six villages and killed a great number of the enemy, they were obliged to return to Peshawur on the 11th without having accomplished their object. On the 14th February another force was sent to regain the passes and to keep them open for a larger armament.

Accounts from EGYPT to the 6th, state that the Pacha, who had been residing at his new palace in the Desert, had returned to Cairo. The proximity of his residence has drawn his attention to the *Improvement of the Overland Route;* and he has said that means must be adopted to reduce the period of traveling between the ships in the Mediterranean and Red Sea to 60 or 65 hours, instead of 80 or 85 hours. He has sent a small landing steamer to ply in Suez harbor; and he is causing the work of Macadamizing the Desert road to be proceeded with vigorously. An agreement has been made with contractors to enlarge the station-houses on the Desert, so as to admit of the necessary stabling accommodation for eight or ten relays of horses, instead of four or five, by which means 50 or 60 persons will be moved across in one train, instead of, as at present, half that number. Mules, again, are to be substituted for baggage camels in the transport of the Indian luggage and cargoes, with the view to a reduction of the time consumed in this operation between Suez and Cairo, from 36 to 24 hours. It is easy to perceive the benefits which will be derived from these measures.

Mr. P. COLQUOHON sends to the *Athenæum*, the following extract of a letter from Baron de Rennenkampff, the Chief Chamberlain of H. R H. the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and President of the Museum of Antiquities at Oldenburg, which is almost entirely indebted to that gentleman for its collection—narrating an important discovery of Roman silver coins:

"A most interesting circumstance, the particulars of which have much occupied my attention, has occurred here lately. Some poor day laborers in the neighborhood of the small town of Jever, on the border of Marsch and Gest, found, in a circle of a few feet, at a depth of from 7 to 8 feet, a heap of small Roman coins, of fine silver, being 5000 pieces of Roman denarii. The half of them immediately fell into the hands of a Jew of Altona, at a very inconsiderable price. The greatest portion of the remainder were dispersed before I gained intelligence of it, and I only succeeded in collecting some 500 pieces for the Grand Duke's collection, who permitted me to remunerate the discoverers with four times the value of the metal. The coins date between the years 69 and 170 after Christ while the oldest which have hitherto been discovered on the European Continent, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, &c., date from 170 or 180. Each piece bears the effigy of one of the Emperors of the time, the reverse is adorned with the impression of some occurrence (a woman lying down with a chariot wheel, and beneath it the legend *via Trajaceæ*, a trophy, and

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on the escutcheon *Dacia capta*, &c.), and these are so various that pairs have only been found in a few cases. The discovery is so much the more wonderful, as, historically, no trace can be found of the Romans having penetrated so far down as Jever."

The French Minister of the Interior has decided on postponing the Exhibition of Painting in Paris this year until November. The comparative absence from the capital during the fine season of strangers and of rich amateurs likely to be purchasers of pictures, is the motive for this change in the period of opening the Salon.

The French papers state that the submarine electric telegraph between Dover and Calais is to be opened to the public on the 4th of May, the anniversary of the proclamation of the French Republic by the Constituent Assembly.

The Indian Mail brings copies of a new journal published in China on the first day of the present year, and called the *Pekin Monitor*. It is written in Chinese, and carefully printed, on fine paper. The first number contains an ordinance of the emperor, Toa-kouang, forbidding the emigration of his subjects to California or the State of Costa Rica.

It is stated in the *Berliner Allgemeine Kirchen Zeitung*, that the Jews have obtained a firman from the Porte, granting them permission to build a temple on Mount Zion. The projected edifice is, it is said, to equal Solomon's Temple in magnificence.

The creation of a university for New South Wales is a striking expression of the rapid development of the history of a colony founded, in times comparatively recent, with the worst materials of civilization grafted on the lowest forms of barbarism existing on the earth. The new institution is to be at Sydney; and a sum of £30,000 has been, it is said, voted for the building and £5000 for its fittings-up. It will contain at first chairs of the Classical Languages, Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural History, Natural Philosophy, Mechanics, Physiology, and the Medical Sciences; and professorships of History, Philosophy, and Political Economy are to be hereafter added. There is to be no faculty of Theology—and no religious tests.

The late Dr. Potts, inventor of the hydraulic pile-driving process, and other mechanical inventions, expired at his house in Buckingham-street, Strand, on the 23d ultimo. Dr. Potts belonged originally to the medical profession; but by inclination, even from school-boy days, and while a class-fellow with the present Premier and the Duke of Bedford, he appears to have devoted himself to mechanical and engineering pursuits. His name, however, will be most closely associated for the future with the ingenious process for driving piles.

It is said that "among the agriculturists of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire," there is a grand scheme of emigration afloat, which projects the purchase of a million acres of land in one of the Western States of America.

Some of the paper slips dropped by the telegraphing balloons, sent up experimentally by the Admiralty at Whitehall, have been returned by post from Hamburg and Altona, a distance of 450 miles direct.

Box tunnel, London, which is 3192 yards in length, was an object of some interest on Tuesday, the 9th of April, as on that morning at twenty-five minutes past five the sun shone through it. The only other periods that such an event occurs are on the 3d and 4th of September.

An oak tree, forty feet high, with three tons of soil on its roots, has been transplanted at Graisley, near Wolverhampton. The tree was mounted on a timber-carriage, and, with its branches lashed to prevent damage to windows, passed through the streets, a singular but beautiful sight.

The Plymouth Town-Council are about to lay down a quantity of glass pipes, jointed with gutta percha, as an experiment, for the conveyance of water.

The French, Belgian, and Prussian governments appointed a commission in 1848 to draw up the base of an arrangement for an international railway communication: the commission is about to commence its sittings in Paris.

The Russian Geographical Society has decided upon exploring that portion of the Northern Ural which lies between Mount Kwognar and the pass of Koppol; an extent of 2000 wersts, which has not yet been explored by the Ural expedition. The expedition will consist of only three persons—a geognort, who also determines the altitude, a geographer, and one assistant. A great number of attendants, interpreters, workpeople, and rein-deer sledges, have already been engaged. The expedition will set out immediately, and it is hoped will complete the investigation by September.

It is said that nothing indicates the social and moral condition of any community more accurately or impressively than its Records of Crime. The following instances, selected from English journals of the month, will not, therefore, be without interest and instruction.

On the 2d, Thomas Denny was tried at Kingston-on-Thames, for *Murdering his Child*. He was a farm-servant, and so poor that he lived in a hay-loft on his master's premises, with his reputed wife. In August a child was born, and died immediately. Suspicions arose, and an investigation took place, which led to the prisoner's commitment, charged with murdering the infant. On the trial the prisoner's son, an intelligent boy of eight years old, told the following graphic story of his father's guilt: "We all," he said, "lived together in the hay-loft at Ewell. When mother had a baby, I went to my father and told him to come home directly. When we got back my father took up the baby in his arms. He then took up an awl. [Here the child became much affected, and cried bit-

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terly, and it was some time before he could proceed with his testimony. At length he went on.] My father took up the awl, and killed the baby with it. He stuck the awl into its throat. The baby cried, and my father took the child to its mother, and asked her if he should make a coffin for it. Before he said this, he asked her if she would help to kill it, and gave her the awl. She tried to kill it also. My father gave her the child and the awl, and she did the same to it that he had done. I was very much frightened at what I saw, and ran away, and when I came back I found mother in bed." The woman (Eliza Tarrant) had been charged as an accomplice, but the bill against her was ignored by the grand jury. On the trial she was called as a witness; to which the prisoner's counsel objected, she being a presumed participator in the crime. The woman, however, was called, and partly corroborated her son's testimony; but denied that she took any share in killing her offspring. The prisoner was convicted, and Mr. Justice Maule passed sentence of death, informing him that there was no hope of respite. Subsequently, however, the objections of the prisoner's counsel proved more valid than the judge supposed, for the secretary of state thought proper to commute the sentence. The unfortunate man received the respite with heartfelt gratitude. Since his conviction he appeared to be overcome with grief at his awful position.

A Tale of Misery was revealed on the 3d to Mr. à Beckett, the magistrate of Southwark police court. He received a letter from a gentleman who stated that as he was walking home one evening, his attention was attracted to a young woman. She was evidently following an immoral career; but her appearance and demeanor interesting him he spoke to her. She candidly acknowledged, that having been deserted by her parents, she was leading an abandoned life to obtain food for her three sisters, all younger than herself. Her father had been in decent circumstances, but that unfortunately her mother was addicted to drink, and owing to this infirmity their parents had separated, and abandoned them. The writer concluded by hoping that the magistrate would cause an inquiry to be made. Mr. à Beckett directed an officer of the court to investigate into this case. On the 4th, the officer called at the abode of the young woman, in a wretched street, at a time when such a visit could not have been expected. He found Mary Ann Bannister, the girl alluded to, and her three sisters, of the respective ages of eight, eleven, and fourteen, in deep distress. The eldest was washing some clothing for her sisters. There was no food of any description in the place. Altogether the case was a very distressing one, and although accustomed to scenes of misery, in the course of his duties, yet this was one of the most lamentable the officer had met with. The publication of the case had the effect of inducing several benevolent individuals to transmit donations to Mr. à Beckett for these destitute girls, to the amount, as he stated on a subsequent day, of above £25. He added that it was in contemplation to enable the girls to emigrate to South Australia, and that meanwhile they had been admitted into the workhouse of St. George's parish, where they would be kept till a passage was procured for them to the colony. More than one person had offered to take Mary Ann Bannister into domestic service; but emigration for the whole four was thought more advisable.

A female named Lewis, who resided at Bassalleg, left her home on the 3d to go to Newport, about three miles distant, to make purchases. She never returned. A search was made by her son and husband, who is a cripple, and on the night of the following day they discovered her *murdered in a wood* at no very great distance from the village, so frightfully mangled as to leave no doubt that she had been waylaid and brutally murdered. The head was shockingly disfigured, battered by some heavy instrument, and the clothes were saturated with blood. For some days the perpetrators escaped detection, but eventually Murphy and Sullivan, two young Irishmen, were arrested at Cheltenham, on suspicion. Wearing apparel, covered with blood, and a number of trifling articles were found on them. They were sent off to Newport, where it was found they had been engaged in an atrocious outrage in Gloucestershire, on an old man whom they had assailed and robbed on the road near Purby; his skull was fractured; and his life was considered to be in imminent peril. Both prisoners were fully committed to the county jail at Monmouth to take their trial for willful murder.

A Dreadful Murder has been discovered in the neighborhood of Frome, in Somersetshire. On the 3d, a young man named Thomas George, the son of a laborer residing near that town, left his father's house about eight in the evening, and never returned. Next morning, his father went in search of him, and found his body in a farmer's barn; he had been apparently dead for some hours, and there were deep wounds in his head and throat. A man named Henry Hallier, who had been seen in company with the deceased, the night he disappeared, close to the barn where his body was found, was apprehended on the 18th on suspicion, and committed to the county jail.

An act of *Unparalleled Atrocity* was committed during the Easter week in the Isle of Man. Two poor men named Craine and Gill went to a hillside to procure a bundle of heather to make brooms. The proprietor of the premises observed them, and remarked that he would quickly make them remove their quarters. He at once set fire to the dry furze and heather, directly under the hilly place where the poor men were engaged. The fire spread furiously, and it was only by rolling himself down the brow of the hill, and falling over the edge of a precipice into the river underneath, that Gill escaped. His unfortunate companion, who was a pensioner, aged 80 years, and quite a cripple, was left in his helpless state

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a prey to the flames. After they had subsided, Gill went in search of Craine, whom he found burned to a cinder. The proprietor of the heath has been apprehended.

A Shot at his Sweetheart was fired by John Humble Sharpe, a young man of 21, who was tried for it at the Norfolk Circuit on the 9th. The accused, a young carpenter, had courted and had been accepted by the prosecutrix, Sarah Lingwood. She, however, listened to other vows; the lover grew jealous, and was at length rejected. In the night after he had received his dismissal, the family of the girl's uncle with whom she lived were alarmed by the report of a gun. On examining her bedroom it was discovered that a bullet had been fired through the window, had crossed the girl's bed, close to the bottom where she lay, grazed a dress that was lying on the bed-clothes, and struck a chest of drawers beyond. Suspicion having fallen on the prisoner, he was apprehended. The prisoner's counsel admitted the fact, but denied the intent. The prisoner had, he said, no desire to harm the girl, whom he tenderly loved, but only to alarm her and induce her to return to him. The jury, after long deliberation, acquitted the prisoner.

Several shocking instances of *Agrarian Crime* have been mentioned in the Irish papers. At Glasslough, in the county of Monaghan, a shot was fired into the bed-room window of Mr. John Robertson, land steward to C. P. Leslie, Esq., on the night of the 10th. Arthur O'Donnel, Esq., of Pickwick Cottage, in Clare, was murdered near his own house, on the night of the 11th. He was attacked by a party of men and killed with a hatchet. The supposition was that this deed was committed by recipients of relief whom Mr. O'Donnel was wont to strike off the lists at the weekly revision by the board of the Kilrush union, of which he was one. A man was arrested on strong suspicion. There was another murder in Clare. The herdsman of Mr. Scanlon, of Fortune in that county, went out to look after some sheep, the property of his master, when he was attacked by some persons who had been lurking about the wood, and his throat cut.

Two evidences of the *Low Price of Labor* were brought before the magistrates. One at Bow-street on the 10th, when W. Gronnow, a journeyman shoemaker, was charged with pawning eight pairs of ladies' shoes intrusted to him for making up. He pleaded extrême distress, and said he intended to redeem the shoes that week. The prisoner's employer owned that the man was entitled to no more than 4*s*. 8*d*. for making and preparing the eight pairs of shoes. "Why," said the magistrate, "that price is only *sevenpence* a pair for the workman. I am not surprised to hear of so many persons pawning their employers' property, when they are paid so badly." The prisoner was fined 2*s*. and ordered to pay the money he had received upon the shoes within fourteen days; in default, to be imprisoned fourteen days. Being unable to pay the money, he was locked up.

On the previous day a man named Savage, a slop shirt seller, was summoned at Guildhall for 9*d*., the balance due to Mrs. Wallis for making three cotton shirts. When delivered, Savage found fault with them, and deferred payment. Eventually 1*s*. 3*d*. was paid instead of 2*s*. The alderman said he was surprised at any tradesman who only paid 8*d*. for making a shirt, deducting 3*d*. from so small a remuneration; it was disgraceful. He then ordered the money to be paid, with expenses.

Alexander Levey, a goldsmith, was tried at the Central Criminal Court on the 10th, for the *Murder of his Wife*. They were a quarrelsome pair: one day, while the husband, with a knife in his hand, was cooking a sweetbread, the wife came in, and, in answer to his inquiry where she had been, said she had been to a magistrate for a warrant against him. On this, with a violent exclamation, he stabbed her in the throat; she ran out of the house, while he continued eating with the knife with which he stabbed her, saying, however, he hoped she was not much hurt. She died in consequence of the wound. The defense was, that the blow had been given in the heat of passion, and the prisoner was found guilty of manslaughter only. He was sentenced to fifteen years' transportation.

On the same day, Jane Kirtland was tried for the *Manslaughter of her Husband*. They lived at Shadwell, and were both addicted to drinking and quarreling, in both which they indulged. Kirtland having called his wife an opprobrious name she took up a chopper, and said that if he repeated the offensive expression, she would chop him. He immediately repeated it with a still more offensive addition, and at the same time thrust his fist in her face, when she struck him on the elbow with the chopper, and inflicted a wound of which he died a few days afterward. The prisoner, when called upon for her defense, burst into tears, and said that her husband was constantly drunk, and that he was in the habit of going out all day, and leaving her and her children in a destitute state, and when he came home he would abuse her and insult her in every possible way. In a moment of anger she struck him with a chopper, but she had no intention to do him any serious injury. The jury found the prisoner Guilty, but recommended her to mercy on account of the provocation she had received. She was sentenced to be kept to hard labor in the House of Correction for six months.

A coroner's inquest was held in Southwark on the same day, respecting the death of Mrs. Mary Carpenter, *an Eccentric Old Lady*, of eighty-two. She had been left, by a woman who attended her, cooking a chop for her dinner; and soon afterward the neighbors were alarmed by smoke coming from the house. On breaking into her room on an upper floor, the place was found to be on fire. The flames were got under, but the old lady was burnt almost to a cinder. Mrs. Carpenter was a very singular person; she used at one time to wear dresses so that they did not reach down to her

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knees. Part of her leg was exposed, but the other was encased with milk-white stockings, tied up with scarlet garters, the ribbons extending to her feet, or flying about her person. In this extraordinary dress she would sally forth to market, followed by an immense crowd of men and children. For some years past she discontinued these perambulations, and lived entirely shut up in her house in Moss-alley, the windows of which she had bricked up, so that no light could enter from without. Though she had considerable freehold property, she had only an occasional female attendant, and would allow no other person, but the collector of her rents, to enter her preserve.

On the 12th, Mrs. Eleanor Dundas Percival, a lady of thirty-five, destroyed herself by poison at the Hope Coffee-house, in Fetter-lane, where she had taken temporary apartments. *A Distressing History* transpired at the inquest. She was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman, and lost the countenance of her family by marrying a Catholic, a captain in the navy; while her husband suffered the same penalty for marrying a Protestant. About a year ago he and their infant died in the West Indies; she afterward became governess in the family of Sir Colin Campbell, governor of Barbadoes; her health failing, she returned to England in October last, and had since been reduced to extreme distress. Having been turned out of a West-end hotel, and had her effects detained on account of her debt contracted there, she had been received into the apartments in Fetter-lane, partly through the compassion of a person who resided in the house. While there, she had written to Miss Burdett Coutts, and, a few days before her death, a gentleman had called on her from that benevolent lady, who paid up the rent she owed, amounting to £2 14*s*., and left her 10*s*. On the evening above-mentioned she went out, and returned with a phial in her hand containing morphia, which, it appeared, she swallowed on going to bed between five and six, as she was afterward found in a dying state, and the empty phial beside her. The verdict was temporary insanity.

Elias Lucas and Mary Reeder were executed at Cambridge on the 14th. Lucas was the husband of the female convict's sister, whom they had poisoned. Morbid curiosity had attracted from twenty to thirty thousand spectators. In the procession from the jail to the scaffold there was a great parade of county magistrates.

Louisa Hartley was charged at the Southwark Police Court, on the 16th, with an *Attempt to poison her Father*, who is a fellowship porter. On the previous morning she made the coffee for breakfast, on tasting it, it burnt Harley's mouth, and he charged the girl with having put poison in his cup, which she denied; he then tasted her coffee, and found it had no unpleasant flavor. His daughter then snatched away his cup, and threw the contents into a wash-hand basin. But in spite of her tears and protestations of innocence, he took the basin to Guy's Hospital, where it was found that the coffee must have contained vitriol. The girl, who was said to be of weak intellect, and stood sobbing at the bar, being questioned, only shook her head, and said she had nothing to say. At a subsequent hearing the magistrate decided that there was sufficient evidence for a committal.

A man named William Bennison, a workman in an iron-foundry, has been committed to prison at Leith on suspicion of having *Poisoned his Wife*. The circumstances of the case are extraordinary. The scene of the murder is an old-fashioned tiled house in Leith. Bennison and his wife occupied the second floor of a house, in which also resides Alexander Milne, a cripple from his infancy, well known to the frequenters of Leith Walk, where he sits daily, in a small cart drawn by a dog. Mrs. Bennison, after, it is said, partaking of some gruel, became very ill, and died on Monday, the 22d inst. The dog which drew the cripple's cart died about the same time; suspicion was drawn upon the husband, and he was apprehended, and the dog's body conveyed to Surgeon's Hall for examination. Some weeks before, Bennison had purchased arsenic from a neighboring druggist, to kill rats, as he said. When suspected he called on the druggist, and requested him and his wife not to mention that he had purchased the arsenic. He even pressed for a written denial of the fact, adding that there might be arsenic found in his wife's stomach, but he did not put it there. On the Monday previous to her death it is said he enrolled her name in a benefit society, by which on her death he was entitled to a sum of £6. At the prisoner's examination before the sheriff, the report of the chemists pronounced the contents of the dog's stomach to have been metallic poison. The accused was eventually committed for trial. The deceased and her husband were members of the Wesleyan body, and bore an excellent character for piety. Bennison professed to be extremely zealous in behalf of religion, and was in the habit of administering its consolations to such as would accept of them. His "gifts" of extempore prayer are said to be extensive.

Two Men were shot at by a Gamekeeper lately in a wood belonging to Lord Wharncliffe, near Barnsley. The game on this estate is preserved by a solicitor, who resides near Wokefield, who employs Joseph Hunter as gamekeeper. Both the men were severely injured, and Cherry, one of them, sued Hunter as the author of the offense, in the Barnsley County Court, and the case was heard on the 19th instant. Cherry stated, that on the 23d February he went to see the Badsworth hounds meet at the village of Notton, and in coming down by the side of a wood he saw the defendant, who asked plaintiff and two others where the hounds were. Plaintiff told him they were in Notton-park. These men left Hunter, and walked down by the side of Noroyds-wood. They went through the wood, when one of the men who was with him

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began cutting some sticks. Plaintiff then saw Hunter, who was about twenty-five yards from them, coming toward them: the men began to run away, when plaintiff said to the other, "He's going to shoot us;" and before he had well delivered the words, he was shot in the arm and side, and could not run with the others. A surgeon proved that the wounds were severe and in a dangerous part of the body. The two men who were with the plaintiff corroborated his evidence. The judge said that defendant deserved to be sent to York for what he had done already. The damages might have been laid at £100 or £1000 had plaintiff been acting lawfully; but he thought plaintiff had acted with discretion in laying the damages at £10 for which he should give a verdict, and all the costs the law would allow.

An Affecting Case occurred at the Mansion House on the 23d. William Powers, a boy, was brought up on the charge of picking a gentleman's pocket of a handkerchief. A little boy, who had seen the theft, was witness against him. The prisoner made a feeble attempt to represent the witness as an accomplice; but he soon abandoned it, and said, with tears, that he "did not believe the other boy to be a thief at all." The alderman, moved by his manner, asked him if he had parents? He said he had, but they were miserably poor. "My father was, when I last saw him, six months ago, going into the workhouse. What was I to do? I was partly brought up to the tailoring business, but I can get nothing to do at that. I am able to job about, but still I am compelled to be idle. If I had work, wouldn't I work! I'd be glad to work hard for a living, instead of being obliged to thieve and tell lies for a bit of bread." Alderman Carden—If I send you for a month to Bridewell, and from thence into an industrial school, will you stick honestly to labor? The prisoner—Try me. You shall never see me here or in any other disgraceful situation again. Alderman Carden—I will try you. You shall go to Bridewell for a month, and to the School of Occupation afterward, where you will have an opportunity of reforming. The wretched boy expressed himself in terms of gratitude to the alderman, and went away, as seemed to be the general impression in the justice-room, for the purpose of commencing a new life.

On the 5th a pilot-boat brought into Cowes the master of the Lincoln, sailing from Boston for California. He had reached the latitude of 4° N. and longitude 25° W., and when at 10° 30 p.m. of March 2, during a heavy shower of rain, and without any menacing appearance in the air, the ship was *Struck with Lightning*, which shivered the mainmast, and darted into the hold. On opening the scuttle, volumes of smoke were emitted, and finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, the crew endeavored to stifle it by closing every aperture. In this state they remained for nearly four days, with the fire burning in the hold, when they were relieved from their perilous situation by the providential appearance of the Maria Christina, and taken on board. Previous to leaving the ill-fated brig, the hatches were opened, when the flames burst forth, and in thirty minutes afterward the mainmast fell over the side. The unfortunate crew were most kindly treated by Captain Voss, the master of the Maria Christina, who did every thing in his power for their relief.

A Miss Downie met, on the 4th, with an *Extraordinary Death* at Traquair-on-the-Tweed. She had suffered, since childhood, from severe pains in the head and deafness; her health had been gradually declining for the last three years, and in August last she was seized with most painful inflammation in the left ear, accompanied by occasional bleedings also from the ear. On the 20th of March an ordinary-sized metallic pin was extracted from the left ear, which was enveloped in a firm substance with numerous fibres attached to it; several hard bodies, in shape resembling the grains of buckwheat, but of various colors, were also taken out of the right ear. The poor girl endured the most intense pain, which she bore with Christian fortitude till death terminated her sufferings. It is believed the pin must have lodged in the head for nearly twenty years, as she never recollected of having put one in her ear, but she had a distinct remembrance of having, when a child, had a pin in her mouth, which she thought she had swallowed.

The Poet Bowles.—The canon's absence of mind was very great, and when his coachman drove him into Bath he had to practice all kinds of cautions to keep him to time and place. The poet once left our office in company with a well-known antiquary of our neighborhood, since deceased, and who was as absent as Mr. Bowles himself. The servant of the latter came to our establishment to look for him, and, on learning that he had gone away with the gentleman to whom we have referred, the man exclaimed, in a tone of ludicrous distress, "What! those two wandered away together? then they'll never be found any more!" The act of composition was a slow and laborious operation with him. He altered and re-wrote his MS. until, sometimes, hardly any thing remained of the original, excepting the general conception. When we add that his handwriting was one of the worst that ever man wrote—insomuch that frequently he could not read that which he had written the day before—we need not say that his printers had very tough work in getting his works into type. At the time when we printed for Mr. Bowles we had one compositor in our office (his death is recorded in our paper of to-day), who had a sort of knack in making out the poet's hieroglyphics, and he was once actually sent for by Mr. Bowles into Wiltshire to copy some MS. written a year or two before, which the poet had himself vainly endeavored to decipher.—*Bath Chronicle*

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ARCHIBALD ALISON.

MR. ARCHIBALD ALISON, author of the "History of Europe," is son of the author of the well-known "Essay on Taste." He holds the office of sheriff of Lanarkshire, and is much respected in the city of Glasgow, where his official duties compel him to reside Though educated for the profession of the law, and daily administering justice as the principal local judge of a populous district, Mr. Alison's tastes are entirely literary. Besides the "History of Europe," in 20 volumes—a work which, we believe, originated in the pages of a "Scottish Annual Register," long since discontinued—Mr. Alison has written a "Life of Marlborough," and various economic and political pamphlets. He is also a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is, however, upon his "History of Europe" that his fame principally rests. If Mr. Alison be not the most successful of modern historians, we know not to whom, in preference to him, the palm can be conceded. His work is to be found in every library, and bids fair to rank hereafter as the most valuable production of the age in which he lived. This success is due, not only to the importance and interest of his theme, but to the skillful, eloquent, and generally correct manner in which he has treated it. He has, doubtless, been guilty of some errors of omission

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as well as of commission, as we have heard of a literary amateur, whose chief amusement for some years past, has been to make out a list of his mistakes; but, after all deductions of this kind, enough of merit remains in the work to entitle its author to a place in the highest rank of contemporary authors.

The bust of Mr. Alison, of which we present an engraving, was executed in the year 1846, and presented in marble to Mr. Alison by a body of his private friends in Glasgow, as a testimonial of their friendship to him as an individual; of their esteem and respect for him in his public capacity, as one of their local judges; and of their admiration of his writings. It is considered a very excellent likeness.

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT not only possessed poetical spirit, or the apparent faculty of producing poetry, but he produced poems beautiful in description, touching in incident and feeling, and kindly in sentiment, when he was kept away from that bugbear of his imagination a landed gentleman. A man of acres, or any upholder of the corn-laws, was to him what brimstone and blue flames are to a certain species of devotee, or the giant oppressor of enchanted innocence to a mad knight-errant. In a squire or a farmer he could see no humanity; the agriculturist was an incarnate devil, bent upon raising the price of bread, reducing wages, checking trade, keeping the poor wretched and dirty, and rejoicing when fever followed famine, to sweep them off by thousands to an untimely grave. According to his creed, there was no folly, no fault, no idleness, no improvidence in the poor. Their very crimes were brought upon them by the gentry class. The squires, assisted a little by kings, ministers, and farmers, were the true origin of evil in this world of England, whatever might be the cause of it elsewhere.

This rabid feeling was opposed to high poetical excellence. Temper and personal passion are fatal to art: "in the very torrent, tempest, and (I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you should acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." It is also fatal to more than art: where a person looks with the vulgar eyes that Ebenezer Elliott used on many occasions, there can be neither truth nor justice. Even the satirist must observe a partial truth and a measure in expressing it, or he sinks down to the virulent lampooner.

Part of this violence must be placed to the natural disposition of the man, but part of it was owing to his narrow education; by which we mean, not so much book-learning or reading, of which he had probably enough, but provincial and possibly low associates. Something, perhaps, should be ascribed to a self-sufficiency rather morbid than proud; for we think Elliott had a liking to be "head of the company," and that he resented any want of public notice as an affront, even when the parties could not know that he was entitled to notice.

These defects of character operated very mischievously upon his works. The temper marred his political poems; though the people, their condition, vices, and virtues, is a theme that, properly sung, might stir the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world and give immortality to a poet. The provincial mind affected the mass of Elliott's poems even where the subject was removed from his prejudices; for he had no habitual elevation or refinement of taste: it required a favorable theme or a happy moment to triumph over the deficiencies of nature and education. His self-sufficiency coupled with his provincialism seems to have prevented him from closely criticising his productions; so that he often published things that were prosaic as well as faulty in other respects.

The posthumous volumes before us naturally abound in the author's peculiarities; for the feelings of survivors are prone to err on the side of fullness, and the friends of the lately dead too often print indiscriminately. The consequence is, that the publication has an air of gatherings, and contains a variety of things that a critical stranger would wish away. It was proper, perhaps, to have given prose as a specimen of the author; and the review of his works by Southey, said to have been rejected by the *Quarterly*, is curious for its total disregard of the reviewer's own canons, since very little description is given of the poems, and not much of the characteristics of the poet. Much of the poetry in these volumes would have been better unpublished. Here and there we find a touching little piece, or a bit of power; but the greater part is not only unpoetical but trivial, or merely personal in the expression of feeling. There is, moreover, a savageness of tone toward the agricultural interest, even after the corn-laws were abolished, that looks as like malignity as honest anger.—*London Spectator*.

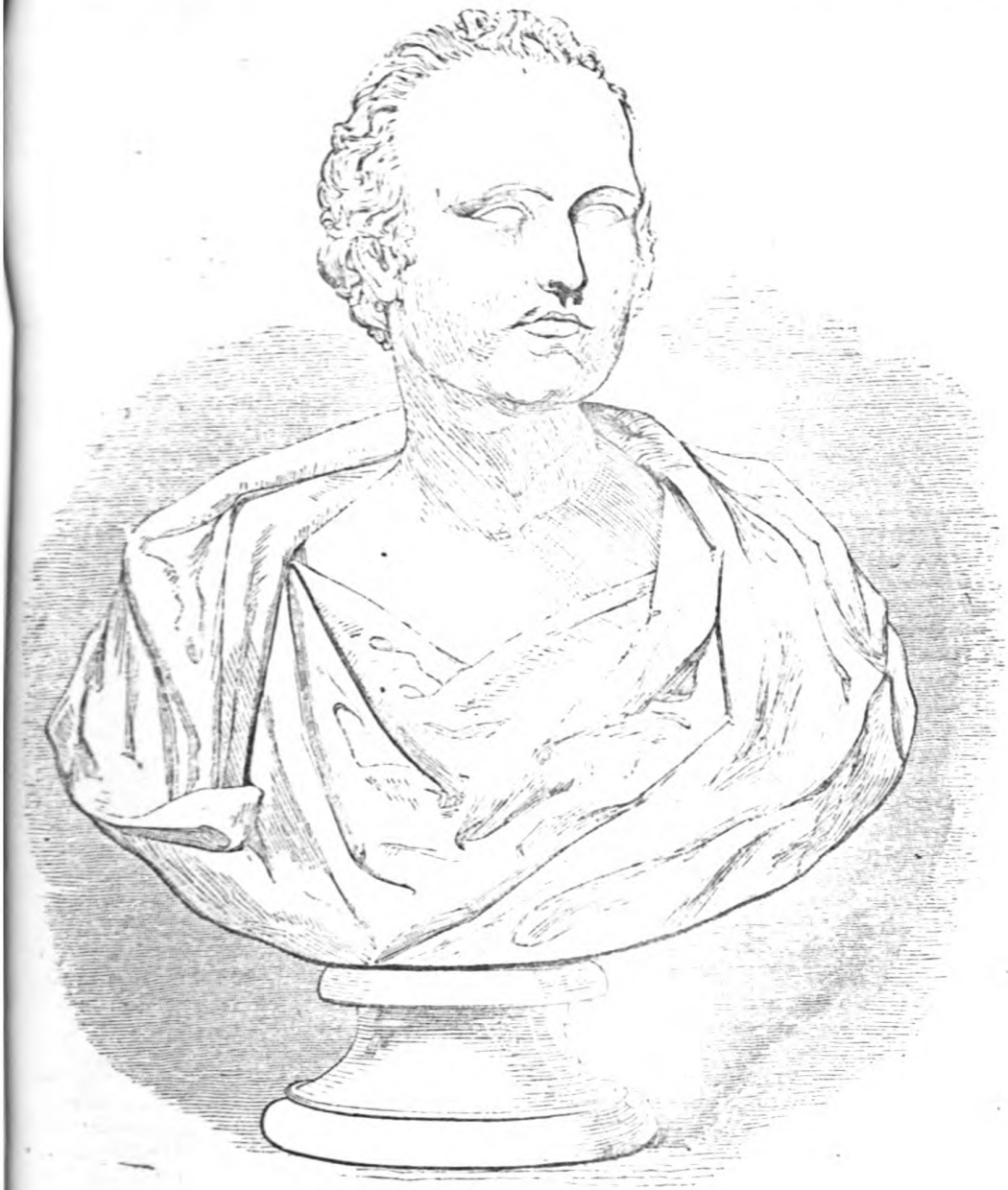
MADAME GRANDIN, the widow of M. Victor Grandin, representative of the Seine Inférieure, who died about seven or eight months since, met with a melancholy end on the 6th, at her residence at Elbœuf. She was confined to her bed from illness, and the woman, who had been watching by her during the night, had left her but a short time, when the most piercing shrieks were heard to proceed from her room. Her brother ran in alarm to her assistance, but, unfortunately, he was too late, the poor lady had expired, having been burned in her bed. It is supposed that in reaching to take something from the table, her night-dress came in contact with the lamp, and thus communicated to the bed.

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T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

MR. MACAULAY, though ambitious at one time, and perhaps still, of a reputation for poetry, though an acute critic and a brilliant essayist, and though a showy and effective orator, who could command at all times the attention of an assembly that rather dislikes studied eloquence, seems at present inclined to build up his fame upon his historical writings. Most of his admirers consider that, in this respect, he has judged wisely. As a poet—however pleasing his "Lays of Ancient Rome" and some of his other ballads may be—he could never have succeeded in retaining the affection of the public. Depth of feeling, earnest and far-seeing thought, fancy, imagination, a musical ear, a brilliancy of expression, and an absolute mastery of words, are all equally essential to him who, in this or any other time, would climb the topmost heights of Parnassus. Mr. Macaulay has fancy but not imagination; and though his ear is good, and his command of language unsurpassed by any living writer, he lacks the earnestness and the deep philosophy of all the mighty masters of song. As a critic he is, perhaps, the first of his age; but criticism, even in its highest developments, is but a secondary thing to the art upon which it thrives. Mr. Macaulay has in him the stuff of which artists and originators are made, and we are of the

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number of those who rejoice that, in the vigor of his days, he has formed a proper estimate of his own powers, and that he has abandoned the poetical studies, in the prosecution of which he never could have attained the first rank; and those critical corruscations which, however beautiful, must always have been placed in a lower scale of merit than the compositions upon which they were founded; and that he has devoted his life to the production of an original work in the very highest department of literature.

There was, at one time, a prospect before Mr. Macaulay of being one of the men who *make*, instead of those who *write* history; but his recent retirement from parliament and from public life has, for a while at least, closed up that avenue. In cultivating at leisure the literary pursuits that he loves, we trust that he, as well as the world, will be the gainer, and that his "History of England," when completed, will be worthy of so high a title. As yet the field is clear before him. The histories that have hitherto appeared are mostly bad or indifferent. Some are good, but not sufficiently good to satisfy the wants of the reader, or to render unnecessary the task of more enlightened, more impartial, more painstaking, and more elegant writers. There never was a work of art, whether in painting, sculpture, music, or literature, in which lynx-eyed criticism could not detect a flaw, or something deficient, which the lynx-eyed critic, and he alone, could have supplied. Mr. Macaulay's history has not escaped the ordeal, neither was it desirable that it should; but the real public opinion of the country has pronounced itself in his favor, and longs for the worthy completion of a task which has been worthily begun.

The bust of Mr. Macaulay was executed shortly after that of Mr. Alison, and is, we believe, in Mr. Macaulay's own possession. It is a very admirable likeness.

MOSCOW AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.

IT was both a strange and a horrible spectacle. Some houses appeared to have been razed; of others, fragments of smoke-blackened walls remained; ruins of all kinds encumbered the streets; every where was a horrible smell of burning. Here and there a cottage, a church, a palace, stood erect amid the general destruction. The churches especially, by their many-colored domes, by the richness and variety of their construction, recalled the former opulence of Moscow. In them had taken refuge most of the inhabitants, driven by our soldiers from the houses the fire had spared. The unhappy wretches, clothed in rags, and wandering like ghosts amid the ruins, had recourse to the saddest expedients to prolong their miserable existence. They sought and devoured the scanty vegetables remaining in the gardens; they tore the flesh from the animals that lay dead in the streets; some even plunged into the river for corn the Russians had thrown there, and which was now in a state of fermentation. . . . It was with the greatest difficulty we procured black bread and beer; meat began to be very scarce. We had to send strong detachments to seize oxen in the woods where the peasants had taken refuge, and often the detachments returned empty-handed. Such was the pretended abundance procured us by the pillage of the city. We had liquors, sugar, sweetmeats, and we wanted for meat and bread. We covered ourselves with furs, but were almost without clothes and shoes. With great store of diamonds, jewels, and every possible object of luxury, we were on the eve of dying of hunger. A large number of Russian soldiers wandered in the streets of Moscow. I had fifty of them seized; and a general, to whom I reported the capture, told me I might have had them shot, and that on all future occasions he authorized me to do so. I did not abuse the authorization. It will be easily understood how many mishaps, how much disorder, characterized our stay in Moscow. Not an officer, not a soldier, but could tell strange anecdotes on this head. One of the most striking is that of a Russian whom a French officer found concealed in the ruins of a house; by signs he assured him of protection, and the Russian accompanied him. Soon, being obliged to carry an order, and seeing another officer pass at the head of a detachment, he transferred the individual to his charge, saying hastily—"I recommend this gentleman to you." The second officer, misunderstanding the intention of the words, and the tone in which they were pronounced, took the unfortunate Russian for an incendiary, and had him shot.—*Fezensac's Journal.*

TRUTH.—Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight with its own falsehoods: each man with his love of saying to himself and those around him pleasant things and things serviceable for to-day, rather than things which are. Yet a child appreciates at once the divine necessity for truth; never asks, "What harm is there in saying the thing there is not?" and an old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.—*Friends in Council.*

A provincial paper mentions the discovery of the *Original Portrait of Charles the First*, by Vandyck, lost in the time of the Commonwealth, and which has been found at Barnstaple in Devonshire. It had been for many years in the possession of a furniture-broker in that town, from whom it was lately purchased by a gentleman of the name of Taylor, for two shillings. Mr. Taylor, the account adds, has since required £2000 for it.

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WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, the American historian, is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, where he was born on the 4th of May 1796. He is a son of the late eminent lawyer WILLIAM PRESCOTT, LL.D., of Boston, and a grandson of Colonel WILLIAM PRESCOTT, who commanded the forces in the redoubt on Breed's Hill in the memorable battle fought there on the 17th of June 1775. Mr. Prescott entered Harvard college in 1811, where his chief delight consisted in the study of the works of ancient authors. He left Harvard in 1814, and resolved to devote a year to a course of historical study, before commencing that of the law, his chosen profession. His reading was suddenly checked by a rheumatic inflammation of his eyes, which for a long time, deprived him wholly of sight. He had already lost the use of one eye by an accidental blow while at college; doubtless the burden of study being laid upon the other overtaxed it, and produced disease. In the autumn of 1815 he went to Europe, where he remained two years, a greater portion of the time utterly unable to enjoy the pleasures of reading and study. He returned to Boston in 1817, and in the course of a few years married a grand-daughter of Captain Linzee who commanded one of the British vessels at the battle of Bunker Hill. His vision

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gradually strengthened with advancing age, and he began to use his eye sparingly in reading. The languages of continental Europe now attracted his attention, and he soon became proficient in their use. These acquirements, and his early taste for, and intimate acquaintance with, the best ancient writers, prepared him for those labors as a historian in which he has since been engaged.

As early as 1819, Mr. Prescott conceived the idea of producing an historical work of a superior character. For this purpose, he allowed ten years for preliminary study, and ten for the investigation and preparation of the work. He chose for his theme the history of the life and times of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; and at the end of nearly twenty years, pursuant to his original plan, that great work was completed. He had resolved not to allow it to be published during his lifetime, but the remark of his father, that "The man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish, is a coward," decided him, and it went forth to the world in 1838. It was quickly republished in London; every where it was pronounced a master-piece, and his fame was firmly established. But little did those who read his delightful pages know of the vast toil, and patient, persevering industry, in the midst of a great privation, which the historian had employed in his task. His rare volumes from Spain and other sources were consulted through the medium of a reader; the copious notes were written by a secretary; much of the work in its final shape was written by himself with a writing machine for the blind, and in the whole preparation of this and subsequent works, he relied far more upon his ear than his eye for aid.

The "Conquest of Mexico" next followed, and his publishers sold seven thousand copies the next year. It was published at the same time in London, and translated in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and Mexico. His "Conquest of Peru" followed soon afterward, and was received at home and abroad with equal favor. The "Conquest of Mexico" has had three separate translations into the Castilian, and the "Peru," two. They have been reprinted in English in London and Paris, and have gone through repeated editions in this country. Whether we shall soon have another work from Mr. Prescott's pen, is a matter of doubt, as it is understood that he proposes to employ the last ten years of his historic life in preparing a History of the Reign of Philip the Second of Spain. His eyes have somewhat failed in strength, and he is now able to use them for reading less than an hour each day; "But," he says in a letter to a friend, "I am not, and never expect to be, in the category of the blind men."

Our allotted space will not permit us to take an analytical view of the character and writings of Mr. Prescott. We can only say that great industry, sound judgment, comprehensive views, purity of diction, and fine, flowing style in description and narrative, all governed by a genius eminently philosophical, place him in the first rank of modern historians. Americans love him as a cherished member of their household—throughout the Republic of Letters he is admired as one of its brightest ornaments.

THE ENCHANTED BATHS.

THESE warm springs are natural phenomena, which perhaps have not their equal in the whole world. I am, therefore, quite inconsolable at the thought of having made the long and difficult journey from Bona, and having been five whole days here in Guelma, within the distance of five-and-twenty miles from those wonderful springs, yet unable to see them At the distance of a mile or two from Hammam Meskutine, thick clouds of vapor are seen rising from these warm springs. The water is highly impregnated with calcareous properties, whose accumulated deposits have formed conical heaps, some of which are upwards of thirty feet high. From amidst these cones the springs jet forth lofty columns of water, which descend in splendid cascades, flowing over the ancient masonry, and covering it with a white calcareous stratum.

The mass produced by the crystalization of the particles escaping from the seething waters, has been, after a long lapse of years, transformed into beautiful rose-colored marble. F—— brought me a piece of this substance from the springs. It is precisely similar to that used in building the church at Guelma, which is obtained from a neighboring quarry. From the remains of an ancient tower and a fort, situated near Hammam Meskutine, it is evident that these springs were known to the Romans. An old Arab legend records that, owing to the extreme wickedness of the inhabitants of these districts, God visited them with a punishment similar to that of Lot's wife, by transforming them into the conical heaps of chalk I have mentioned above. To this day, the mass of the people firmly believe that the larger cones represent the parents, and the smaller ones, the children.

Owing to the high temperature, the surrounding vegetation is clothed in the most brilliant green; and the water of a tepid brook, which flows at the foot of the cascades, though in itself as clear as a mirror, appears to be of a beautiful emerald color. F—— told me that he was not a little surprised to see in this warm rivulet a multitude of little fishes sporting about, as lively as though they had been in the coolest water. This curious natural phenomenon is explainable by the fact, that in this rivulet, which is of considerable depth, the under-currents are sufficiently cool to enable the fish to live and be healthy, though the upper current of water is so warm, that it is scarcely possible to hold the hand in it any longer than a few seconds. The hilly environs of Hammam Meskutine are exceedingly beautiful, and around the waters perpetual spring prevails.—*Travels in Barbary.*

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LITERARY NOTICES.

LETTERS OF A TRAVELER; or, Notes of Things seen in Europe and America. By William Cullen Bryant. 12mo, pp. 442. New York: G. P. Putnam.

EVERY one will welcome a volume of descriptive sketches from the eminent American poet. The author has made a collection of letters, written at wide intervals from each other, during different journeys both in Europe and in this country, rightly judging that they possess sufficient elements of interest to claim a less ephemeral form than that in which most of them have been already presented to the public. They consist of the reminiscences of travel in France, Italy, England, the Netherlands, Cuba, and the most interesting portions of the United States. Arranged in the order of time, without reference to subject or place, the transition from continent to continent is often abrupt, and sometimes introduces us without warning into scenes of the utmost incongruity with those where we had been lingering under the spell of enchantment which the author's pen throws around congenial objects. Thus we are transported at once from the delicious scenery and climate of Tuscany, and the dreamy glories of Venice, to the horse thieves and prairie rattlesnakes of Illinois, making a break in the associations of the reader which is any thing but agreeable. The method of grouping by countries would be more natural, and would leave more lively impressions both on the imagination and the memory.

Mr. Bryant's style in these letters is an admirable model of descriptive prose. Without any appearance of labor, it is finished with an exquisite grace, showing the habitual elegance and accuracy of his mental habits. The genial love of nature, and the lurking tendency to humor, which it every where betrays, prevent its severe simplicity from running into hardness, and give it a freshness and occasional glow, in spite of its entire want of *abandon*, and its prevailing conscious propriety and reserve.

The criticisms on Art, in the European portions of the work, are less frequent than we could have wished, and although disclaiming all pretensions to connoisseurship, are of singular acuteness and value. Mr. B.'s description of his first impressions of Power's Greek Slave, which he saw in London in 1845, has a curious interest at the present time, as predicting the reputation which has since been gained by that noble piece of statuary.

We notice rather a singular inadvertence for one who enjoys such distinguished opportunities of "stated preaching" in a remark in the first letter from Paris, that "Here, too, was the tree which was the subject of the first Christian miracle, the fig, its branches heavy with the bursting fruit just beginning to ripen for the market." If the first miracle was not the turning of water into wine, we have forgot our catechism.

ELDORADO; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE PATH OF EMPIRE; comprising a Voyage to California, *via* Panama; Life in San Francisco and Monterey; Pictures of the Gold Region, and Experiences of Mexican Travel. By Bayard Taylor. In two vols., 12mo, pp. 251, 247. New York: G. P. Putnam.

CALIFORNIA opens as rich a field for adventure to the collector of literary materials, as to the emigrant in pursuit of gold. We shall yet have the poetry, the romance, the dramatic embodiment of the strange life in the country of yellow sands. Already it has drawn forth numerous authors, describing the results of their experience, in nearly every variety of style, from the unpretending statement of every-day occurrences, to the more ambitious attempts of graphic descriptive composition. The spectacle of a mighty nation, springing suddenly into life, has been made so familiar to us, by the frequent narratives of eye-witnesses, that we almost lose sight of its unique and marvelous character, surpassing the dreams of imagination which have so wildly reveled in the magnificent promises of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Taylor's book is presented to us at the right moment. It completes the series of valuable productions which have been born of the Californian excitement, supplying their deficiencies, and viewing the subject from the highest point that has yet been attained by any traveler. He possesses many admirable qualifications for the task which he has performed. With a natural enthusiasm for travel, a curiosity that never tires, and a rare power of adapting himself to novel situations and strange forms of society, he combines a Yankee shrewdness of perception, a genial hilarity of spirit, and a freshness of poetical illustration, which place him in the very first rank of intelligent travelers. His European experiences were of no small value in his Californian expedition. He had learned from them the quickness of observation, the habit of just comparison, the facility of manners, and the familiarity with foreign languages, which are essential to the success of the tourist, and enable him to feel equally at home beneath the dome of St. Peter's, or in the golden streets of San Francisco.

Mr. Taylor visited California with no intention of engaging in traffic or gold-hunting. He had no private purposes to serve, no offices to seek, no plans of amassing sudden wealth to execute. He was, accordingly, able to look at every thing with the eye of an impartial spectator. He has described what he saw in a style which is equally remarkable for its picturesque beauty and its chaste simplicity. His descriptions not only give you a lively idea of the objects which they set forth, but the most favorable impression of the author, although he never allows any striking prominence to the first per-

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son singular. As a manual for the Californian traveler, as well as a delightful work for the home circle, these volumes will be found to be at once singularly instructive and charming, and will increase the enviable reputation which has been so well won by the youthful author, as a man both of genius and of heart.

We must not close our notice without refreshing our pages with at least one specimen of Mr. Taylor's felicitous descriptions. Here is a bit of fine painting, which gives us a vivid idea of the scenery on the road between San Francisco and the San Joaquin:

SCENERY OF THE INLAND.

Our road now led over broad plains, through occasional belts of timber. The grass was almost entirely burned up, and dry, gravelly arroyos, in and out of which we went with a plunge and a scramble, marked the courses of the winter streams. The air was as warm and balmy as May, and fragrant with the aroma of a species of gnaphalium, which made it delicious to inhale. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, and the high, sparsely-wooded mountains on either hand showed softened and indistinct through a blue haze. The character of the scenery was entirely new to me. The splendid valley, untenanted except by a few solitary rancheros living many miles apart, seemed to be some deserted location of ancient civilization and culture. The wooded slopes of the mountains are lawns, planted by Nature with a taste to which Art could add no charm. The trees have nothing of the wild growth of our forests; they are compact, picturesque, and grouped in every variety of graceful outline. The hills were covered to the summit with fields of wild oats, coloring them, as far as the eye could reach, with tawny gold, against which the dark, glossy green of the oak and cypress showed with peculiar effect. As we advanced further, these natural harvests extended over the plain, mixed with vast beds of wild mustard, eight feet in height, under which a thick crop of grass had sprung up, furnishing sustenance to the thousands of cattle, roaming every where unherded. The only cultivation I saw was a small field of maize, green and with good ears.

Mr. Taylor occasionally indulges in a touch of natural transcendentalism, as in his comparison between the Palm and the Pine, with which we take our leave of his fascinating volumes:

I jogged steadily onward from sunrise till blazing noon, when, having accomplished about half the journey, I stopped under a palm-tree and let my horse crop a little grass, while I refreshed myself with the pine-apple. Not far off there was a single ranche, called Piedra Gorda—a forlorn-looking place, where one can not remain long without being tortured by the sand-flies. Beyond it, there is a natural dome of rock, twice the size of St. Peter's, capping an isolated mountain. The broad intervals of meadow between the wastes of sand were covered with groves of the beautiful fan-palm, lifting their tufted tops against the pale violet of the distant mountains. In lightness, grace, and exquisite symmetry, the Palm is a perfect type of the rare and sensuous expression of Beauty in the South. The first sight of the tree had nearly charmed me into disloyalty to my native Pine; but when the wind blew, and I heard the sharp, dry, metallic rustle of its leaves, I retained the old allegiance. The truest interpreter of Beauty is in the voice, and no tree has a voice like the Pine, modulated to a rythmic accord with the subtlest flow of Fancy, touched with a human sympathy for the expression of Hope and Love and Sorrow, and sounding in an awful undertone, to the darkest excess of Passion.

STANDISH THE PURITAN. A Tale of the American Revolution. By Edward Grayson, Esq. 12mo, pp. 320. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A NOVEL by a sharp-eyed Manhattaner, illustrating some of the more salient aspects of New York society at the period of the revolutionary war, and combining many of the quaint traditions of that day in a narrative of very considerable interest and power. The author wields a satirical pen of more than common vigor, and in his descriptions of the state of traffic and the legal profession at the time of his story, presents a series of piquant revelations which, if founded on personal history, would cause many "a galled jade to wince," if revivified at the present day. His style does not exhibit a very practiced hand in descriptive composition, nor is it distinguished for its dramatic power; but it abounds in touches of humor and pathos, which would have had still greater effect if not so freely blended with moral disquisitions, in which the author seems to take a certain mischievous delight. In spite of these drawbacks, his book is lively and readable, entitling the author to a comfortable place among the writers of American fiction, and if he will guard against the faults we have alluded to, his future efforts may give him a more eminent rank than he will be likely to gain from the production before us.

TALBOT AND VERNON. A Novel. 12mo, pp. 513. New York: Baker and Scribner.

THE plot of this story turns on a point of circumstantial evidence, by which the hero escapes the ruin of his reputation and prospects, when arraigned as a criminal on a charge of forgery. The details are managed with a good deal of skill, developing the course of affairs in such a gradual manner, that the interest of the reader never sleeps, until the final winding-up of the narrative. Familiar with the routine of courts of law, betraying no slight acquaintance with the springs of human action, and master of a bold and vigorous style of expression, the author has attained a degree of success in the execution of his plan, which gives a promising augury of future eminence. In the progress of the story, the scene shifts from one of the western cities of the United States to the camp of General Taylor on the plains of Mexico. Many stirring scenes of military life are introduced with excellent effect, as well as several graphic descriptions of Mexican scenery and manners. The battle of Buena Vista forms the subject of a powerful episode, and is depicted with a life-like energy. We presume the author is more conversant with the bustle of a camp than with the tranquil retirements of literature, although his work betrays no want of the taste and cultivation produced by the influence of the best books. But he shows a knowledge of the world, a familiarity with the scenes and topics of every-day life, which no scholastic training can give, and which he has turned to admirable account in the composition of this volume.

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Fashions for Early Summer.



THERE is a decided tendency in fashion this season to depart from simplicity in dress, and to adopt the extreme ornamental elegance of the middle ages. Bonnets, dresses, and mantles are trimmed all over with puffings of net, lace, and flowers. A great change has taken place in the width of skirts, which, from being very large, are now worn almost narrow. Ball dresses *à tablier* (apron trimming, as seen in the erect figure on the left of the above group) are much in vogue, covered with puffings of net. The three flounces of lace, forming the trimming of the bottom of the dress, have all a puffing of net at the top of them; the whole being fastened

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to the apron with a rosette of ribbon. A precious gem is sometimes worn in the center of the rosette, either diamond, emerald, or ruby, according to the color of the dress. Wreaths are worn very full, composed of flowers and fruits of every kind; they are placed on the forehead, and the branches at the end of them are long, and fall on the neck. Bouquets, in shape of bunches, are put high up on the body of the dress. Such is the mania in Paris and London for mixing fruits of every kind, that some even wear small apples, an ornament far less graceful than bunches of currants, grapes, and tendrils of the vine. The taste for masive ornaments is so decided, that roses and poppies of enormous dimensions are preferred. For young persons, wreaths of delicate flowers, lightly fastened, and falling upon the shoulders, are always the prettiest. Silks of light texture, in the styles which the French manufacturers designate *chiné*, will be generally employed for walking dresses until the extreme heat of summer arrives, when they will be superseded by French barèges, having flounces woven with borders, consisting of either satin stripes or flowers Many of the patterns are in imitation of *guipure* lace. The most admired of the French light silks are those wrought upon a white ground, the colors including almost every hue. In some the ground is completely covered by rich arabesque patterns. These *chinés*, on account of the Oriental designs, have obtained the name of Persian silks. Worsted lace is the height of fashion for mantles, which are trimmed with quillings of this article, plaited in the old style. The dresses are made with several flounces, narrower than last year, and more numerous. Nearly all the sleeves of visiting dresses are Chinese, or "pagoda" fashion. The bodies are open in front, and laced down to the waist, as seen in the figure in the group, standing behind the sitting figure. Low dresses are made falling on the shoulders, and straight across the chest; others are quite square, and others are made in the shape of a heart before and behind. Opera polkas are worn short, with wide sleeves, trimmed with large bands of ermine.



STRAW HATS FOR PROMENADE.



STRAW BONNET.

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Broad-brimmed straw hats are used for the promenade; open-work straw bonnets, of different colors, are adopted for the earlier summer wear, trimmed with branches of lilac, or something as appropriate. White drawn silk bonnets, covered with foldings of net, are much worn. Also, drawn lace and crape bonnets, and black and white lace ones, are worn. Branches of fruit are much worn upon these last-mentioned bonnets. The tulip bonnet is composed of white silk, covered with white spotted *tulle;* the edges of the front foliated, so as to give it a graceful and airy appearance. Many of the straw bonnets are of dark-colored ground, ornamented with fine open straw work. *Crinoline* hats, of open pattern, trimmed generally with a flower or feathers, are worn to the opera They are exceedingly graceful



TULIP BONNET.



THE LACE JACQUETTE.

in appearance, and make a fine accompaniment to a fancy dress.

Elegant black lace jackets, with loosely-hanging sleeves, are worn, and form a beautiful portion of the dress of a well-developed figure. There is a style of walking dress, worn by those who have less love for ornaments. The robe is of a beautiful light apple-green silk, figured with white. The skirt is unflounced, but ornamented up the front with a row of green and white fancy silk buttons. Bonnet of pink crape, drawn in very full *bouillonnées;* strings of pink satin ribbon, and on one side a drooping bouquet of small pink flowers. Corresponding bouquets in the inside trimming. Shawl of pink China crape, richly embroidered with white silk

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. II.—JULY, 1850.—Vol. I.

[From the London Eclectic Review.]

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

WHEN "Gilfillan's Gallery" first appeared, a copy of it was sent to an eminent lay-divine, the first sentence of whose reply was, "You have sent me a *list* of *shipwrecks*." It was but too true, for that "Gallery" contains the name of a Godwin, shipwrecked on a false system, and a Shelley, shipwrecked on an extravagant version of that false system—and a Hazlitt, shipwrecked on no system at all—and a Hall, driven upon the rugged reef of madness—and a Foster, cast high and dry upon the dark shore of Misanthropy—and an Edward Irving, inflated into sublime idiocy by the breath of popular favor, and in the subsidence of that breath, left to roll at the mercy of the waves, a mere log—and lastly, a Coleridge and a De Quincy, stranded on the same poppy-covered coast, the land of the "Lotos-eaters," where it is never morning, nor midnight, nor full day, but always afternoon.

Wrecks all these are, but all splendid and instructive withal. And we propose now—repairing to the shore, where the last great argosy, Thomas De Quincey, lies half bedded in mud—to pick up whatever of noble and rare, of pure and permanent, we can find floating around. We would speak of De Quincey's history, of his faults, of his genius, of his works, and of his future place in the history of literature. And when we reflect on what a *mare magnum* we are about to show to many of our readers, we feel for the moment as if it were new to us also, as if *we* stood—

> "Like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific,
> ——— and all his men
> Gathered round him with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak of Darien."

We can not construct a regular biography of this remarkable man; neither the time for this has come, nor have the materials been, as yet, placed within reach of us, or of any one else. But we may sketch the outlines of what we know, which is indeed but little.

Thomas De Quincey is the son of a Liverpool merchant. He is one of several children, the premature loss of one of whom he has, in his "Suspiria de Profundis" (published in "Blackwood") most plaintively and eloquently deplored. His father seems to have died early. Guardians were appointed over him, with whom he contrived to quarrel, and from whose wing (while studying at Oxford) he fled to London. There he underwent a series of surprising adventures and severe sufferings, which he has recounted in the first part of his "Opium Confessions." On one occasion, while on the point of death by starvation, his life was saved by the intervention of a poor street-stroller, of whom he afterward lost sight, but whom, in the strong gratitude of his heart, he would pursue into the central darkness of a London brothel, or into the deeper darkness of the grave. Part of the same dark period of his life was spent in Wales, where he subsisted now on the hospitality of the country people, and now, poor fellow, on hips and haws. He was at last found out by some of his friends, and remanded to Oxford. There he formed a friendship with Christopher North, which has continued unimpaired to this hour. Both—besides the band of kindred genius—had that of profound admiration, then a rare feeling, for the poetry of Wordsworth. In the course of this part of his life he visited Ireland, and was introduced soon afterward to OPIUM—fatal friend, treacherous ally—root of that tree called Wormwood, which has overshadowed all his after life. A blank here occurs in his history. We find him next in a small white cottage in Cumberland—married—studying Kant, drinking laudanum, and dreaming the most wild and wondrous dreams which ever crossed the brain of mortal. These dreams he recorded in the "London Magazine," then a powerful periodical, conducted by John Scott, and supported by such men as Hazlitt, Reynolds, and Allan Cunningham. The "Confessions," when published separately, ran like wildfire, although from their anonymous form they added nothing at the time to the author's fame. Not long after their publication, Mr. De Quincey came down to Scotland, where he has continued to reside, wandering from place to place, contributing to periodicals of all sorts and sizes—to "Blackwood," "Tait," "North British Review," "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," as well as writing for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and publishing one or two independent works, such as "Klosterheim," a tale, and the "Logic of Political Economy." His wife has been long dead. Three of his daughters, amiable and excellent persons, live in the sweet village of Lasswade, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh; and there he is, we believe, at present himself.

From this very imperfect sketch of De Quin-

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cey's history, there rush into our minds some rather painful reflections. It is painful to see a

> "Giant mind broken by sorrows unspoken,
> And woes."

It is painful to see a glorious being transfigured into a rolling thing before the whirlwind. It is painful to be compelled to inscribe upon such a shield the word "Desdichado." It is painful to remember how much misery must have passed through that heart, and how many sweat drops of agony must have stood, in desolate state, upon that brow. And it is most painful of all to feel that guilt, as well as misery, has been here, and that the sowing of the wind preceded the reaping of the whirlwind.

Such reflections were mere sentimentalism, unless attended by such corollaries as these: 1st. Self-control ought to be more than at present a part of education, sedulously and sternly taught, for is it not the geometry of life? 2dly. Society should feel more that she is responsible for the wayward children of genius, and ought to seek more than she does to soothe their sorrows, to relieve their wants, to reclaim their wanderings, and to search, as with lighted candles, into the causes of their incommunicable misery. Had the public, twenty years ago, feeling Mr. De Quincey to be one of the master spirits of the age, and, therefore, potentially, one of its greatest benefactors, inquired deliberately into his case, sought him out, put him beyond the reach of want, encouraged thus his heart, and strengthened his hand, rescued him from the mean miseries into which he was plunged, smiled approvingly upon the struggles he was making to conquer an evil habit—in one word, *recognized* him, what a different man had he been now, and over what magnificent wholes had we been rejoicing, in the shape of his works, instead of deploring powers and acquirements thrown away, in rearing towers of Babel, tantalizing in proportion to the magnitude of their design, and the beauty of their execution. Neglected and left alone as a corpse in the shroud of his own genius, a fugitive, though not a vagabond, compelled day after day to fight absolute starvation at the point of his pen, the marvel is, that he has written so much which the world may not willingly let die. *But*, it is the world's fault that the writings it now recognizes, and may henceforth preserve on a high shelf, are rather the sublime ravings of De Quincey drunk, than the calm, profound cogitations of De Quincey sober. The theory of capital punishments is much more subtle and widely ramified than we might at first suppose. On what else are many of our summary critical and moral judgments founded? Men find a man guilty of a crime—they vote him for that one act a purely pernicious member of society, and they turn him off. So a Byron quarrels with his wife—a Coleridge loses his balance, and begins to reel and totter like Etna in an earthquake—a Burns, made an exciseman, gradually descends toward the low level of his trade—or a De Quincey takes to living on laudanum, and the public, instead of seeking to reform and re-edify each brilliant begun ruin, shouts out, "Raze, raze it to its foundation." Because the sun is eclipsed, they would howl him away! Because one blot has lighted on an imperishable page, they would burn it up! Let us hope, that as our age is fast becoming ashamed of those infernal sacrifices called executions, so it shall also soon forbear to make its most gifted sons pass through the fire to Moloch, till it has tested their *thorough* and *ineradicable* vileness.

Mr. De Quincey's faults we have spoken of in the plural—we ought, perhaps, rather to have used the singular number. In the one word excitement, assuming the special form of opium—the "insane root"—lies the *gravamen* of his guilt, as, also, of Coleridge's. Now, we are far from wishing to underrate the evil of this craving. But we ought to estimate Mr. De Quincey's criminality with precision and justice; and, while granting that he used opium to excess—an excess seldom paralleled—we must take his own explanation of the circumstances which led him to begin its use, and of the effects it produced on him. He did not begin it to multiply or intensify his pleasures, still less to lash himself with its fiery thongs into a counterfeit inspiration, but to alleviate bodily pain. It became, gradually and reluctantly, a necessity of his life. Like the serpents around Laocoon, it confirmed its grasp, notwithstanding the wild tossings of his arms, the spasmodic resistance of every muscle, the loud shouts of protesting agony; and, when conquered, he lay like the overpowered Hatteraick in the cave, sullen, still in despair, breathing hard, but perfectly powerless. Its effects on him, too, were of a peculiar kind. They were not brutifying or blackguardizing. He was never intoxicated with the drug in his life; nay, he denies its power to intoxicate. Nor did it at all weaken his intellectual faculties any more than it strengthened them. We have heard poor creatures consoling themselves for their inferiority by saying, "Coleridge would not have written so well but for opium." "No thanks to De Quincey for his subtlety—he owes it to opium.' Let such persons swallow the drug, and try to write the "Suspiria," or the "Aids to Reflection."

Coleridge and De Quincey were great in spite of their habits. Nay, we believe that on truly great intellects stimulus produces little inspiration at all. Can opium think? can beer imagine? It is De Quincey in opium—not opium in De Quincey—that ponders and that writes. The stimulus is only the *occasional cause* which brings the internal power into play; it may sometimes dwarf the giant, but it can never really elevate the dwarf.

The evil influences of opium on De Quincey were of a different, but a very pernicious sort. they weakened his will; they made him a colossal slave to a tiny tyrant; they shut him up (like the Genii in the "Arabian Tales") in a

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phial filled with dusky fire; they spread a torpor over the energies of his body; they closed up or poisoned the natural sources of enjoyment; the air, the light, the sunshine, the breeze, the influences of spring, lost all charm and power over him. Instead of these, snow was welcomed with an unnatural joy; storm embraced as a brother; and the stern scenery of night arose like a desolate temple round his ruined spirit. If his heart was not utterly hardened, it was owing to its peculiar breadth and warmth. At last his studies were interrupted, his peace broken, his health impaired, and then came the noon of his night; a form of gigantic gloom, swaying an "ebon sceptre," stood over him in triumph, and it seemed as if nothing less than a miraculous intervention could rescue the victim from his power.

But the victim was not an ordinary one. Feeling that hell had come, and that death was at hand, he determined, by a mighty effort, to arise from his degradation. For a season his struggles were great and impotent, as those of the giants cast down by Jove under Etna. The mountain shook, the burden tottered, but the light did not at first appear. Nor has he ever, we suspect, completely emancipated himself from his bondage; but he has struggled manfully against it, and has cast off such a large portion of the burden that it were injustice not to say of him that he is now FREE.

It were ungracious to have dwelt, even so long, upon the errors of De Quincey, were it not that, first, his own frankness of disclosures frees us from all delicacy; and that, secondly, the errors of such a man, like the cloud of the pillar, have two sides—his darkness may become our light—his sin our salvation. It may somewhat counteract that craving cry for excitement, that everlasting Give, give, so much the mistake of the age, to point strongly to this conspicuous and transcendent victim, and say to his admirers, "Go ye and do *otherwise*."

We pass gladly to the subject of his genius. That is certainly one of the most singular in its power, variety, culture, and eccentricity, our age has witnessed. His intellect is at once solid and subtle, reminding you of veined and figured marble, so beautiful and evasive in aspect, that you must touch ere you are certain of its firmness. The motion of his mind is like that of dancing, but it is the dance of an elephant, or of a Polyphemus, with his heavy steps, thundering down the music to which he moves. Hence his humor often seems forced in motion, while always fine in spirit. The contrast between the slow march of his sentences, the frequent gravity of his spirit, the recondite masses of his lore, the logical severity of his diction, and his determination, at times, to be desperately witty, produces a ludicrous effect, but somewhat different from what he had intended. It is "Laughter" lame, and only able to hold one of his sides, so that you laugh at, as well as with him. But few, we think, would have been hypercritical in judging of Columbus' first attitudes as he stepped down upon his new world. And thus, let a great intellectual explorer be permitted to occupy his own region, in whatever way, and with whatever ceremonies, may seem best to himself. Should he even, like Cæsar, stumble upon the shore, no matter if he stumble *forward*, and by accepting, make the omen change its nature and meaning.

Genius and logical perception are De Quincey's principal powers. There are some writers whose power, like the locusts in the Revelation, is "in their tails"—they have stings, and there lies their scorpion power. De Quincey's vigor is evenly and equally diffused through his whole being. It is not a partial palpitation, but a deep, steady glow. His insight hangs over us and the world like a nebulous star, seeing us, but, in part, remaining unseen. In fact, his deepest thoughts have never been disclosed. Like Burke, he has not "hung his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." He has profound *reticence* as well as power, and he has modesty as well as reticence. On subjects with which he is acquainted, such as logic, literature, or political economy, no man can speak with more positive and perfect assurance. But on all topics where the conscience—the innermost moral nature—must be the umpire, "the English Opium Eater" is silent. His "silence" indeed, "answers very loud," his dumbness has a tongue, but it requires a "fine ear" to hear its accents; and to interpret them what but his own exquisitely subtle and musical style, like written sculpture, could suffice?

Indeed, De Quincey's style is one of the most wondrous of his gifts. As Professor Wilson once said to us about him, "the *best* word always comes up." It comes up easily, as a bubble on the wave; and is yet fixed, solid, and permanent as marble. It is at once warm as genius, and cool as logic. Frost and fire fulfill the paradox of "embracing each other." His faculties never disturb or distract each other's movements—they are inseparable, as substance and shadow. Each thought is twin-born with poetry. His sentences are generally very long, and as full of life and of joints as a serpent. It is told of Coleridge, that no shorthand-writer could do justice to his lectures; because, although he spoke deliberately, yet it was impossible, from the first part of his sentences, to have the slightest notion how they were to end—each clause was a new surprise, and the close often unexpected as a thunderbolt. In this, as in many other respects, De Quincey resembles the "noticeable man with large gray eyes." Each of his periods, begin where it may, accomplishes a cometary sweep ere it closes. To use an expression of his own, applied to Bishop Berkeley, he passes, with the utmost ease and speed, from tar-water to the Trinity, from a mole-heap to the thrones of the Godhead." His sentences are microcosms—real, though imperfect wholes. It is as if he dreaded that earth would end, and chaos come again, ere each pro

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digious period were done. This practice, so far from being ashamed of, he often and elaborately defends—contrasting it with the "short-winded and asthmatic" style of writing which abounds in modern times, and particularly among French authors. We humbly think that the truth on this question lies in the middle. If an author is anxious for fullness, let him use long sentences; if he aims at clearness, let them be short. If he is beating about for truth, his sentences will be long; if he deems he has found, and wishes to communicate it to others, they will be short. In long sentences you see processes; in short, results. Eloquence delights in long sentences, wit in short. Long sentences impress more at the time; short sentences, if nervous, cling more to the memory. From long sentences you must, in general, deduct a considerable quantum of verbiage; short have often a meagre and skeleton air. The reading of long sentences is more painful at first, less so afterward; a volume composed entirely of short sentences becomes soon as wearisome as a jest-book. The mind which employs long sentences has often a broad, but dim vision—that which delights in short, sees a great number of small points clearly, but seldom a rounded whole. De Quincey is a good specimen of the first class. The late Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, was the most egregious instance of the second. With all his learning, and talent, and fancy, the writings of that distinguished divine are rendered exceedingly tedious by the broken and gasping character of their style—reading which has been compared to walking on stepping-stones instead of a firm road. Every thing is so clear, sharp, and short, that you get irritated and provoked, and cry out for an intricate or lengthy sentence, both as a trial to your wind, and as a relief to your weariness.

The best style of writing, in point of effect, is that which combines both forms of sentence in proper proportions. Just as a well-armed warrior of old, while he held the broadsword in his right hand, had the dagger of mercy suspended by his side, the effective writer, who can at one time wave the flaming brand of eloquence, can at another use the pointed poignard of direct statement, of close logic, or of keen and caustic wit. Thus did Burke, Hall, Horsley, and Chalmers.

Akin to De Quincey's length of sentence, is his ungovernable habit of digression. You can as soon calculate on the motions of a stream of the aurora, as on those of his mind. From the title of any one of his papers, you can never infer whether he is to treat the subject announced, or a hundred others—whether the subjects he is to treat are to be cognate, or contradictory, to the projected theme—whether, should he begin the subject, he shall ever finish it—or into how many foot-notes he is to draw away, as if into subterranean pipes, its pith and substance. At every possible angle of his road he contrives to break off, and hence he has never yet reached the end of a day's journey. Unlike Christian in the "Pilgrim," *he* welcomes every temptation to go astray—and, not content with shaking hands with old Worldly Wiseman, he must, before climbing Mount Difficulty, explore both the way of Danger and that of Destruction. It may be inquired, if this arise from the fertility or from the frailty of his genius—from his knowledge of, and dominion over every province of thought, or from his natural or acquired inability to resist "right-hand or left-hand defections," provided they promise to interest himself and to amuse his readers. Judging from Coleridge's similar practice, we are forced to conclude that it is in De Quincey too—a weakness fostered, if not produced, by long habits of self-indulgence.

And yet, notwithstanding such defects (and we might have added to them his use of logical formulæ at times when they appear simply ridiculous, his unnecessary scholasticism, and display of learning, the undue self-complacence with which he parades his peculiar views, and explodes his adversary's, however reputed and venerable, and a certain air of exaggeration which swathes all his written speech), what splendid powers this strange being, at all times and on all subjects, exerts! With what razor-like sharpness does he cut the most difficult distinctions! What learning is his—here compelling wonder, from its variety and minute accuracy; and there, from the philosophical grasp with which he holds it, in compressed masses! And, above all, what grand, sombre, Miltonic gleams his imagination casts around him on his way; and in what deep swells of organ-like music do his thoughts often, harmoniously and irrepressibly, move! The three prose-writers of this century, who, as it appears to us, approach most nearly to the giants of the era of Charles I., in spirit of genius and munificence of language, are, Edward Irving, in his preface to "Ben Ezra," Thomas Aird, in parts of his "Religious Characteristics," and Thomas De Quincey, in his "Confessions," and his "Suspiria de Profundis."

In coming down from an author to his works, we have often a feeling of humiliation and disappointment. It is like comparing the great Ben Nevis with the streamlets which flow from his base, and asking, "Is this all the mighty mountain can give the world?" So, "What has De Quincey done?" is a question we are now sure to hear, and feel rather afraid to answer.

In a late number of that very excellent periodical, "Hogg's Instructor," Mr. De Quincey, as if anticipating some such objection, argues (referring to Professor Wilson), that it is ridiculous to expect a writer now to write a large separate work, as some had demanded from the professor. He is here, however, guilty of a fallacy, which we wonder he allowed to escape from his pen: there is a difference between a large and a great work. No one wishes either De Quincey or John Wilson to write a folio; what we wish from each of them is, an *artistic*

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whole, large or comparatively small, fully reflecting the image of his mind, and bearing the relation to his other works which the "Paradise Lost" does to Milton's "Lycidas," "Arcades," and "Hymn on the Nativity." And this, precisely, is what neither of those illustrious men has as yet effected.

De Quincey's works, if collected, would certainly possess sufficient bulk; they lie scattered, in prodigal profusion, through the thousand and one volumes of our periodical literature; and we are certain, that a selection of their better portions would fill ten admirable octavos. Mr. De Quincey himself was lately urged to collect them. His reply was, "Sir, the thing is absolutely, insuperably, and forever impossible. Not the archangel Gabriel, nor his multipotent adversary, durst attempt any such thing!" We suspect, at least, that death must seal the lips of the "old man eloquent," ere such a selection shall be made. And yet, in those unsounded abysses, what treasures might be found—of criticism, of logic, of wit, of metaphysical acumen, of research, of burning eloquence, and essential poetry! We should meet there with admirable specimens of translation from Jean Paul Richter and Lessing; with a criticism on the former, quite equal to that more famous one of Carlyle's; with historical chapters, such as those in "Blackwood" on the Cæsars, worthy of Gibbon; with searching criticisms, such as one on the knocking in Macbeth, and two series on Landor and Schlosser; with the elephantine humor of his lectures on "Murder, considered as one of the fine arts;" and with the deep theological insight of his papers on Christianity, considered as a means of social progress, and on the Essenes. In fact, De Quincey's knowledge of theology is equal to that of two bishops—in metaphysics, he could puzzle any German professor—in astronomy, he has outshone Professor Nichol—in chemistry, he can outdive Samuel Brown—and in Greek, excite to jealousy the shades of Porson and Parr. There is another department in which he stands first, second, and third—we mean, the serious hoax. Do our readers remember the German romance of Walladmor, passed off at the Leipsic fair as one of Sir Walter Scott's, and afterward translated into English? The translation, which was, in fact, a new work, was executed by De Quincey, who, finding the original dull, thought proper to re-write it; and thus, to charge trick upon trick. Or have they ever read his chapter in "Blackwood" for July, 1837, on the "Retreat of a Tartar tribe?" a chapter certainly containing the most powerful historical painting we ever read, and recording a section of adventurous and romantic story not equaled, he says, "since the retreat of the fallen angels." This chapter, we have good reason for knowing, originated principally in his own inventive brain. Add to all this, the fiery eloquence of his "Confessions"—the labored speculation of his "Political Economy"—the curiously-perverted ingenuity of his "Klosterheim"—and the solemn, sustained, linked, and lyrical raptures of his "Suspiria," and we have answered the question, What has he done? But another question is less easy to answer, What can he, or should he, or shall he yet do? And here we venture to express a long-cherished opinion. Pure history, or that species of biography which merges into history, is his forte, and ought to have been his selected province. He never could have written a first-rate fiction or poem, or elaborated a complete or original system of philosophy, although both his imagination and his intellect are of a very high order. But he has every quality of the great historian, except compression; he has learning, insight, the power of reproducing the past, fancy to color, and wit to enliven his writing, and a style which, while it is unwieldy upon small subjects, rises to meet all great occasions, like a senator to salute a king. The only danger is, that if he were writing the history of the Crusades or Cæsars, for instance, his work would expand to the dimensions of the "Universal History."

A great history we do not now expect from De Quincey; but he might produce some, as yet, unwritten life, such as the life of Dante, or of Milton. Such a work would at once concentrate his purpose, task his powers, and perpetuate his name.

As it is, his place in the future gallery of ages is somewhat uncertain. For all he has hitherto done, or for all the impression he has made upon the world, his course may be marked as that of a brilliant but timid meteor, shooting athwart the midnight, watched but by few eyes, but accompanied by the keenest interest and admiration of those who did watch it. Passages of his writings may be preserved in collections; and, among natural curiosities in the museum of man, his memory must assuredly be included as the greatest consumer of laudanum and learning—as possessing the most potent of brains, and the weakest of wills, of almost all men who ever lived.

We have other two remarks to offer ere we close. Our first is, that, with all his errors, De Quincey has never ceased to believe in Christianity. In an age when most men of letters have gone over to the skeptical side, and too often treat with insolent scorn, as sciolistic and shallow, those who still cling to the gospel, it is refreshing to find one who stands confessedly at the head of them all, in point of talent and learning, so intimately acquainted with the tenets, so profoundly impressed by the evidences, and so ready to do battle for the cause, of the blessed faith of Jesus. From those awful depths of sorrow in which he was long plunged, he never ceased to look up to the countenance and the cross of the Saviour; and now, recovered from his evils, and sins, and degradations, we seem to see him sitting, "clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus." Would to God that others of his class were to go, and to sit down beside him!

We may state, in fine, that efforts are at

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present being made to procure for Mr. De Quincey a pension. A memorial on the subject has been presented to Lord John Russell. We need hardly say, that we cordially wish this effort all success. A pension would be to him a delicate sunset ray—soon, possibly, to shine on his bed of death—but, at all events, sure to minister a joy and a feeling of security, which, during all his long life, he has never for an hour experienced. It were but a proper reward for his eminent abilities, hard toils, and the uniform support which he has given, by his talents, to a healthy literature, and a spiritual faith. We trust, too, that government may be induced to couple with his name, in the same generous bestowal, another—inferior, indeed, in brilliance, but which represents a more consistent and a more useful life. We allude to Dr. Dick, of Broughty Ferry, a gentleman who has done more than any living author to popularize science—to accomplish the Socratic design of bringing down philosophy to earth—who has never ceased, at the same time, to exhale moral and religious feeling, as a fine incense, from the researches and experiments of science to the Eternal Throne—and who, for his laborious exertions, of nearly thirty years' duration, has been rewarded by poverty, and neglect, the "proud man's contumely," and, as yet, by the silence of a government which professes to be the patron of literature and the succorer of every species of merit in distress. To quote a newspaper-writer, who is well acquainted with the case: "I know that Dr. Dick has lived a long and a laborious life, writing books which have done much good to man. I know that he has often had occasion to sell these books to publishers, at prices to which his poverty, and not his will consented. I know, too, that throughout his life he has lived with the moderation and the meekness of a saint, as he has written with the wisdom of a sage; and, knowing these things, I would fain save him from the death of a martyr."

[From Household Words.]

THE MINER'S DAUGHTERS—A TALE OF THE PEAK.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHILD'S TRAGEDY.

THERE is no really beautiful part of this kingdom so little known as the Peak of Derbyshire. Matlock, with its tea-garden trumpery and mock-heroic wonders; Buxton, with its bleak hills and fashionable bathers; the truly noble Chatsworth and the venerable Haddon, engross almost all that the public generally have seen of the Peak. It is talked of as a land of mountains, which in reality are only hills; but its true beauty lies in valleys that have been created by the rending of the earth in some primeval convulsion, and which present a thousand charms to the eyes of the lover of nature. How deliciously do the crystal waters of the Wye and the Dove rush along such valleys, or dales, as they there are called. With what a wild variety do the gray rocks soar up amid their woods and copses. How airily stand in the clear heavens the lofty limestone precipices, and the gray edges of rock gleam out from the bare green downs—there *never* called downs. What a genuine Saxon air is there cast over the population—what a Saxon bluntness salutes you in their speech!

It is into the heart of this region that we propose now to carry the reader. Let him suppose himself with us now on the road from Ashford-in-the-water to Tideswell. We are at the Bull's Head, a little inn on that road. There is nothing to create wonder, or a suspicion of a hidden Arcadia in any thing you see, but another step forward, and—there! There sinks a world of valleys at your feet. To your left lies the delicious Monsal Dale. Old Finn Hill lifts his gray head grandly over it. Hobthrush's Castle stands bravely forth in the hollow of his side—gray, and desolate, and mysterious. The sweet Wye goes winding and sounding at his feet, amid its narrow green meadows, green as the emerald, and its dark glossy alders. Before us stretches on, equally beautiful, Cressbrook Dale; Little Edale shows its cottages from amidst its trees; and as we advance, the Mousselin-de-laine Mills stretch across the mouth of Miller's Dale, and startle with the aspect of so much life amid so much solitude.

But our way is still onward. We resist the attraction of Cressbrook village on its lofty eminence, and plunge to the right, into Wardlow Dale. Here we are buried deep in woods, and yet behold still deeper the valley descend below us. There is an Alpine feeling upon us. We are carried once more, as in a dream, into the Saxon Switzerland. Above us stretch the boldest ranges of lofty precipices, and deep amid the woods are heard the voices of children. These come from a few workmen's houses, couched at the foot of a cliff that rises high and bright amid the sun. That is Wardlow Cop; and there we mean to halt for a moment. Forward lies a wild region of hills, and valleys, and lead-mines, but forward goes no road, except such as you can make yourself through the tangled woods.

At the foot of Wardlow Cop, before this little hamlet of Bellamy Wick was built, or the glen was dignified with the name of Raven Dale, there lived a miner who had no term for his place of abode. He lived, he said, under Wardlow Cop, and that contented him.

His house was one of those little, solid, gray limestone cottages, with gray flagstone roofs, which abound in the Peak. It had stood under that lofty precipice when the woods which now so densely fill the valley were but newly planted. There had been a mine near it, which had no doubt been the occasion of its erection in so solitary a place; but that mine was now worked out and David Dunster, the miner, now worked

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at a mine right over the hills in Miller's Dale. He was seldom at home, except at night, and on Sundays. His wife, besides keeping her little house, and digging and weeding in the strip of garden that lay on the steep slope above the house, hemmed in with a stone wall, also seamed stockings for a framework-knitter in Ashford, whither she went once or twice in the week.

They had three children, a boy and two girls. The boy was about eight years of age; the girls were about five and six. These children were taught their lessons of spelling and reading by the mother, among her other multifarious tasks; for she was one of those who are called regular plodders. She was quiet, patient, and always doing, though never in a bustle. She was not one of those who acquire a character for vast industry by doing every thing in a mighty flurry, though they contrive to find time for a tolerable deal of gossip under the plea of resting a bit, and which "resting a bit" they always terminate by an exclamation that "they must be off, though, for they have a world of work to do." Betty Dunster, on the contrary, was looked on as rather "a slow coach." If you remarked that she was a hard-working woman, the reply was, "Well, she's always doing—Betty's work's never done; but then she does na hurry hersen." The fact was, Betty was a thin, spare woman, of no very strong constitution, but of an untiring spirit. Her pleasure and rest were, when David came home at night, to have his supper ready, and to sit down opposite to him at the little round table, and help him, giving a bit now and then to the children, that came and stood round, though they had had their suppers, and were ready for bed as soon as they had seen something of their "dad."

David Dunster was one of those remarkably tall fellows that you see about these hills, who seem of all things the very worst made men to creep into the little mole holes on the hill sides that they call lead-mines. But David did manage to burrow under and through the hard limestone rocks as well as any of them. He was a hard-working man, though he liked a sup of beer, as most Derbyshire men do, and sometimes came home none of the soberest. He was naturally of a very hasty temper, and would fly into great rages; and if he were put out by any thing in the working of the mines, or the conduct of his fellow-workmen, he would stay away from home for days, drinking at Tideswell, or the Bull's Head, at the top of Monsal Dale, or down at the Miners' Arms at Ashford-in-the-water.

Betty Dunster bore all this patiently. She looked on these things somewhat as matters of course. At that time, and even now, how few miners do not drink and "rol a bit," as they call it. She was, therefore, tolerant, and let the storms blow over, ready always to persuade her husband to go home and sleep off his drink and anger, but if he were too violent, leaving him till another attempt might succeed better. She was very fond of her children, and not only taught them on week-days their lessons, and to help her to seam, but also took them to the Methodist Chapel in "Tidser," as they called Tideswell, whither, whenever she could, she enticed David. David, too, in his way, was fond of the children, especially of the boy, who was called David after him. He was quite wrapped up in the lad, to use the phrase of the people in that part; in fact, he was foolishly and mischievously fond of him. He would give him beer to drink, "to make a true Briton on him," as he said, spite of Betty's earnest endeavor to prevent it—telling him that he was laying the foundation in the lad of the same faults that he had himself. But David Dunster did not look on drinking as a fault at all. It was what he had been used to all his life. It was what all the miners had been used to for generations. A man was looked on as a milk-sop and a Molly Coddle, that would not take his mug of ale, and be merry with his comrades. It required the light of education, and the efforts that have been made by the Temperance Societies, to break in on this ancient custom of drinking, which, no doubt, has flourished in these hills since the Danes and other Scandinavians bored and perforated them of old for the ores of lead and copper. To Betty Dunster's remonstrances, and commendations of tea, David would reply, "Botheration, Betty, wench! Dunna tell me about thy tea and such-like pig's-wesh. It's all very well for women; but a man, Betty, a man mun ha' a sup of real stingo, lass. He mun ha' summut to prop his ribs out, lass, as he delves through th' chert and tood-stone. When tha weylds th' maundrel (the pick), and I wesh th' dishes, tha shall ha' th' drink, my wench, and I'll ha' th' tea. Till then, prithee let me aloon, and dunna bother me, for it's no use. It only kicks my monkey up."

And Betty found that it was of no use; that it did only kick his monkey up, and so she let him alone, except when she could drop in a persuasive word or two. The mill-owners at Cressbrook and Miller's Dale had forbidden any public-house nearer than Edale, and they had more than once called the people together to point out to them the mischiefs of drinking, and the advantages to be derived from the very savings of temperance. But all these measures, though they had some effect on the mill people, had very little on the miners. They either sent to Tideswell or Edale for kegs of beer to peddle at the mines, or they went thither themselves on receiving their wages.

And let no one suppose that David Dunster was worse than his fellows, or that Betty Dunster thought her case a particularly hard one. David was "pretty much of a muchness," according to the country phrase, with the rest of his hard-working tribe, which was, and always had been, a hard-drinking tribe; and Betty, though she wished it different, did not complain, just because it was of no use, and because she was no worse off than her neighbors.

Often when she went to "carry in her hose"

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to Ashford, she left the children at home by themselves. She had no alternative. They were there in that solitary valley for many hours playing alone. And to them it was not solitary. It was all that they knew of life, and that all was very pleasant to them. In spring, they hunted for birds'-nests in the copses, and among the rocks and gray stones that had fallen from them. In the copses built the blackbirds and thrushes; in the rocks the firetails; and the gray wagtails in the stones, which were so exactly of their own color, as to make it difficult to see them. In summer, they gathered flowers and berries, and in the winter they played at horses, kings, and shops, and sundry other things in the house.

On one of these occasions, a bright afternoon in autumn, the three children had rambled down the glen, and found a world of amusement in being teams of horses, in making a little mine at the foot of a tall cliff, and in marching for soldiers, for they had one day—the only time in their lives—seen some soldiers go through the village of Ashford, when they had gone there with their mother, for she now and then took them with her when she had something from the shop to carry besides her bundle of hose. At length they came to the foot of an open hill, which swelled to a considerable height, with a round and climbable side, on which grew a wilderness of bushes, amid which lay scattered masses of gray crag. A small winding path went up this, and they followed it. It was not long, however, before they saw some things which excited their eager attention. Little David, who was the guide, and assumed to himself much importance as the protector of his sisters, exclaimed, "See here!" and springing forward, plucked a fine crimson cluster of the mountain bramble. His sisters, on seeing this, rushed on with like eagerness. They soon forsook the little winding and craggy footpath, and hurried through sinking masses of moss and dry grass, from bush to bush, and place to place. They were soon far up above the valley, and almost every step revealed to them some delightful prize. The clusters of the mountain-bramble, resembling mulberries, and known only to the inhabitants of the hills, were abundant, and were rapidly devoured. The dewberry was as eagerly gathered—its large, purple fruit passing with them for blackberries. In their hands were soon seen posies of the lovely grass of Parnassus, the mountain cistus, and the bright blue geranium.

Higher and higher the little group ascended in this quest, till the sight of the wide, naked hills, and the hawks circling round the lofty, tower-like crags over their heads, made them feel serious and somewhat afraid.

"Where are we?" asked Jane, the elder sister. "Arn't we a long way from hom?"

"Let us go hom," said little Nancy. "I'm afreed here;" clutching hold of Jane's frock.

"Pho, nonsense!" said David; "what are you afreed on? I'll tak care on you, niver fear"

And with this he assumed a bold and defying aspect, and said, "Come along; there are nests in th' hazzles up yonder."

He began to mount again, but the two girls hung back and said, "Nay, David, dunna go higher; we are both afreed;" and Jane added, "It's a long wee from hom, I'm sure."

"And those birds screechin' so up there; I darna go up," added little Nancy. They were the hawks that she meant, which hovered whimpering and screaming about the highest cliffs. David called them little cowards, but began to descend, and, presently, seeking for berries and flowers as they descended, they regained the little winding, craggy road, and, while they were calling to each other, discovered a remarkable echo on the opposite hill side. On this, they shouted to it, and laughed, and were half frightened when it laughed and shouted again. Little Nancy said it must be an old man in the inside of the mountain; at which they were all really afraid, though David put on a big look, and said, "Nonsense! it was nothing at all." But Jane asked how nothing at all could shout and laugh as it did? and on this little Nancy plucked her again by the frock, and said in turn, "Oh, dear, let's go hom!"

But at this David gave a wild whoop to frighten them, and when the hill whooped again, and the sisters began to run, he burst into laughter, and the strange spectral Ha! ha! ha! that ran along the inside of the hill, as it were, completed their fear, and they stopped their ears with their hands, and scuttled away down the hill. But now David seized them, and pulling their hands down from their heads, he said, "See here! what a nice place with the stones sticking out like seats. Why, it's like a little house; let us stay and play a bit here." It was a little hollow in the hill side surrounded by projecting stones like an amphitheatre. The sisters were still afraid, but the sight of this little hollow with its seats of crag had such a charm for them that they promised David they would stop awhile, if he would promise not to shout and awake the echo. David readily promised this, and so they sat down. David proposed to keep a school, and cut a hazel wand from a bush, and began to lord it over his two scholars in a very pompous manner. The two sisters pretended to be much afraid, and to read very diligently on pieces of flat stone which they had picked up. And then David became a sergeant, and was drilling them for soldiers, and stuck pieces of fern into their hair for cockades. And then, soon after, they were sheep, and he was the shepherd; and he was catching his flock and going to shear them, and made so much noise that Jane cried, "Hold! there's the echo mocking us."

At this they all were still. But David said, "Pho! never mind the echo; I must shear my sheep:" but just as he was seizing little Nancy to pretend to shear her with a piece of stick Jane cried out, "Look! look! how black it is coming down the valley there! There's

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going to be a dreadful starm. Let us hurry hom!"

David and Nancy both looked up, and agreed to run as fast down the hill as they could. But the next moment the driving storm swept over the hill, and the whole valley was hid in it. The three children still hurried on, but it became quite dark, and they soon lost the track, and were tossed about by the wind, so that they had difficulty to keep on their legs. Little Nancy began to cry, and the three taking hold of each other, endeavored in silence to make their way homeward. But presently they all stumbled over a large stone, and fell some distance down the hill. They were not hurt, but much frightened, for they now remembered the precipices, and were afraid every minute of going over them. They now strove to find the track by going up again, but they could not find it any where. Sometimes they went upward till they thought they were quite too far, and then they went downward till they were completely bewildered; and then, like the Babes in the Wood, "They sate them down and cried."

But ere they had sate long, they heard footsteps, and listened. They certainly heard them and shouted, but there was no answer. David shouted, "Help! fayther! mother! help!" but there was no answer. The wind swept fiercely by; the hawks whimpered from the high crags, lost in the darkness of the storm; and the rain fell, driving along icy cold. Presently there was a gleam of light through the clouds; the hill side became visible, and through the haze they saw a tall figure as of an old man ascending the hill. He appeared to carry two loads slung from his shoulders by a strap; a box hanging before, and a bag hanging at his back. He wound up the hill slowly and wearily, and presently he stopped, and relieving himself of his load, seated himself on a piece of crag to rest. Again David shouted, but there still was no answer. The old man sate as if no shout had been heard—immovable.

"It *is* a man," said David, "and I *will* mak him hear;" and with that he shouted once more with all his might. But the old man made no sign of recognition. He did not even turn his head, but he took off his hat and began to wipe his brow as if warm with the ascent.

"What can it be?" said David in astonishment. "It *is* a man, that's sartain. I'll run and see."

"Nay, nay!" shrieked the sisters. "Don't, David, don't! It's perhaps the old man out of the mountain that's been mocking us. Perhaps," added Jane, "he only comes out in starms and darkness."

"Stuff!" said David, "an echo isn't a man; it's only our own voices. I'll see who it is;" and away he darted, spite of the poor girls' crying in terror, "Don't; don't, David; oh, don't!"

But David was gone. He was not long in reaching the old man, who sate on his stone breathing hard, as if out of breath with his ascent, but not appearing to perceive David's approach. The rain and the wind drove fiercely upon him, but he did not seem to mind it. David was half afraid to approach close to him, but he called out, "Help! help, mester!" The old man remained as unconscious of his presence. "Hillo!" cried David again. "Can you tell us the way down, mester?" There was no answer, and David was beginning to feel a shudder of terror run through every limb, when the clouds cleared considerably, and he suddenly exclaimed, "Why, it's old Tobias Turton of top of Edale, and he's as deaf as a door nail!"

In an instant David was at his side; seized his coat to make him aware of his presence, and, on the old man perceiving him, shouted in his ear, "Which is the way down here, Mester Turton? Where's the track?"

"Down? Weighs o' the back?" said the old man; "ay, my lad, I was fain to sit down; it does weigh o' th' back, sure enough."

"Where's the foot-track?" shouted David, again.

"Th' foot-track? Why, what art ta doing here, my lad, in such a starm? Isn't it David Dunster's lad?"

David nodded. "Why, the track's here—see!" and the old man stamped his foot. "Get down hom, my lad, as fast as thou can. What dun they do letting thee be upon th' hills in such a dee as this?"

David nodded his thanks, and turned to descend the track, while the old man, adjusting his burden again, silently and wearily recommenced his way upward.

David shouted to his sisters as he descended, and they quickly replied. He called to them to come toward him, as he was on the track, and was afraid to quit it again. They endeavored to do this; but the darkness was now redoubled, and the wind and rain became more furious than ever. The two sisters were soon bewildered among the bushes; and David, who kept calling to them at intervals to direct their course toward him, soon heard them crying bitterly. At this, he forgot the necessity of keeping the track, and darting toward them, soon found them, by continuing to call to them, and took their hands to lead them to the track. But they were now drenched through with the rain, and shivered with cold and fear. David, with a stout heart, endeavored to cheer them. He told them the track was close by, and that they would soon be at home. But though the track was not ten yards off, somehow they did not find it. Bushes and projecting rocks turned them out of their course; and, owing to the confusion caused by the wind, the darkness, and their terror, they searched in vain for the track. Sometimes they thought they had found it, and went on a few paces, only to stumble over loose stones, or get entangled in the bushes.

It was now absolutely becoming night. Their terrors increased greatly. They shouted and cried aloud, in the hope of making their parents hear them. They felt sure that both father and

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mother must be come home; and as sure that they would be hunting for them. But they did not reflect that their parents could not tell in what difection they had gone. Both father and mother were come home, and the mother had instantly rushed out to try to find them, on perceiving that they were not in the house. She had hurried to and fro, and called—not at first supposing they would be far. But when she heard nothing of them, she ran in, and begged of her husband to join in the search. But at first David Dunster would do nothing. He was angry at them for going away from the house, and said he was too tired to go on a wild-goose chase through the plantations after them. "They are i' th' plantations," said he; "they are sheltering there somewhere. Let them alone, and they'll come home, with a good long tail behind them."

With this piece of a child's song of sheep, David sat down to his supper, and Betty Dunster hurried up the valley, shouting, "Children, where are you? David! Jane! Nancy! where are you?"

When she heard nothing of them, she hurried still more wildly up the hill toward the village. When she arrived there—the distance of a mile—she inquired from house to house, but no one had seen any thing of them. It was clear they had not been in that direction. An alarm was thus created in the village; and several young men set out to join Mrs. Dunster in the quest. They again descended the valley toward Dunster's house, shouting every now and then, and listening The night was pitch dark, and the rain fell heavily; but the wind had considerably abated, and once they thought they heard a faint cry in answer to their call, far down the valley. They were right: the children had heard the shouting, and had replied to it. But they were far off. The young men shouted again, but there was no answer; and after shouting once more without success, they hastened on. When they reached David Dunster's house, they found the door open, and no one within. They knew that David had set off in quest of the children himself, and they determined to descend the valley. The distracted mother went with them, crying silently to herself, and praying inwardly, and every now and then trying to shout. But the young men raised their strong voices above hers, and made the cliffs echo with their appeals.

Anon a voice answered them down the valley. They ran on as well as the darkness would let them, and soon found that it was David Dunster, who had been in the plantations on the other side of the valley; but hearing nothing of the lost children, now joined them. He said he had heard the cry from the hill side farther down, that answered to their shouts; and he was sure that it was his boy David's voice. But he had shouted again, and there had been no answer but a wild scream as of terror, that made his blood run cold.

"O God!" exclaimed the distracted mother, "what can it be! David! David! Jane Nancy!"

There was no answer. The young men bade Betty Dunster to contain herself, and they would find the children before they went home again. All held on down the valley, and in the direction whence the voice came. Many times did the young men and the now strongly agitated father shout and listen. At length they seemed to hear voices of weeping and moaning. They listened—they were sure they heard a lamenting—it could only be the children. But why, then did they not answer? On struggled the men, and Mrs. Dunster followed wildly after. Now, again, they stood and shouted, and a kind of terrified scream followed the shout.

"God in heaven!" exclaimed the mother; "what is it? There is something dreadful. My children! my children! where are you?"

"Be silent, pray do, Mrs. Dunster," said one of the young men, "or we can not catch the sounds so as to follow them. They again listened, and the wailings of the children were plainly heard. The whole party pushed forward over stock and stone up the hill. They called again, and there was a cry of "Here! here! fayther! mother! where are you?"

In a few moments more the whole party had reached the children, who stood drenched with rain, and trembling violently, under a cliff that gave no shelter, but was exposed especially to the wind and rain.

"O Christ! my children!" cried the mother, wildly, struggling forward and clasping one in her arms. "Nancy! Jane! But where is David? David! David! Oh, where is David? Where is your brother?"

The whole party was startled at not seeing the boy, and joined in a simultaneous "Where is he? where is your brother?"

The two children only wept and trembled more violently, and burst into loud crying.

"Silence!" shouted the father. "Where is David? I tell ye? Is he lost? David, lad, where ar ta?"

All listened, but there was no answer but the renewed crying of the two girls.

"Where is the lad, then?" thundered forth the father with a terrible oath.

The two terrified children cried, "Oh, down there! down there!"

"Down where? Oh, God!" exclaimed one of the young men; "why it's a precipice! Down there!"

At this dreadful intelligence the mother gave a wild shriek, and fell senseless on the ground The young men caught her, and dragged her back from the edge of the precipice. The father in the same moment, furious at what he heard, seized the younger child, that happened to be near him, and shaking it violently, swore he would fling it down after the lad.

He was angry with the poor children, as if they had caused the destruction of his boy The young men seized him, and bade him think what he was about; but the man believing his

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boy had fallen down the precipice, was like a madman. He kicked at his wife as she lay on the ground, as if she were guilty of this calamity by leaving the children at home. He was furious against the poor girls, as if they had led their brother into danger. In his violent rage he was a perfect maniac, and the young men pushing him away, cried shame on him. In a while, the desperate man, torn by a hurricane of passion, sate himself down on a crag, and burst into a tempest of tears, and struck his head violently with his clenched fists, and cursed himself and every body. It was a dreadful scene.

Meantime, some of the young men had gone down below the precipice on which the children had stood, and, feeling among the loose stones, had found the body of poor little David. He was truly dead!

When he had heard the shout of his father, or of the young men, he had given one loud shout in answer, and saying, "Come on! never fear now!" sprang forward, and was over the precipice in the dark, and flew down, and was dashed to pieces. His sisters heard a rush, a faint shriek, and suddenly stopping, escaped the destruction that poor David had found.

CHAPTER II.—MILL LIFE.

We must pass over the painful and dreadful particulars of that night, and of a long time to come; the maniacal rage of the father, the shattered heart and feelings of the mother, the dreadful state of the two remaining children, to whom their brother was one of the most precious objects in a world which, like theirs, contained so few. One moment to have seen him full of life, and fun, and bravado, and almost the next a lifeless and battered corpse, was something too strange and terrible to be soon surmounted. But this was woefully aggravated by the cruel anger of their father, who continued to regard them as guilty of the death of his favorite boy. He seemed to take no pleasure in them. He never spoke to them but to scold them. He drank more deeply than ever, and came home later; and when there, was sullen and morose. When their mother, who suffered severely, but still plodded on with all her duties, said, "David, they are thy children too," he would reply, savagely, "Hod thy tongue! What's a pack o' wenches to my lad?"

What tended to render the miner more hard toward the two girls was a circumstance which would have awakened a better feeling in a softer father's heart. Nancy, the younger girl, since the dreadful catastrophe, had seemed to grow gradually dull and defective in her intellect, she had a slow and somewhat idiotic air and manner. Her mother perceived it, and was struck with consternation by it. She tried to rouse her, but in vain. She could not perform her ordinary reading and spelling lessons. She seemed to have forgotten what was already learned. She appeared to have a difficulty in moving her legs, and carried her hands as if she had suffered a partial paralysis. Jane, her sister, was dreadfully distressed at it, and she and her mother wept many bitter tears over her. One day, in the following spring, they took her with them to Ashford, and consulted the doctor there. On examining her, and hearing fully what had taken place at the time of the brother's death—the fact of which he well knew, for it, of course, was known to the whole country round—he shook his head, and said he was afraid they must make up their minds to a sad case; that the terrors of that night had affected her brain, and that, through it, the whole nervous system had suffered, and was continuing to suffer the most melancholy effects. The only thing, he thought, in her favor was her youth; and added, that it might have a good effect, if they could leave the place where she had undergone such a terrible shock. But whether they did or not, kindness and soothing attentions to her would do more than any thing else.

Mrs. Dunster and little Jane returned home with heavy hearts. The doctor's opinion had only confirmed their fears; for Jane, though but a child, had quickness and affection for her sister enough to make her comprehend the awful nature of poor Nancy's condition. Mrs. Dunster told her husband the doctor's words, for she thought they would awaken some tenderness in him toward the unfortunate child. But he said, "That's just what I expected. Hou 'll grow soft, and then who's to maintain her? Hou mun goo to th' workhouse,"

With that he took his maundrel and went off to his work. Instead of softening his nature, this intelligence seemed only to harden and brutalize it. He drank now more and more. But all that summer the mother and Jane did all that they could think of to restore the health and mind of poor Nancy. Every morning, when the father was gone to work, Jane went to a spring up in the opposite wood, famed for the coldness and sweetness of its waters. On this account the proprietors of the mills at Cressbrook had put down a large trough there under the spreading trees, and the people fetched the water even from the village. Hence Jane brought, at many journeys, this cold, delicious water to bathe her sister in; they then rubbed her warm with cloths, and gave her new milk for her breakfast. Her lessons were not left off, lest the mind should sink into fatuity, but were made as easy as possible. Jane continued to talk to her, and laugh with her, as if nothing was amiss, though she did it with a heavy heart, and she engaged her to weed and hoe with her in their little garden. She did not dare to lead her far out into the valley, lest it might excite her memory of the past fearful time, but she gathered her flowers, and continued to play with her at all their accustomed sports, of building houses with pieces of pots and stones, and imagining gardens and parks. The anxious mother, when some weeks were gone by, fancied that

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there was really some improvement. The cold-bathing seemed to have strengthened the system: the poor child walked, and bore herself with more freedom and firmness. She became ardently fond of being with her sister, and attentive to her directions. But there was a dull cloud over her intellect, and a vacancy in her eyes and features. She was quiet, easily pleased, but seemed to have little volition of her own. Mrs. Dunster thought if they could but get her away from that spot, it might rouse her mind from its sleep. But, perhaps, the sleep was better than the awaking might be; however, the removal came, though in a more awful way than was looked for. The miner, who had continued to drink more and more, and seemed to have almost estranged himself from his home, staying away in his drinking bouts for a week or more together, was one day blasting a rock in the mine, and being half-stupefied with beer, did not take care to get out of the way of the explosion, was struck with a piece of the flying stone, and killed on the spot.

The poor widow and her children were now obliged to remove from under Wardlow-Cop. The place had been a sad one to her; the death of her husband, though he had been latterly far from a good one, and had left her with the children in deep poverty, was a fresh source of severe grief to her. Her religious mind was struck down with a weight of melancholy by the reflection of the life he had led, and the sudden way in which he had been summoned into eternity. When she looked forward, what a prospect was there for her children! It was impossible for her to maintain them from her small earnings, and as to Nancy, would she ever be able to earn her own bread, and protect herself in the world?

It was amid such reflections that Mrs. Dunster quitted this deep, solitary, and, to her, fatal valley, and took up her abode in the village of Cressbrook. Here she had one small room, and by her own labors, and some aid from the parish, she managed to support herself and the children. For seven years she continued her laborious life, assisted by the labor of the two daughters, who also seamed stockings, and in the evenings were instructed by her. Her girls were now thirteen and fifteen years of age: Jane was a tall and very pretty girl of her years; she was active, industrious, and sweet-tempered: her constant affection for poor Nancy was something as admirable as it was singular. Nancy had now confirmed good health, but it had affected her mother to perceive that, since the catastrophe of her brother's death, and the cruel treatment of her father at that time, she had never grown in any degree as she ought; she was short, stout, and of a pale and very plain countenance. It could not be now said that she was deficient in mind, but she was slow in its operations. She displayed, indeed, a more than ordinary depth of reflection, and a shrewdness of observation, but the evidences of this came forth in a very quiet way, and were observable only to her mother and sister. To all besides she was extremely reserved: she was timid to excess, and shrunk from public notice into the society of her mother and sister. There was a feeling abroad in the neighborhood that she was "not quite right," but the few who were more discerning, shook their heads, and observed, "Right, she was not, poor thing, but it was not want of sense; she had more of that than most."

And such was the opinion of her mother and sister. They perceived that Nancy had received a shock of which she must bear the effects through life. Circumstances might bring her feeble but sensitive nerves much misery. She required to be guarded and sheltered from the rudenesses of the world, and the mother trembled to think how much she might be exposed to them. But in every thing that related to sound judgment, they knew that she surpassed not only them, but any of their acquaintance. If any difficulty had to be decided, it was Nancy who pondered on it, and, perhaps, at some moment when least expected, pronounced an opinion that might be taken as confidently as an oracle.

The affection of the two sisters was something beyond the ties of this world. Jane had watched and attended to her from the time of her constitutional injury with a love that never seemed to know a moment's weariness or change; and the affection which Nancy evinced for her was equally intense and affecting. She seemed to hang on her society for her very life. Jane felt this, and vowed that they would never quit one another. The mother sighed. How many things, she thought, might tear asunder that beautiful resolve.

But now they were of an age to obtain work in the mill. Indeed, Jane could have had employment there long before, but she would not quit her sister till she could go with her—and now there they went. The proprietor, who knew the case familiarly, so ordered it that the two sisters should work near each other; and that poor Nancy should be as little exposed to the rudeness of the work-people as possible. But at first so slow and awkward were Nancy's endeavors, and such an effect had it on her frame, that it was feared she must give it up. This would have been a terrible calamity; and the tears of the two sisters and the benevolence of the employer enabled Nancy to pass through this severe ordeal. In a while she acquired sufficient dexterity, and thenceforward went through her work with great accuracy and perseverance. As far as any intercourse with the workpeople was concerned, she might be said to be dumb. Scarcely ever did she exchange a word with any one, but she returned kind nods and smiles; and every morning and evening, and at dinner-time, the two sisters might be seen going to and fro, side by side—Jane often talking with some of them; the little, odd-looking sister walking silent and listening.

Five more years, and Jane was a young woman. Amid her companions, who were few of them above the middle size, she had a tall

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and striking appearance. Her father had been a remarkably tall and strong man, and she possessed something of his stature, though none of his irritable disposition. She was extremely pretty, of a blooming, fresh complexion, and graceful form. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her expression, which was the index of her disposition. By her side still went that odd, broad-built, but still pale and little sister. Jane was extremely admired by the young men of the neighborhood, and had already many offers, but she listened to none. "Where I go must Nancy go," she said to herself, "and of whom can I be sure?"

Of Nancy no one took notice. Her pale, somewhat large features, her thoughtful, silent look, and her short, stout figure, gave you an idea of a dwarf, though she could not strictly be called one. No one would think of Nancy as a wife—where Jane went she must go; the two clung together with one heart and soul. The blow which deprived them of their brother seemed to bind them inseparably together.

Mrs. Dunster, besides her seaming, at which, in truth, she earned a miserable sum, had now for some years been the post-woman from the village to the Bull's Head, where the mail, going on to Tideswell, left the letter-bag. Thither and back, wet or dry, summer or winter, she went every day, the year round. With her earnings, and those of the girls, the world went as well with them as the world goes on the average with the poor; and she kept a small, neat cottage. Cramps and rheumatisms she began to feel sensibly from so much exposure to rain and cold; but the never-varying and firm affection of her two children was a balm in her cup which made her contented with every thing else.

When Jane was about two-and-twenty, poor Mrs. Dunster, seized with rheumatic fever, died. On her death-bed, she said to Jane, "Thou will never desert poor Nancy; and that's my comfort. God has been good to me. After all my trouble, he has given me this faith, that, come weal, come woe, so long as thou has a home, Nancy will never want one. God bless thee for it! God bless you both; and he will bless you!" So saying, Betty Dunster breathed her last.

The events immediately following her death did not seem to bear out her dying faith; for the two poor girls were obliged to give up their cottage. There was a want of cottages. Not half of the work-people could be entertained in this village; they went to and fro for many miles. Jane and Nancy were now obliged to do the same. Their cottage was wanted for an overlooker—and they removed to Tideswell, three miles off. They had thus six miles a day to walk, besides standing at their work; but they were young, and had companions. In Tideswell they were more cheerful. They had a snug little cottage; were near a meeting; and found friends. They did not complain. Here, again, Jane Dunster attracted great attention, and a young, thriving grocer paid his addresses to her. It was an offer that made Jane take time to reflect. Every one said it was an opportunity not to be neglected: but Jane weighed in her mind, "Will he keep faith in my compact with Nancy?" Though her admirer made every vow on the subject, Jane paused and determined to take the opinion of Nancy. Nancy thought for a day, and then said, "Dearest sister, I don't feel easy; I fear that from some cause it would not do in the end."

Jane, from that moment, gave up the idea of the connection. There might be those who would suspect Nancy of a selfish bias in the advice she gave; but Jane knew that no such feeling influenced her pure soul. For one long year the two sisters traversed the hills between Cressbrook and Tideswell. But they had companions, and it was pleasant in the summer months. But winter came, and then it was a severe trial. To rise in the dark, and traverse those wild and bleak hills; to go through snow and drizzle, and face the sharpest winds in winter, was no trifling matter. Before winter was over, the two young women began seriously to revolve the chances of a nearer residence, or a change of employ. There were not few who blamed Jane excessively for the folly of refusing the last good offer. There were even more than one who, in the hearing of Nancy, blamed her. Nancy was thoughtful, agitated, and wept. "If I can, dear sister," she said, "have advised you to your injury, how shall I forgive myself? What *shall* become of me?"

But Jane clasped her sister to her heart, and said, "No! no! dearest sister, you are not to blame. I feel you are right; let us wait, and we shall see!"

CHAPTER III.—THE COURTSHIP AND ANOTHER SHIP.

One evening, as the two sisters were hastening along the road through the woods on their way homeward, a young farmer drove up in his spring-cart, cast a look at them, stopped, and said, "Young women, if you are going my way, I shall be glad of your company. You are quite welcome to ride."

The sisters looked at each other. "Dunna be afreed," said the young farmer; "my name's James Cheshire. I'm well known in these parts; you may trust yersens wi' me, if it's agreeable."

To Jane's surprise, Nancy said, "No, sir, we are not afraid; we are much obliged to you."

The young farmer helped them up into the cart, and away they drove.

"I'm afraid we shall crowd you," said Jane.

"Not a bit of it," replied the young farmer. "There's room for three bigger nor us on this seat, and I'm no ways tedious."

The sisters saw nothing odd in his use of the word "tedious," as strangers would have done

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they knew it merely meant "not at all particular." They were soon in active talk. As he had told them who he was, he asked them in their turn if they worked at the mills there. They replied in the affirmative, and the young man said,

"I thought so. I've seen you sometimes going along together. I noticed you because you seemed so sisterly like, and you are sisters, I reckon."

They said "Yes."

"I've a good spanking horse, you seen," said James Cheshire. "I shall get over th' ground rayther faster nor you done a-foot, eh? My word, though, it must be nation cold on these bleak hills i' winter."

The sisters assented, and thanked the young farmer for taking them up.

"We are rather late," said they, "for we looked in on a friend, and the rest of the mill-hands were gone on."

"Well," said the young farmer, "never mind that. I fancy Bess, my mare here, can go a little faster nor they can. We shall very likely be at Tidser as soon as they are."

"But you are not going to Tidser," said Jane, "your farm is just before us there."

"Yay, I'm going to Tidser though. I've a bit of business to do there before I go hom."

On drove the farmer at what he called a spanking rate; presently they saw the young mill-people on the road before them.

"There are your companions," said James Cheshire; "we shall cut past them like a flash of lightning."

"Oh," exclaimed Jane Dunster, "what will they say at seeing us riding here?" and she blushed brightly.

"Say?" said the young farmer, smiling, "never mind what they'll say; depend upon it, they'd like to be here theirsens."

James Cheshire cracked his whip. The horse flew along. The party of the young mill-hands turned round, and on seeing Jane and Nancy in the cart, uttered exclamations of surprise.

"My word, though!" said Mary Smedley, a fresh buxom lass, somewhat inclined to stoutness.

"Well, if ever!" cried smart little Hannah Bowyer.

"Nay, then, what next?" said Tetty Wilton, a tall, thin girl of very good looks.

The two sisters nodded and smiled to their companions; Jane still blushing rosily, but Nancy sitting as pale and as gravely as if they were going on some solemn business.

The only notice the farmer took was to turn with a broad, smiling face, and shout to them, "Wouldn't you like to be here too?"

"Ay, take us up," shouted a number of voices together; but the farmer cracked his whip, and giving them a nod and a dozen smiles in one, said, "I can't stay. Ask the next farmer that comes up."

With this they drove on; the young farmer very merry and full of talk. They were soon by the side of his farm. "There's a flock of sheep on the turnips there," he said, proudly, "they're not to be beaten on this side Ashbourne. And there are some black oxen, going for the night to the straw-yard. Jolly fellows, those, eh? But I reckon you don't understand much of farming stock?"

"No," said Jane, and was again surprised at Nancy adding, "I wish we did. I think a farmer's life must be the very happiest of any."

"You think so?" said the farmer, turning and looking at her earnestly, and evidently with some wonder. "You are right," said he. "You little ones are knowing ones. You are right: it's the life for a king."

They were at the village. "Pray stop," said Jane, "and let us get down. I would not for the world go up the village thus. It would make such a talk!"

"Talk! who cares for talk?" said the farmer; "won't the youngsters we left on the road talk?"

"Quite enough," said Jane.

"And are *you* afraid of talk?" said the farmer to Nancy.

"I'm not afraid of it when I don't provoke it willfully," said Nancy; "but we are poor girls, and can't afford to lose even the good word of our acquaintance. You've been very kind in taking us up on the road; but to drive us to our door would cause such wonder as would perhaps make us wish we had not been obliged to you."

"Blame me, if you arn't right again!" said the young farmer, thoughtfully. "These are scandal-loving times, and th' neebors might plague you. That's a deep head of yourn, though—Nancy, I think your sister caw'd you. Well, here I stop then."

He jumped down, and helped them out.

"If you will drive on first, said Jane, "we will walk on after, and we are greatly obliged to you."

"Nay," said the young man, "I shall turn again here."

"But you've business."

"Oh! my business was to drive you here—that's all."

James Cheshire was mounting his cart, when Nancy stepped up, and said, "Excuse me, sir, but you'll meet the mill-people on your return, and it will make them talk all the more, as you have driven us past your farm. Have you no business that you can do in Tidser, sir?"

"Gad! but thou'rt right again! Ay, I'll go on!" and with a crack of his whip, and a "Good night!" he whirled into the village before them.

No sooner was he gone than Nancy, pressing her sister's arm to her side, said, "There's the right man at last, dear Jane."

"What!" said Jane, yet blushing deeply at the same time, and her heart beating quicker against her side. "Whatever are you talking of, Nancy? That young farmer fall in love with a mill-girl?"

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"He's done it," said Nancy; "I see it in him—I feel it in him. And I feel, too, that he is true and stanch as steel."

Jane was silent. They walked on in silence. Jane's own heart responded to what Nancy had said; she thought again and again on what he said. "I have seen you sometimes;" "I noticed you because you seemed so sisterly." "He must have a good heart," thought Jane; "but then he can never think of a poor mill-girl like me."

The next morning they had to undergo plenty of raillery from their companions. We will pass that over. For several days, as they passed to and fro, they saw nothing of the young farmer. But one evening, as they were again alone, having staid at the same acquaintance's as before, the young farmer popped his head over a stone wall, and said, "Good evening to you, young women." He was soon over the wall, and walked on with them to the end of the town. On the Sunday at the chapel Jane saw Nancy's grave face fixed on some object steadily, and, looking in the same direction, was startled to see James Cheshire. Again her heart beat pit-a-pat, and she thought, "Can he really be thinking of me?"

The moment chapel was over, James Cheshire was gone, stopping to speak to no one. Nancy again pressed the arm of Jane to her side, as they walked home, and said, "I was not wrong." Jane only replied by returning her affectionate pressure.

Some days after, as Nancy Dunster was coming out of a shop in the evening, after their return home from the mill, James Cheshire suddenly put his hand on her shoulder, and, on her turning, shook her hand cordially, and said, "Come along with me a bit. I must have a little talk with you."

Nancy consented without remark or hesitation. James Cheshire walked on quickly till they came near the fine old church which strikes travelers as so superior to the place in which it is located, when he slackened his pace, and taking Nancy's hand, began in a most friendly manner to tell her how much he liked her and her sister. That, to make a short matter of it, as was his way, he had made up his mind that the woman of all others in the world that would suit him for a wife was her sister. "But before I said so to her, I thought I would say so to you, Nancy, for you are so sensible, I'm sure you will say what is best for us all."

Nancy manifested no surprise, but said calmly, "You are a well-to-do farmer, Mr. Cheshire. You have friends of property; my sister, and—"

"Ay, and a mill-girl; I know all that. I've thought it all over, and so far you are right again, my little one. But just hear what I've got to say. I'm no fool, though I say it. I've an eye in my head and a head on my shoulders, eh?"

Nancy smiled

"Well now, it's not *any* mill-girl—mind you, it's not *any* mill-girl; no, nor perhaps another in the kingdom, that would do for me. I don't think mill-girls are in the main cut out for farmers' wives, any more than farmers' wives are fit for mill-girls; but, you see, I've got a notion that your sister is not only a very farrantly lass, but that she's one that has particular good sense, though not so deep as you, Nancy, neither. Well, I've a notion she can turn her hand to any thing, and that she's a heart to do it when it's a duty. Isn't that so, eh? And if it is so, then Jane Dunster's the lass for me; that is, if it's quite agreeable."

Nancy pressed James Cheshire's hand, and said. "You are very kind."

"Not a bit of it," said James.

"Well," continued Nancy; "but I would have you to consider what your friends will say, and whether you will not be made unhappy by them."

"Why, as to that," said James Cheshire, interrupting her, "mark me, Miss Dunster. I don't ask my friends for any thing. I can farm my own farm; buy my own cattle; drive my spring-cart, without any advice or assistance of theirs; and therefore I don't think I shall ask their advice in the matter of a wife, eh? No, no, on that score I'm made up. My name's Independent, and, at a word, the only living thing I mean to ask advice of is yourself. If you, Miss Dunster, approve of the match, it's settled, as far as I'm concerned."

"Then so far," said Nancy, "as you and my sister are concerned, without reference to worldly circumstances, I approve it with all my heart. I believe you to be as good and honest as I know my sister to be. Oh, Mr. Cheshire! she is one of ten thousand."

"Well, I was sure of it," said the young farmer; "and so now you must tell your sister all about it; and if all's right, chalk me a white chalk inside of my gate as you go past i' th' morning, and to-morrow evening I'll come up and see you."

Here the two parted with a cordial shake of the hand. The novel signal of an accepted love was duly discovered by James Cheshire on his gate-post, when he issued forth at day-break, and that evening he was sitting at tea with Jane and Nancy in the little cottage, having brought in his cart a basket of eggs, apples, fresh butter, and a pile of the richest pikelets (crumpets), country pikelets, very different to town-made ones, for tea.

We need not follow out the courtship of James Cheshire and Jane Dunster. It was cordial and happy. James insisted that both the sisters should give immediate notice to quit the mill-work, to spare themselves the cold and severe walks which the winter now occasioned them. The sisters had improved their education in their evenings. They were far better read and informed than most farmers' daughters. They had been, since they came to Tideswell, teachers in the Sunday-school. There was comparatively little to be learned in a farm-house for the

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wife in winter, and James Cheshire therefore proposed to the sisters to go for three months to Manchester into a wholesale house, to learn as much as they could of the plain sewing and cutting out of household linen. The person in question made up all sorts of household linen, sheets, pillow-cases, shirts, and other things; in fact, a great variety of articles. Through an old acquaintance he got them introduced there, avowedly to prepare them for housekeeping. It was a sensible step, and answered well. At spring, to cut short opposition from his own relatives, which began to show itself, for these things did not fail to be talked of, James Cheshire got a license, and proceeding to Manchester, was then and there married, and came home with his wife and sister.

The talk and gossip which this wedding made all round the country, was no little; but the parties themselves were well satisfied with their mutual choice, and were happy. As the spring advanced, the duties of the household grew upon Mrs. Cheshire. She had to learn the art of cheese-making, butter-making, of all that relates to poultry, calves, and household management. But in these matters she had the aid of an old servant, who had done all this for Mr. Cheshire, since he began farming. She took a great liking to her mistress, and showed her with hearty good-will how every thing was done; and as Jane took a deep interest in it, she rapidly made herself mistress of the management of the house, as well as of the house itself. She did not disdain, herself, to take a hand at the churn, that she might be familiar with the whole process of butter-making, and all the signs by which the process is conducted to a successful issue. It was soon seen that no farmer's wife could produce a firmer, fresher, sweeter pound of butter. It was neither *swelled* by too hasty churning, nor spoiled, as is too often the case, by the buttermilk or by water being left in it, for want of well kneading and pressing. It was deliciously sweet, because the cream was carefully put in the cleanest vessels and well attended to. Mrs. Cheshire, too, might daily be seen kneeling by the side of the cheese-pan, separating the curd, taking off the whey, filling the cheese-vat with the curd, and putting the cheese herself into press. Her cheese-chamber displayed as fine a set of well-salted, well-colored, well-turned and regular cheeses as ever issued from that or any other farm-house.

James Cheshire was proud of his wife: and Jane herself found a most excellent helper in Nancy. Nancy took particularly to housekeeping; saw that all the rooms were exquisitely clean; that every thing was in nice repair; that not only the master and mistress, but the servants had their food prepared in a wholesome and attractive manner. The eggs she stored up; and as fruit came into season, had it collected for market, and for a judicious household use. She made the tea and coffee morning and evening, and did every thing but preside at the table. There was not a farm-house for twenty miles round that wore an air of so much brightness and evident good management as that of James Cheshire. For Nancy, from the first moment of their acquaintance, he had conceived a most profound respect. In all cases that required counsel, though he consulted freely with his wife, he would never decide till they had had Nancy's opinion and sanction.

And James Cheshire prospered. But, spite of this, he did not escape the persecution from his relations that Nancy had foreseen. On all hands he found coldness. None of them called on him. They felt scandalized at his *evening* himself, as they called it, to a mill-girl. He was taunted, when they met at market, with having been caught with a pretty face; and told that they thought he had had more sense than to marry a dressed doll with a witch by her side.

At first James Cheshire replied with a careless waggery, "The pretty face makes capital butter though, eh? The dressed doll turns out a tolerable dairy, eh? Better," added James, "than a good many can, that I know, who have neither pretty faces, nor have much taste in dressing to crack of."

The allusion to Nancy's dwarfish plainness was what peculiarly provoked James Cheshire. He might have laughed at the criticisms on his wife, though the envious neighbors' wives did say that it was the old servant and not Mrs Cheshire who produced such fine butter and cheese; for wherever she appeared, spite of envy and detraction, her lovely person and quiet good sense, and the growing rumor of her good management, did not fail to produce a due impression. And James had prepared to laugh it off; but it would not do. He found himself getting every now and then angry and unsettled by it. A coarse jest on Nancy at any time threw him into a desperate fit of indignation. The more the superior merit of his wife was known, the more seemed to increase the envy and venom of some of his relatives. He saw, too, that it had an effect on his wife. She was often sad, and sometimes in tears.

One day when this occurred, James Cheshire said, as they sat at tea, "I've made up my mind. Peace in this life is a jewel. Better is a dinner of herbs with peace, than a stalled ox with strife. Well now, I'm determined to have peace. Peace and luv," said he, looking affectionately at his wife and Nancy, "peace and luv, by God's blessing, have settled down on this house; but there are stings here and stings there, when we go out of doors. We must not only have peace and luv in the house, but peace all round it. So I've made up my mind. I'm for America!"

"For America!" exclaimed Jane. "Surely you can not be in earnest."

"I never was more in earnest in my life," said James Cheshire. "It is true I do very well on this farm here, though it's a cowdish situation; but from all I can learn I can do much better in America. I can there farm a much

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better farm of my own. We can have a much finer climate than this Peak country, and our countrymen still about us. Now, I want to know what makes a man's native land pleasant to him?—the kindness of his relations and friends. But then, if a man's relations are not kind?—if they get a conceit into them, that because they are relations, they are to choose a man's wife for him, and sting him and snort at him because he has a will of his own?—why, then, I say, God send a good big herring-pool between me and such relations! My relations, by way of showing their natural affection, spit spite and bitterness. You, dear wife and sister, have none of yourn to spite you. In the house we have peace and luv. Let us take the peace and luv, and leave the bitterness behind."

There was a deep silence.

"It is a serious proposal," at length said Jane, with tears in her eyes.

"What says Nancy?" asked James.

"It is a serious proposal," said Nancy, "but it is good. I feel it so."

There was another deep silence; and James Cheshire said, "Then it is decided."

"Think of it," said Jane, earnestly—"think well of it."

"I have thought of it long and well, my dear. There are some of these chaps that call me relation that I shall not keep my hands off, if I stay among them—and I fain would. But for the present I will say no more; but," added he, rising and bringing a book from his desk, "here is a book by one Morris Birkbeck—read it, both of you, and then let me know your minds."

The sisters read. On the following Lady-day James Cheshire had turned over his farm advantageously to another, and he, his wife, Nancy, and the old servant, Mary Spendlove, all embarked at Liverpool, and transferred themselves to the United States, and then to the State of Illinois. Five-and-twenty years have rolled over since that day. We could tell a long and curious story of the fortunes of James Cheshire and his family—from the days when, half repenting of his emigration and his purchase, he found himself in a rough country, amid rough and spiteful squatters, and lay for months with a brace of pistols under his pillow, and a great sword by his bedside for fear of robbery and murder. But enough, that at this moment, James Cheshire, in a fine cultivated country, sees his ample estate cultivated by his sons, while as colonel and magistrate he dispenses the law and receives the respectful homage of the neighborhood. Nancy Dunster, now styled Mrs. Dunster, the Mother in Israel—the promoter of schools and the counselor of old and young—still lives. Years have improved rather than deteriorated her short and stout exterior. The long exercise of wise thoughts and the play of benevolent feelings, have given even a sacred beauty to her homely features. The dwarf has disappeared, and there remains instead, a grave but venerable matron—honored like a queen.

MOORISH DOMESTIC LIFE.

AT the threshold of the door, leading from the court-yard to the house, the daughters of Sidi Mahmoud received us with cordial welcome. They are two very beautiful girls. The eldest, who is about fourteen years of age, particularly interested me. There is an expression in her soft, intelligent eyes which shows that she feels the oppression of captivity. Her features are not those of a regular beauty; but the grace which marks all her movements, the soul-breathing animation which lights up her countenance, and the alternate blush and pallor which overspread her delicate cheek, seem to mark the fair Zuleica for a heroine of romance.

While I gazed on her, I thought she looked like a personification of her lovely namesake, the glorious creation of Byron's muse. Her beautiful chestnut hair was unfortunately (in compliance with the custom of the country) tinged with a reddish dye. It was combed to the nape of the neck, and a red woolen band was closely twisted round it, so that the most beautiful adornment of a female head was converted into a long, stiff rouleau, which either dangled down her back, or was hidden in the folds of her dress. On her head she wore a small, closely-fitting fez. Her sister, a pretty, smiling girl of ten years of age, had her hair arranged in the same manner, and she wore the same sort of fez. She was wrapped in a shawl of a clear sea-green hue, which was draped round her figure very gracefully, but entirely concealed her arms. Her full trowsers of rose-colored calico descended nearly to her ankles. The costume of the elder sister was marked by greater elegance. Her shawl was dark red, but of less size and thinner texture than that worn by her sister. After we had been a few minutes together, we became quite familiar friends, and the young ladies permitted me to have a minute inspection of their dresses. They conducted us to their drawing-room, or, as they called it, their *salon*. This apartment, like all the rooms in the house, is exceedingly small; and on my expressing some surprise at its limited dimensions, the elder sister replied in her broken French, "Mauresques pas tener salons pas jolies comme toi Français;" by which she meant to say that their houses or saloons are not so fine as those of the Europeans; for they call all Europeans, indiscriminately, French. There was but little furniture in the drawing-room.

Over the middle part of the floor was spread a very handsome Turkey carpet; and along the sides of the apartment were laid several carpets of various kinds and patterns. In one corner of the room there was a looking-lass in a miserable-looking frame, and beside it a loaded musket. Whether this weapon be destined for the defense of the elegant mirror or of the lovely Zuleica, I pretend not to say.

Having observed a telescope fixed at the window, I expressed some surprise. Zuleica.

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who converses very intelligibly in what she calls *lingua franca* (a jargon principally composed of French words), informed me that this telescope constitutes her principal source of amusement, and that she is almost continually occupied in looking through it, to watch the arrival of her friends, and the movements of the steamers in the harbor. The walls of the apartment were simply whitewashed, and the window and doors were arched as a precaution against accidents in the earthquakes so frequent in this country. The only decorations on the walls were two little frames, containing passages from the Koran.

Among the other articles of furniture contained in this apartment, I must not omit to mention a small table, on which lay some sheets of paper (having Arabic characters inscribed on them) a book, and an inkstand.

When I entered the room, the young ladies brought a straw stool, and requested me to sit down on it, while they themselves squatted on the floor. A white muslin curtain hung over a doorway, which led to the sleeping apartment of the father and mother. Nothing could be more plain than the furniture of this apartment. Two small French iron bedsteads indicated, it is true, great advancement in civilization; and between these bedsteads a piece of carpet covered the rough red tiles with which the floor was paved. There was neither washing-stand nor toilet-table; but, indeed, the apartment was so small that there was no room for them. I was next conducted to the boudoir, where coffee, pomegranates, melons, and sweetmeats were served. To decline taking any thing that is offered is regarded as an affront by the Mohammedans, so I was compelled to receive in my bare hand an immensely large slice of some kind of sweet cake, spread over with a thick jelly.

The collation being ended, the young ladies conducted me to their own sleeping-room. Here we found a slave at work. She was a negress, for whom I was told Sidi Mahmoud had paid 600 francs. I suppose this negress saw something irresistibly droll in my appearance, for as soon as I appeared she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and it was some time ere she recovered her composure

Little Zuleica very good-naturedly opened several trunks to gratify me with the sight of some of her best dresses. She drew forth a number of garments of various descriptions, all composed of rich and beautiful materials. When I say that she had at least twenty elegant tunics of silk or gauze, and several others richly embroidered with gold, I do not overrate the number. I expressed my astonishment at the number and variety of the garments, of which I imagined I had seen the last; but Zuleica turned to me with an arch smile, which seemed to say she had a still greater surprise in store for me. Then diving into the lowest depths of one of the trunks, she drew forth a complete bridal costume. It consisted of a robe or tunic of rich red damask silk, embroidered with gold, a gold girdle, a splendid caftan, loose trowsers of silk, and a vail of white gauze, several yards in length, and sprigged with gold. I was also shown several valuable jeweled ornaments, destined to be worn with this splendid costume.

Seeing the bridal dress thus ready prepared, I conjectured that Zuleica was betrothed, and I ventured to ask her when she was to be married. At this question she blushed and looked confused; then, after a little hesitation, she replied, "Quand trouver mari." . . . . .

Among Zuleica's ornaments were several set with splendid diamonds and pearls. My hostess, after having examined and admired them, asked whether the jewels were all real. Zuleica looked a little offended at this question, and answered proudly, "Mauresques jamais tenir ce que n'est pas vrai." We were greatly amused by the interest and curiosity with which these Moorish girls examined every thing we wore, and even asked the price of any article which particularly pleased them. No part of my dress escaped the scrutinizing eyes of Zuleica. She was particularly charmed with a small handkerchief I wore round my throat. I took it off and requested her to accept it as a token of my remembrance.

The eldest sister had so engaged my attention that the younger one appeared to think I had neglected her, and she timidly requested that, as I had seen all Zuleica's beautiful things, I would look at some of hers also. Accordingly, she began showing me her dolls, meanwhile relating to me in her *lingua franca* the history of each. These dolls were attired in the costumes of Moorish ladies, and little Gumara assured me that the dresses were all her own making. After I had admired them, and complimented Gumara on her taste, she told me with an air of mystery that she had yet one thing more to show. So saying, she produced a doll with a huge black beard and fierce countenance, and dressed completely in imitation of the Sultan. While I was engaged in admiring it, Sidi Mahmoud entered. He had heard that I could speak Italian, and he came to have a little conversation with me about Italy, a country with which he is acquainted, and in which he has himself traveled much. The father's unexpected appearance dismayed the young ladies, who colored deeply while they endeavored to hide the miniature effigy of the Sultan. I afterward learned that Zuleica and her sister are brought up under such rigorous restraint, that even the possession of a doll in male attire is a thing prohibited.—*Leaves from a Lady's Diary.*

THE works of men of genius alone, where great faults are united with great beauties, afford proper matter for criticism. Genius is always executive, bold, and daring; which at the same time that it commands attention, is sure to provoke criticism. It is the regular, cold, and timid composer who escapes censure and deserves praise.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*

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[From Household Words.]

THE RAILWAY STATION.

THEY judge not well, who deem that once among us
A Spirit moved that now from earth has fled;
Who say that at the busy sounds which throng us,
Its shining wings forevermore have sped.

Not all the turmoil of the Age of Iron
Can scare that Spirit hence; like some sweet bird
That loud harsh voices in its cage environ,
It sings above them all, and will be heard!

Not, for the noise of axes or of hammers,
Will that sweet bird forsake her chosen nest;
Her warblings pierce through all those deafening clamors
But surer to their echoes in the breast.

And not the Past alone, with all its guerdon
Of twilight sounds and shadows, bids them rise;
But soft, above the noontide heat and burden
Of the stern present, float those melodies.

Not with the baron bold, the minstrel tender,
Not with the ringing sound of shield and lance,
Not with the Field of Gold in all its splendor,
Died out the generous flame of old Romance.

Still, on a nobler strife than tilt or tourney,
Rides forth the errant knight, with brow elate;
Still patient pilgrims take, in hope, their journey;
Still meek and cloistered spirits "stand and wait."

Still hath the living, moving world around us,
Its legends, fair with honor, bright with truth;
Still, as in tales that in our childhood bound us,
Love holds the fond traditions of its youth.

We need not linger o'er the fading traces
Of lost divinities; or seek to hold
Their serious converse 'mid Earth's green waste-places,
Or by her lonely fountains, as of old:

For, far remote from Nature's fair creations,
Within the busy mart, the crowded street,
With sudden, sweet, unlooked-for revelations
Of a bright presence we may chance to meet;

E'en *now*, beside a restless tide's commotion,
I stand and hear, in broken music, swell
Above the ebb and flow of Life's great ocean,
An under-song of greeting and farewell.

For here are meetings: moments that inherit
The hopes and wishes, that through months and years
Have held such anxious converse with the spirit,
That now its joy can only speak in tears;
And here are partings: hands that soon must sever,
Yet clasp the firmer; heart, that unto heart,
Was ne'er so closely bound before, nor ever
So near the other as when now they part;

And here Time holds his steady pace unbroken,
For all that crowds within his narrow scope;
For all the language, uttered and unspoken,
That will return when Memory comforts Hope!

One short and hurried moment, and forever
Flies, like a dream, its sweetness and its pain,
And, for the hearts that love, the hands that sever,
Who knows what meetings are in store again?

They who are left, unto their homes returning,
With musing step, trace o'er each by-gone scene;
And they upon their journey—doth no yearning,
No backward glance, revert to what hath been?

Yes! for awhile, perchance, a tear-drop starting,
Dims the bright scenes that greet the eye and mind;
But here—as ever in life's cup of parting—
Theirs is the bitterness who stay behind!

So in life's sternest, last farewell, may waken
A yearning thought, a backward glance be thrown
By them who leave: but oh! how blest the token,
To those who stay behind when THEY are gone!

THE SICK MAN'S PRAYER

COME, soft sleep!
Bid thy balm my hot eyes meet—
Of the long night's heavy stillness,
Of the loud clock's ceaseless beat,
Of the weary thought of illness,
Of the room's oppressive heat—
Steep me in oblivion deep,
That my weary, weary brain,
May have rest from all its pain;
Come, oh blessedness again,—
Come, soft sleep!

Come, soft sleep!
Let this weary tossing end,
Let my anguished watch be ceasing,
Yet no dreams thy steps attend,
When thou bring'st from pain releasing.
Fancies wild to rest may lend
Sense of waking misery deep,
Calm as death, oh, on me sink,
That my brain may quiet drink,
And neither feel, nor know, nor think.
Come, soft sleep!

W. C. BENNETT.

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[From the Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, unpublished.]

SOPHISTRY OF ANGLERS.—IZAAK WALTON.

MANY brave and good men have been anglers, as well as many men of a different description; but their goodness would have been complete, and their bravery of a more generous sort, had they possessed self-denial enough to look the argument in the face, and abstained from procuring themselves pleasure at the expense of a needless infliction. The charge is not answered by the favorite retorts about effeminacy, God's providence, neighbors' faults, and doing "no worse." They are simple beggings of the question. I am not aware that anglers, or sportsmen in general, are braver than the ordinary run of mankind. Sure I am that a great fuss is made if they hurt their fingers; much more if they lie gasping, like fish, on the ground. I am equally sure that many a man who would not hurt a fly is as brave as they are; and as to the reference to God's providence, it is an edge-tool that might have been turned against themselves by any body who chose to pitch them into the river, or knock out their brains. They may lament, if they please, that they should be forced to think of pain and evil at all; but the lamentation would not be very magnanimous under any circumstances; and it is idle, considering that the manifest ordination and progress of things demand that such thoughts be encountered. The question still returns: Why do they seek amusement in sufferings which are unnecessary and avoidable? and till they honestly and thoroughly answer this question, they must be content to be looked upon as disingenuous reasoners, who are determined to retain a selfish pleasure.

As to old Izaak Walton, who is put forward as a substitute for argument on this question, and whose sole merits consisted in his having a taste for nature and his being a respectable citizen, the trumping him up into an authority and a kind of saint is a burlesque. He was a writer of conventionalities; who, having comfortably feathered his nest, as he thought, both in this world and in the world to come, concluded he had nothing more to do than to amuse himself by putting worms on a hook, and fish into his stomach, and so go to heaven, chuckling and singing psalms. There would be something in such a man and in his book, offensive to a real piety, if that piety did not regard whatever has happened in the world, great and small, with an eye that makes the best of what is perplexing, and trusts to eventual good out of the worst. Walton was not the hearty and thorough advocate of nature he is supposed to have been. There would have been something to say for him on that score, had he looked upon the sum of evil as a thing not to be diminished. But he shared the opinions of the most commonplace believers in sin and trouble, and only congratulated himself on being exempt from their consequences. The overweening old man found himself comfortably off somehow; and it is good that he did. It is a comfort to all of us, wise or foolish. But to reverence him is a jest. You might as well make a god of an otter. Mr. Wordsworth, because of the servitor manners of Walton and his biographies of divines (all *anglers*), wrote an idle line about his "meekness" and his "heavenly memory." When this is quoted by the gentle brethren, it will be as well if they add to it another passage from the same poet, which returns to the only point at issue, and upsets the old gentleman altogether. Mr. Wordsworth's admonition to us is,

> "Never to link our pastime, or our pride,
> With suffering to the meanest thing that lives."

It was formerly thought effeminate not to hunt Jews; then not to roast heretics; then not to bait bears and bulls; then not to fight cocks, and to throw sticks at them. All these evidences of manhood became gradually looked upon as no such evidences at all, but things fit only for manhood to renounce; yet the battles of Waterloo and of Sobraon have been won, and Englishmen are not a jot the less brave all over the world. Probably they are braver, that is to say, more deliberately brave, more serenely valiant; also more merciful to the helpless, and that is the crown of valor.

It was during my infancy, if I am not mistaken, that there lived at Hampstead (a very unfit place for such a resident), a man whose name I suppress lest there should be possessors of it surviving, and who was a famous cock-fighter. He was rich and idle, and therefore had no bounds to set to the unhappy passions that raged within him. It is related of this man, that, having lost a bet on a favorite bird, he tied the noble animal to a spit in his kitchen before the fire, and notwithstanding the screams of the sufferer and the indignant cries of the beholders, whose interference he wildly resisted with the poker, actually persisted in keeping it there burning, till he fell down in his fury and died.

Let us hope he was mad. What, indeed, is more probable? It is always a great good, when the crimes of a fellow-creature can be traced to madness; to some fault of the temperament or organization; some "jangle of the sweet bells;" some overbalance in the desired equipoise of the faculties, originating, perhaps, in accident or misfortune. It does not subject us the more to their results. On the contrary, it sets us on our guard against them. And, meantime, it diminishes one of the saddest, most injurious, and most preposterous notions of human ignorance—the belief in the wickedness of our kind.

But I have said enough of these barbarous customs.

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[From Household Words.]

GLOBES, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

ONE of the most remarkable of self-educated men, James Ferguson, when a poor agricultural laborer, constructed a globe. A friend had made him a present of "Gordon's Geographical Grammar," which, he says, "at that time was to me a great treasure. There is no figure of a globe in it, although it contains a tolerable description of the globes and their use. From this description I made a globe in three weeks, at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood; which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it, made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and was happy to find that by my globe (which was the first I ever saw) I could solve the problems."

"But," he adds, "this was not likely to afford me bread."

In a few years this ingenious man discovered the conditions upon which he could earn his bread, by a skill which did not suffer under the competition of united labor. He had made also a wooden clock. He carried about his globe and his clock, and "began to pick up some money about the country" by cleaning clocks. He became a skilled clock-cleaner. For six-and-twenty years afterward he earned his bread as an artist. He then became a scientific lecturer, and in connection with his pursuits, was also a globe maker. His name may be seen upon old globes, associated with that of Senex. The demand for globes must have been then very small, but Ferguson had learned that cheapness is produced by labor-saving contrivances. A pretty instrument for graduating lines upon the meridian ring, once belonging to Ferguson, is in use at this hour in the manufactory of Messss. Malby and Son. The poor lad "who made a globe in three weeks" finally won the honors and riches that were due to his genius and industry. But he would never have earned a living in the continuance of his first attempt to turn a ball out of a piece of wood, cover it with paper, and draw a map of the world upon it. The nicest application of his individual skill, and the most careful employment of his scientific knowledge, would have been wasted upon those portions of the work in which the continued application of common routine labor is the most efficient instrument of production.

Let us contrast the successive steps of Ferguson's first experiment in globe-making with the processes of a globe manufactory.

A globe is not made of "a ball turned out of a piece of wood." If a solid ball of large dimensions were so turned, it would be too heavy for ordinary use. Erasmus said of one of the books of Thomas Aquinas, "No man can carry it about, much less get it into his head;" and so would it be said of a solid globe. If it were made of hollow wood, it would warp and split at the junction of its parts. A globe is made of paper and plaster. It is a beautiful combination of solidity and lightness. It is perfectly balanced upon its axis. It retains its form under every variety of temperature. Time affects it less than most other works of art. It is as durable as a Scagliola column.

A globe may not, at first sight, appear a cheap production. It is not, of necessity, a low-priced production, and yet it is essentially cheap; for nearly all the principles of manufacture that are conditions of cheapness are exhibited in the various stages of its construction. There are only four globe-makers in England, and one in Scotland. The annual sale of globes is only about a thousand pair. The price of a pair of globes varies from six shillings to fifty pounds. But from the smallest 2-inch, to the largest 36-inch globe, a systematic process is carried on at every step of its formation. We select this illustration of cheapness as a contrast, in relation to price and extent of demand, to the lucifer match. But it is, at the same time, a parallel in principle. If a globe were not made upon a principle involving the scientific combination of skilled labor, it would be a mere article of luxury from its excessive costliness. It is now a most useful instrument in education. For educational purposes the most inexpensive globe is as valuable as that of the highest price. All that properly belongs to the excellence of the instrument is found in combination with the commonest stained wood frame, as perfectly as with the most highly-finished frame of rose-wood or mahogany.

The mould, if we may so express it, of a globe is turned out of a piece of wood. This sphere need not be mathematically accurate. It is for rough work, and flaws and cracks are of little consequence. This wooden ball has an axis, a piece of iron wire at each pole. And here we may remark, that, at every stage of the process, the revolution of a sphere upon its axis, under the hands of the workman, is the one great principle which renders every operation one of comparative ease and simplicity. The labor would be enormously multiplied if the same class of operations had to be performed upon a cube. The solid mould, then, of the embryo globe is placed on its axis in a wooden frame. In a very short time a boy will form a pasteboard globe upon its surface. He first covers it entirely with strips of strong paper, thoroughly wet, which are in a tub of water at his side. The slight inequalities produced by the overlapping of the strips are immaterial. The saturated paper is not suffered to dry; but is immediately covered over with a layer of pasted paper, also cut in long narrow slips. A third layer of similarly pasted paper—brown paper and white being used alternately—is applied, and then, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth. Here the pasting process ends for globes of moderate size. For the large ones it is carried farther. This wet pasteboard ball has now to be dried—placed upon its axis in a rack. If we were determined to follow the progress of this individual

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ball through all its stages, we should have to wait a fortnight before it advanced another step. But as the large factory of Messrs. Malby and Son has many scores of globes all rolling onward to perfection, we shall be quite satisfied to witness the next operation performed upon a pasteboard sphere that began to exist some weeks earlier, and is now hard to the core.

The wooden ball, with its solid paper covering, is placed on its axis. A sharp cutting instrument, fixed on a bench, is brought into contact with the surface of the sphere, which is made to revolve. In less time than we write, the pasteboard ball is cut in half. There is no adhesion to the wooden mould, for the first coating of paper was simply *wetted*. Two bowls of thick card now lie before us, with a small hole in each, made by the axis of the wooden ball. But a junction is very soon effected. Within every globe there is a piece of wood—we may liken it to a round ruler—of the exact length of the inner surface of the sphere from pole to pole. A thick wire runs through this wood, and originally projected some two or three inches at each end. This stick is placed upright in a vice. The semi-globe is nailed to one end of the stick, upon which it rests, when the wire is passed through its center. It is now reversed, and the edges of the card rapidly covered with glue. The edges of the other semi-globe are instantly brought into contact, the other end of the wire passing through its center in the same way, and a similar nailing to the stick taking place. We have now a paper globe, with its own axis, which will be its companion for the whole term of its existence.

The paper globe is next placed on its axis in a frame, of which one side is a semi-circular piece of metal; the horizon of a globe cut in half would show its form. A tub of white composition—a compound of whiting, glue, and oil is on the bench. The workman dips his hand into this "gruel thick and slab," and rapidly applies it to the paper sphere with tolerable evenness: but, as it revolves, the semi-circle of metal clears off the superfluous portions. The ball of paper is now a ball of plaster externally. Time again enters largely into the manufacture. The first coating must thoroughly dry before the next is applied; and so again till the process has been repeated four or five times. Thus, when we visit a globe workshop, we are at first surprised at the number of white balls, from three inches' diameter to three feet, which occupy a large space. They are all steadily advancing toward completion. They can not be hurriedly dried. The duration of their quiescent state must depend upon the degrees of the thermometer in the ordinary atmosphere. They cost little. They consume nothing beyond a small amount of rent. As they advance to the dignity of perfect spheres, increased pains are taken in the application of the plaster. At last they are polished. Their surface is as hard and as fine as ivory. But, beautiful as they are, they may, like many other beautiful things, want a due equipoise. They must be perfectly balanced. They must move upon their poles with the utmost exactness. A few shot, let in here and there, correct all irregularities. And now the paper and plaster sphere is to be endued with intelligence.

What may be called the artistical portion of globe-making here commences. In the manufactory we are describing there are two skilled workers, who may take their rank as artists, but whose skill is limited, and at the same time perfected, by the uniformity of their operations. One of these artists, a young woman, who has been familiar with the business from her earliest years, takes the polished globe in her lap, for the purpose of marking it with lines of direction for covering it with engraved strips, which will ultimately form a perfect map. The inspection of a finished globe will show that the larger divisions of longitude are expressed by lines drawn from pole to pole, and those of latitude by a series of concentric rings. The polished plaster has to be covered with similar lines. These lines are struck with great rapidity, and with mathematical truth, by an instrument called a "beam compass," in the use of which this workwoman is most expert. The sphere is now ready for receiving the map, which is engraved in fourteen distinct pieces. The arctic and antarctic poles form two circular pieces, from which the lines of longitude radiate. These having been fitted and pasted, one of the remaining twelve pieces, containing 30 degrees, is also pasted on the sphere, in the precise space where the lines of longitude have been previously marked, its lines of latitude corresponding in a similar manner. The paper upon which these portions of the earth's surface are engraved is thin and extremely tough. It is rubbed down with the greatest care, through all the stages of this pasting process. We have at length a globe covered with a plain map, so perfectly joined that every line and every letter fit together as if they had been engraved in one piece—which, of course, would be absolutely impossible for the purpose of covering a ball.

The artist who thus covers the globe, called a paster, is also a colorer. This is, of necessity, a work which can not be carried on with any division of labor. It is not so with the coloring of an atlas. A map passes under many hands in the coloring. A series of children, each using one color, produce in combination a map colored in all its parts, with the rapidity and precision of a machine. But a globe must be colored by one hand. It is curious to observe the colorer working without a pattern. By long experience the artist knows how the various boundaries are to be defined, with pink continents, and blue islands, and the green oceans, connecting the most distant regions. To a contemplative mind, how many thoughts must go along with the work, as he covers Europe with indications of populous cities, and has little to do with Africa and Australia but to mark the coast lines; as year after year he has

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to make some variation in the features of the great American continent, which indicates the march of the human family over once trackless deserts, while the memorable places of the ancient world undergo few changes but those of name. And then, as he is finishing a globe for the cabin of some "great ammirall," may he not think that, in some frozen nook of the Arctic Sea, the friendly Esquimaux may come to gaze upon his work, and seeing how petty a spot England is upon the ball, wonder what illimitable riches nature spontaneously produces in that favored region, some of which is periodically scattered by her ships through those dreary climes in the search for some unknown road amidst everlasting icebergs, while he would gladly find a short track to the sunny south. And then, perhaps, higher thoughts may come into his mind; and as this toy of a world grows under his fingers, and as he twists it around upon its material axis, he may think of the great artificer of the universe, having the feeling, if not knowing the words of the poet:

"In ambient air this ponderous ball He hung."

Contemplative, or not, the colorer steadily pursues his uniform labor, and the sphere is at length fully colored.

The globe has now to be varnished with a preparation technically known as "white hard," to which some softening matter is added to prevent the varnish cracking. This is a secret which globe-makers preserve. Four coats of varnish complete the work.

And next the ball has to be mounted. We have already mentioned an instrument by which the brass meridian ring is accurately graduated; that is, marked with lines representing 360 degrees, with corresponding numerals. Of whatever size the ring is, an index-hand, connected with the graduating instrument, shows the exact spot where the degree is to be marked with a graver. The operation is comparatively rapid; but for the largest globes it involves considerable expense. After great trouble, the ingenious men whose manufactory we are describing, have succeeded in producing cast-iron rings, with the degrees and figures perfectly distinct; and these applied to 36-inch globes, instead of the engraved meridians, make a difference of ten guineas in their price. For furniture they are not so beautiful; for use they are quite as valuable. There is only one other process which requires great nicety. The axis of the globe revolves on the meridian ring, and of course it is absolutely necessary that the poles should be exactly parallel. This is effected by a little machine which drills each extremity at one and the same instant; and the operation is termed poleing the meridian.

The mounting of the globe—the completion of a pair of globes—is now handed over to the cabinet-maker. The cost of the material and the elaboration of its workmanship determine the price.

Before we conclude, we would say a few words as to the limited nature of the demand for globes. Our imperfect description of this manufacture will have shown that experience, and constant application of ingenuity, have succeeded in reducing to the lowest amount the labor employed in the production of globes. The whole population of English globe-makers does not exceed thirty or forty men, women, and boys. Globes are thus produced at the lowest rate of cheapness, as regards the number of laborers, and with very moderate profits to the manufacturer, on account of the smallness of his returns. The *durability* of globes is one great cause of the limitation of the demand. Changes of fashion, or caprices of taste, as to the mounting, new geographical discoveries, and modern information as to the position and nomenclature of the stars, may displace a few old globes annually, which then find their way from brokers' shops into a class somewhat below that of their original purchasers. But the pair of globes generally maintain for years their original position in the school-room or the library. They are rarely injured, and suffer very slight decay. The new purchasers represent that portion of society which is seeking after knowledge, or desires to manifest some pretension to intellectual tastes. The number of globes annually sold represents to a certain extent the advance of education. But if the labor-saving expedients did not exist in the manufacture the cost would be much higher, and the purchasers greatly reduced in number. The contrivances by which comparative cheapness is produced arise out of the necessity of contending against the durability of the article by encouraging a new demand. If these did not exist, the supply would outrun the demand; the price of the article would less and less repay the labor expended in its production; the manufacture of globes would cease till the old globes were worn out, and the few rich and scientific purchasers had again raised up a market.

The Body.—Among the strange compliments which superstition pays to the Creator, is a scorn and contempt for the fleshy investiture which he has bestowed on us, at least among Christians; for the Pagans were far more pious in this respect; and Mohammed agreed with them in doing justice to the beauty and dignity of the human frame. It is quite edifying, in the Arabian Nights, to read the thanks that are so often and so rapturously given to the Supreme Being for his bestowal of such charms on his creatures. Nor was a greater than Mahomet of a nature to undervalue the earthly temples of gentle and loving spirits. Ascetic mistakes have ever originated in want of heartiness or of heart; in consciousness of defect, or vulgarity of nature, or in spiritual pride. A well-balanced body and soul never, we may be sure, gave way to it. What an extraordinary flattery of the Deity to say, "Lord! I thank thee for this jewel of a soul which I possess; but what a miserable casket thou hast given me to put it in!"—*Leigh Hunt.*

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[From The Ladies' Companion.]

LETTICE ARNOLD.

By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Emilia Wyndham," &c.

[*Continued from page* 35.]

CHAPTER V.

Since trifles make the sum of human things ....
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,
A small unkindness is a great offense:
Large favors to bestow we strive in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
Hannah More.

IF Lettice had made her reflections, and had started upon her new undertaking with a heart yearning with the desire to perform its duties well, Mrs. Melwyn had not been without undergoing a somewhat similar process upon her side, and this was her course of thought:

"She had at first felt the utmost dislike to the plan.

"She had, in the course of her life, seen so much discomfort and dissatisfaction arise upon both sides from this sort of connection, that she had taken up quite a prejudice against any thing of the sort.

"It was a very great pity," she often said to herself, "that so it should be, but the case was almost universal. If it could be otherwise, what desirable connections might be formed in a world such as the present! Such numbers of women of all ages, and all degrees of mental qualifications, find themselves suddenly without resource, through the accident of early death in the case of the professions, or of disaster in commercial life; and so many others, through disease or advanced age, or the still more cruel stroke of death, find themselves stranded, lonely, and deserted, and languishing for a fireside friend. What comfortable, beneficial unions might be brought about in such cases, one should think; and yet why did they never or seldom turn out well?

"Faults there must be. Where did they lie?—On both sides," answered her understanding. "Not surely alone upon the side of the new comer—the paid one, consequently the obliged one, consequently the only one of the parties who had duties that she was pledged to perform, and which, it is true, she too often very imperfectly performed—but also upon the other. She, it is true, is pledged to nothing but the providing meat, lodging, and salary: but that will not dispense her from obligations as a Christian, and as a member of the universal sisterhood, which are not quite so easily discharged.

"It must double the difficulty to the new comer," thought Mrs. Melwyn, "the being treated so carelessly as she too often is. How hard it must be to perform duties such as hers, if they are not performed in love! and how impossible it must be to love in such a case—unless we meet with love. Even to be treated with consideration and kindness will not suffice upon the one side, nor the most scrupulous endeavor to discharge duty upon the other—people must try to *love*.

"How soothing to a poor, deserted orphan to be taken to the heart! How sweet to forlorn old age to find a fresh object of affection! Ah, but then these sort of people seem often so disagreeable, do one's best, one can not love or like them! But why do they seem so disagreeable? Partly because people will overlook nothing—have no mutual indulgence in relations which require so much. If one's child has little ways one does not quite like, who thinks of hating her for it? If one's mother is a little provoking and tedious under the oppressive weight of years or sickness, who thinks of making a great hardship of it? But if the poor, humble friend is only a little awkward or ungainly, she is odious; and if the poor, deserted mother, or widow, wife, or aged suffering creature is a little irritable or tedious, she is *such* a tyrant!

"Oh how I wish! ....

"Well, Catherine is a sensible, well-judging creature, and she assures me this Miss Arnold is a remarkably sweet-tempered, affectionate, modest, judicious girl. Why should I not try to make such a being love me? Why should we not be very happy together? There is Randall, to be sure, sets herself extremely against it; but, as Catherine says, 'Is Randall to be mistress in this family, or am I?' It is come quite to that point. And then it will be a great thing to have somebody between me and Randall. She will not be so necessary to me then, whatever she may be to the general; and when she makes herself so disagreeable, if this young lady is as comfortable to me as Catherine says she will be, I really shall not so much care.

"Then," continuing her meditations, which, though I put down in black and white, were *thought*, not spoken, "then Catherine says she is so greatly to be pitied, and is so exemplary, and she said, in her darling, coaxing way, 'dear mamma, it will give you so much pleasure to make the poor thing a little amends for all her hardships, and if poor papa is a little cross at times, it will be quite an interest to you to contrive to make up for it. She will be quite a daughter to you, and, in one respect, you will have more pleasure in making her happy than even in your own loving daughter, because one is dear from our natural affections, and the other will be so from generous beneficence; and though natural affection is such a sweet, precious, inestimable thing, generous beneficence is yet nobler, and brings us still nearer to God.'

"If I could make her love me!—and with such an affectionate temper why should I not? She wants a parent, I want a child. If I study her happiness disinterestedly, kindly, truly, she can not help loving me; but I will not even think of myself, I will try to study *her* good, *her* well-being; and I will let the love for me come or not as it may, and God will help me. He always does help me—when I have the courage to dare to forget myself, and leave the issues of things to His Providence."

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Such were the dispositions upon both sides with which the two met. But the best resolutions win no battle. They are part, and a very serious part of every undertaking, but they are far from being all. We are so imperfect ourselves, and we have to do with such imperfect beings, that evils and difficulties, unexpected, are sure to arise in our communication with others, even when both sides meet with the very best intentions; therefore, whoever intends to carry out such good intentions, and make a right piece of work of it, must calculate upon these things, just as the mechanic is obliged to make a large allowance for unavoidable obstructions in carrying out any of his theories into action and reality—into useful, every-day working order.

In due time, a fly from the railway—one of those dirty, hired carriages which are the disgrace of England—deposited Miss Arnold and her luggage at the door of General Melwyn's handsome mansion of the Hazels, and in all due form and order she was introduced into the dining-room. It was between six and seven o'clock in the evening when she entered the very handsomely furnished apartment, where, over a half-and-half sort of fire—it having been rather a warm February day—sat the general and his lady.

Lettice was tired, heated, and red with the jumbling of the railway, the bother at the station, and the knocking about in the very uneasy carriage in which she had come up; and she felt in that disagreeable sort of journey disorder of toilet, which makes people feel and look so awkward. But she put the best face upon the matter, and entering, made a very respectful courtesy to Mrs. Melwyn, who met her, holding out her hand; and with her face and appearance Lettice felt charmed in a moment. Mrs. Melwyn, who did not want penetration, saw that in Lettice, spite of present disadvantages, which she was sure she should like very much. Not so the general. He was a perfect fool of the eye, as military men are too apt to be. Whatever was awkward or ill-dressed, was perfectly abnorrent to him; and he took a dislike to "the creature" the moment he cast his eyes upon her.

It seemed but an unpromising beginning.

The heart of poor Lettice sunk within her in a way she was little accustomed to, as the general, in a very pettish mood, stirred the fire, and said, "When *are* we to have dinner, Mrs. Melwyn? What *are* we waiting for? Will you never teach that cook of yours to be punctual?"

"It is not her fault, indeed," was the answer, in a low, timid voice; "I ventured to order dinner to be put off half an hour, to suit the railway time."

The general was too well bred to utter what he very plainly looked—that to have been thus kept waiting for Miss Arnold he thought a very unwarrantable proceeding indeed.

He stirred up the fire with additional vigor—made it blaze fiercely—then complained of these abominable coals, which burned like touchwood, and had no heat in them, and wondered whether Mrs. Melwyn would ever have the energy to order sea-borne coal, as he had desired; and then, casting a most ungracious look at the new comer, who stood during this scene, feeling shocked and uncomfortable to a degree, he asked Mrs. Melwyn "how long she intended to keep the young lady standing there before she dressed for dinner?" and suggested that the housemaid should be sent for, to show her to her room.

"I will take that office upon myself," said Mrs. Melwyn. "Come, Miss Arnold, will you follow me?" And lighting a candle, for it was now dark, she proceeded toward the door.

"For heaven's sake, don't be long!" said her husband, in an irritable tone; "it's striking six and three quarters. *Is* dinner to be upon the table at seven o'clock, or is it not?"

"Punctually."

"Then, Miss—Miss—I beg your pardon—and Mrs. Melwyn, I *hope* you will be ready to take your usual place at table."

They heard no more; for Mrs. Melwyn closed the door, with the air of one escaping—and, looking uncomfortable and half frightened, led the way up-stairs.

It was a pretty, cheerful little room, of which she opened the door; and a pleasant fire was blazing in the grate. The bed was of white dimity, trimmed with a border of colored chintz, as were the window-curtains; the carpet quite new, and uncommonly pretty; chairs, dressing-table, writing-table, all very neat and elegant; and the tables comfortably covered each with its proper appendages.

It was quite a pretty little den.

Mrs. Melwyn had taken much pleasure in the fitting up of this small room, which was next to her own dressing-room. She had fancied herself going to receive into it a second Catherine: and though the very moderate amount of money of which she had the power of disposing as she pleased, and the noisy remonstrances and objections of Randall, had prevented her indulging in many petty fancies which would have amused and occupied her pleasantly since the dismal day of Catherine's wedding, still she had persisted, contrary to her wont, in having in some degree her own way. So, in spite of all Randall could do, she had discarded the ugly old things—which the lady's maid, excessively jealous of this new comer, declared were more than too good for such as her—and had substituted this cheerful simplicity; and the air of freshness and newness cast over every thing rendered it particularly pleasing.

"What a beautiful little room!" Lettice could not help exclaiming, looking excessively delighted. She liked pretty things, and elegant little comforts as well as any body, did Lettice, though they seldom fell to her share, because she was always for giving them up to other people.

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"Do you like it, my dear?" said Mrs. Melwyn, in what Lettice thought the sweetest, softest voice she had ever heard. "I have taken great pleasure in getting it ready for you; I shall be glad, indeed, if you can make yourself happy in it."

"Happy! Who could help being happy in such a paradise?" "And with such a sweet, gentle, charming person as Mrs. Melwyn," mentally added Lettice. "What matters it how cross the poor old general is," thought she.

"But, my dear, I don't see your trunks. Will you ring the bell for them? The general must not be kept waiting for his dinner, and he can not endure those who sit down at his table, either to be too late, or not to be in an evening dress. Military men, you know, are so used to this sort of precision, that they expect it from all around them. You will remember another day, my dear, and—" then the under housemaid opened the door. "Tell them to bring up Miss Arnold's trunks directly."

Them.

She did not at that moment exactly know which was the proper servant whose office it ought to be to carry Miss Arnold's trunks. Miss Arnold was an anomaly. There was no precedent. Not a servant in this family would stir without a precedent. The trunk was probably too heavy for the under-housemaid to carry up—that under-housemaid, one of the fags of an establishment like this, kept merely to do what the upper-servants are too fine to do. In households like the one before us, you must have two in every department—there is a chance, then, if you want any thing done, you may get it done. The under-servant is always, as I said, a sort of fag or slave in the eyes of the upper ones. They will *allow* her to make herself useful, though it should not be exactly *her place*. Mrs. Melwyn had provided for the attendance upon Miss Arnold by having recourse to this said under-housemaid, and adding a couple of sovereigns to her wages unknown to Randall, but she had forgotten the carrying up of her trunk. Had it been Catherine, this would have been done as a matter of course by the two footmen, and she had a sort of faint hope they would do it of course now. But, she did not like to ask such a thing, so she said "*them;*" hoping somebody would answer to it some way or other, but—

"Who?" asked Bridget bringing the matter to a point.

"Why, I am sure I don't exactly know. Who is there below? I suppose you could not carry them up yourself, Bridget?"

"I am afraid not, ma'am; there's only one trunk, and it looks heavy."

"Oh!" cried Lettice, "I can come and help you. We can carry it up together, for Myra and I carried it down together." And she was quitting the room. But Mrs. Melwyn laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"No, my dear, upon no account; Bridget, fetch up the gardener's boy, he'll help you to carry the trunk up."

Mrs. Melwyn looked excessively annoyed and distressed: Lettice could not imagine what could be the matter.

The gentle, kind lady seemed nervous and embarrassed. At last, evidently making a very great effort with herself, she got out, "Excuse me, my dear, but there is a little thing . . . . I would rather not, if you please . . . . servants are so insolent, you know they are ill brought up; if you please, my dear, it will be better *not* to offer to do things for yourself, which young ladies don't usually undertake to do; such as carrying up trunks. And then, I think, it will be better not to allude to past circumstances, servants are apt to have such a contempt for people that have not been very rich. It's very strange and wrong, but so it is. You will be more comfortable, I think, if you maintain your own dignity. I hope you will not be hurt at me for giving you this little hint, Miss Arnold."

"Hurt! Oh, madam!" And Lettice could not forbear taking up the beautiful white hand of this most fair and delicate woman, and kissing it with the most respectful reverence. "Whatever you will be so very kind as to suggest to me I will so carefully attend to, and I shall be so much obliged to you."

How sweet was this gentle manner to poor Mrs. Melwyn! She began to feel lightened from quite a load of anxiety. She began to believe, that happen what would, she should never be *afraid* of Lettice. "Catherine was quite right; oh, what a comfort it would be!"

"Well then," she continued, with more cheerfulness, "I will go away and see that your things are sent up to you, for there is no time to be lost. Bless me! it's striking seven. You never *can* be ready. Oh! here it comes! I forgot to tell you that Bridget is to answer your bell and wait upon you. I have settled all that—you will find her quite good natured and attentive; she's really an obliging girl."

And so she was. The upper housemaid took care to preserve strict discipline, and exact prompt obedience in her own department, whatever the mistress of the mansion might do in hers.

"Well, then, I will leave you and make your excuses to the general, and you will follow me to the dining-room as soon as you can. We must not keep dinner waiting any longer. You will excuse that ceremony, I am sure. The general is an invalid, you know, and these matters are important to his health."

And so saying, she glided away, leaving Lettice almost too much astonished to be delighted with all this consideration and kindness—things to which she had been little accustomed. But the impression she received, upon the whole, was very sweet. The face and manner of Mrs. Melwyn were so excessively soft; her very dress, the color of her hair, her step, her voice; every thing spoke so much gentleness. Lettice

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thought her the loveliest being she had ever met with. More charming even than Catherine—more attaching even than Mrs. Danvers. She felt very much inclined to adore her.

She was but a very few hours longer in the house before pity added to this rising feeling of attachment; and I believe there is nothing attaches the inferior to the superior like pity.

Dressed in one of her best new dresses, and with her hair done up as neatly as she possibly could in that hurry, Lettice made her way to the dining-room.

It was a large, lofty, very handsome, and rather awfully *resounding* room, with old family pictures upon every side. There was a sideboard set out sparkling with glass and plate; a small table in the middle of the apartment with silver covers and dishes shining in the light of four wax candles; a blazing fire, a splendid Indian screen before the door; two footmen in liveries of pink and white, and a gentleman in a black suit, waiting. The general and Mrs. Melwyn were seated opposite to each other at table.

The soup had been already discussed, and the first course was set upon the table when Miss Arnold entered.

Had she been a young lady born, an obsequious footman would have been ready to attend her to her seat, and present her with a chair: as it was, she would have been spared this piece of etiquette, and she was making her way to her chair without missing the attention, when the general, who observed his saucy footmen standing lounging about, without offering to move forward, frowned in what Lettice thought a most alarming way, and said in a stern voice, and significant manner, "What are you about?" to the two footmen. This piece of attention was bestowed upon her to her surprise and to Mrs. Melwyn's great satisfaction.

"We thought you would excuse us. The soup has been set aside for you," said the lady of the house.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am, pray don't trouble yourself."

"Give Miss Arnold soup."

Again in a stern, authoritative voice from the general. Mrs. Melwyn was used to the sternness, and most agreeably surprised at the politeness, and quite grateful for it. Lettice thought the voice and look too terrible to take pleasure in any thing connected with it.

She had no need to feel gratitude either—it was not done out of consideration for her. The general, who, with the exception of Randall, kept, as far as he was concerned, every servant in the utmost subservience, did not choose that any one who had the honor of a seat at his table should be neglected by those "rascals," as he usually styled his footmen.

It being the first evening, Mrs. Melwyn had too much politeness to require Miss Arnold to enter upon those after-dinner duties, the performance of which had been expressly stipulated for by Catherine; stipulated for, not only with Lettice, but with the general himself. She had made her father promise that he would suffer this young lady to undertake the place of reader—which Catherine had herself filled for some time, to the inexpressible relief of her mother—and that Miss Arnold should be permitted to try whether she could play well enough at backgammon to make an adversary worth vanquishing.

He had grumbled and objected, as a matter of course, to this arrangement, but had finally consented. However, he was not particularly impatient to begin; and besides, he was habitually a well-bred man, so that any duty which came under his category of good manners he punctually performed. People are too apt to misprize this sort of politeness of mere habit; yet, as far as it goes, it is an excellent thing. It enhances the value of a really kind temper in all the domestic relations, to an incalculable degree—a degree little appreciated by some worthy people, who think roughness a proof of sincerity, and that rudeness marks the honest truth of their affections. And where there is little kindness of nature, and a great deal of selfishness and ill-tempered indulgence, as in this cross, old man before us, still the habit of politeness was not without avail; it kept him in a certain check, and certainly rendered him more tolerable. He was not quite such a brute bear as he would have been, left to his uncorrected nature.

Politeness is, and ought to be, a habit so confirmed, that we exercise it instinctively—without consideration, without attention, without effort, as it were; this is the very essence of the sort of politeness I am thinking of. It takes it out of the category of the virtues, it is true, but it places it in that of the qualities; and, in some matters, good qualities are almost as valuable, almost more valuable, than if they still continued among the virtues—and this of politeness, in my opinion, is one.

By virtues, I mean acts which are performed with a certain difficulty, under the sense of responsibility to duty, under the self-discipline of right principle; by qualities, I mean what is spontaneous. Constitutional good qualities are spontaneous. Such as natural sweetness of temper—natural delicacy of feeling—natural intrepidity; others are the result of habit, and end by being spontaneous—by being a second nature: justly are habits called so. Gentleness of tone and manner—attention to conventional proprieties—to people's little wants and feelings—are of these. This same politeness being a sort of summary of such, I will end this little didactic digression by advising all those who have the rearing of the young in their hands, carefully to form them in matters of this description, so that they shall attain *habits*—so that the delicacy of their perceptions, the gentleness of their tones and gestures, the propriety of their dress, the politeness of their manners, shall become spontaneous acts, done without reference to self, as things of course. By which means, not only much that is disagreeable to others is avoided,

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and much that is amiable attained, but a great deal of reference to self is in after life escaped; and temptations to the faults of vanity—pride—envious comparisons with our neighbors, and the feebleness of self-distrust very considerably diminished.

And so, to return, the politeness of the general and Mrs. Melwyn led to this result, the leaving Miss Arnold undisturbed to make her reflections and her observations, before commencing the task which Mrs. Melwyn, for the last time, undertook for her, of reading the newspaper and playing the hit.

Lettice could not help feeling rejoiced to be spared this sort of public exhibition of her powers, till she was in a slight degree better acquainted with her ground; and she was glad to know, without being directly told, what it was customary to do in these respects. But in every other point of view, she had better, perhaps, have been reader than listener. For, if she gained a lesson as to the routine to be followed, she paid for it by receiving at the same time, a considerably alarming impression of the general's ways of proceeding.

"Shall I read the newspaper this evening?" began Mrs. Melwyn, timidly.

"I don't care if you do," roughly.

Polite men, be it observed, *en passant*, do not at all make it a rule to exercise that habit to their wives. The wife is a thing apart from the rest of the world, out of the category of such proprieties. To be rude to his wife is no impeachment of a man's gentleman-like manners at all.

"Is there any thing worth reading in it?"

"I am sure I don't know what you will think worth reading. Shall I begin with the leading article?"

"What is it all about?"

"I am sure I can't say."

"Can't you look?"

"The sugar question, I think."

"Well, what has the fool to say about that?"

"The speech of Lord **** last night upon the much discussed subject of the sugar question, has no doubt been read and commented upon, in their various ways, and according to their different impressions—shall we say prejudices?—by our readers. The performance, it is upon all hands agreed, was masterly, and, as far as eloquence is concerned, that the accomplished statesman who uttered this remarkable speech did only justice to . . . .'"

"Well—well—well—*well*," in a sneering tone—"I really do wonder how long you could go on droning and dinning, and dinning and droning such palpably empty editorial nonsense as that into a man's ears. Now, I would be glad to ask you—merely to ask you, as a rational woman, Mrs. Melwyn—what possible amusement or profit can be drawn from a long exordium which says absolutely nothing—tells one absolutely nothing but what every one knew before—stuff with which all editors of newspapers seem to think it necessary to preface their remarks. What in the name of —— is the use of wasting your breath and my patience—can't you skip? Are you a mere reading machine, madam?"

"Shall I pass on to the next subject?"

"No, that's not my meaning—if you could take a meaning. What I want is only what every rational person expects when these confounded lucubrations of a stupid newspaper editor are read up—that the reader will have the sense to leave all these useless phrases and useless syllables out, and give the pith and marrow to the listener. Well—well, never mind—if you can't, you can't: get on, at all events."

Mrs. Melwyn colored faintly, looked nervous and uneasy—glanced down the columns of the newspaper, and hesitated.

"Well—can't you go on? What's the use of sitting there looking like a child of six years old, who's afraid of being whipped? If you can't, you can't—if you haven't the sense you haven't, but for —— sake get on."

"'Mr. **** rose, and in a manner upon which we can not exactly bestow our approbation, but which, nevertheless, seemed to us in an unaccountable manner to obtain the ear and the attention of a very crowded house, &c., &c.'"

"There you are again! why the deuce can't you pass over all that, and tell us what the confounded blockheads on that side did really say?"

"I read this debate to you yesterday, you know. These are only the editor's remarks upon it. Shall I give you the summary of last night's debate?"

"No, let's hear what the fool says upon this cursed sugar question. He's against the measure, that's one comfort."

"He does not seem to be so exactly," glancing down the page.

"I'll take the liberty of judging that matter myself, Mrs. Melwyn, if you'll only be so particularly obliging as to read on."

Which she did. Now reproached for reading in such a low, cluttering manner, with that d—d soft voice of hers, that it was impossible to hear; and when she raised it, asked, "What the deuce was the use of shouting so as to be heard by the fellows in the servants' hall?"

In this style the newspaper was at last, for better for worse, blundered through, in the most uncomfortable manner possible, by the terrified reader.

Lettice sat by, deeply attentive. She was a brave, high-spirited girl, and she did not feel dismayed; her predominant sentiment was self-congratulation that she should be able to spare that sweet, soft, kind Mrs. Melwyn the ungrateful task.

She sat observing, and laying down her own plans of proceeding. It was not the first time in her life she had been exposed to what is called scolding; a thing every day, I verily believe—and am most happy to do so—going more and more out of fashion, though still retained, as a *habit*, by many people otherwise

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well-meaning enough. It was retained in its full vigor by the general, who was not well-meaning at all; he usually meant nothing on earth by what he did, but the indulgence of the present humor, good, bad, or indifferent. Lettice had lived in a sphere of life where this sort of domestic violence used to be very common; and she had learned to bear it, even from the lips of those she loved, with patience. She knew this very well, and she thought to herself, "if I could get into the habit of hardly caring for it from those very near and dear to me, surely it will be easy enough to meet it with indifference from a poor, cross, peevish, suffering old man, whom I don't care for in the least. The way must be, to get into the habit of it from the first, to let the words

"Pass by me as the idle wind which I regard not."

I must put all my vanity, all my spirit, all my own little tempers, quietly out of the way; and never trouble myself with what he says, but go reading on in the best way I can, to please him, but with the most unruffled outward appearance of tranquillity; and the utmost secret indifference as to whether I succeed or not. He shall be sooner tired of scolding, than I of looking as if I never heard it. He'll give over if I can persevere, instead of looking all colors and all ways, as that dear, gentle Mrs. Melwyn does."

The trial at backgammon was, if such a thing could be, worse. It seemed as if it was impossible to give satisfaction here. The general not only played his own game, but insisted upon playing that of his adversary; and was by turns angry at her stupidity in missing an advantage through want of skill, asking, "What could be the possible interest or pleasure of playing with such a mere child?" and vexed, if the plan he pointed out ended in his own discomfiture, for he could not bear to lose.

Backgammon, too, was an unlucky game to be played with one of a temper such as his. Every favorable throw of the dice, it is true, filled him with a disagreeable sarcastic exultation; but a positively bad one, and still more, a succession of bad ones, drove him furious. After a long course of provoking throws, such as sometimes happen, he would seem half mad, storm, curse, and swear, in the most ridiculous, if it had not been blasphemous, manner; and sometimes end by banging the tables together, and vowing he would never play at this confounded game again as long as he lived.

There was an exhibition of this sort that very evening. Mrs. Melwyn looked much distressed, and almost ashamed, as she glanced at Lettice to see how she took it; but Lettice appeared to be too much engaged with a knot in her netting to seem to take it at all, which evidently relieved Mrs. Melwyn. The scene had not, however, been lost upon our friend, who had observed it with a smile of secret contempt.

Mentally, however, congratulating herself upon her good, robust nerves; such things, she well knew, being perilous to those cursed with delicacy of that sort. The best endeavors, the best intentions, would be without avail in such cases; such sufferers would find their powers of endurance destroyed by these successive [illegible] of violence, till it would be impossible to meet them tolerably. Again she looked at Mrs. Melwyn, and with great pity. Again she rejoiced in the idea of saving her from what she perceived was, indeed, to such a frame and temper as hers, a source of very great suffering; and again she resolved to keep up her own spirits, and maintain the only true defense, courage and indifference. She felt sure, if she could only, by a little effort, do this for a short time, the effort would terminate in a habit; after which it would cost her little or nothing more.

The general, though polite to Lettice in their first communications, held her in far too little esteem to care one doit what he did or said before her. He was an excessively proud man; and the idea that a girl, so greatly his inferior in every way, should keep him in check, or venture even to make a remark upon him, far less presume to judge his conduct, never entered his head. I wonder what he would have felt, if he could have been made aware of that secret smile.

Now a tray with wine, spirits, and water, was introduced. The general took his accustomed glass of whisky and water, then opened his cigar-box, and began to smoke. This process invariably made Mrs. Melwyn feel rather sick, and she rose this evening to go away; but being asked what she was moving for, she resumed her seat, and sat till two cigars had been smoked, and the clock told half-past ten; when, as the general loved early hours, she was suffered to take her departure.

The servant entered with lighted candles. Mrs. Melwyn took one, and bade him give Miss Arnold another; and they went up stairs together.

"Good night, my dear," said the lady of the house, with a wearied, worn air, and a tone in which there was a good deal of sadness.

She never could get used to these scenes, poor thing; every time the general was cross she felt it acutely; he had grown dreadfully cross since Catherine married. Mrs. Melwyn hardly knew what to do with him, or how to bear it.

"Good night, my dear, I hope you will sleep comfortably."

"Can I be of any further use to you, madam, to-night."

Oh, no, thank you; don't come into my dressing-room—Randall is very particular: she considers *that* her own territory. She does not like any one to come in, especially at night; but just let me look whether your fire burns," she added, entering Lettice's room.

The fire was blazing merrily; Mrs. Melwyn put her candle down upon the chimney-piece, and stood there a little while before it, looking again irresolute. It seemed as if she wished, and did not know how, to say something. Lettice stood at a short distance, respectfully expectant

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"I declare it's very cold to-night," with a little shiver.

"I did not feel it cold, but then this is so thoroughly comfortable a house."

"Do you think so? Shall you find it so? The wind comes sharply down the passages sometimes, but I wish, I hope, you won't care much for that . . or . . or . . or . . any little painful things; they can't be helped, you know, in this world."

"Ah, madam! if I may venture to say so, there is one good thing one gets out of great hardships—little things do seem so *very* little afterward."

"Ay, if they are really little, but—"

"Things that are . . . . that don't seem little to people of more gentle nurture, who have lived in a different way, seem, and are, little to those who have roughed it till they are themselves roughened. That was what I intended to say. One is so very happy to escape dreadful, real, positive distress, that all the rest is like mere play."

Mrs. Melwyn looked at her in a pensive, anxious, inquiring manner. She wanted to see if she was understood; she saw that she was. She saw something truly heartening and encouraging in the young girl's countenance. She shook hands with her and bade her good night very affectionately, and went to her own dressing-room.

Randall was as cross that night as it was possible for the most tyrannical servant to be, but some way or other, Mrs. Melwyn did not feel as if she cared for it *quite* so much as usual; she had her mind filled with the image of Lettice. Something so very nice about her—she thought to herself—in one respect even better than Catherine. She should not be so afraid of her being distressed by disagreeable things; she should venture to tell her about Randall, and other vexations which she had carefully concealed from Catherine, lest they should make her unhappy. Thus she represented it to herself: the truth was, lest Catherine should make a point of Randall being parted with, an effort she knew herself quite incompetent to make.

She should be able to complain of Randall, without feeling that she should be urged to conquer her weakness, and part with her. There was something very comfortable in this; so Randall pouted away, and Mrs. Melwyn heeded it not very much, not nearly so much as usual; and when Randall perceived this, she was excessively offended, and more and more cross and disagreeable. She had quite quickness enough to perceive how much her despotism must be weakened by the rule being thus divided, and she saw even so early something of the effects she deprecated. The observation, however, did not tend to soften her or to render her more obliging. it was not the least in her plan to contend with the new comer in this way; she meant to meet her, and her mistress, with open defiance, and bear both down by main force

CHAPTER VI.

"Cowards die many times before their death."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE courage of Lettice, as I have told you, was strong, and her nerves good, but in spite of this, assisted by the best resolutions in the world, she *did* find it a hard matter to stand the general. She was very hopeful the first day or two—the habitual politeness, of which I have spoken, came in aid. It exercised a sort of instinctive and involuntary check upon the old man's rude intemperance of language when irritated. Lettice did her very best to read the newspaper to his satisfaction; skipping every unnecessary word, just as Catherine had been accustomed to do, without hurting the sense in the least; and getting over the ground with all the rapidity the old veteran desired. This was a plan poor Mrs. Melwyn was far too nervous to adopt. If she missed a word it was sure to be the wrong one to miss—one necessary to, instead of encumbering the meaning. It was quite indispensable that she should read simply and straightforwardly what was put before her, or she was certain to get into confusion, and have herself scolded. Even the dreaded and dreadful backgammon did tolerably well, while the general's politeness to the stranger lasted. Lettice was surprised herself, to find how easily the task, which had appeared so awful, was discharged; but she had not long to congratulate herself. Gradually, at first by slow degrees, but afterward like the accelerated descent of a stone down the hill, acquired habit gave way to constitutional ill-humor. Alas, they tell us nature expelled with a pitchfork will make her way back again; most true of the unregenerated nature—most true of the poor blind heathen—or the poor untutored Christian, to all intents and purposes a heathen—too true even of those assisted by better considerations, higher principles, and higher aids.

First it was a little low grumbling; then a few impatient gestures; then a few impatient words—words became sentences; sentences of invective—soon it was with her, just as it had been with others. This graduated progression assisted, however, gradually to harden and prepare her. She was resolved not to look frightened, though her very knees would knock together at times. She was determined never to allow herself to feel provoked or hurt, or ill-used, let the general be ever so rude; and to soften her heart by any such ideas she never allowed herself. Steadily she kept in mind that he was a suffering, ill-disciplined, irritable old man; and by keeping these considerations in view, she actually achieved the most difficult—almost heroic effort. She managed to attain a frame of mind in which she could pity his sufferings, feel indulgence for his faults, and remain quite placid under their effects as regarded herself.

This conduct before a very long time had elapsed produced an effect far more agreeable than she had ever ventured to anticipate.

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The general began to like her.

Like many other cross people, he was excessively difficult to be pleased in one article—the way people took his scoldings. He was offended if they were received with cheerfulness—in the way Edgar had tried to laugh them off—he was still more vexed if people seemed hurt or suffering under them: if they cried, it was bad, indeed. Like many others not absolutely wicked and cruel, though he could not control his temper, he really did feel vexed at seeing the pain he had produced. His conscience would cry out a little at such times. Now, nothing made him so uncomfortable and irritable, as having a quarrel with his conscience; a thing that did not very often happen, to be sure—the said conscience being in his case not a very watchful guardian, but it was all the more disagreeable when it spoke. The genuine good temper and habitual self-possession—the calmness without disrespect—the cheerfulness without carelessness—the respectful attention stripped of all meanness or subservience which Lettice managed to preserve in her relations with him—at last made its way quite to his heart, that is to say, to his taste or fancy, for I don't think he had much of a heart. He began to grow quite fond of her, and one day delighted, as much as he surprised Mrs. Melwyn, by saying, that Miss Arnold really was a very pretty sort of young woman, and he thought suited them very well. And so the grand difficulty of managing with the general's faults was got over, but there remained Mrs. Melwyn's and the servants'.

Lettice had never laid her account at finding any faults in Mrs. Melwyn. That lady from the first moment she beheld her, had quite won her heart. Her elegance of appearance, the dove-like softness of her countenance, the gentle sweetness of her voice, all conspired to make the most charming impression. Could there lie any thing under that sweet outside, but the gentlest and most indulgent of temper?

No, she was right there, nothing could be more gentle, more indulgent than was Mrs. Melwyn's temper; and Lettice had seen so much of the rough, the harsh, the captious, and the unamiable during her life, that grant her the existence of those two qualities, and she could scarcely desire any thing more. She had yet to learn what are the evils which attend the timid and the weak.

She had yet to know that there may be much concealed self-indulgence, where there is a most yielding disposition; and that they who are too cowardly to resist wrong and violence courageously, from a weak and culpable indulgence of their own shyness and timidity, will afford a poor defense to those they ought to protect, and expose them to innumerable evils.

Lettice had managed to become easy with the general; she could have been perfectly happy with Mrs. Melwyn, but nothing could get over the difficulties with the servants. Conscious of the misrule they exercised; jealous of the new comer—who soon showed herself to be a clever and spirited girl—a sort of league was immediately instituted among them; its declared object being either to break her spirit, or get rid of her out of the house. The persecutions she endured; the daily minute troubles and vexations; the difficulties cast in her path by these dangerous yet contemptible foes, it would be endless to describe.

Whatever she wanted she could not get done. Even Bridget, under the influence of the upper-housemaid, proved a broken reed to lean upon. Her fire would never be lighted; nor her room done at the proper time; and when she came down with red hands, purple cheeks, and, worst of all, a red nose, looking this cold spring the very picture of chill and misery, the general would look cross, and Mrs. Melwyn not pleased, and would wonder, "How she could get so starved, and why she did not make them light her fire."

She could make no reply but that she would ask Bridget to be more punctual.

It was worse, when do what she would—ring as she would—nobody would come to fasten her dress for dinner till the last bell was sounding, and when it was impossible for her to pay all those nice attentions to her appearance which the general's critical eye demanded. Though he said nothing he would upon such occasions look as if he thought her a sloven; and Mrs. Melwyn, on her side, seemed excessively fretted and uneasy, that her favorite would do herself so little justice, and run the risk of forfeiting the general's favor; and this last piece of injustice. Lettice did feel it hard to bear.

It was the same in all the other minutiæ of domestic life. Every trifling circumstance, like a midge's sting, though insignificant in itself, was rendered in the sum total most troublesome.

If they were going out walking, Miss Arnold's shoes were never cleaned. She provided herself with several pairs, that one at least might always be ready, and she not keep the general and Mrs. Melwyn waiting. It was of no use. The shoes were never ready. If there were several pairs, they were lost, or odd shoes brought up.

She did not care for labor. She had no foolish pride about serving herself, she had been used to that sort of thing; she had not the slightest wish on earth to be a fine lady; but that was forbidden. It was one of the things Mrs. Melwyn had made a point of, and continued to make a point of; but then, why did she not take care she should be better served?

She, the mistress in her own house! Was it indifference to her guest's comforts? No, her unremitting personal kindness forbade that idea. What was it then, that left her helpless guest thus exposed to want and insult? Yes, *want!* I may use the word; for in her new sphere of action, the things she required were absolute necessaries. The want in its way was as great as she had ever known. Yes, insult—for every little negligence was felt as an insult—Lettice knew too well that as an insult it was

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intended. What made this kind Mrs. Melwyn permit such things? Weakness, nothing but weakness—culpable weakness—horror of that which would give her feeble spirit pain.

Lettice found it extremely difficult to be candid in this instance. She who had never experienced what this weakness of the spirit was, found it almost impossible to be indulgent to it. She felt quite vexed and sore. But when she looked so, poor Mrs. Melwyn would put on such a sad, anxious, weary face, that it was impossible not to feel concerned for her, and to forgive her at once. And so this good, generous, kind-hearted being's temper achieved another victory. She was able to love Mrs. Melwyn in spite of all her weakness, and the evils she in consequence suffered; and this indulgent affection made every thing easy.

There were times, however, when she found it almost too difficult to get on; but upon one occasion after another occurring of this nature, and still more when she discovered that Mrs. Melwyn was a yet greater sufferer from this servile tyranny than herself, she at last determined to speak out, and see whether things could not be established upon a more reasonable and proper footing.

There was one day a terrible quarrel with Randall. It happened that Randall was from home, drinking tea with a friend. She had either bound up the general's ailing arm too tight, or the arm had swelled; however, for some reason or other the injured part became extremely painful. The general fidgeted and swore, but bore it for some time with the sort of resolute determination, with which, to do him justice, he was accustomed to meet pain. At last the aching became so intolerable that it was scarcely to be endured; and after ringing twenty times to inquire whether Randall was come home, and uttering a heavy imprecation each time he was answered in the negative; what between pain and impatience he became so fevered that he really seemed quite ill, and his sufferings were evidently more than he could well endure. Poor Mrs. Melwyn, helpless and feeble, dared not propose to do any thing for him, though she suffered—soft, kind creature that she was—almost more in witnessing his distress than he did in the midst of it. At last Lettice ventured to say, that she thought it a great pity the general should continue to suffer this agony, which she felt assured must be positively dangerous, and modestly ventured to suggest that she should be allowed to undo the bandage and relieve the pressure.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Melwyn, in a hurried, frightened way, "could you venture? Suppose you should do mischief; better wait, perhaps."

"Easily said, ma'am," cried the general. "It's not your arm that's aching as if it would drop from your body, that's plain. What's that you're saying, Miss Arnold?"

"If you could trust me to do it, I was saying; if you would give me leave, I would undo the bandage and endeavor to make it more comfortable. I am afraid that this pain and tight binding may bring on positive inflammation. I really should not be afraid to try; I have seen Mrs. Randall do it hundreds of times. There is no difficulty in it."

"Dear Lettice, how you talk!" said Mrs. Melwyn, as if she were afraid Randall was behind the door. "No difficulty! How could Randall bear to hear you say so?"

"I don't know, ma'am; perhaps she would contradict me. But I think at all events there is no difficulty that I could not manage."

"Well, then, for Heaven's sake, try, child!" cried the general; "for really the pain is as if all the dogs in Hockley were gnawing at it. Come along; do something, for the love of—"

He suffered Lettice to help him off with his coat, and to undo the bandage, which she accomplished very handily; and then observed that Mrs. Randall, in her haste to depart upon her visit, had bound up the wound in a most careless manner; and the irritation had already produced so serious an inflammation that she was quite alarmed, and suggested that the doctor should be sent for.

The general swore at the idea of the doctor, and yet more violently at that old hag Randall's confounded carelessness. Mrs. Melwyn looked miserable; she saw the case was bad, and yet she knew that to send for the doctor, and take it out of Randall's hands, would be an insult never to be forgiven.

But Lettice was steady. She was not quite ignorant in these matters, and she felt it her duty to be firm. She expostulated and remonstrated, and was just carrying her point when Mrs. Randall came home; and, having heard below how things were going on, hurried, uncalled for, into the dining-room.

She came in in a mighty pucker, as she would herself have called it, and began asking who had dared to open the wound and expose it to the air: and, seeing Miss Arnold preparing to apply a bread-and-water poultice, which she had made, fell into such a passion of rage and jealousy that she forgot herself so far as to snatch it from Lettice's hand, vowing, if any body was to be allowed to meddle with *her* arm, she would never touch it again so long as she lived.

Mrs. Melwyn turned pale, and began in her softest way,

"Now, really, Randall. Don't be angry, Randall—do listen, Randall. The bandage was too tight; I assure you, it was. We should not have thought of touching it else."

"What the devil, Randall, are you about to do now?" cried the general, as she took possession of the arm, in no gentle fashion.

"Bind it up again, to be sure, and keep the air out of it."

"But you hurt me confoundedly. Ah! it's more than I can bear. Don't touch it—it's as if it were on fire!"

"But it must be bound up, I say," going on without the least regard to the torture she was evidently putting him to

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But Lettice interfered.

"Indeed, Mrs. Randall," she said, "I do not think that you seem to be aware of the state of inflammation that the arm is in. I assure you, you had better apply the bread-and-water poultice, and send for Mr. Lysons."

"You assure *me*. Much you know about the matter, I should fancy."

"I think I know this much. Dear Mrs. Melwyn! Dear general! It is more serious than you think. Pray, let me write for Mr. Lysons!"

"I do believe she's right, Randall, for the infernal torture you put me to is more than I can bear. Ach! Let it go, will you? Undo it! Undo it!"

But Mrs. Randall, unrelentingly, bound on.

"Have done, I say! Undo it! Will nobody undo it? Lettice Arnold, for Heaven's sake!" His face was bathed with the sweat of agony.

Randall persisted; Mrs. Melwyn stood pale, helpless, and aghast; but Lettice hastened forward, scissors in hand, cut the bandage, and liberated the tortured arm in a minute.

Mrs. Randall was in an awful rage. She forgot herself entirely; she had often forgotten herself before; but there was something in this, being done in the presence of a third person, of one so right-minded and spirited as Lettice, which made both the general and his wife view it in a new light. A sort of vail seemed to fall from before their eyes; and for the first time, they both seemed—and simultaneously—aware of the impropriety and the degradation of submitting to it.

"Randall! Randall!" remonstrated Mrs. Melwyn, still very gently, however; but it was a great step to remonstrate at all—but Randall was abusing Lettice most violently, and her master and mistress into the bargain, for being governed by such as *her!* "Randall! Randall! Don't—you forget yourself!"

But the general, who had been silent a second or two, at last broke forth, and roared,

"Have done with your infernal noise! won't you, you beldam! Here, Lettice, give me the poultice; put it on, and then write for Lysons, will you?"

In matters such as this, the first step is every thing. Mrs. Melwyn and her fiery partner had both been passive as a poor bewitched hen, we are told, is with a straw over her neck. Once shift her position and the incubus is gone.

The arrival of Mr. Lysons completed the victory. Mortification was upon the eve of setting in. The relief from the bandage, and the emollient poultice applied by Lettice, had in all probability saved the general's life.

Little Mrs. Randall cared for this demonstration of her mistaken treatment; she had been too long accustomed to triumph, to yield the field undisputed to a rival. She took refuge in sulky silence, and when Mr Lysons was gone, desired to speak with Mrs. Melwyn.

The usual harangue was made. "As she could no longer give satisfaction—would Mrs. Melwyn please to provide herself in a month."

The blood ran cold to Mrs. Melwyn's heart. What! Randall! Impossible! What should she do! What would the general do? What would become of the servants? Who would look after them? What could be done without the faithful Randall?

"Oh, Randall! you don't think of leaving me," she began.

I am not going to repeat the dialogue, which was much the same as that which usually ensues when the mistress entreats the maid to stay, thus putting herself into an irremediably false position. The result of such entreaties was the usual one. Randall, assured of victory, took the matter with a high hand, and, most luckily for all parties, refused to be mollified.

Then poor Mrs. Melwyn, in dismay and despair, returned to the drawing-room. She looked quite ill; she dared not tell the general what had happened—positively dared not. She resolved to make one other appeal to Randall first; to bribe her, as she had often done before, to bribe high—higher than ever. Any thing, rather than part with her.

But she was so nervous, so restless, so miserable, that Lettice observed it with much compassion, and came and sat by her, which was her way of comforting her friend when she saw she wanted comfort. Mrs. Melwyn took her hand, and held it between both hers, and looked as if she greatly wanted comfort, indeed.

The general, soon after this, rose to go to bed. It was earlier than his usual hour, for he was quite worn out with what he had suffered.

So he left the two ladies sitting over the fire, and then Mrs. Melwyn at last opened her heart, and disclosed to her friend the dismal tidings—the cause of her present misery—and related in detail the dreadful occurrence of Randall's resignation.

It was time, Lettice thought, to speak out, and she determined to venture upon it. She had long anxiously desired to emancipate the woman she loved with all the intensity of a child, from the fearful yoke under which she suffered: to dissolve the pernicious enchantment which surrounded her. She spoke, and she did so with so much gentleness, reason, firmness, good-nature; that Mrs. Melwyn yielded to the blessed influence. In short, it was that night determined that Randall's resignation, so far as Mrs. Melwyn was concerned, should be accepted. If that potentate chose to communicate her resolution herself to the general, it was well, and he must decide; otherwise Lettice would take upon herself to do this, and, unless he opposed the measure, Randall should go.

With little difficulty Lettice persuaded Mrs. Melwyn not to ring for Randall that night, saying that now she had resigned her position, her mistress had better allow herself to be put to bed by her friend. This was not a difficult task. That she should not meet Randall again

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was what Mrs. Melwyn in her terror as much desired as Lettice did in her prudence. In short, the general, under the influence of Lettice's representations—she was beginning to gain great influence with him—consented to part with the maid; and Lettice had the inconceivable satisfaction of herself carrying to that personage her wages, and a handsome gratuity, and of seeing her that very morning quit the house, which was done with abundance of tears, and bitter lamentations over the ingratitude of mankind.

How the house felt after she was gone, those who have been visited with a domestic plague of this nature will understand. To those who have not, so great a result from so apparently insignificant a cause would be utterly unimaginable.

"And so they lived very happy ever afterward."

Well—don't stare—they really *did*.

A good genius was substituted for an evil one. Under her benign influence it is astonishing how smoothly and merrily things went on. The general was so comfortable that he very often forgot to be cross; Mrs. Melwyn, content with every thing, but her power of showing her love for Lettice—though she did this in every way she could think of.

And so I will leave this good, sensible, God-fearing girl for the present,

"blessing and blest in all she does,"

and tell you how Myra went to Mrs. Fisher, and something about that lady.

(To be continued.)

[From Guizot's Discourse on the English Revolution.]

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY GUIZOT.

GEORGE III. had been seated on the throne sixteen years, when, at fourteen hundred leagues from his capital, more than two millions of his subjects broke the ties which bound them to his throne, declared their independence, and undertook the foundation of the republic of the United States of America. After a contest of seven years, England was brought to recognize that independence, and to treat upon equal terms with the new state. Since that time sixty-seven years have elapsed, and, without any violent effort, without extraordinary events, by the mere development of their institutions and of the prosperity which is the natural attendant on peace, the United States have taken an honorable place among great nations. Never was so rapid an elevation, so little costly at its origin, nor so little troubled in its progress.

It is not merely to the absence of any powerful rival, or to the boundless space open to their population, that the United States of America have owed this singular good fortune. The rapidity and the serenity of their rise to greatness are not the result of such fortunate accidents alone, but are to be attributed in a great degree to moral causes.

They rose into existence as a state under the banner of right and justice. In their case, too, the revolution from which their history dates was an act of defense. They claimed guarantees and asserted principles which were inscribed in their charters, and which the English parliament itself, though it now refused them to its subjects, had formerly triumphantly claimed and asserted in the mother-country, with far greater violence and disorder than were occasioned by their resistance.

They did not, to speak strictly, attempt a revolution. Their enterprise was, no doubt, great and perilous. To achieve the conquest of their independence, they had to go through a war with a powerful enemy, and the construction of a central government in the place of the distant power whose yoke they threw off: but in their local institutions, and those which regarded the daily affairs of life, they had no revolution to make. Each of the colonies already enjoyed a free government as to its internal affairs, and when it became a state found little change necessary or desirable in the maxims and organization of power. There was no ancient order of things to fear, to hate, to destroy; the attachment to the ancient laws and manners, the affectionate reverence for the past, were, on the contrary, the general sentiments of the people. The colonial government under the patronage of a distant monarchy, was easily transformed into a republican government under a federation of states.

Of all the forms or modes of government, the republican is unquestionably that to which the general and spontaneous assent of the country is the most indispensable. It is possible to conceive of an absolute monarchy founded by violence, and indeed such have existed; but a republic forced upon a nation, popular government established contrary to the instinct and the wishes of a people—this is a spectacle revolting equally to common sense and to justice. The Anglo-American colonies, in their transition into the republic of the United States, had no such difficulty to surmount; the Republic was the full and free choice of the people; and in adopting that form of government they did but accomplish the national wish, and develop instead of overturning their existing institutions.

Nor was the perturbation greater in social than in political order. There were no conflicts between different classes, no violent transfer of influence from one order of men to another. Though the crown of England had still partisans in the colonies, their attachment had nothing to do with their position in the scale of society; indeed the wealthy and important families were in general the most firmly resolved on the conquest of their independence and the foundation of a new system. Under their direction the people acted, and the event was accomplished.

And if society underwent no revolution, so neither did men's minds. The philosophical ideas of the eighteenth century, its moral skepticism and its religious unbelief, had no doubt

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penetrated into the United States, and had obtained some circulation there; but the minds to which they found entrance were not entirely carried away by them; they did not take root there with their fundamental principles and their ultimate consequences: the moral gravity and the practical good sense of the old Puritans survived in most of the admirers of the French philosophers in America. The mass of the population remained profoundly Christian, as warmly attached to its creed as to its liberties.

While they rebelled against the authority of the King and the Parliament of England, they were submissive to the will of God and the precepts of the Gospel, and while struggling for independence, they were governed by the same faith which had conducted their ancestors to this land, where they laid the foundations of what was now rising into a state.

The ideas and passions which now convulse and disorganize society under the name of democracy, have an extensive and powerful sway in the United States, and ferment there with all the contagious errors and destructive vices which they involve. But they have hitherto been controlled and purified by Christianity, by the excellent political traditions, and the strong habits of obedience to law, which, in the midst of liberty, govern the population. Though anarchical principles are boldly proclaimed on this vast theatre, principles of order and conservation maintain their ground, and exercise a solid and energetic influence both over society and over individual minds; their presence and their power are every where felt, even in the party which especially claims the name of democratic. They moderate its actions, and often save it, unknown to itself, from its own intemperance. It is to these tutelary principles, which presided over the origin of the American revolution, that it owes it success. May Heaven grant that in the formidable struggle which they have now to sustain on every side, they may continue to guide this powerful people, and may be always at hand to warn them in time of the abysses which lie so near their path!

Three great men, Cromwell, William III., and Washington, stand forth in history as the heads and representatives of those supreme crises which have determined the fate of two great nations. For extent and energy of natural talents, Cromwell is perhaps the most remarkable of the three. His mind was wonderfully prompt, firm, just, supple, and inventive, and he possessed a vigor of character which no obstacle could daunt, no conflict weary; he pursued his designs with an ardor as exhaustless as his patience, whether through the slowest and most tortuous ways, or the most abrupt and daring. He excelled equally in winning men, and in ruling them by personal and familiar intercourse; he displayed equal ability in leading an army or a party. He had the instinct of popularity and the gift of authority, and he let loose factions with as much audacity as he subdued them. But born in the midst of a revolution, and raised to sovereign power by a succession of violent shocks, his genius was, from first to last, essentially revolutionary; and though he was taught by experience the necessity of order and government, he was incapable of either respecting or practicing the moral and permanent laws on which alone government can rest. Whether it was the fault of his nature, or the vice of his position, he wanted regularity and calmness in the exercise of power; had instant recourse to extreme measures, like a man constantly in dread of mortal dangers, and, by the violence of his remedies, perpetuated or even aggravated the evils which he sought to cure. The establishment of a government is a work which requires a more regular course, and one more conformable to the eternal laws of moral order. Cromwell was able to subjugate the revolution he had so largely contributed to make, but he did not succeed in establishing any thing in the place of what he had destroyed.

Though less powerful than Cromwell by nature, William III., and Washington succeeded in the undertaking in which he failed; they fixed the destiny and founded the government of their country. Even in the midst of a revolution they never accepted nor practiced a revolutionary policy; they never placed themselves in that fatal situation in which a man first uses anarchical violence as a stepping-stone to power, and then despotic violence as a necessity entailed upon him by its possession. They were naturally placed, or they placed themselves, in the regular ways and under the permanent conditions of government. William was an ambitious prince. It is puerile to believe that, up to the moment of the appeal sent to him from London in 1688, he had been insensible to the desire of ascending the throne of England, or ignorant of the schemes long going on to raise him to it. William followed the progress of these schemes step by step; he accepted no share in the means, but he did not repel the end, and, without directly encouraging, he protected its authors. His ambition was ennobled by the greatness and justice of the cause to which it was attached—the cause of religious liberty and of the balance of power in Europe. Never did man make a vast political design more exclusively the thought and purpose of his life than William did. The work which he accomplished on the field or in the cabinet was his passion; his own aggrandizement was but the means to that end. Whatever were his views on the crown of England, he never attempted to realize them by violence and disorder. His mind was too well regulated not to know the incurable vice of such means, and too lofty to accept the yoke they impose. But when the career was opened to him by England herself, he did not suffer himself to be deterred from entering on it by the scruples of a private man; he wished his cause to triumph, and he wished to reap the honor of the triumph. Rare and glorious mixture of worldly ability and

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Christian faith, of personal ambition and devotion to public ends!

Washington had no ambition; his country wanted him to serve her, and he became great rather from a sense of duty than from taste; sometimes even with a painful effort. The trials of his public life were bitter to him; he preferred independence and repose to the exercise of power. But he accepted, without hesitation, the task which his country imposed on him, and in fulfilling it did nothing to diminish its burden. Born to govern, though he had no delight in governing, he told the American people what he believed to be true, and persisted in doing what he thought wise, with a firmness as unshaken as it was simple, and a sacrifice of popularity the more meritorious as it was not compensated by the pleasures of domination. The servant of an infant republic, in which the democratic spirit prevailed, he won the confidence of the people by maintaining its interests in opposition to its inclinations. While founding a new government, he practiced that policy, at once modest and severe, measured and independent, which seems to belong only to the head of an aristocratic senate ruling over an ancient state. His success does equal honor to Washington and to his country.

Whether we consider the general destiny of nations, or the lives of the great men whom they have produced; whether we are treating of a monarchy or a republic, an aristocratic or a democratic society, we gather the same light from facts; we see that the same laws determine the ultimate success or failure of goverments. The policy which preserves and maintains a state in its ancient security and customary order is also the only policy that can bring a revolution to a successful close, and give stability to the institutions whose lasting excellence may justify it to succeeding ages.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

MY father, whose manners were at once high-bred and lively, had some great acquaintances; but I recollect none of them personally, except an old lady of quality, who (if memory does not strangely deceive me, and give me a personal share in what I only heard talked of; for old autobiographers of childhood must own themselves liable to such confusions) astounded me one day by letting her false teeth slip out, and clapping them in again.

I had no idea of the existence of such phenomena, and could almost as soon have expected her to take off her head and re-adjust it. She lived in Red Lion-square, a quarter in different estimation from what it is now. It was at her house, I believe, that my father one evening met Wilkes. He did not know him by sight, and happening to fall into conversation with him, while the latter sat looking down, he said something in Wilkes's disparagement, on which the jovial demagogue looked up in his face, and burst out a laughing.

I do not exactly know how people dressed at that time; but I believe that sacks, and negligées, and toupees were going out, and the pigtail and the simpler modern style of dress coming in. I recollect hearing my mother describe the misery of having her hair dressed two or three stories high, and of lying in it all night ready for some visit or spectacle next day. I think I also recollect seeing Wilkes himself in an old-fashioned flap-waistcoated suit of scarlet and gold; and I am sure I have seen Murphy, the dramatist, a good deal later, in a suit of a like fashion, though soberer, and a large cocked-hat. The cocked-hat in general survived till nearly the present century. It was superseded by the round one during the French Revolution. I remember our steward at school, a very solemn personage, making his appearance in one, to our astonishment, and not a little to the diminution of his dignity. Some years later, I saw Mr. Pitt in a blue coat, buckskin breeches and boots, and a round hat, with powder and pigtail. He was thin and gaunt, with his hat off his forehead, and his nose in the air. Much about the same time I saw his friend, the first Lord Liverpool, a respectable looking old gentleman, in a brown wig. Later still, I saw Mr. Fox, fat and jovial, though he was then declining. He, who had been a "beau" in his youth, then looked something quaker-like as to dress, with plain colored clothes, a broad round hat, white waistcoat, and, if I am not mistaken, white stockings. He was standing in Parliament-street, just where the street commences as you leave Whitehall; and was making two young gentlemen laugh heartily at something which he seemed to be relating.

My father once took me—but I can not say at what period of my juvenility—into both houses of Parliament. In the Commons, I saw Mr. Pitt sawing the air, and occasionally turning to appeal to those about him, while he spoke in a loud, important, and hollow voice. When the persons he appealed to, said "Hear! hear!" I thought they said "Dear! dear!" in objection; and I wondered that he did not seem in the least degree disconcerted. The house of Lords, I must say (without meaning disrespect to an assembly which must always have contained some of the most accomplished men in the country), surprised me with the personally insignificant look of its members. I had, to be sure, conceived exaggerated notions of the magnates of all countries; and perhaps might have expected to behold a set of conscript fathers; but in no respect, real or ideal, did they appear to me in their corporate aspect, like any thing which is understood by the word "noble." The Commons seemed to me to have the advantage; though they surprised me with lounging on the benches, and retaining their hats. I was not then informed enough to know the difference between apparent and substantial importance; much less aware of the positive exaltation, which that very simplicity, and that absence of pretension, gave to the most potent assembly in Europe —*Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.*

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[From Household Words.]

A PARIS NEWSPAPER.

WITHIN the precincts of that resort for foreigners and provincials in Paris, the Palais Royal, is situate the Rue du 24 Fevrier. This revolutionary name, given after the last outbreak, is still pronounced with difficulty by those who, of old, were wont to call it the Rue de Valois. People are becoming accustomed to call the royally named street by its revolutionary title, although it is probable that no one will ever succeed in calling the Palais Royal Palais National; the force of habit being in this instance too great to efface old recollections. Few foreigners have ever penetrated into the Rue de 24 Fevrier, though it forms one of the external galleries of the Palais Royal, and one may see there the smoky kitchens, dirty cooks, the night-side in fact, of the splendid restaurants, whose gilt fronts attract attention inside. Rubicund apples, splendid game, truffles, and ortolans, deck the one side; smoke, dirty plates, rags, and smutty saucepans may be seen on the other.

It is from an office in the Rue de 24 Fevrier, almost opposite the dark side of a gorgeous Palais Royal restaurant, that issue 40,000 copies of a daily print, entitled the "Constitutionnel."

Newspaper offices, be it remarked, are always to be found in odd holes and corners. To the mass in London, Printing-house square, or Lombard-street, Whitefriars, are mystical localities; yet they are the daily birth-places of that fourth estate which fulminates anathemas on all the follies and weaknesses of governments; and, without which, no one can feel free or independent. The "Constitutionnel" office is about as little known to the mass of its subscribers as either Printing-house square or Whitefriars.

There is always an old and respectable look about the interior of newspaper establishments, in whatever country you may find them. For rusty dinginess, perhaps, there is nothing to equal a London office, with its floors strewed with newspapers from all parts of the world, parliamentary reports, and its shelves creaking under books of all sorts, thumbed to the last extremity. Notwithstanding these appearances, however, there is discipline—there is real order in the apparent disorder of things. Those newspapers that are lying in heaps have to be accurately filed; those books of reference can be pounced upon when wanted, on the instant; and as to reports, the place of each is as well known as if all labeled and ticketed with the elaborate accuracy of a public library.

Not less rusty and not less disorderly is the appearance of a French newspaper office; but how different the aspect of things from what you see in England!

Over the office of the "Constitutionnel" is a dingy tricolor flag. A few broken steps lead to a pair of folding-doors. Inside is the sanctuary of the office, guarded by that flag as if by the honor of the country; for tricolor represents all Frenchmen, be he prince or proletarian.

You enter through a narrow passage flanked with wire cages, in which are confined for the day the clerks who take account of advertisements and subscriptions. Melancholy objects seem these caged birds, whose hands alone emerge at intervals through the pigeon-holes made for the purpose of taking in money and advertisements. The universal beard and mustache that ornament their chins, look, however, more unbusiness-like than are the men really. They are shrewd and knowing birds that are inclosed in these wire cages.

At publishing time, boys rushing in for papers, as in London offices, are not here to be seent The reason of this is simple: French newspaper proprietors prefer doing their work themselves —they will have no middle men. They serve all their customers by quarterly, yearly, or half-yearly subscriptions. In every town in France there are subscription offices for this journal, as well, indeed, as for all great organs of the press generally. There are regular forms set up like registers at the post-office, and all of these are gathered at the periodical renewal of subscriptions to the central office. The period of renewal is every fortnight.

Passing still further up the narrow and dim passage, one sees a pigeon-hole, over which is written the word "Advertisements." This superscription is now supererogatory, for there no advertisements are received; that branch of the journal having been farmed out to a company at 350,000 fr. a year. This is a system which evidently saves a vast deal of trouble. The Advertising Company of Paris has secured almost a monopoly of announcements and puffs. It has bought up the last page of nearly every Paris journal which owns the patronage and confidence of the advertising public of the French capital. At the end of the same dark passages are the rooms specially used for the editors and writers. In France, journals are bought for their polemics, and not for their news: many of them have fallen considerably, however, from the high estate which they held in public opinion previous to the last revolution. There are men who wrote in them to advocate and enforce principles, but in the chopping and changing times that France lives in, it is not unusual to find the same men with different principles, interest, or gain, being the object of each change This result of revolution might have been expected; and though it would be unfair to involve the whole press in a sweeping accusation, cases in point have been sufficiently numerous to cause a want of confidence in many quarters against the entire press.

The doings of newspaper editors are not catalogued in print at Paris, as in America; but their influence being more occult, is not the less powerful, and it is this feeling that leads people to pay more attention to this or that leading article than to mere news. The announcement of a treaty having been concluded

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between certain powers of Europe, may not lower the funds; but if an influential journal expresses an opinion that certain dangers are to be apprehended from the treaty in question, the exchanges will be instantly affected. This is an instance among many that the French people are to be led in masses. Singly they have generally no ideas, either politically or commercially.

The importance of a journal being chiefly centered in that portion specially devoted to politics, the writers of which are supposed, right or wrong, to possess certain influences, it is not astonishing the editorial offices have few occupants. The editorial department of the "Constitutionnel" wears a homely appearance, but borrows importance from the influence that is wielded in it—writers decorated with the red ribbon are not unfrequently seen at work in it. In others, and especially in the editorial offices of some journals, may be seen, besides the pen, more offensive weapons, such as swords and pistols. This is another result of the personal system of journalism. As in America, the editor may find himself in the necessity of defending his arguments by arms. He is too notorious to be able to resort to the stratagem of a well-known wit, who kept a noted boxer in his front office to represent the editor in hostile encounters. He goes out, therefore, to fight a duel, on which sometimes depends not only his own fate, but that of his journal.

With regard to the personal power of a newspaper name, it is only necessary in order to show how frequently it still exists, to state that the provisional government of February, 1848, was concocted in a newspaper office, and the revolution of 1830 was carried on by the editors of a popular journal—that among the lower orders in France, at the present time, the names that are looked up to as those of chiefs, belong to newspaper editors, whose leading articles are read and listened to in cheap newspaper clubs, and whose "orders" are followed as punctually and as certainly as those of a general by his troops. A certain class of French politicians may be likened to sheep: they follow their "leaders."

The smallness of the number of officials in a French newspaper office is to be accounted for from the fact that parliamentary debates are transcribed on the spot where the speeches are made; and the reporting staff never stirs from the legislative assembly. The divers corps of reporters for Paris journals form a corporation, with its aldermen, or syndici, and other minor officers. Each reporter is relieved every two minutes; and while his colleagues are succeeding each other with the same rapidity, he transcribes the notes taken during his two minutes' "turn." The result of this revolving system is collated and arranged by a gentleman selected for the purpose. This mode of proceeding insures, if necessary, the most verbatim transmission of an important speech, and more equably divides the work, than does the English system, where each reporter takes notes for half or three quarters of an hour, and spends two or three hours, and sometimes four or five, to transcribe his notes. The French parliamentary reporter is not the dispassionate auditor which the English one is. He applauds or condemns the orators, cheers or hoots with all the vehemence of an excited partisan.

"Penny-a-liners" are unknown in Paris; the foreign and home intelligence being elaborated in general news' offices, independent of the newspapers. It is there that all the provincial journals are received, the news of the day gathered up, digested, and multiplied by means of lithography; which is found more efficacious than the stylet and oiled "flimsy" paper of our Penny-a-liners. It is from these latter places too, that the country journals, as well as many of the foreign press, the German, the Belgium, and the Spanish, are supplied with Paris news. England is a good market, as most of our newspapers are wealthy enough to have correspondents of their own.

My first visit to the "Constitutionnel" was in the day-time, and I caught the editor as he was looking over some of his proofs. Their curious appearance led me to ask how they were struck off, and, in order to satisfy me, he led the way up a dark stair, from which we entered upon the composing-rooms of the premises. These, in appearance, were like all other composing-rooms that I had seen; the forms, and cases for the type, were similar to those in London; the men themselves had that worn and pale look which characterizes the class to which they belong, and their pallor was not diminished by their wearing of the long beard and mustache. Their unbuttoned shirts and bare breasts, the short clay pipe, reminded me of the heroes of the barricades; indeed, I have every reason to know that these very compositors are generally foremost in revolutions; and though they often print ministerial articles, they are not sharers in the opinions which they help to spread. The head printer contracts for the printing, and chooses his men where he can find them best. As a body, these men were provident, I was told, and all subscribed to a fund for their poor, their orphans and widows; they form a sort of trade union, and have very strict regulations.

I found a most remarkable want of convenience in the working of the types. For instance, there were no galleys, or longtitudinal trays, on which to place the type when it was set up; but when a small quantity had been put together in column on a broad copper table, a string was passed round it to keep it together. Nor was there any hand-press for taking proofs; and here I found the explanation of the extraordinary appearance of the proofs I had seen below. For when I asked to have one struck off, the head printer placed a sheet of paper over the type, and with a great brush beat it in, giving the proof a sunken and embossed appearance, which it seemed to me would render correction exceedingly difficult. The French, it seems, care

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not for improvement in this respect, any more than the Chinese, whom the brush has served in place of a printing-press for some three thousand years.

This journal has, as I have said, from 40,000 to 50,000 subscribers, in order to serve whom it was necessary that the presses should be at work as early as eleven o'clock at night. But there is no difficulty in doing this, where news not being the *sine quâ non* of journalism, provincial and foreign intelligence is give as fresh, which in England would be considered much behind in time. But even when commencing business at the early hour above mentioned, I found that it had been necessary for the paper to be composed twice over, in order to save time; and thus two printers' establishments were required to bring out each number of the journal in sufficient time for the country circulation by early morning trains. The necessity for this double composition is still existing in most of the French newspaper offices, but had been obviated here lately, by the erection of a new printing-machine, which sufficed by the speed of its working to print the given number of copies necessary for satisfying the wants of each day.

Having seen through the premises, and witnessed all that was interesting in the day-time, I was politely requested to return in the evening, and see the remaining process of printing the paper and getting it ready to send out from the office.

Punctually at eleven o'clock I was in the Rue du 24 Fevrier. Passing through the offices which I had seen in the morning, I was led by a sort of guide down to some passages dimly lighted with lamps. To the right and to the left we turned, descending stone steps into the bowels of the earth as it seemed to me; the walls oozing with slimy damp in some parts; dry and saltpetry in others. A bundle of keys, which were jingling in my guide's hand, made noises which reminded me of the description of prisoners going down into the Bastile or Tower. At another moment a sound of voices in the distance, reminded me of a scene of desperate coiners in a cellar.

These sounds grew louder, as we soon entered a vast stone cellar, in which rudely dressed men, half-naked as to their breasts and arms, were to be seen flitting to and fro at the command of a superior; their long beards and grimy faces, their short pipes and dirty appearance, made them look more like devils than men, and I bethought me that here, at last, I had found that real animal—the printer's devil.

There were two or three printing-presses in the room, only one of which was going. Its rolling sound was like thunder in the cave, in which we stood. As paper after paper flew out from the sides of this creaking press, they were carried to a long table and piled up in heaps.

Presently some of the stoutest men shouldered a mass of these, and my conducter and myself following them, we entered a passage which led to another cellar, contiguous to that in which the papers were printed. There, sitting round a number of tables, were several young women. These women seized upon a portion of the papers brought in, and with an amazing rapidity folded them into a small compass. In a few minutes all the papers I had seen printed were folded and numbered off by dozens. Then comes another operation: a man came round and deposited before each woman a bundle of little paper slips, which I found to be the addresses of the subscribers. The women placed the labels and the paste on one side, and commenced operations. A bundle of papers, folded, was placed before each; the forefinger, dipped in the paste, immediately touched the paper and the label simultaneously, and the "Constitutionnel" flew out with a speed perfectly astonishing from the hands of these women, ready to be distributed in down or country. They were then finishing the labeling of the papers for Paris circulation; 20,000 copies scarcely sufficing for the supply.

This was the concluding sight in my visit to a Paris Newspaper-Office.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

TO A MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE."

HIS languid eyes are closing,
On the pale, placid cheek,
The lashes dark reposing,
So wearily, so weak.
He gasps with failing breath,
A faint and feeble strife with death;
Fainter and fainter still—'tis past,
That one soft sigh—the last.

Thy watching and thy fearing,
Mother, is over now;
The seal of death is bearing
That pale but angel brow,
And now in the deep calm
That follows days of wild alarm,
Thy heart sinks down, and weeps, and weeps,
O'er him who silent sleeps.

Oh, Mother, hush thy crying,
The ill of life is o'er,
E'en now his wings are flying
Unto a happy shore;
Those wings of stainless white
Unfolded ne'er to earthly sight,
He spreads them now, they bear him high,
Unto the angel company.

From sight of evil shrinking,
From thought of grief like thine
At the first summons sinking
Into the arms divine.
Oh! thou who knowest life,
Temptation, trial, toil and strife,
Wilt thou not still thine aching breast
To bless his early rest?

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[From the Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

JUST after this period I fell in with a new set of acquaintances, accounts of whom may not be uninteresting. I forget what it was that introduced me to Mr. Hill, proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror;* but at his house at Sydenham I used to meet his editor, Du Bois; Thomas Campbell, who was his neighbor; and the two Smiths, authors of *The Rejected Addresses.* I saw also Theodore Hook, and Mathews, the comedian. Our host was a jovial bachelor, plump and rosy as an abbot; and no abbot could have presided over a more festive Sunday. The wine flowed merrily and long; the discourse kept pace with it; and next morning, in returning to town, we felt ourselves very thirsty. A pump by the road-side, with a plash round it, was a bewitching sight.

They who knew Mr. Campbell only as the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and the *Pleasures of Hope*, would not have suspected him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humor and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his *Seasons* is well known. He let part of the secret out in his *Castle of Indolence;* and the more he let out, the more honor it did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet's nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them; but Allan, who had bustled up from a barber's shop into a bookseller's, was "a cunning shaver;" and nobody would have guessed the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Campbell. He was one of the few men whom I could at any time have walked half a dozen miles through the snow to spend an evening with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man than I could with a sulky one. I know but of one fault he had, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings, and that one was national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man felt more kindly toward his fellow-creatures, or took less credit for it. When he indulged in doubt and sarcasm, and spoke contemptuously of things in general, he did it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspected, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best men very commonly practice. He professed to be hopeless and sarcastic, and took pains all the while to set up a university (the London).

When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. Not that he was like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome, as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman's ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French poet in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs: and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely *Gertrude of Wyoming*. His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth; which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critics and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a puritan he talked! He seemed to spite his restrictions; and, out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille's Virgil into Cotton's, like a boy let loose from school. When I had the pleasure of hearing him afterward, I forgot his Virgilianisms, and thought only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.

Campbell tasted pretty sharply of the good and ill of the present state of society, and, for a bookman, had beheld strange sights. He witnessed a battle in Germany from the top of a convent (on which battle he has left us a noble ode); and he saw the French cavalry enter a town, wiping their bloody swords on the horses' manes. He was in Germany a second time—I believe to purchase books; for in addition to his classical scholarship, and his other languages, he was a reader of German. The readers there, among whom he is popular, both for his poetry and his love of freedom, crowded about him with affectionate zeal; and they gave him, what he did not dislike, a good dinner. Like many of the great men in Germany, Schiller, Wieland, and others, he did not scruple to become editor of a magazine; and his name alone gave it a recommendation of the greatest value, and such as made it a grace to write under him.

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I remember, one day at Sydenham, Mr. Theodore Hook coming in unexpectedly to dinner, and amusing us very much with his talent at extempore verse. He was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humor, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising. It is easy enough to extemporize in Italian—one only wonders how, in a language in which every thing conspires to render verse-making easy, and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up—but in English it is another matter. I have known but one other person besides Hook, who could extemporize in English; and he wanted the confidence to do it in public. Of course, I speak of rhyming. Extempore blank verse, with a little practice, would be found as easy in English as rhyming is in Italian. In Hook the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of all the visitors, still less of the subject of conversation when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon; yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of every body, or avoiding it with a pun; and he introduced so agreeably a piece of village scandal upon which the party had been rallying Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was, perhaps, the most pleased of us all. Theodore afterward sat down to the pianoforte, and enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their clap-traps, rustics, &c., and making the poet and his supposed flame, the hero and heroine. He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes, and calling to mind (not without some hazard to his filial duties) the commonplaces of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the Damon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment. Campbell certainly took the theme of the parody as a compliment; for having drank a little more wine than usual that evening, and happening to wear a wig on account of having lost his hair by a fever, he suddenly took off the wig, and dashed it at the head of the performer, exclaiming, "You dog! I'll throw my laurels at you."

Mathews, the comedian, I had the pleasure of seeing at Mr. Hill's several times, and of witnessing his imitations, which, admirable as they were on the stage, were still more so in private. His wife occasionally came with him, with her handsome eyes, and charitably made tea for us. Many years afterward I had the pleasure of seeing them at their own table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the lady, he had given more force and interest to that of the husband in the very plowing of it up. Strong lines had been cut, and the face stood them well. I had seldom been more surprised than on coming close to Mathews on that occasion, and seeing the bust which he possessed in his gallery of his friend Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarcical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humor comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion he looked like an irritable in-door pet: on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigor by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, "Buffet on; I have seen trouble as well as you." The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak. And what a bust was Liston's! The mouth and chin, with the throat under it, hung like an old bag; but the upper part of the head was as fine as possible. There was a speculation, a lookout, and even an elevation of character in it, as unlike the Liston on the stage, as Lear is to King Pippin. One might imagine Laberius to have had such a face.

The reasons why Mathews's imitations were still better in private than in public were, that he was more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience ("fit though few"), and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not have been introduced on the stage. He gave, for instance, to persons who he thought could take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations were not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual was always insinuated, often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of sauce piquante. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own. Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incledon was extraordinary: his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I can not put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which every thing hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence.

One morning, after stopping all night at this pleasant house, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and ob-

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jecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at intervals out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he.

Of James Smith, a fair, stout, fresh-colored man, with round features, I recollect little, except that he used to read to us trim verses, with rhymes as pat as butter. The best of his verses are in the *Rejected Addresses;* and they are excellent. Isaac Hawkins Browne with his *Pipe of Tobacco*, and all the rhyming *jeux-d'esprit* in all the Tracts, are extinguished in the comparison; not excepting the *Probationary Odes*. Mr. Fitzgerald found himself bankrupt in *non sequiturs;* Crabbe could hardly have known which was which, himself or his parodist; and Lord Byron confessed to me, that the summing up of his philosophy, to wit, that

"Naught is every thing, and every thing is naught,"

was very posing. Mr. Smith would sometimes repeat after dinner, with his brother Horace, an imaginary dialogue, stuffed full of incongruities, that made us roll with laughter. His ordinary verse and prose were too full of the ridicule of city pretensions. To be superior to any thing, it should not always be running in one's head.

His brother Horace was delicious. Lord Byron used to say, that this epithet should be applied only to eatables; and that he wondered a friend of his (I forget who) that was critical in matters of eating, should use it in any other sense. I know not what the present usage may be in the circles, but classical authority is against his lordship, from Cicero downward; and I am content with the modern warrant of another noble wit, the famous Lord Peterborough, who, in his fine, open way, said of Fenelon, that he was such a "delicious creature, he was forced to get away from him, else he would have made him pious!" I grant there is something in the word delicious which may be said to comprise a reference to every species of pleasant taste. It is at once a quintessence and a compound; and a friend, to deserve the epithet, ought, perhaps, to be capable of delighting us as much over our wine, as on graver occasions. Fenelon himself could do this, with all his piety; or rather he could do it because his piety was of the true sort, and relished of every thing that was sweet and affectionate. A finer nature than Horace Smith's, except in the single instance of Shelley, I never met with in man; nor even in that instance, all circumstances considered, have I a right to say that those who knew him as intimately as I did the other, would not have had the same reasons to love him. Shelley himself had the highest regard for Horace Smith, as may be seen by the following verses, the initials in which the reader has here the pleasure of filling up:

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S."

Horace Smith differed with Shelley on some points; but on others, which all the world agree to praise highly, and to practice very little, he agreed so entirely, and showed unequivocally that he did agree, that, with the exception of one person (Vincent Novello), too diffident to gain such an honor from his friends, they were the only two men I had then met with, from whom I could have received and did receive advice or remonstrance with perfect comfort, because I could be sure of the unmixed motives and entire absence of self-reflection, with which it would come from them. Shelley said to me once, "I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow: but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry, too," continued Shelley, his voice rising in a fervor of astonishment; "he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous!" Shelley had reason to like him. Horace Smith was one of the few men, who, through a cloud of detraction, and through all that difference of conduct from the rest of the world, which naturally excites obloquy, discerned the greatness of my friend's character. Indeed, he became a witness to a very unequivocal proof of it, which I shall mention by-and-by. The mutual esteem was accordingly very great, and arose from circumstances most honorable to both parties. "I believe," said Shelley on another occasion, "that I have only to say to Horace Smith that I want a hundred pounds or two, and he would send it me without any eye to its being returned; such faith has he that I have something within me, beyond what the world supposes, and that I could only ask his money for a good purpose." And Shelley would have sent for it accordingly, if the person for whom it was intended had not said Nay. I will now mention the circumstance which first gave my friend a regard for Horace Smith. It concerns the person just mentioned, who is a man of letters. It came to Mr. Smith's knowledge, many years ago, that this person was suffering under a pecuniary trouble. He knew little of him at the time, but had met him occasionally; and he availed himself of this circumstance to write him a letter as full of delicacy and cordiality as it could hold, making it a matter of grace to accept a bank-note of £100 which he inclosed. I speak on the best authority, that of the obliged person himself; who adds that he not only did accept the money, but felt as light and happy under the obligation, as he has felt miserable under the very report of being obliged to some; and he says, that nothing could induce him to withhold his name, but a reason, which the generous, during his lifetime, would think becoming.

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I have said that Horace Smith was a stock-broker. He left business with a fortune, and went to live in France, where, if he did not increase, he did not seriously diminish it; and France added to the pleasant stock of his knowledge.

On returning to England, he set about exerting himself in a manner equally creditable to his talents and interesting to the public. I would not insult either the modesty or the understanding of my friend while he was alive, by comparing him with the author of *Old Mortality* and *Guy Mannering:* but I ventured to say, and I repeat, that the earliest of his novels, *Brambletye House*, ran a hard race with the novel of *Woodstock*, and that it contained more than one character not unworthy of the best volumes of Sir Walter. I allude to the ghastly troubles of the Regicide in his lone house; the outward phlegm and merry inward malice of Winky Boss (a happy name), who gravely smoked a pipe with his mouth, and laughed with his eyes; and, above all, to the character of the princely Dutch merchant, who would cry out that he should be ruined, at seeing a few nutmegs dropped from a bag, and then go and give a thousand ducats for an antique. This is hitting the high mercantile character to a niceity —minute and careful in its means, princely in its ends. If the ultimate effect of commerce (*permulti transibunt*, &c.) were not something very different from what its pursuers imagine, the character would be a dangerous one to society at large, because it throws a gloss over the spirit of money-getting; but, meanwhile, nobody could paint it better, or has a greater right to recommend it, than he who has been the first to make it a handsome portrait.

The personal appearance of Horace Smith, like that of most of the individuals I have met with, was highly indicative of his character. His figure was good and manly, inclining to the robust; and his countenance extremely frank and cordial; sweet without weakness. I have been told he was irascible. If so, it must have been no common offense that could have irritated him. He had not a jot of it in his appearance.

Another set of acquaintances which I made at this time used to assemble at the hospitable table of Mr. Hunter, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard. They were the survivors of the literary party that were accustomed to dine with his predecessor, Mr. Johnson. They came, as of old, on the Friday. The most regular were Fuseli and Bonnycastle. Now and then, Godwin was present: oftener Mr. Kinnaird the magistrate, a great lover of Horace.

Fuseli was a small man, with energetic features, and a white head of hair. Our host's daughter, then a little girl, used to call him the white-headed lion. He combed his hair up from the forehead; and, as his whiskers were large, his face was set in a kind of hairy frame, which, in addition to the fierceness of hi- 'ook, really gave him an aspect of that sort. Otherwise, his features were rather sharp than round. He would have looked much like an old military officer, if his face, besides its real energy, had not affected more. There was the same defect in it as in his pictures. Conscious of not having all the strength he wished, he endeavored to make out for it by violence and pretension. He carried this so far, as to look fiercer than usual when he sat for his picture. His friend and engraver, Mr. Houghton, drew an admirable likeness of him in this state of dignified extravagance. He is sitting back in his chair, leaning on his hand, but looking ready to pounce withal. His notion of repose was like that of Pistol:

"Now, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap."

Agreeably to this over-wrought manner, he was reckoned, I believe, not quite so bold as he might have been. He painted horrible pictures, as children tell horrible stories; and was frightened at his own lay-figures. Yet he would hardly have talked as he did about his terrors, had he been as timid as some supposed him. With the affected, impression is the main thing, let it be produced how it may. A student of the Academy told me, that Mr. Fuseli coming in one night, when a solitary candle had been put on the floor in a corner of the room, to produce some effect or other, he said it looked "like a damned soul." This was by way of being Dantesque, as Michael Angelo was. Fuseli was an ingenious caricaturist of that master, making great bodily displays of mental energy, and being ostentatious with his limbs and muscles, in proportion as he could not draw them. A leg or an arm was to be thrust down one's throat, because he knew we should dispute the truth of it. In the indulgence of this willfulness of purpose, generated partly by impatience of study, partly by want of sufficient genius, and, no doubt, also by a sense of superiority to artists who could do nothing but draw correctly, he cared for no time, place, or circumstance, in his pictures. A set of prints, after his designs, for Shakspeare and Cowper, exhibit a chaos of mingled genius and absurdity, such as, perhaps, was never before seen. He endeavored to bring Michael Angelo's apostles and prophets, with their superhuman ponderousness of intention, into the common-places of modern life. A student reading in a garden, is all over intensity of muscle; and the quiet tea-table scene in Cowper, he has turned into a preposterous conspiracy of huge men and women, all bent on showing their thews and postures, with dresses as fantastical as their minds. One gentleman, of the existence of whose trowsers you are not aware till you see the terminating line at the ankle, is sitting and looking grim on a sofa, with his hat on and no waistcoat. Yet there is real genius in his designs for Milton, though disturbed, as usual, by strainings after the energetic. His most extraordinary mistake, after all, is said to have been on the subject of his coloring. It was a sort of livid green, like brass diseased. Yet they say, that when praised for one of his pictures, he would modestly ob-

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serve, "It is a pretty color." This might have been thought a jest on his part, if remarkable stories were not told of the mistakes made by other people with regard to color. Sight seems the least agreed upon, of all the senses.

Fuseli was lively and interesting in conversation, but not without his usual faults of violence and pretension. Nor was he always as decorous as an old man ought to be; especially one whose turn of mind is not of the lighter and more pleasurable cast. The licenses he took were coarse, and had not sufficient regard to his company. Certainly they went a great deal beyond his friend Armstrong; to whose account, I believe, Fuseli's passion for swearing was laid. The poet condescended to be a great swearer, and Fuseli thought it energetic to swear like him. His friendship with Bonnycastle had something child-like and agreeable in it. They came and went away together, for years, like a couple of old schoolboys. They, also, like boys, rallied one another, and sometimes made a singular display of it—Fuseli, at least, for it was he that was the aggressor.

Bonnycastle was a good fellow. He was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep, internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate, like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upward at the sides. Wordsworth, who notices similar mysterious manifestations on the part of donkeys, would have thought it ominous. Bonnycastle was passionately fond of quoting Shakspeare, and telling stories; and if the *Edinburgh Review* had just come out, would give us all the jokes in it. He had once an hypochondriacal disorder of long duration; and he told us, that he should never forget the comfortable sensation given him one night during this disorder, by his knocking a landlord, that was insolent to him, down the man's staircase. On the strength of this piece of energy (having first ascertained that the offender was not killed) he went to bed, and had a sleep of unusual soundness. Perhaps Bonnycastle thought more highly of his talents than the amount of them strictly warranted; a mistake to which scientific men appear to be more liable than others, the universe they work in being so large, and their universality (in Bacon's sense of the word) being often so small. But the delusion was not only pardonable, but desirable, in a man so zealous in the performance of his duties, and so much of a human being to all about him, as Bonnycastle was. It was delightful one day to hear him speak with complacency of a translation which had appeared of one of his books in Arabic, and which began by saying, on the part of the translator, that "it had pleased God, for the advancement of human knowledge, to raise us up a Bonnycastle." Some of his stories were a little romantic, and no less authentic. He had an anecdote of a Scotchman, who boasted of being descended from the Admirable Crichton; in proof of which, the Scotchman said he had "a grit quantity of table-leenen in his possassion, marked A. C., Admirable Creechton."

Kinnaird, the magistrate, was a stout, sanguine man, under the middle height, with a fine, lamping black eye, lively to the last, and a person that "had increased, was increasing, and ought to have been diminished;" which is by no means what he thought of the prerogative. Next to his bottle he was fond of his Horace; and, in the intervals of business at the police-office, would enjoy both in his arm-chair. Between the vulgar calls of this kind of magistracy, and the perusal of the urbane Horace, there must have been a gusto of contradiction, which the bottle, perhaps, was required to render quite palatable. Fielding did not love his bottle the less for being obliged to lecture the drunken. Nor did his son, who succeeded him in taste and office. I know not how a former poet-laureat, Mr. Pye, managed; another man of letters who was fain to accept a situation of this kind. Having been a man of fortune and a member of Parliament, and loving his Horace to boot, he could hardly have done without his wine. I saw him once in a state of scornful indignation at being interrupted in the perusal of a manuscript by the monitions of his police-officers, who were obliged to remind him, over and over again, that he was a magistrate, and that the criminal multitude were in waiting. Every time the door opened, he threatened and he implored

"Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus."

Had you quoted this to Mr. Kinnaird, his eyes would have sparkled with good-fellowship: he would have finished the verse and the bottle with you, and proceeded to as many more as your head could stand. Poor fellow, the last time I saw him, he was an apparition formidably substantial. The door of our host's dining-room opened without my hearing it, and, happening to turn round, I saw a figure in a great coat literally almost as broad as it was long, and scarcely able to articulate. He was dying of a dropsy, and was obliged to revive himself, before he was fit to converse, by the wine that was killing him. But he had cares besides, and cares of no ordinary description; and, for my part, I will not blame even his wine for killing him, unless his cares could have done it more agreeably. After dinner that day, he was comparatively himself again, quoted his Horace as usual, talked of lords and courts with a relish, and begged that *God save the King* might be played to him on the piano-forte; to which he listened, as if his soul had taken its hat off. I believe he would have liked to die to *God save the King*, and to have "waked and found those visions true."

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[From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.]

ODE TO THE SUN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE main object of this poem is to impress the beautiful and animating fact, that the greatest visible agent in our universe, the Sun, is also one of the most beneficent; and thus to lead to the inference, that spiritual greatness and goodness are in like proportion, and its Maker beneficence itself, through whatever apparent inconsistencies he may work. The Sun is at once the greatest Might and Right that we behold.

A secondary intention of the poem is to admonish the carelessness with which people in general regard the divinest wonders of the creation, in consequence of being used to their society —this great and glorious mystery, the Sun, not excepted. "Familiarity," it is said, "breeds contempt." To which somebody emphatically added, "With the contemptible." I am far from meaning to say that all who behold the Sun with too little thought are contemptible. Habit does strange things, even with the most reflecting. But of this I am sure, that in proportion as any body wishes to prove himself worthy of his familiarity with great objects, he will not be sorry to be reminded of their greatness, especially as reverence need not diminish delight; for a heavenly "Father" can no more desire the admiration of him to be oppressive to us, than an earthly one; else fatherliness would be unfatherly, and sunshine itself a gloom.

When the Florentines crowded to some lectures of Galileo, because they were on a comet which had just made its appearance, the philosopher was bold enough to rebuke them for showing such a childish desire to hear him on this particular subject, when they were in the habit of neglecting the marvels of creation which daily presented themselves to their eyes.

ODE TO THE SUN.

Presence divine! Great lord of this our sphere!
  Bringer of light, and life, and joy, and beauty—
God midst a million gods, that far and near
  Hold each his orbs in rounds of rapturous duty;*
Oh, never may I, while I lift this brow,
Believe in any god *less* like a god than thou.

Thou art the mightiest of all things we see,
  And thou, the mightiest, art among the kindest;
The planets, dreadfully and easily,
  About thee, as in sacred sport, thou windest;
And thine illustrious hands, for all that power,
Light soft on the babe's cheek, and nurse the budding flower.

They say that in thine orb is movement dire,
  Tempest and flame, as on a million oceans:
Well may it be, thou heart of heavenly fire;
  Such looks and smiles befit a god's emotions,
We know thee gentle in the midst of all,
By those smooth orbs in heaven, this sweet fruit on the wall.

I feel thee, here, myself, soft on my hand;
  Around me is thy mute, celestial presence;
Reverence and awe would make me fear to stand
  Within thy beam, were not all Good its essence:
Were not all Good its essence, and from thence
All good, glad heart deriv'd, and child-like confidence.

I know that there is Fear, and Grief, and Pain,
  Strange foes, though stranger guardian friends of Pleasure:
I know that poor men lose, and rich men gain,
  Though oft th' unseen adjusts the seeming measure:
I know that Guile may teach, while Truth must bow,
Or bear contempt and shame on his benignant brow.

But while thou sit'st, mightier than all, O Sun,
  And e'en when sharpest felt, still throned in kindness,
I see that greatest and that best are one,
  And that all else works tow'rd it, though in blindness.
Evil I see, and Fear, and Grief, and Pain,
Work under Good, their lord, embodied in thy reign.

I see the molten gold darkly refine
  O'er the great sea of human joy and sorrow,
I hear the deep voice of a grief divine
  Calling sweet notes to some diviner morrow,
And though I know not how the two may part,
I feel thy rays, O Sun, write it upon my heart.

Upon my heart thou writest it, as thou,
  Heart of these worlds, art writ on by a greater:
Beam'd on with love from some still mightier brow,
  Perhaps by that which waits some new relater;
Some amaz'd man, who sees new splendors driven
Thick round a Sun of suns, and fears he looks at heaven.*

'Tis easy for vain man, Time's growing child,
  To dare pronounce on thy material seeming:
Heav'n, for its own good ends, is mute and mild
  To many a wrong of man's presumptuous dreaming.
Matter, or mind, of either, what knows he?
Or how with more than both thine orb divine may be?

Art thou a god, indeed? or thyself heaven?
  And do we taste thee here in light and flowers?
Art thou the first sweet place, where hearts, made even,
  Sing tender songs in earth-remembering bowers?
Enough, my soul. Enough through thee, O Sun,
To learn the sure good song—Greatest and Best are one.

Enough for man to work, to hope, to love,
  Copying thy zeal untir'd, thy smile unscorning:
Glad to see gods thick as the stars above,
  Bright with the God of gods' eternal morning;
Round about whom perchance endless they go,
Ripening their earths to heavens, as love and wisdom grow.

* *Rapturous*—transporting, carrying away. The reader can take the word either in its spiritual or material sense, or both; according as he agrees or disagrees with Keppler and others respecting the nature of the planetary bodies.

* Alluding to a central sun; that is to say, a sun governing other suns, which is supposed to exist in the constellation Hercules.

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[From Household Words.]

TWO-HANDED DICK THE STOCKMAN.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BUSH.

TRAVELING in the Bush one rainy season, I put up for the night at a small, weather-bound inn, perched half way up a mountain range, where several Bush servants on the tramp had also taken refuge from the down-pouring torrents. I had had a long and fatiguing ride over a very bad country, so, after supper, retired into the furthest corner of the one room, that served for "kitchen, and parlor, and all," and there, curled up in my blanket, in preference to the bed offered by our host, which was none of the cleanest; with half shut eyes, I glumly puffed at my pipe in silence, allowing the hubble-bubble of the Bushmen's gossip to flow through my unnoting ears.

Fortunately for my peace, the publican's stock of rum had been some time exhausted, and as I was the latest comer, all the broiling and frying had ceased, but a party sat round the fire, evidently set in for a spell at "yarning." At first the conversation ran in ordinary channels, such as short reminiscences of old world rascality, perils in the Bush. Till at length a topic arose which seemed to have a paramount interest for all. This was the prowess of a certain Two-handed Dick the Stockman.

"Yes, yes; I'll tell you what it is, mates," said one; "this confounded reading and writing, that don't give plain fellows like you and me a chance; now if it were to come to fighting for a living, I don't care whether it was half-minute time and London rules, rough and tumble, or single stick, or swords and bayonets, or tomahawks—I'm dashed if you and me, and Two-handed Dick, wouldn't take the whole Legislative Council, the Governor and Judges—one down t'other come on. Though, to be sure, Dick could thrash any two of us."

I was too tired to keep awake, and dozed off, to be again and again disturbed with cries of "Bravo, Dick!" "That's your sort!" "Houray, Dick!" all signifying approval of that individual's conduct in some desperate encounter, which formed the subject of a stirring narrative.

For months after that night this idea of Two-handed Dick haunted me, but the bustle of establishing a new station at length drove it out of my head.

I suppose a year had elapsed from the night when the fame of the double-fisted stockman first reached me. I had to take a three days' journey to buy a scofe of fine-wooled rams, through a country quite new to me, which I chose because it was a short-cut recently discovered. I got over, the first day, forty-five miles comfortably. The second day, in the evening, I met an ill-looking fellow walking with a broken musket, and his arm in a sling. He seemed sulky, and I kept my hand on my double-barreled pistol all the time I was talking to him; he begged a little tea and sugar, which I could not spare, but I threw him a fig of tobacco. In answer to my questions about his arm, he told me, with a string of oaths, that a bull, down in some mimosa flats, a day's journey ahead, had charged him, flung him into a water-hole, broken his arm, and made him lose his sugar and tea bag. Bulls in Australia are generally quiet, but this reminded me that some of the Highland black cattle imported by the Australian Company, after being driven off by a party of Gully Rakees (cattle stealers), had escaped into the mountains and turned quite wild. Out of this herd, which was of a breed quite unsuited to the country, a bull sometimes, when driven off by a stronger rival, would descend to the mimosa flats, and wander about, solitary and dangerously fierce.

It struck me, as I rode off, that it was quite as well my friend's arm and musket had been disabled, for he did not look the sort of man it would be pleasant to meet in a thicket of scrub, if he fancied the horse you rode. So, keeping one eye over my shoulder, and a sharp look-out for any other traveler of the same breed, I rode off at a brisk pace. I made out afterward that my foot friend was Jerry Johnson, hung for shooting a bullock-driver the following year.

At sun-down, when I reached the hut where I had intended to sleep, I found it deserted, and so full of fleas, I thought it better to camp out; so I hobbled out old Gray-tail on the best piece of grass I could find, which was very poor indeed.

The next morning, when I went to look for my horse, he was nowhere to be found. I put the saddle on my head and tracked him for hours; it was evident the poor beast had been traveling away in search of grass. I walked until my feet were one mass of blisters; at length, when about to give up the search in despair, having quite lost the track on stony ground, I came upon the marks quite fresh in a bit of swampy ground, and a few hundred yards further found Master Gray-tail rolling in the mud of a nearly dry water-hole as comfortably as possible. I put down the saddle and called him; at that moment I heard a loud roar and crash in a scrub behind me, and out rushed, at a terrific pace, a black Highland bull charging straight at me. I had only just time to throw myself on one side flat on the ground as he thundered by me. My next move was to scramble among a small clump of trees, one of great size, the rest were mere saplings.

The bull having missed his mark, turned again, and first revenged himself by tossing my saddle up in the air, until, fortunately, it lodged in some bushes; then, having smelt me out, he commenced a circuit round the trees, stamping, pawing, and bellowing frightfully. With his red eyes, and long, sharp horns, he looked like a demon; I was quite unarmed, having broken my knife the day before; my pistols were in my holsters, and I was wearied to death. My only chance consisted in dodging him round the trees until he should be tired out. Deeply did I regret

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having left my faithful dogs Boomer and Bounder behind.

The bull charged again and again, sometimes coming with such force against the tree that he fell on his knees, sometimes bending the saplings behind which I stood until his horns almost touched me. There was not a branch I could lay hold of to climb up. How long this awful game of "*touchwood*" lasted, I know not; it seemed hours; after the first excitement of self-preservation passed off, weariness again took possession of me, and it required all the instinct of self-preservation to keep me on my feet; several times the bull left me for a few seconds, pacing suddenly away, bellowing his malignant discontent; but before I could cross over to a better position he always came back at full speed. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes grew hot and misty, my knees trembled under me, I felt it impossible to hold out until dark. At length I grew desperate, and determined to make a run for the opposite covert the moment the bull turned toward the water-hole again. I felt sure I was doomed, and thought of it until I grew indifferent. The bull seemed to know I was worn out, and grew more fierce and rapid in his charges, but just when I was going to sit down under the great tree, and let him do his worst, I heard the rattle of a horse among the rocks above, and a shout that sounded like the voice of an angel. Then came the barking of a dog, and the loud reports of a stockwhip, but the bull, with his devilish eyes fixed on me, never moved.

Up came a horseman at full speed; crack fell the lash on the black bull's hide; out spirted the blood in a long streak. The bull turned savagely—charged the horseman. The horse wheeled round just enough to baffle him—no more—again the lash descended, cutting like a long, flexible razor, but the mad bull was not to be beaten off by a whip: he charged again and again; but he had met his match; right and left, as needed, the horse turned, sometimes pivoting on his hind, sometime on his fore-legs.

The stockman shouted something, leapt from his horse, and strode forward to meet the bull with an open knife between his teeth. As the beast lowered his head to charge, he seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a struggle, a cloud of dust, a stamping like two strong men wrestling—I could not see clearly; but the next moment the bull was on his back, the blood welling from his throat, his limbs quivering in death.

The stranger, covered with mud and dust, came to me, saying as unconcernedly as if he had been killing a calf in a slaughter-house, "He's dead enough, young man; he won't trouble any body any more."

I walked two or three paces toward the dead beast; my senses left me—I fainted.

When I came to myself, my horse was saddled, bridled, and tied up to a bush. My stranger friend was busy flaying the bull.

"I should like to have a pair of boots out of the old devil," he observed, in answer to my inquiring look, "before the dingoes and the eagle hawks dig into his carcase."

We rode out of the flats up a gentle ascent, as night was closing in. I was not in talking humor; but I said, "You have saved my life."

"Well, I rather think I have," but this was muttered in an under tone; "it's not the first I have saved, or taken either, for that matter."

I was too much worn out for thanking much, but I pulled out a silver hunting-watch and put it into his hand. He pushed it back, almost roughly, saying, "No, sir, not now; I shalln't take money or money's worth for that, though I may ask something some time. It's nothing, after all. I owed the old black devil a grudge for spoiling a blood filly of mine; besides, though I didn't know it when I rode up first, and went at the beast to take the devil out of myself as much as any thing—I rather think that you are the young gentleman that ran through the Bush at night to Manchester Dan's hut, when his wife was bailed up by the Blacks, and shot one-eyed Jackey, in spite of the Governor's proclamation."

"You seem to know me," I answered; "pray, may I ask who you are, if it is a fair question, for I can not remember ever having seen you before."

"Oh, they call me 'Two-handed Dick,' in this country."

The scene in the roadside inn flashed on my recollection. Before I could say another word, a sharp turn round the shoulder of the range we were traversing, brought us in sight of the fire of a shepherd's hut. The dogs ran out barking; we hallooed and cracked our whips, and the hut-keeper came to meet us with a fire-stick in his hand.

"Lord bless my heart and soul! Dick, is that thee at last? Well, I thought thee were't never coming;" cried the hut-keeper, a little man, who came limping forward very fast with the help of a crutch-handled stick. "I say, Missis, Missis, here's Dick, here's Two-handed Dick."

This was uttered in a shrill, hysterical sort of scream. Out came "Missis" at the top of her speed, and began hugging Dick as he was getting off his horse, her arms reached a little above his waist, laughing and crying, both at the same time, while her husband kept fast hold of the stockman's hand, muttering, "Lord, Dick I'm so glad to see thee." Meanwhile, the dogs barking, and a flock of weaned lambs just penned, ba'aing, made such a riot, that I was fairly bewildered. So, feeling myself one too many, I slipped away, leading off both the horses to the other side the hut, where I found a shepherd, who showed me a grass paddock to feed the nags a bit before turning them out for the night. I said to him, "What *is* the meaning of all this going on between your mate and his wife, and the big stockman?"

"The meaning, stranger: why, that's Two handed Dick, and my mate is little Jemmy that

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he saved, and Charley Anvils at the same time, when the blacks slaughtered the rest of the party, near on a dozen of them."

On returning, I found supper smoking on the table, and we had made a regular "bush" meal. The stockman then told my adventure, and, when they had exchanged all the news, I had little difficulty in getting the hut-keeper to the point I wanted; the great difficulty lay in preventing man and wife from telling the same story at the same time. However, by judicious management, I was able to gather the following account of *Two-handed Dick's Fight and Ride.*

"When first I met Dick he was second stockman to Mr. Ronalds, and I took a shepherd's place there; it was my second place in this country, for you see I left the old country in a bad year for the weaving trade, and was one of the first batch of free emigrants that came out, the rest were chiefly Irish. I found shepherding suit me very well, and my missis was hut-keeper. Well, Dick and I got very thick; I used to write his letters for him, and read in an evening, and so on. Well, though I undertook a shepherd's place, I soon found I could handle an ax pretty well. Throwing the shuttle gives the use of the arms, you see, and Dick put into my head that I could make more money if I took to making fences; I sharpening the rails, and making the mortice-holes, and a stranger man setting them. I did several jobs at odd times, and was thought very handy. Well, Mr. Ronalds, during the time of the great drought, five years ago, determined to send up a lot of cattle to the north, where he had heard there was plenty of water and grass, and form a station there. Dick was picked out as stockman; a young gentleman, a relative of Mr. Ronalds, went as head of the party, a very foolish, conceited young man, who knew very little of bush life, and would not be taught. There were eight splitters and fencers, besides Charley Anvils, the blacksmith, and two bullock drivers.

"I got leave to go because I wanted to see the country, and Dick asked. My missis was sorely against my going. I was to be storekeeper, as well as do any farming and work, if wanted.

"We had two drays, and were well armed. We were fifteen days going up before we got into the new country, and then we traveled five days; sometimes twenty-four hours without water, and sometimes had to unload the drays two or three times a day, to get over creeks. The fifth day we came to very fine land; the grass met over our horses' necks, and the river was a chain of water-holes, all full, and as clear as crystal. The kangaroos were hopping about as plentiful as rabbits in a warren; and the grass by the river side had regular tracks of the emus, where they went down to drink.

"We had been among signs of the blacks, too, for five days, but had not seen any thing of them, although we could hear the devils cooing at nightfall, calling to each other. We kept regular watch and watch at first—four sentinels, and every man sleeping with his gun at hand.

"Now, as it was Dick's business to tail (follow) the cattle, five hundred head, I advised him to have his musket sawed off in the barrel, so as to be a more handy size for using on horseback. He took my advice; and Charley Anvils made a very good job of it, so that he could bring it under his arm when hanging at his back from a rope sling, and fire with one hand. It was lucky I thought of it, as it turned out.

"At length the overseer fixed on a spot for the station. It was very well for water and grass, and a very pretty view, as he said, but it was too near a thicket where the blacks would lie in ambush, for safety. The old bushmen wanted it planted on a neck of land, where the waters protected it all but one side, and there a row of fence would have made it secure.

"Well, we set to work, and soon had a lot of tall trees down. Charley put up his forge and his grindstone, to keep the ax sharp, and I staid with him. Dick went tailing the cattle, and the overseer sat on a log, and looked on. The second day a mob of blacks came down on the opposite side of the river. They were quite wild, regular *myals*, but some of our men with green branches, went and made peace with them. They liked our bread and sugar; and after a short time we had a lot of them helping to draw rails, fishing for us, bringing wild honey, kangaroos, rats, and firewood, in return for butter and food, so we began to be less careful about our arms. We gave them iron tomahawks and they soon found out that they could cut out an opossum from a hollow in half-an-hour with one of our tomahawks, while it took a day with one of their own stone ones.

"And so the time passed very pleasantly. We worked away. The young men and gins worked for us. The chiefs adorned themselves with the trinkets and clothes we gave them, and fished and hunted, and admired themselves in the river.

"Dick never trusted them; he stuck to his cattle; he warned us not to trust them, and the overseer called him a blood-thirsty, murdering blackguard for his pains.

"One day, the whole party were at work, chopping and trimming weather-boards for the hut; the blacks helping as usual. I was turning the grindstone for Charley Anvils, and Dick was coming up to the dray to get some tea, but there was a brow of a hill between him and us: the muskets were all piled in one corner. I heard a howl, and then a scream—our camp was full of armed blacks. When I raised my head, I saw the chief, Captain Jack, we called him, with a broad ax in his hand, and the next minute he had chopped the overseer's head clean off; in two minutes all my mates were on the ground. Three or four came running up to us; one threw a spear at me, which I half parried with a pannikin I was using to wet the grindstone, but it fixed deep in my hip, and

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part of it I believe is there still. Charley Anvils had an ax in his hand, and cut down the first two fellows that came up to him, but he was floored in a minute with twenty wounds. They were so eager to kill me, that one of them, luckily, or I should not have been alive now, cut the spear in my hip short off. Another, a young lad I had sharpened a tomahawk for a few days before, chopped me across the head; you can see the white hair. Down I fell, and nothing could have saved us, but the other savages had got the tarpaulin off, and were screaming with delight, plundering the drays, which called my enemies off. Just then, Dick came in sight. He saw what was the matter; but although there were more than a hundred black devils, all armed, painted, bloody, and yelling, he never stopped or hesitated, but rode slap through the camp, fired bang among them, killing two, and knocking out the brains of another. As he passed by a top rail, where an ax was sticking, he caught it up. The men in the camp were dead enough; the chief warriors had made the rush there, and every one was pierced with several spears, or cut down from close behind by axes in the hands of the chiefs. We, being further off, had been attacked by the boys only. Dick turned toward us, and shouted my name; I could not answer, but I managed to sit up an instant; he turned toward me, leaned down, caught me by the jacket, and dragged me on before him like a log. Just then Charley, who had crept under the grindstone, cried, 'Oh, Dick, don't leave me!' As he said that, a lot of them came running down, for they had seen enough to know that, unless they killed us all, their job would not be half done. As Dick turned to face them, they gave way, and flung spears, but they could not hurt him: they managed to get between us and poor Charley. Dick rode back a circuit, and dropped me among some bushes on a hill, where I could see all. Four times he charged through and through a whole mob, with an ax in one hand, and his short musket in the other. He cut them down right and left, as if he had been mowing; he scared the wretches, although the old women kept screeching and urging them on, as they always do. At length, by help of his stirrup leather, he managed to get Charley up behind him. He never could have done it, but his mare fought, and bit, and turned when he bid her, so he threw the bridle on her neck, and could use that terrible left arm of his. Well, he came up to the hill, and lifted me on, and away we went for three or four miles, but we knew the mare could not stand it long, so Dick got off, and walked. When the blacks had pulled the drays' loads to pieces, they began to follow us, but Dick never lost heart—"

"Nay, mate," interrupted Dick, "once I did; I shall never forget it, when I came to put my last bullet in, it was too big."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what did you do?"

"Why, I put the bullet in my mouth, and kept chawing and chawing it, and threatening the black devils all the while, until at last it was small enough, and then I rammed it down, and dropped on my knee, and waited until they came within twenty yards, and then I picked off Captain Jack, the biggest villain of them all."

Here Dick, being warmed, continued the story: "We could not stop; we marched all evening and all night, and when the two poor creturs cried for water, as they did most of the night, as often as I could I filled my boots, and gave them to drink. I led the horse, and traveled seventy miles without halting for more than a minute or two. Toward the last they were as helpless as worn-out sheep. I tied them on. We had the luck to fall in with a party traveling just when the old mare was about giving in, and then we must all have died for want of water. Charley Anvils had eighteen wounds, but, except losing two fingers, is none the worse. Poor Jemmy, there, will never be fit for any thing but a hut-keeper; as for me, I had some scratches—nothing to hurt; and the old mare lost an ear. I went back afterward with the police, and squared accounts with the blacks.

"And so, you see, stranger, the old woman thinks I saved her old man's life, although I would have done as much for any one; but I believe there are some gentlemen in Sydney think I ought to have been hung for what I did. Any how, since that scrimmage in the bush, they always call me 'TWO-HANDED DICK.'"

[From Household Words.]

THE USES OF SORROW.

OH, grieve not for the early dead,
Whom God himself hath taken;
But deck with flowers each holy bed—
Nor deem thyself forsaken,
When one by one, they fall away,
Who were to thee as summer day.

Weep for the babes of guilt, who sleep
With scanty rags stretch'd o'er them,
On the dark road, the downward steep
Of misery; while before them
Looms out afar the dreadful tree,
And solemn, sad Eternity!

Nor weep alone; but when to Heaven
The cords of sorrow bind thee,
Let kindest help to such be given
As God shall teach to find thee;
And, for the sake of those above,
Do deeds of Wisdom, Mercy, Love.

The child that sicken'd on thy knee,
Thou weeping Christian mother,
Had learn'd in this world, lispingly,
Words suited for another.
Oh, dost thou think, with pitying mind,
On untaught infants left behind?

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BENJAMIN WEST.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE two principal houses at which I visited, till the arrival of our relations from the West Indies, were Mr. West's (late President of the Royal Academy), in Newman-street, and Mr. Godfrey Thornton's (of the distinguished city family), in Austin-Friars. How I loved the Graces in one, and every thing in the other! Mr. West (who, as I have already mentioned, had married one of my relations) had bought his house, I believe, not long after he came to England; and he had added a gallery at the back of it, terminating in a couple of lofty rooms. The gallery was a continuation of the house-passage, and, together with one of those rooms and the parlor, formed three sides of a garden, very small but elegant, with a grass-plot in the middle, and busts upon stands under an arcade. The gallery, as you went up it, formed an angle at a little distance to the left, then another to the right, and then took a longer stretch into the two rooms; and it was hung with the artist's sketches all the way. In a corner between the two angles was a study-door, with casts of Venus and Apollo, on each side of it. The two rooms contained the largest of his pictures; and in the farther one, after stepping softly down the gallery, as if reverencing the dumb life on the walls, you generally found the mild and quiet artist at his work; happy, for he thought himself immortal.

I need not enter into the merits of an artist who is so well known, and has been so often criticised. He was a man with regular, mild features; and, though of Quaker origin, had the look of what he was, a painter to a court. His appearance was so gentlemanly, that, the moment he changed his gown for a coat, he seemed to be full-dressed. The simplicity and self-possession of the young Quaker, not having time enough to grow stiff (for he went early to study at Rome), took up, I suppose, with more ease than most would have done, the urbanities of his new position. And what simplicity helped him to, favor would retain. Yet this man, so well bred, and so indisputably clever in his art (whatever might be the amount of his genius), had received so careless, or so homely an education when a boy, that he could hardly read. He pronounced also some of his words, in reading, with a puritanical barbarism, such as *haive* for *have*, as some people pronounce when they sing psalms. But this was perhaps an American custom. My mother, who both read and spoke remarkably well, would say *haive*, and *shaul* (for *shall*), when she sung her hymns. But it was not so well in reading lectures at the Academy. Mr. West would talk of his art all day long, painting all the while. On other subjects he was not so fluent; and on political and religious matters he tried hard to maintain the reserve common with those about a court. He succeeded ill in both. There were always strong suspicions of his leaning to his native side in politics; and during Bonaparte's triumph, he could not contain his enthusiasm for the Republican chief, going even to Paris to pay him his homage, when First Consul. The admiration of high colors and powerful effects, natural to a painter, was too strong for him. How he managed this matter with the higher powers in England, I can not say. Probably he was the less heedful, inasmuch as he was not very carefully paid. I believe he did a great deal for George the Third with little profit. Mr. West certainly kept his love for Bonaparte no secret; and it was no wonder, for the latter expressed admiration of his pictures. The artist thought the conqueror's smile enchanting, and that he had the handsomest leg he had ever seen. He was present when the "Venus de Medicis" was talked of, the French having just taken possession of her. Bonaparte, Mr. West said, turned round to those about him, and said, with his eyes lit up, "She's coming!" as if he had been talking of a living person. I believe he retained for the emperor the love that he had had for the First Consul, a wedded love, "for better, for worse." However, I believe also that he retained it after the emperor's downfall; which is not what every painter did.

PEACE

PEACE has a dwelling near a river
Where the darkened waters quiver,
Where the ripple we can hear
Bursting on the pebbly shore,
Making music soft and clear
For evermore, for evermore.

Peace has a dwelling near a wood
Where the cooing pigeons brood,
Where the sweet-voiced nightingale
Unto the moon her song doth pour,
And songsters swell the echoing vale
For evermore, for evermore.

Peace has a dwelling in the soul
That can its hopes and fears control;
In silent wood or city's din
Alike it may be found to dwell;
Its dearest home is that within
The chastened heart's profoundest cell

Peace has a dwelling where no more
The ear can hear the torrent roar,
Or lists the rippling of the river,
As softly it turns up its wave,
Where never more the moon-beams quiver
Within the silent grave.

Peace—oh, thou white-garmented
Maiden, with the flower-decked head,
Come, make thy mansion in my heart!
A tenant thou shalt freely rest,
And thou shalt soothe each bitter smart
That racks the chambers of my breas

CHARLES DRYDEN.

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[From Household Words.]

ALCHEMY AND GUNPOWDER.

THE day-dream of mankind has ever been the Unattainable. To sigh for what is beyond our reach is, from infancy to age, a fixed condition of our nature. To it we owe all the improvement that distinguishes civilized from savage life—to it we are indebted for all the great discoveries which, at long intervals, have rewarded thought.

Though the motives which stimulated the earliest inquiries were frequently undefined, and, if curiously examined, would be found to be sometimes questionable, it has rarely happened that the world has not benefited by them in the end Thus Astrology, which ascribed to the stars an influence over the actions and destinies of man; Magic, which attempted to reverse the laws of nature, and Alchemy, which aimed at securing unlimited powers of self-reward; all tended to the final establishment of useful science.

Of none of the sciences whose laws are fully understood, is this description truer than of that now called Chemistry, which once was Alchemy. That "knowledge of the substance or composition of bodies," which the Arabic root of both words implies, establishes a fact in place of a chimera. Experimental philosophy has made Alchemy an impossible belief, but the faith in it was natural in an age when reason was seldom appealed to. The credulity which accepted witchcraft for a truth, was not likely to reject the theory of the transmutation of metals, nor strain at the dogma of perpetual youth and health; the concomitants of the Philosopher's Stone.

The Alchemists claim for their science the remotest antiquity possible, but it was not until three or four centuries after the Christian era that the doctrine of transmutation began to spread. It was among the Arabian physicians that it took root. Those learned men, through whom was transmitted so much that was useful in astronomy, in mathematics, and in medicine, were deeply tinctured with the belief in an universal elixir, whose properties gave the power of multiplying gold, of prolonging life indefinitely, and of making youth perpetual. The discoveries which they made of the successful application of mercury in many diseases, led them to suppose that this agent contained within itself the germ of all curative influences, and was the basis of all other metals. An Eastern imagination, ever prone to heighten the effects of nature, was not slow to ascribe a preternatural force to this medicine, but not finding it in its simple state, the practitioners of the new science had recourse to combination, in the hope, by that means, of attaining their object. To fix mercury became their first endeavor, and this fixation they described as "catching the flying bird of Hermes." Once embarked in the illusory experiment, it is easy to perceive how far the Alchemists might be led; nor need it excite any wonder that in pursuit of the ideal, they accidentally hit upon a good deal that was real. The labors, therefore, of the Arabian physicians were not thrown away, though they entangled the feet of science in mazes, from which escape was only effected, after the lapse of centuries of misdirected efforts.

From the period we have last spoken of, until the commencement of the eleventh century, the only Alchemist of note is the Arabian Geber, who, though he wrote on the perfections of metals, of the new-found art of making gold, in a word, on the philosopher's stone, has only descended to our times as the founder of that jargon which passes under the name of "gibberish." He was, however, a great authority in the middle ages, and allusions to "Geber's cooks," and "Geber's kitchen," are frequent among those who at length saw the error of their ways, after wasting their substance in the vain search for the elixir.

A longer interval might have elapsed but for the voice of Peter the Hermit, whose fanatical scheme for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre was the cause of that gradual absorption, by the nations of the West, of the learning which had so long been buried in the East. The crusaders, or those, rather, who visited the shores of Syria under their protection—the men whose skill in medicine and letters rendered them useful to the invading armies—acquired a knowledge of the Arabian languages, and of the sciences cultivated by Arabian philosophers, and this knowledge they disseminated through Europe. Some part of it, it is true, was derived from the Moors in Spain, but it was all conveyed in a common tongue which began now to be understood. To this era belong the names of Alfonso the Wise, King of Castile; of Isaac Beimiram, the son of Solomon the physician; of Hali Abbas, the scholar of Abimeher Moyses, the son of Sejar; of Aben Sina, better known as Avicenna, and sometimes called Abohali; of Averroes of Cordova, surnamed the Commentator; of Rasis, who is also called Almanzor and Albumasar; and of John of Damascus, whose name has been latinized into Johannes Damascenus. All these, physicians by profession, were more or less professors of alchemy; and besides these were such as Artephius, who wrote alchemical tracts about the year 1130, but who deserves rather to be remembered for the cool assertion which he makes in his "Wisdom of Secrets" that, at the time he wrote he had reached the patriarchal—or fabulous—age of one thousand and twenty-five years!

The thirteenth century came, and with it came two men who stand first, as they then stood alone, in literary and scientific knowledge. One was a German, the other an Englishman; the first was Albertus Magnus, the last Roger Bacon.

Of the former, many wonderful stories are told: such, for instance, as his having given a banquet to the king of the Romans, in the gar-

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dens of his cloister at Cologne, when he converted the intensity of winter into a season of summer, full of flowers and fruits, which disappeared when the banquet was over; and his having constructed a marvelous automaton, called "Androïs," which, like the invention of his contemporary, Roger Bacon, was said to be capable of auguring all questions, past, present, and to come.

To know more than the rest of the world in any respect, but particularly in natural philosophy, was a certain method by which to earn the name of a necromancer in the middle ages, and there are few whose occult fame has stood higher than that of Roger Bacon. He was afraid, therefore, to speak plainly—indeed, it was the custom of the early philosophers to couch their knowledge in what Bacon himself calls the "tricks of obscurity;" and in his celebrated "*Epistola de Secretis*," he adverts to the possibility of his being obliged to do the same thing, through "*the greatness of the secrets* which he shall handle." With regard to the invention of his greatest secret, we shall give the words in which he speaks of the properties of gunpowder, and afterward show in what terms he concealed his knowledge. "*Noyses*," he says, "*may be made in the aire like thunders*, yea, with greater horror than those that come of nature; *for a little matter fitted to the quantity of a thimble, maketh a horrible noise and wonderful lightning*. And this is done after sundry fashions, *whereby any citie or armie may be destroyed*." A more accurate description of the explosion of gunpowder could scarcely be given, and it is not to be supposed that Bacon simply confined himself to the theory of his art, when he knew so well the consequences arising from a practical application of it. On this head there is a legend extant, which has not, to our knowledge, been printed before, from which we may clearly see why he contented himself with the cabalistic form in which he conveyed his knowledge of what he deemed a fatal secret.

Attached to Roger Bacon's laboratory, and a zealous assistant in the manifold occupations with which the learned Franciscan occupied himself, was a youthful student, whose name is stated to have been Hubert de Dreux. He was a Norman, and many of the attributes of that people were conspicuous in his character. He was of a quick intelligence, and hasty courage, fertile in invention, and prompt in action, eloquent of discourse, and ready of hand; all excellent qualities, to which was superadded an insatiable curiosity. Docile to receive instruction, and apt to profit by it, Hubert became a great favorite with the philosopher, and to him Bacon expounded many of the secrets—or supposed secrets—of the art which he strove to bring to perfection. He instructed him also in the composition of certain medicines, which Bacon himself believed might be the means of prolonging life, though not to the indefinite extent dreamed of by those who put their whole faith in the Great Elixir.

But there never yet was an adept in any art or science who freely communicated to his pupil the full amount of his own knowledge; something for experience to gather, or for ingenuity to discover, is always kept in reserve, and the instructions of Roger Bacon stopped short at one point. He was himself engaged in the prosecution of that chemical secret which he rightly judged to be a dangerous one, and, while he experimented with the compound of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, he kept himself apart from his general laboratory, and wrought in a separate cell, to which not even Hubert had access. To know that the friar had a mysterious occupation, which, more than the making of gold or the universal medicine, engrossed him, was enough of itself to rouse the young man's curiosity; but when to this was added the fact, that, from time to time, strange and mysterious noises were heard, accompanied by bright corruscations and a new and singular odor, penetrating through the chinks close to which his eyes were stealthily riveted, Hubert's eagerness to know all that his master concealed had no limit. He resolved to discover the secret, even though he should perish in the attempt; he feared that there was good reason for the accusation of dealing in the Black Art, which, more than all others, the monks of Bacon's own convent countenanced; but this apprehension only stimulated him the more. For some time Hubert waited without an opportunity occurring for gratifying the secret longing of his heart; at last it presented itself.

To afford medical assistance to the sick, was, perhaps, the most useful practice of conventual life, and the monks had always among them practitioners of the healing art, more or less skillful. Of this number, Roger Bacon was the most eminent, not only in the monastery to which he belonged, but in all Oxford.

It was about the hour of noon on a gloomy day toward the end of November, in the year 1282, while the Friar and his pupil were severally employed, the former in his secret cell, and the latter in the general laboratory, that there arrived at the gate of the Franciscan convent a messenger on horseback, the bearer of news from Abingdon, that Walter de Losely, the sheriff of Berkshire, had that morning met with a serious accident by a hurt from a lance, and was then lying dangerously wounded at the hostelry of the Checkers in Abingdon, whither he had been hastily conveyed. The messenger added, that the leech who had been called in was most anxious for the assistance of the skillful Friar, Roger Bacon, and urgently prayed that he would lose no time in coming to the aid of the wounded knight.

Great excitement prevailed among the monks on the receipt of this intelligence, for Walter de Losely was not only a man of power and influence, but moreover, a great benefactor to their order. Friar Bacon was immediately sought and speedily made his appearance, the urgency of the message admitting of no delay. He

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hastily enjoined Hubert to continue the preparation of an amalgam which he was desirous of getting into a forward state, and taking with him his case of instruments with the bandages and salves which he thought needful, was soon mounted on an easy, ambling palfrey on his way toward Abingdon, the impatient messenger riding before him to announce his approach.

When he was gone, quiet again reigned in the convent, and Hubert de Dreux resumed his occupation. But it did not attract him long. Suddenly he raised his head from the work and his eyes were lit up with a gleam in which joy and fear seemed equally blended. For the first time, for months, he was quite alone. What if he could obtain access to his master's cell and penetrate the mystery in which his labors had been so long enveloped! He cautiously stole to the door of the laboratory, and peeped out into a long passage, at the further extremity of which a door opened into a small court where, detached from the main edifice and screened from all observation, was a small building which the Friar had recently caused to be constructed. He looked about him timorously, fearing lest he might be observed; but there was no cause for apprehension, scarcely any inducement could have prevailed with the superstitious Franciscans to turn their steps willingly in the direction of Roger Bacon's solitary cell.

Reassured by the silence, Hubert stole noiselessly onward, and tremblingly approached the forbidden spot. His quick eye saw at a glance that the key was not in the door, and his countenance fell. The Friar's treasure was locked up! He might see something, however, if he could not enter the chamber. He knelt down, therefore, at the door, and peered through the keyhole. As he pressed against the door, in doing so, it yielded to his touch. In the haste with which Friar Bacon had closed the entrance, the bolt had not been shot. Herbert rose hastily to his feet, and the next moment he was in the cell, looking eagerly round upon the crucibles and alembics, which bore witness to his master's labors. But beyond a general impression of work in hand, there was nothing to be gleaned from this survey. An open parchment volume, in which the Friar had recently been writing, next caught his attention. If the secret should be there in any known language. Hubert knew something of the Hebrew, but nothing yet of Arabic. He was reassured; the characters were familiar to him; the language Latin. He seized the volume, and read the few lines which the Friar had just traced on the last page.

They ran thus:

"Videas tamen utrum loquar in ænigmate vel secundum veritatem." And, further (which we translate): "He that would see these things shall have the key that openeth and no man shutteth, and when he shall shut no man is able to open again."

"But the secret—the secret!" cried Hubert, impatiently, "let me know what 'these things' are!"

He hastily turned the leaf back and read again. The passage was that one in the "*Epistola de Secretis*" which spoke of the artificial thunder and lightning, and beneath it was the full and precise receipt for its composition. This at once explained the strange noises and the flashes of light which he had so anxiously noticed. Surprising and gratifying as this discovery might be, there was, Hubert thought, something beyond. Roger Bacon, he reasoned, was not one to practice an experiment like this for mere amusement. It was, he felt certain, a new form of invocation, more potent, doubtless, over the beings of another world, than any charm yet recorded. Be it as it might, he would try whether, from the materials around him, it were not in his power to produce the same result.

"Here are all the necessary ingredients," he exclaimed; "this yellowish powder is the well known sulphur, in which I daily bathe the argent-vive; this bitter, glistening substance is the salt of the rock, the *salis petræ;* and this black calcination, the third agent. But the proportions are given, and here stands a glass cucurbit in which they should be mingled. It is of the form my master mostly uses—round, with a small neck and a narrow mouth, to be luted closely, without doubt. He has often told me that the sole regenerating power of the universe is heat; yonder furnace shall supply it, and then Hubert de Dreux is his master's equal!"

. . . . . .

The short November day was drawing to a close, when, after carefully tending the wounded sheriff, and leaving such instructions with the Abingdon leech as he judged sufficient for his patient's well-doing, Roger Bacon again mounted his palfrey, and turned its head in the direction of Oxford. He was unwilling to be a loiterer after dark, and his beast was equally desirous to be once more comfortably housed, so that his homeward journey was accomplished even more rapidly than his morning excursion; and barely an hour had elapsed when the Friar drew the rein at the foot of the last gentle eminence, close to which lay the walls of the cloistered city. To give the animal breathing-space, he rode quietly up the ascent, and then paused for a few moments before he proceeded, his mind intent on subjects foreign to the speculations of all his daily associations.

Suddenly, as he mused on his latest discovery and calculated to what principal object it might be devoted, a stream of fiery light shot rapidly athwart the dark, drear sky, and before he had space to think what the meteor might portend, a roar as of thunder shook the air, and simultaneous with it, a shrill, piercing scream, mingled with the fearful sound; then burst forth a volume of flame, and on the wind came floating a sulphurous vapor which, to him alone, revealed the nature of the explosion he had just witnessed.

"Gracious God!" he exclaimed, while the cold sweat poured like rain-drops down his forehead, "the fire has caught the fulminating powder! But what meant that dreadful cry?

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Surely nothing of human life has suffered! The boy Hubert—but, no—he was at work at the further extremity of the building. But this is no time for vain, conjecture—let me learn the worst at once!"

And with these words he urged his affrighted steed to its best pace, and rode rapidly into the city.

All was consternation there: the tremendous noise had roused every inhabitant, and people were hurrying to and fro, some hastening toward the place from whence the sound had proceeded, others rushing wildly from it. It was but too evident that a dreadful catastrophe, worse even than Bacon dreaded, had happened. It was with difficulty he made his way through the crowd, and came upon the ruin which still blazed fiercely, appalling the stoutest of heart. There was a tumult of voices, but above the outcries of the affrighted monks, and of the scared multitude, rose the loud voice of the Friar, calling upon them to extinguish the flames. This appeal turned all eyes toward him, and then associating him with an evil, the cause of which they were unable to comprehend, the maledictions of the monks broke forth.

"Seize the accursed magician," they shouted; "he has made a fiery compact with the demon! Already one victim is sacrificed—our turn will come next! See, here are the mangled limbs of his pupil, Hubert de Dreux! The fiend has claimed his reward, and borne away his soul. Seize on the wicked sorcerer, and take him to a dungeon!"

Roger Bacon sate stupefied by the unexpected blow; he had no power, if he had possessed the will, to offer the slightest resistance to the fury of the enraged Franciscans, who, in the true spirit of ignorance, had ever hated him for his acquirements. With a deep sigh for the fate of the young man, whose imprudence he now saw had been the cause of this dreadful event, he yielded himself up to his enemies; they tore him from his palfrey, and with many a curse, and many a buffet, dragged him to the castle, and lodged him in one of its deepest dungeons.

The flames from the ruined cell died out of themselves; but those which the envy and dread of Bacon's genius had kindled, were never extinguished, but with his life.

In the long years of imprisonment which followed—the doom of the stake being averted only by powerful intercession with the Pope—Bacon had leisure to meditate on the value of all he had done to enlarge the understanding and extend the knowledge of his species. "The prelates and friars," he wrote in a letter which still remains, "have kept me starving in close prison, nor will they suffer any one to come to me, fearing lest my writings should come to any other than the Pope and themselves."

He reflected that of all living men he stood well-nigh alone in the consciousness that in the greatest of his inventions he had produced a discovery of incalculable value, but one for which on every account the time was not ripe.

"I will not die," he said, "without leaving to the world the evidence that the secret was known to me whose marvelous power future ages shall acknowledge. But not yet shall it be revealed. Generations must pass away and the minds of men become better able to endure the light of science, before they can profit by my discovery. Let him who already possesses knowledge, guess the truth these words convey."

And in place of the directions by which Hubert de Dreux had been guided, he altered the sentence as follows:

"Sed tamen salis petre,
LURU MONE CAP UBRE
et sulphuris."

The learned have found that these mystical words conceal the anagram of *Carbonum pulvere*, the third ingredient in the composition of Gunpowder.

[From a Month at Constantinople.]

GLIMPSES OF THE EAST.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

A TURKISH BATH.—The second day I was at Constantinople I had a bath, in the proper Turkish fashion; and this was quite as novel in its way as every thing else had been. The establishment patronized was the head one in Stamboul; and we went from the street into a very large hall, entirely of marble, with a gallery round the walls, in which were couches, as well as down below. On these different visitors were reposing; some covered up and lying quite still, others smoking narghilés, and drinking coffee. Towels and cloths were drying on lines, and in the corner was a little shed, serving as a Câfé.

We went up-stairs and undressed, giving our watches and money to the attendant, who tied our clothes up in a bundle. He then tucked a colored wrapper round our waists, and threw a towel over our shoulders, after which we walked down stairs, and put on some wooden clogs at the door of the next apartment. The first thing these did was to send me head over heels, to the great discomfiture of my temporary costume, and equal delight of the bathers there assembled. We remained in this room, which was of an increased temperature, idling upon other couches, until we were pronounced ready to go into the second chamber. I contrived, with great care and anxiety, to totter into it upon my clogs, and found another apartment of marble, very warm indeed, and lighted from the top by a dome of glass "bull's-eyes." In the middle of this chamber was a hot, raised octagon platform, also of marble, and in the recesses of the sides were marble vases, and tanks, with taps for hot and cold water, and channels in the floor to carry off the suds. Two savage, unearthly boys, their heads all shaved, with the exception of a tuft on the top, and in their scant costume of a towel only, looking more like wild Indians than Turks, now seized hold of me, and forcing me back upon the hot marble floor commenced a

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dreadful series of tortures, such as I had only read of as pertaining to the dark ages. It was of no use to resist. They clutched hold of the back of my neck, and I thought they were going to strangle me; then they pulled at my arms and legs, and I thought again they were going to put me on the rack; and lastly, when they both began to roll backward and forward on my chest, doubling my cracking elbows underneath them, I thought, finally, that my last minute was come, and that death by suffocation would finish me. They were fiends, and evidently delighted in my agony; not allowing me to look to the right or left after my companions, and throwing themselves on me again, whenever they conceived I was going to call the dragoman to my assistance. I do not know that I ever passed such a frightful five minutes, connected with bathing, nervous as are some of the feelings which that pastime gives rise to. It is very terrible to take the first summer plunge into a deep, dark river, and when you are at the bottom, and the water is roaring in your ears, to think of dead bodies and crocodiles; it is almost worse to make that frightful journey down a steep beach, in a bathing machine, with a vague incertitude as to where you will find yourself when the doors open again: but nothing can come up to what I suffered in my last extremity, in this Constantinople bath. Thoughts of Turkish cruelty and the sacks of the Bosphorus; of home, and friends, and my childhood's bowers—of the sadness of being murdered in a foreign bath—and the probability of my Giaour body being eaten by the wild dogs, crowded rapidly on me, as these demons increased their tortures; until, collecting all my strength for one last effort, I contrived to throw them off, one to the right and the other to the left, some half dozen feet—and regained my legs.

The worst was now over, certainly; but the persecution still continued sufficiently exciting. They seized on me again, and led me to the tanks, where they almost flayed me with horse-hair gloves, and drowned me with bowls of warm water, poured continuously on my head. I could not see, and if I again tried to cry out, they thrust a large soapy swab, made of the fibres that grow at the foot of the date palm, into my mouth, accompanying each renewed act of cruelty with a demand for *bakshcesh*. At last, being fairly exhausted, themselves, they swathed me in a great many towels; and I was then half carried, half pushed, up stairs again, where I took my place upon my couch with feelings of great joy and thankfulness.

I now began to think that all the horrors I had undergone were balanced by the delicious feeling of repose that stole over me. I felt that I could have stopped there forever, with the fragrant coffee steaming at my side, and the soothing bubble of the *narghilés* sounding in every direction. I went off into a day dream—my last clear vision being that of a man having his head shaved all but a top knot, which was long enough to twist round and round, under his fez—and could scarcely believe that an hour had elapsed, when the dragoman suggested our return to the bustling world without.

The Slave Market at Constantinople.—No European goes to the East with a clear idea of a Slave-market He has seen fanciful French lithographs, and attractive scenes in Eastern ballets, where the pretty girls appeared ready, on the shortest notice, and in the most bewitching costumes, to dance the Gitana, Romaika, Tarantella, Redowa, or any other characteristic *pas* that might be required of them. Or if not schooled into these impressions, he takes the indignant view of the subject, and thinks of nothing but chains and lashes, and finds, at last, that one is just as false as the other.

There is now no regular slave-market at Constantinople. The fair Circassians and Georgians reside in the houses of the merchants, to whom many of them are regularly consigned by their friends, and of these it is impossible for a Frank to obtain a glimpse, for the usual privacy of the harem is granted to them. The chief dépôt of the blacks is in a large court-yard attached to the Mosque of Suleyman. In a street immediately outside the wall was a row of coffee-houses, where opium was also to be procured for smoking, which is by no means so general a practice as is imagined; and over and behind these were buildings in which the slaves were kept. It is true that these were grated, but the lattices through which only the Turkish women can look abroad, gave a far greater notion of imprisonment.

There were a great many women and children grouped about in the court-yard, and all those who appeared to possess any degree of intelligence were chatting and laughing. Some were wrapped up in blankets and crouching about in corners; but in these, sense and feeling seemed to be at the lowest ebb. I should be very sorry to run against any proper feelings on the subject, but I do honestly believe that if any person of average propriety and right-mindedness were shown these creatures, and told that their lot was to become the property of others, and work in return for food and lodging, he would come to the conclusion that it was all they were fit for—indeed, he might think that they had gained in exchanging their wretched savage life for one of comparative civilization. I would not pretend, upon the strength of a hurried visit to a city, to offer the slightest opinion upon the native domestic and social economy; but I can say, that whenever I have seen the black slaves abroad, they have been neatly dressed, and apparently well kept; and that, if shopping with their mistresses in the bazaars, the conversation and laughing that passed between them was like that between two companions. The truth is that the "virtuous indignation" side of the question holds out grander opportunities to an author for fine writing than the practical fact. But this style of composition should not always be implicitly

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relied upon; I knew a man who was said by certain reviews and literary *cliques* to be "a creature of large sympathies for the poor and oppressed," because he wrote touching things about them; but who would abuse his wife, and brutally treat his children, and harass his family, and then go and drink until his large heart was sufficiently full to take up the "man-and-brother" line of literary business, and suggest that a tipsy chartist was as good as a quiet gentleman. Of this class are the writers who even call livery "a badge of slavery," and yet, in truth, if the real slave felt as proud of his costume and calves as John feels, he might be considerably envied for his content by many of us.

As we entered the court-yard, a girl rose and asked Demetri if I wanted to buy her. I told him to say that I did, and would take her to England. She asked Demetri where that was, and on being told that it was so many days' journey, she ran away, declaring that she would never go so far with any body. We next went up to a circle of black females, who had clustered under the shade of a tree. A Turkish woman in her vail was talking to them. I made Demetri tell them that we had no slaves in England, as our queen did not allow it, but that every one was free as soon as they touched the land. This statement excited a laugh of the loudest derision from all the party, and they ran to tell it to their companions, who screamed with laughter as well; so that I unwittingly started a fine joke that day in the slave-market.

Dogs in Constantinople.—After an hour's doze I woke up again, and went and sat by the window. The noise I then heard I shall never forget.

To say that if all the sheep-dogs going to Smithfield on a market-day had been kept on the constant bark, and pitted against the yelping curs upon all the carts in London, they could have given any idea of the canine uproar that now first astonished me, would be to make the feeblest of images. The whole city rang with one vast riot. Down below me at Tophané—over at Stamboul—far away at Scutari—the whole eighty thousand dogs that are said to overrun Constantinople, appeared engaged in the most active extermination of each other, without a moment's cessation. The yelping, howling, barking, growling, and snarling, were all merged into one uniform and continuous, even sound, as the noise of frogs becomes when heard at a distance. For hours there was no lull. I went to sleep, and woke again, and still, with my windows open, I heard the same tumult going on: nor was it until daybreak that any thing like tranquillity was restored. In spite of my early instruction, the dogs delight to bark and bite, and should be allowed to do so, it being their nature, I could not help wishing that, for a short season, the power was vested in me to carry out the most palpable service for which brickbats and the Bosphorus could be made conjointly available.

Going out in the day-time, it is not difficult to find traces of the fights of the night, about the limbs of all the street-dogs. There is not one, among their vast number, in the enjoyment of a perfect skin. Some have their ears gnawed away or pulled off; others have had their eyes taken out; from the backs and haunches of others, perfect steaks of flesh have been torn away; and all bear the scars of desperate combats.

Wild and desperate as is their nature, these poor animals are susceptible of kindness. If a scrap of bread is thrown to one of them now and then, he does not forget it; for they have, at times, a hard matter to live—not the dogs among the shops of Galata or Stamboul, but those whose "parish" lies in the large burying-grounds and desert-places without the city; for each keeps, or rather is kept, to his district; and if he chanced to venture into a strange one, the odds against his return would be very large. One battered old animal, to whom I used occasionally to toss a scrap of food, always followed me from the hotel to the cross-street at Pera, where the two soldiers stand on guard, but would never come beyond this point. He knew the fate that awaited him had he done so; and therefore, when I left him, he would lie down in the road and go to sleep until I came back. When a horse or camel dies, and is left about the roads near the city, the bones are soon picked very clean by these dogs, and they will carry the skulls or pelves to great distances. I was told that they will eat their dead fellows—a curious fact, I believe, in canine economy. They are always troublesome—not to say dangerous—at night; and are especially irritated by Europeans, whom they will single out among a crowd of Levantines.

[From the Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.]

CHRIST-HOSPITAL WORTHIES.

CHRIST-HOSPITAL is a nursery of tradesmen, of merchants, of naval officers, of scholars; it has produced some of the greatest ornaments of their time; and the feeling among the boys themselves is, that it is a medium, between the patrician pretension of such schools as Eton the Westminster, and the plebeian submission of and charity schools. In point of University honors, it claims to be equal with the best; and though other schools can show a greater abundance of eminent names, I know not where many will be found who are a greater host in themselves. One original author is worth a hundred transmitters of elegance; and such a one is to be found in Richardson, who here received what education he possessed. Here Camden also received the rudiments of his. Bishop Stillingfleet, according to the memoirs of Pepys, lately published, was brought up in the school. We have had many eminent scholars, two of them Greek professors, to wit, Barnes, and the present Mr. Scholefield, the latter of whom attained an extraordinary succession of University honors. The

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rest are Markland; Middleton, late Bishop of Calcutta; and Mitchell, the translator of "Aristophanes." Christ-Hospital, I believe, toward the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present, sent out more living writers, in its proportion, than any other school. There was Dr. Richards, author of the "Aboriginal Britons;" Dyer, whose life was one unbroken dream of learning and goodness, and who used to make us wonder with passing through the school-room (where no other person in "town-clothes" ever appeared) to consult books in the library; Le Grice, the translator of "Longus:" Horne, author of some well-known productions in controversial divinity; Surr, the novelist (not in the Grammar school); James White, the friend of Charles Lamb, and not unworthy of him, author of "Falstaff's Letters" (this was he who used to give an anniversary dinner to the chimney-sweepers, merrier than, though not so magnificent as Mrs. Montague's); Pitman, a celebrated preacher, editor of some school-books, and religious classics; Mitchell, before mentioned; myself, who stood next him; Barnes, who came next, the editor of the "Times," than whom no man (if he had cared for it) could have been more certain of obtaining celebrity for wit and literature; Townsend, a prebendary of Durham, author of "Armageddon," and several theological works; Gilly, another of the Durham prebendaries, who wrote the "Narrative of the Waldenses;" Scargill, a Unitarian minister, author of some tracts on Peace and War, &c.; and lastly, whom I have kept by way of climax, Coleridge and Charles Lamb, two of the most original geniuses, not only of the day, but of the country. We have had an embassador among us; but as he, I understand, is ashamed of us, we are hereby more ashamed of him, and accordingly omit him.

Coleridge I never saw till he was old. Lamb I recollect coming to see the boys, with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease. His brown complexion may have been owing to a visit in the country; his air of uneasiness to a great burden of sorrow. He dressed with a quaker-like plainness. I did not know him as Lamb: I took him for a Mr. "Guy," having heard somebody address him by that appellative, I suppose in jest.

Every upper boy at school appears a giant to a little one. "Big boy" and senior are synonymous. Now and then, however, extreme smallness in a senior scholar gives a new kind of dignity, by reason of the testimony it bears to the ascendency of the intellect. It was the custom for the monitors at Christ-Hospital, during prayers before meat, to stand fronting the tenants of their respective wards, while the objects of their attention were kneeling. Looking up, on one of these occasions, toward a new monitor who was thus standing, and whose face was unknown to me (for there were six hundred of us, and his ward was not mine), I thought him the smallest boy that could ever have attained to so distinguished an eminence. He was little in person, little in face, and he had a singularly juvenile cast of features, even for one so *petite*.

It was Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes. He had really attained his position prematurely. I rose afterward to be next to him in the school; and from a grudge that existed between us, owing probably to a reserve, which I thought pride, on his part, and to an ardency which he may have considered frivolous on mine, we became friends. Circumstances parted us in after life: I became a reformist, and he a quarterly reviewer; but he sent me kindly remembrances not long before he died. I did not know he was declining; and it will ever be a pain to me to reflect, that delay conspired with accident to hinder my sense of it from being known to him, especially as I learned that he had not been so prosperous as I supposed. He had his weaknesses as well as myself, but they were mixed with conscientious and noble qualities. Zealous as he was for aristocratical government, he was no indiscriminate admirer of persons in high places; and, though it would have bettered his views in life, he had declined taking orders, from nicety of religious scruple. Of his admirable scholarship I need say nothing.

Equally good scholar, but of a less zealous temperament was Barnes, who stood next me on the deputy-Grecian form, and who was afterward identified with the sudden and striking increase of the *Times* newspaper in fame and influence. He was very handsome when young, with a profile of Grecian regularity; and was famous among us for a certain dispassionate humor, for his admiration of the works of Fielding, and for his delight, nevertheless, in pushing a narrative to its utmost, and drawing upon his stores of fancy for intensifying it; an amusement for which he possessed an understood privilege. It was painful in after-life to see his good looks swallowed up in corpulency, and his once handsome mouth thrusting its under lip out, and panting with asthma. I believe he was originally so well constituted, in point of health and bodily feeling, that he fancied he could go on all his life without taking any of the usual methods to preserve his comfort. The editorship of the *Times*, which turned his night into day, and would have been a trying burden to any man, completed the bad consequences of his negligence, and he died painfully before he was old. Barnes wrote elegant Latin verse, a classical English style, and might assuredly have made himself a name in wit and literature, had he cared much for any thing beyond his glass of wine and his Fielding.

What pleasant days have I not passed with him, and other schoolfellows, bathing in the New River, and boating on the Thames. He and I began to learn Italian together; and any body not within the pale of the enthusiastic, might have thought us mad, as we went shouting the beginning of Metastasio's ode to Venus, as loud as we could bawl, over the Hornsey-fields.

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LEIGH HUNT DROWNING.

AT Oxford, my love of boating had nearly cost me my life. I had already had a bit of a taste of drowning in the river Thames, in consequence of running a boat too hastily on shore; but it was nothing to what I experienced on this occasion. The schoolfellow whom I was visiting was the friend whose family lived in Spring Gardens. We had gone out in a little decked skiff, and not expecting disasters in the gentle Isis, I had fastened the sail-line, of which I had the direction, in order that I might read a volume which I had with me, of Mr. Cumberland's novel called "Henry." My friend was at the helm. The wind grew a little strong, and we had just got into Iffley Reach, when I heard him exclaim, "Hunt, we are over!" The next moment I was under the water, gulping it, and giving myself up for lost. The boat had a small opening in the middle of the deck, under which I had thrust my feet; this circumstance had carried me over with the boat, and the worst of it was, I found I had got the sail-line round my neck. My friend, who sat on the deck itself, had been swept off, and got comfortably to shore, which was at a little distance.

My bodily sensations were not so painful as I should have fancied they would have been. My mental reflections were very different, though one of them, by a singular meeting of extremes, was of a comic nature. I thought that I should never see the sky again, that I had parted with all my friends, and that I was about to contradict the proverb which said that a man who was born to be hung would never be drowned; for the sail-line, in which I felt entangled, seemed destined to perform for me both the offices. On a sudden, I found an oar in my hand, and the next minute I was climbing, with assistance, into a wherry, in which there sat two Oxonians, one of them helping me, and loudly and laughingly differing with the other, who did not at all like the rocking of the boat, and who assured me, to the manifest contradiction of such senses as I had left, that there was no room. This gentleman is now no more, and I shall not mention his name, because I might do injustice to the memory of a brave man struck with a panic. The name of his companion, if I mistake not, was Russell. I hope he was related to an illustrious person of the same name, to whom I have lately been indebted for what may have been another prolongation of my life.

On returning to town, which I did on the top of an Oxford coach, I was relating this story to the singular person who then drove it (Bobart, who had been a collegian), when a man who was sitting behind surprised us with the excess of his laughter. On asking him the reason, he touched his hat, and said, "Sir, I'm his footman." Such were the delicacies of the livery, and the glorifications of their masters with which they entertain the kitchen. — *From the Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.*

WILLIAM PITT.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE following very graphic and very severe critical estimate of WILLIAM PITT, the great Prime Minister of England during the stormy era of the French Revolution, was written by COLERIDGE for the London Morning Post, with which he was then connected. It appeared in the number of that paper, dated Wednesday, March 19, 1800. We copy it from COLERIDGE'S "Essays on His Own Times," just published in London.

PLUTARCH, in his comparative biography of Rome and Greece, has generally chosen for each pair of lives the two contemporaries who most nearly resemble each other. His work would, perhaps have been more interesting, if he had adopted the contrary arrangement and selected those rather, who had attained to the possession of similar influence or similar fame, by means, actions, and talents, the most dissimilar. For power is the sole object of philosophical attention in man, as in inanimate nature: and in the one equally as in the other, we understand it more intimately, the more diverse the circumstances are with which we have observed it coexist. In our days the two persons, who appear to have influenced the interests and actions of men the most deeply and the most diffusively are beyond doubt the Chief Consul of France, and the Prime Minister of Great Britain; and in these two are presented to us similar situations with the greatest dissimilitude of characters.

William Pitt was the younger son of Lord Chatham; a fact of no ordinary importance in the solution of his character, of no mean significance in the heraldry of morals and intellect. His father's rank, fame, political connections, and parental ambition were his mould; he was cast, rather than grew. A palpable election, a conscious predestination controlled the free agency, and transfigured the individuality of his mind; and that, which he *might have been*, was compelled into that, which he *was to be*. From his early childhood it was his father's custom to make him stand up on a chair, and declaim before a large company; by which exercise, practiced so frequently, and continued for so many years, he acquired a premature and unnatural dexterity in the combination of words, which must of necessity have diverted his attention from present objects, obscured his impressions, and deadened his genuine feelings. Not the *thing* on which he was speaking, but the praises to be gained by the speech, were present to his intuition; hence he associated all the operations of his faculties with words, and his pleasures with the surprise excited by them.

But an inconceivably large portion of human knowledge and human power is involved in the science and management of *words;* and an education of words, though it destroys genius, will often create, and always foster, talent. The young Pitt was conspicuous far beyond his

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fellows, both at school and at college. He was always full grown: he had neither the promise nor the awkwardness of a growing intellect. Vanity, early satiated, formed and elevated itself into a love of power; and in losing this colloquial vanity he lost one of the prime links that connect the individual with the species, too early for the affections, though not too early for the understanding. At college he was a severe student; his mind was founded and elemented in words and generalities, and these too formed all the superstructure. That revelry and that debauchery, which are so often fatal to the powers of intellect, would probably have been serviceable to him; they would have given him a closer communion with realities, they would have induced a greater presentness to present objects. But Mr. Pitt's conduct was correct, unimpressibly correct. His after-discipline in the special pleader's office, and at the bar, carried on the scheme of his education with unbroken uniformity. His first political connections were with the Reformers, but those who accuse him of sympathizing or coalescing with their intemperate or visionary plans, misunderstand his character, and are ignorant of the historical facts. Imaginary situations in an imaginary state of things rise up in minds that possess a power and facility in combining images. Mr. Pitt's ambition was conversant with old situations in the old state of things, which furnish nothing to the imagination, though much to the wishes. In his endeavors to realize his father's plan of reform, he was probably as sincere as a being, who had derived so little knowledge from actual impressions, could be. But his sincerity had no living root of affection; while it was propped up by his love of praise and immediate power, so long it stood erect and no longer. He became a member of the Parliament—supported the popular opinions, and in a few years, by the influence of the popular party, was placed in that high and awful rank in which he now is. The fortunes of his country, we had almost said, the fates of the world, were placed in his wardship—we sink in prostration before the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, when we reflect in whose wardship the fates of the world were placed!

The influencer of his country and of his species was a young man, the creature of another's predetermination, sheltered and weather-fended from all the elements of experience; a young man, whose feet had never wandered; whose very eye had never turned to the right or to the left; whose whole track had been as curveless as the motion of a fascinated reptile! It was a young man, whose heart was solitary, because he had existed always amidst objects of futurity, and whose imagination, too, was unpopulous, because those objects of hope, to which his habitual wishes had transferred, and as it were *projected*, his existence, were all familiar and long established objects! A plant sown and reared in a hothouse, for whom the very air that surrounded him, had been regulated by the thermometer of previous purpose; to whom the light of nature had penetrated only through glasses and covers; who had had the sun without the breeze; whom no storm had shaken; on whom no rain had pattered; on whom the dews of heaven had not fallen! A being, who had had no feelings connected with man or nature, no spontaneous impulses, no unbiased and desultory studies, no genuine science, nothing that constitutes individuality in intellect, nothing that teaches brotherhood in affection! Such was the man—such, and so denaturalized the spirit—on whose wisdom and philanthropy the lives and living enjoyments of so many millions of human beings were made unavoidably dependent. From this time a real enlargement of mind became almost impossible. Pre-occupations, intrigue, the undue passion and anxiety with which all facts must be surveyed; the crowd and confusion of those facts, none of them seen, but all communicated, and by that very circumstance, and by the necessity of perpetually classifying them, transmuted into words and generalities; pride, flattery, irritation, artificial power; these, and circumstances resembling these, necessarily render the heights of office barren heights, which command, indeed, a vast and extensive prospect, but attract so many clouds and vapors, that most often all prospect is precluded. Still, however, Mr. Pitt's situation, however inauspicious for his real being, was favorable to his fame. He heaped period on period; persuaded himself and the nation, that extemporaneous arrangement of sentences was eloquence; and that eloquence implied wisdom. His father's struggles for freedom, and his own attempts, gave him an almost unexampled popularity; and his office necessarily associated with his name all the great events, that happened during his administration. There were not, however, wanting men, who saw through this delusion; and refusing to attribute the industry, integrity, and enterprising spirit of our merchants, the agricultural improvements of our land-holders, the great inventions of our manufacturers, or the valor and skillfulness of our sailors to the merits of a minister, they have continued to decide on his character from those acts and those merits, which belong to him and to him alone. Judging him by this standard, they have been able to discover in him no one proof or symptom of a commanding genius. They have discovered him never controlling, never creating events, but always yielding to them with rapid change, and sheltering himself from inconsistency by perpetual indefiniteness. In the Russian war, they saw him abandoning meanly what he had planned weakly, and threatened insolently. In the debates on the Regency, they detected the laxity of his constitutional principles, and received proofs that his eloquence consisted not in the ready application of a general system to particular questions, but in the facility of arguing for or against any question by specious generalities, without reference to any system. In these debates, he combined what is most dangerous in democracy, with all that is most degrading in the old super-

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stitions of monarchy; and taught an inherency of the office in the person, in order to make the office itself a nullity, and the Premiership, with its accompanying majority, the sole and permanent power of the State. And now came the French Revolution. This was a new event; the old routine of reasoning, the common trade of politics were to become obsolete. He appeared wholly unprepared for it: half favoring, half condemning, ignorant of what he favored, and why he condemned, he neither displayed the honest enthusiasm and fixed principle of Mr. Fox, nor the intimate acquaintance with the general nature of man, and the consequent *prescience* of Mr. Burke.

After the declaration of war, long did he continue in the common cant of office, in declamation about the Scheldt and Holland, and all the vulgar causes of common contests! and when at last the immense genius of his new supporter had beat him out of these *words* (words signifying *places* and *dead objects*, and signifying nothing more), he adopted other words in their places, other generalities—Atheism and Jacobinism—phrases, which he learned from Mr. Burke, but without learning the philosophical definitions and involved consequences, with which that great man accompanied those words. Since the death of Mr. Burke, the forms and the sentiments, and the tone of the French have undergone many and important changes: how, indeed, is it possible that it should be otherwise, while man is the creature of experience! But still Mr. Pitt proceeds in an endless repetition of the same *general phrases*. This is his element; deprive him of general and abstract phrases, and you reduce him to silence. But you can not deprive him of them. Press him to specify an *individual* fact of advantage to be derived from a war, and he answers, Security! Call upon him to particularize a crime, and he exclaims, Jacobinism! Abstractions defined by abstractions! Generalities defined by generalities! As a minister of finance, he is still, as ever, the man of words and abstractions! Figures, custom-house reports, imports and exports, commerce and revenue—all flourishing, all splendid! Never was such a prosperous country, as England, under his administration! Let it be objected, that the agriculture of the country is, by the overbalance of commerce, and by various and complex causes, in such a state, that the country hangs as a pensioner for bread on its neighbors, and a bad season uniformly threatens us with famine. This (it is replied) is owing to our PROSPERITY—all *prosperous* nations are in great distress for food!—still PROSPERITY, still GENERAL PHRASES, uninforced by one *single image*, one *single fact* of real national amelioration; of any one comfort enjoyed, where it was not before enjoyed; of any one class of society becoming healthier, wiser, or happier. These are *things*, these are realities; and these Mr. Pitt has neither the imagination to body forth, nor the sensibility to feel for. Once, indeed, in an evil hour, intriguing for popularity, he suffered himself to be persuaded to evince a talent for the Real, the Individual; and he brought in his POOR BILL!! When we hear the minister's talent for finance so loudly trumpeted, we turn involuntarily to his POOR BILL—to that acknowledged abortion—that unanswerable evidence of his ignorance respecting all the fundamental relations and actions of property, and of the social union!

As his reasonings, even so is his eloquence. One character pervades his whole being. Words on words, finely arranged, and so dexterously consequent, that the whole bears the semblance of argument, and still keeps awake a sense of surprise; but when all is done, nothing remembrable has been said; no one philosophical remark, no one image, not even a pointed aphorism. Not a sentence of Mr. Pitt's has ever been quoted, or formed the favorite phrase of the day—a thing unexampled in any man of equal reputation. But while he speaks, the effect varies according to the character of his auditor. The man of no talent is swallowed up in surprise; and when the speech is ended, he remembers his feelings, but nothing distinct of that which produced them—(how opposite an effect to that of nature and genius, from whose works the idea still remains, when the feeling is passed away—remains to connect itself with the other feelings, and combine with new impressions!) The mere man of talent hears him with admiration—the mere man of genius with contempt—the philosopher neither admires nor contemns, but listens to him with a deep and solemn interest, tracing in the effects of his eloquence the power of words and phrases, and that peculiar constitution of human affairs in their present state, which so eminently favors this power.

Such appears to us to be the prime minister of Great Britain, whether we consider him as a statesman or as an orator. The same character betrays itself in his private life; the same coldness to realities, and to all whose excellence relates to reality. He has patronized no science, he has raised no man of genius from obscurity; he counts no one prime work of God among his friends. From the same source he has no attachment to female society, no fondness for children, no perceptions of beauty in natural scenery; but he is fond of convivial indulgences, of that stimulation, which, keeping up the glow of self-importance and the sense of internal power, gives feelings without the mediation of ideas.

These are the elements of his mind; the accidents of his fortune, the circumstances that enabled such a mind to acquire and retain such a power, would form a subject of a philosophical history, and that, too, of no scanty size. We can scarcely furnish the chapter of contents to a work, which would comprise subjects so important and delicate, as the causes of the diffusion and intensity of secret influence; the machinery and state intrigue of marriages; the overbalance of the commercial interest; the panic of property struck by the late revolution; the short-sightedness of the careful; the carelessness of the far-

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sighted; and all those many and various events which have given to a decorous profession of religion, and a seemliness of private morals, such an unwonted weight in the attainment and preservation of public power. We are unable to determine whether it be more consolatary or humiliating to human nature, that so many complexities of event, situation, character, age, and country, should be necessary in order to the production of a Mr. Pitt.

[From Household Words.]

IGNORANCE OF THE ENGLISH.

THE lamentable deficiency of the commonest rudiments of education, which still exists among the humbler classes of the nation, is never so darkly apparent as when we compare their condition with that of people of similar rank in other countries. When we do so, we find that England stands the lowest in the scale of what truly must be looked upon as *Civilization;* for she provides fewer means for promoting it than any of her neighbors. With us, education is a commodity to be trafficked in: abroad, it is a duty. Here, schoolmasters are perfectly irresponsible except to their paymasters; in other countries, teachers are appointed by the state, and a rigid supervision is maintained over the trainers of youth, both as regards competency and moral conduct. In England, whoever is too poor to buy the article education, can get none of it for himself or his offspring; in other parts of Europe, either the government (as in Germany), or public opinion (as in America), enforces it upon the youthful population.

What are the consequences? One is revealed by a comparison between the proportion of scholars in elementary schools to the entire population of other countries, and that in our own. Taking the whole of northern Europe—including Scotland, and France, and Belgium (where education is at a low ebb), we find that to every 2¼ of the population, there is one child acquiring the rudiments of knowledge; while in England there is only one such pupil to every *fourteen* inhabitants.

It has been calculated that there are, at the present day in England and Wales, nearly 8,000,000 persons who can neither read nor write—that is to say, nearly one quarter of the population. Also, that of all the children between five and fourteen, more than one half attend no place of instruction. These statements—compiled by Mr. Kay, from official and other authentic sources, for his work on the Social Condition and Education of the Poor in England and Europe, would be hard to believe, if we had not to encounter in our every-day life degrees of illiteracy which would be startling, if we were not thoroughly used to it. Wherever we turn, ignorance, not always allied to poverty, stares us in the face. If we look in the Gazette, at the list of partnerships dissolved, not a month passes but some unhappy man, rolling perhaps in wealth, but wallowing in ignorance, is put to the *experimentum crucis* of "his mark." The number of petty jurors—in rural districts especially—who can only sign with a cross is enormous. It is not unusual to see parish documents of great local importance defaced with the same humiliating symbol by persons whose office shows them to be not only "men of mark," but men of substance. We have printed already specimens of the partial ignorance which passes under the ken of the Post Office authorities, and we may venture to assert, that such specimens of penmanship and orthography are not to be matched in any other country in Europe. A housewife in humble life need only turn to the file of her tradesmen's bills to discover hieroglyphics which render them so many arithmetical puzzles. In short, the practical evidences of the low ebb to which the plainest rudiments of education in this country has fallen, are too common to bear repetition. We can not pass through the streets, we can not enter a place of public assembly, or ramble in the fields, without the gloomy shadow of Ignorance sweeping over us. The rural population is indeed in a worse plight than the other classes. We quote—with the attestation of our own experience—the following passage from one of a series of articles which have recently appeared in a morning newspaper: "Taking the adult class of agricultural laborers, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the ignorance in which they live and move and have their being. As they work in the fields, the external world has some hold upon them through the medium of their senses; but to all the higher exercises of intellect, they are perfect strangers. You can not address one of them without being at once painfully struck with the intellectual darkness which enshrouds him. There is in general neither speculation in his eyes, nor intelligence in his countenance. The whole expression is more that of an animal than of a man. He is wanting, too, in the erect and independent bearing of a man. When you, accost him, if he is not insolent—which he seldom is—he is timid and shrinking, his whole manner showing that he feels himself at a distance from you, greater than should separate any two classes of men. He is often doubtful when you address, and suspicious when you question him; he is seemingly oppressed with the interview, while it lasts, and obviously relieved when it is over. These are the traits which I can affirm them to possess as a class, after having come in contact with many hundreds of farm laborers. They belong to a generation for whose intellectual culture little or nothing was done. As a class, they have no amusements beyond the indulgence of sense. In nine cases out of ten, recreation is associated in their minds with nothing higher than sensuality. I have frequently asked clergymen and others, if they often find the adult peasant reading for his own or others' amusement? The invariable answer is, that such a sight is seldom or never witnessed. In the first place, *the great bulk of them can not*

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read. In the next, a large proportion of those who can, do so with too much difficulty to admit of the exercise being an amusement to them. Again, few of those who can read with comparative ease, have the taste for doing so. It is but justice to them to say, that many of those who can not read, have bitterly regretted, in my hearing, their inability to do so. I shall never forget the tone in which an old woman in Cornwall intimated to me what a comfort it would now be to her, could she only read her Bible in her lonely hours."

We now turn to the high lights of the picture as presented abroad, and which, from their very brightness, throw our own intellectual gloom into deeper shade. Mr. Kay observes in the work we have already cited:

"It is a great fact, however much we may be inclined to doubt it, that throughout Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Bohemia, Wirtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, Gotha, Nassau, Hanover, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway, and the Austrian Empire, ALL the children are actually at this present time attending school, and are receiving a careful, religious, moral, and intellectual education, from highly educated and efficient teachers. Over the vast tract of country which I have mentioned, as well as in Holland, and the greater part of France, *all* the children above six years of age are daily acquiring useful knowledge and good habits under the *influence* of moral, religious, and learned teachers. ALL the youth of the greater part of these countries, below the age of twenty-one years, can read, write, and cipher, and know the Bible History, and the history of their own country. No children are left idle and dirty in the streets of the towns—there is no class of children to be compared in any respect to the children who frequent our "ragged schools"—all the children, even of the poorest parents, are, in a great part of these countries, in dress, appearance, cleanliness, and manners, as polished and civilized as the children of our middle classes; the children of the poor in Germany are so civilized that the rich often send their children to the schools intended for the poor; and, lastly, in a great part of Germany and Switzerland, the children of the poor are receiving a *better* education than that given in England to the children of the greater part of our middle classes."

"I remember one day," says Mr. Kay in another page, "when walking near Berlin in the company of Herr Hintz, a professor in Dr. Diesterweg's Normal College, and of another teacher, we saw a poor woman cutting up, in the road, logs of wood for winter use. My companions pointed her out to me, and said, 'Perhaps you will scarcely believe it, but in the neighborhood of Berlin, poor women, like that one, read translations of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, and many of the interesting works of your language, besides those of the principal writers of Germany.' This account was afterward confirmed by the testimony of several other persons. Often and often have I seen the poor cab-drivers of Berlin, while waiting for a fare, amusing themselves by reading German books, which they had brought with them in the morning, expressly for the purpose of supplying amusement and occupation for their leisure hours. In many parts of these countries, the peasants and the workmen of the towns attend regular weekly lectures or weekly classes, where they practice singing or chanting, or learn mechanical drawing, history, or science. The intelligence of the poorer classes of these countries is shown by their manners. The whole appearance of a German peasant who has been brought up under this system, *i. e.*, of any of the poor who have not attained the age of thirty-five years, is very different to that of our own peasantry. The German, Swiss, or Dutch peasant, who has grown up to manhood under the new system, and since the old feudal system was overthrown, is not nearly so often, as with us, distinguished by an uncouth dialect. On the contrary, they speak as their teachers speak, clearly, without hesitation, and grammatically. They answer questions politely, readily, and with the ease which shows they have been accustomed to mingle with men of greater wealth and of better education than themselves. They do not appear embarrased, still less do they appear gawkish or stupid, when addressed. If, in asking a peasant a question, a stranger, according to the polite custom of the country, raises his hat, the first words of reply are the quietly uttered ones, 'I pray you, sir, be covered.' A Prussian peasant is always polite and respectful to a stranger, but quite as much at his ease as when speaking to one of his own fellows."

Surely the contrast presented between the efforts of the schoolmaster abroad and his inactivity at home—refuting, as it does, our hourly boastings of "intellectual progress"—should arouse us, energetically and practically, to the work of educational extension.

LINES BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED AUTOGRAPH.)

THE days of Infancy are all a dream,
How fair, but oh! how short they seem—
'Tis Life's sweet opening SPRING!

The days of Youth advance:
The bounding limb, the ardent glance,
The kindling soul they bring—
It is Life's burning SUMMER time.

Manhood—matured with wisdom's fruit,
Reward of learning's deep pursuit—
Succeeds, as AUTUMN follows Summer's prime

And that, and that, alas! goes by;
And what ensues? The languid eye,
The failing frame, the soul o'ercast;
'Tis WINTER's sickening, withering blast,
Life's blessed season—for it is the last.

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[From the Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF COLERIDGE AND LAMB.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

BOYER, the upper master of Christ-Hospital —famous for the mention of him by COLERIDGE and LAMB—was a short, stout man, inclining to punchiness, with large face and hands, an aquiline nose, long upper lip, and a sharp mouth. His eye was close and cruel. The spectacles which he wore threw a balm over it. Being a clergyman, he dressed in black, with a powdered wig. His clothes were cut short; his hands hung out of the sleeves, with tight wristbands, as if ready for execution; and as he generally wore gray worsted stockings, very tight, with a little balustrade leg, his whole appearance presented something formidably succinct, hard, and mechanical. In fact, his weak side, and undoubtedly his natural destination, lay in carpentry; and he accordingly carried, in a side-pocket made on purpose, a carpenter's rule.

The merits of BOYER consisted in his being a good verbal scholar, and conscientiously acting up to the letter of time and attention. I have seen him nod at the close of the long summer school-hours, wearied out; and I should have pitied him, if he had taught us any thing but to fear. Though a clergyman, very orthodox, and of rigid morals, he indulged himself in an oath, which was "God's-my-life!" When you were out in your lesson, he turned upon you a round, staring eye like a fish; and he had a trick of pinching you under the chin, and by the lobes of the ears, till he would make the blood come. He has many times lifted a boy off the ground in this way. He was, indeed, a proper tyrant, passionate and capricious; would take violent likes and dislikes to the same boys; fondle some without any apparent reason, though he had a leaning to the servile, and, perhaps, to the sons of rich people; and he would persecute others in a manner truly frightful. I have seen him beat a sickly-looking, melancholy boy (C——n) about the head and ears, till the poor fellow, hot, dry-eyed, and confused, seemed lost in bewilderment. C——n, not long after he took orders, died out of his senses. I do not attribute that catastrophe to the master; and of course he could not wish to do him any lasting mischief. He had no imagination of any sort. But there is no saying how far his treatment of the boy might have contributed to prevent a cure. Tyrannical schoolmasters nowadays are to be found, perhaps, exclusively in such inferior schools as those described with such masterly and indignant edification by my friend Charles Dickens; but they formerly seemed to have abounded in all; and masters, as well as boys, have escaped the chance of many bitter reflections, since a wiser and more generous intercourse has come up between them.

I have some stories of Boyer, that will completely show his character, and at the same time relieve the reader's indignation by something ludicrous in their excess. We had a few boarders at the school; boys, whose parents were too rich to let them go on the foundation. Among them, in my time, was Carlton, a son of Lord Dorchester; Macdonald, one of the Lord Chief Baron's sons; and R——, the son of a rich merchant. Carlton, who was a fine fellow, manly, and full of good sense, took his new master and his caresses very coolly, and did not want them. Little Macdonald also could dispense with them, and would put on his delicate gloves after lesson, with an air as if he resumed his patrician plumage. R—— was meeker, and willing to be encouraged; and there would the master sit, with his arm round his tall waist, helping him to his Greek verbs, as a nurse does bread and milk to an infant; and repeating them, when he missed, with a fond patience, that astonished us criminals in drugget.

Very different was the treatment of a boy on the foundation, whose friends, by some means or other, had prevailed on the master to pay him an extra attention, and try to get him on. He had come into the school at an age later than usual, and could hardly read. There was a book used by the learners in reading, called "Dialogues between a Missionary and an Indian." It was a poor performance, full of inconclusive arguments and other commonplaces. The boy in question used to appear with this book in his hand in the middle of the school, the master standing behind him. The lesson was to begin. Poor ——, whose great fault lay in a deep-toned drawl of his syllables and the omission of his stops, stood half-looking at the book, and half-casting his eye toward the right of him, whence the blows were to proceed. The master looked over him; and his hand was ready. I am not exact in my quotation at this distance of time; but the *spirit* of one of the passages that I recollect was to the following purport, and thus did the teacher and his pupil proceed:

Master. "Now, young man, have a care; or I'll set you a *swinging* task." (A common phrase of his.)

Pupil. (Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering his stop at the word Missionary.) "*Missionary* Can you see the wind?"

(Master gives him a slap on the cheek.)

Pupil. (Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting his stop.) "*Indian* No!"

Master. "God's-my-life, young man! have a care how you provoke me."

Pupil. (Always forgetting the stop.) "*Missionary* How then do you know that there is such a thing?"

(Here a terrible thump.)

Pupil. (With a shout of agony.) "*Indian* Because I feel it."

One anecdote of his injustice will suffice for all. It is of ludicrous enormity; nor do I believe any thing more flagrantly willful was ever

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done by himself. I heard Mr. C——, the sufferer, now a most respectable person in a government office, relate it with a due relish, long after quitting the school. The master was in the habit of "spiting" C——; that is to say, of taking every opportunity to be severe with him, nobody knew why. One day he comes into the school, and finds him placed in the middle of it with three other boys. He was not in one of his worst humors, and did not seem inclined to punish them, till he saw his antagonist. "Oh, oh, sir!" said he; "what! you are among them, are you?" and gave him an exclusive thump on the face. He then turned to one of the Grecians, and said, "I have not time to flog all these boys; make them draw lots, and I'll punish one." The lots were drawn, and C——'s was favorable. "Oh, oh!" returned the master, when he saw them, "you have escaped, have you, sir?" and pulling out his watch, and turning again to the Grecian, observed, that he found he *had* time to punish the whole three; "and, sir," added he to C——, with another slap, "I'll begin with *you*." He then took the boy into the library and flogged him; and, on issuing forth again, had the face to say, with an air of indifference, "I have not time, after all, to punish these two other boys; let them take care how they provoke me another time."

Often did I wish that I was a fairy, in order to play him tricks like a Caliban. We used to sit and fancy what we should do with his wig; how we would hamper and vex him; "put knives in his pillow, and halters in his pew." To venture on a joke in our own mortal persons, was like playing with Polyphemus. One afternoon, when he was nodding with sleep over a lesson, a boy of the name of Meaer, who stood behind him, ventured to take a pin, and begin advancing with it up his wig. The hollow, exhibited between the wig and the nape of the neck, invited him. The boys encouraged this daring act of gallantry. Nods and becks, and then whispers of "Go it, M.!" gave more and more valor to his hand. On a sudden, the master's head falls back; he starts, with eyes like a shark; and seizing the unfortunate culprit, who stood helpless in the act of holding the pin, caught hold of him, fiery with passion. A "swinging task" ensued, which kept him at home all the holidays. One of these tasks would consist of an impossible quantity of Virgil, which the learner, unable to retain it at once, wasted his heart and soul out "to get up," till it was too late.

Sometimes, however, our despot got into a dilemma, and then he did not know how to get out of it. A boy, now and then, would be roused into open and fierce remonstrance. I recollect S., afterward one of the mildest of preachers, starting up in his place, and pouring forth on his astonished hearer a torrent of invectives and threats, which the other could only answer by looking pale, and uttering a few threats in return. Nothing came of it. He did not like such matters to go before the governors. Another time, Favell, a Grecian, a youth of high spirit, whom he had struck, went to the school-door, opened it, and, turning round with the handle in his grasp, told him he would never set foot again in the place, unless he promised to treat him with more delicacy. "Come back, child—come back!" said the other, pale, and in a faint voice. There was a dead silence. Favell came back, and nothing more was done.

A sentiment, unaccompanied with something practical, would have been lost upon him D——, who went afterward to the Military College at Woolwich, played him a trick, apparently between jest and earnest, which amused us exceedingly. He was to be flogged; and the dreadful door of the library was approached. (They did not invest the books with flowers, as Montaigne recommends.) Down falls the criminal, and, twisting himself about the master's legs, which he does the more when the other attempts to move, repeats without ceasing, "Oh, good God! consider my father, sir: my father, sir; you know my father!" The point was felt to be getting ludicrous, and was given up. P——, now a popular preacher, was in the habit of entertaining the boys that way. He was a regular wag; and would snatch his jokes out of the very flame and fury of the master, like snap-dragon. Whenever the other struck him, P. would get up; and, half to avoid the blows, and half render them ridiculous, begin moving about the school-room, making all sorts of antics. When he was struck in the face, he would clap his hand with affected vehemence to the place, and cry as rapidly, "*Oh*, Lord!" If the blow came on the arm, he would grasp his arm, with a similar exclamation. The master would then go, driving and kicking him; while the patient accompanied every blow with the same comments and illustrations, making faces to us by way of index.

What a bit of a golden age was it, when the Rev. Mr. Steevens, one of the under grammar-masters, took his place, on some occasion, for a short time! Steevens was short and fat, with a handsome, cordial face. You loved him as you looked at him; and seemed as if you should love him the more, the fatter he became. I stammered when I was at that time of life; which was an infirmity that used to get me into terrible trouble with the master. Steevens used to say, on the other hand, "Here comes our little black-haired friend, who stammers so. Now, let us see what we can do for him." The consequence was, I did not hesitate half so much as with the other. When I did, it was out of impatience to please him.

Such of us were not liked the better by the master, as were in favor with his wife. She was a sprightly, good-looking woman, with black eyes, and was beheld with transport by the boys, whenever she appeared at the school-door. Her husband's name, uttered in a mingled tone of good-nature and imperativeness, brought him

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down from his seat with smiling haste. Sometimes he did not return. On entering the school one day, he found a boy eating cherries. "Where did you get those cherries?" exclaimed he, thinking the boy had nothing to say for himself. "Mrs. Boyer gave them me, sir." He turned away, scowling with disappointment.

Speaking of fruit, reminds me of a pleasant trait on the part of a Grecian of the name of Le Grice. He was the maddest of all the great boys in my time; clever, full of address, and not hampered with modesty. Remote rumors, not lightly to be heard, fell on our ears, respecting pranks of his among the nurses' daughters. He had a fair, handsome face, with delicate, aquiline nose, and twinkling eyes. I remember his astonishing me, when I was "a new boy," with sending me for a bottle of water, which he proceeded to pour down the back of G., a grave Deputy Grecian. On the master asking him one day, why he, of all the boys, had given up no exercise (it was a particular exercise that they were bound to do in the course of a long set of holidays), he said he had had "a lethargy." The extreme impudence of this puzzled the master; and I believe nothing came of it. But what I alluded to about the fruit was this: Le Grice was in the habit of eating apples in school-time, for which he had been often rebuked. One day, having particularly pleased the master, the latter, who was eating apples himself, and who would now and then with great ostentation present a boy with some half-penny token of his mansuetude, called out to his favorite of the moment: "Le Grice, here is an apple for you." Le Grice, who felt his dignity hurt as a Grecian, but was more pleased at having this opportunity of mortifying his reprover, replied, with an exquisite tranquillity of assurance, "Sir, I never eat apples." For this, among other things, the boys adored him. Poor fellow! He and Favell (who, though very generous, was said to be a little too sensible of an humble origin) wrote to the Duke of York, when they were at college, for commissions in the army. The duke good-naturedly sent them. Le Grice died in the West Indies. Favell was killed in one of the battles in Spain, but not before he had distinguished himself as an officer and a gentleman.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

WHAT is the enterprise and general prosperity of the Americans to be attributed to (their country is not naturally so rich or fruitful as Mexico), except to their general enlightenment? The oldest manufacturers of cotton in the world are the Hindoos; labor with them is cheaper than it is in any other part of the world: yet we take the cotton that grows at the doors of their factories, bring it 13,000 miles to this country, manufacture it here where labor is so expensive, take it back 13,000 miles, and undersell the native manufacturer. Labor is dearer in America than in any part of the world, and yet we dread and fear their competition more than that of any other nation. The reason of all this is obvious. All the advantages which the Hindoo possesses are far more than counterbalanced by his intellectual inferiority to ourselves; while we dread the American, with reason, because he is, intellectually at least, our equal, and, considering the general intelligence and good conduct of the hands he employs, our superior. To what cause, except that of a decided superiority in captains and crews, can we attribute the fact that the Americans have deprived us of so large a portion of the whale fishery, as in a measure to have monopolized it? American clocks, which we now see in almost every hall and cottage, ought to set us thinking. We may be sure of this, the commerce of the world will fall into the hands of those who are most deserving of it. If political or philanthropic considerations should fail to show us the necessity of educating our people, commercial considerations will one day remind us of what we ought to have done. We can only hope that the reminder may not come too late.

Enlightenment is the great necessity and the great glory of our age; ignorance is the most expensive, and most dangerous, and most pressing of all our evils. Among ourselves we find a variety of motives converging upon this conclusion. The statesman has become aware that an enlightened population is more orderly, more submissive, in times of public distress, to the necessity of their circumstances; not so easily led away by agitators; in short, more easily and more cheaply governed. The political economist is well aware of the close connection between general intelligence and successful enterprise and industry. The greater the number of enlightened and intelligent persons, the greater is the number of those whose thoughts are at work in subduing nature, improving arts, and increasing national wealth. The benevolent man is anxious that all should share those enjoyments and advantages which he himself finds to be the greatest. Both Churchman and Dissenter know well enough that they are under the necessity of educating. And the manufacturer, too, who is employing, perhaps, many more hands than the colonel of a regiment commands, is now becoming well aware how much to his advantage it is that his men should prefer a book or a reading-room to the parlor of a public house; should understand what they are about, instead of being merely able to go through their allotted task as so many beasts of burden; and that they should have the strong motive of making their homes decent and respectable, and of bettering their condition. All these motives are now working—strongly, too—in the public mind, and have begun to bear fruit.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

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[From Bartlett's "Nile Boat."]

SCENES IN EGYPT.

THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.—How many illustrious travelers in all ages have sat and gazed upon the scene around! and how endless are the speculations in which they have indulged! "The epochs, the builders, and the objects of the pyramids," says Gliddon, "had, for two thousand years, been dreams, fallacies, or mysteries." To begin at the beginning, some have supposed them to be antediluvian; others, that they were built by the children of Noah to escape from a second flood—by Nimrod, by the Pali of Hindostan, and even the ancient Irish. It was a favorite theory until very lately, that they were the work of the captive Israelites. The Arabians attributed them to the Jins or Genii; others to a race of Titans. Some have supposed them to have been the granaries built by Joseph; others, intended for his tomb, or those of the Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea, or of the bull Apis. Yeates thinks they soon followed the Tower of Babel, and both had the same common design; while, according to others, they were built with the spoils of Solomon's temple and the riches of the queen of Sheba. They have been regarded as temples of Venus, as reservoirs for purifying the waters of the Nile, as erected for astronomical or mathematical purposes, or intended to protect the valley of the Nile from the encroachments of the sands of the desert (this notable theory, too, is quite recent); in short, for every conceivable and inconceivable purpose that could be imagined by superstitious awe, by erudition groping without data in the dark, or reasoning upon the scanty and suspicious evidence of Grecian writers. At length, after a silence of thousands of years, the discoveries of Champollion have enabled the monuments to tell their own tale; their mystery has been, in great measure, unraveled, and the names of their founders ascertained. The explorations of Colonel Vyse, Perring, and recently of Lepsius, have brought to light the remains of no less than *sixty-nine* pyramids, extending in a line from Abouroash to Dashoor. These, by the discovery of the names of their founders, are proved to have been a succession of royal mausolea, forming the most sublime Necropolis in the world. The size of each different pyramid is supposed to bear relation to the length of the reign of its builder, being commenced with the delving of a tomb in the rock for him



THE PYRAMIDS.

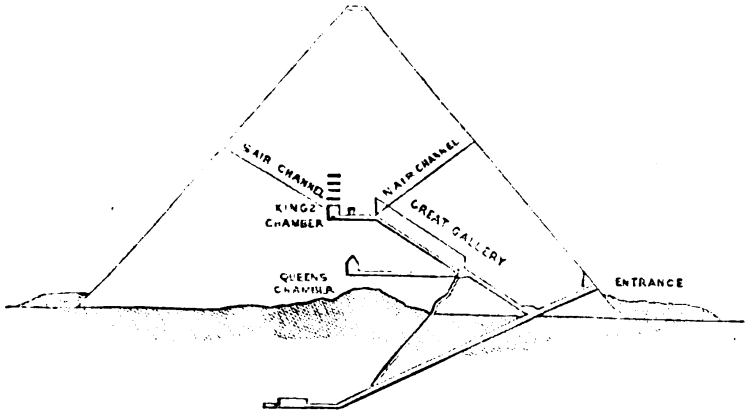
at his accession, over which a fresh layer of stones was added every year until his decease, when the monument was finished and closed up. Taking the number of these Memphite sovereigns and the average length of their reigns, the gradual construction of the pyramids would, therefore, it is presumed, extend over a period, in round numbers, of some *sixteen hundred years!* Imagination is left to conceive the antecedent period required for the slow formation of the alluvial valley of the Nile until it became fit for human habitation, whether it was first peopled by an indigenous race, or by an Asiatic immigration, already bringing with them from their Asiatic birth-place the elements of civilization, or whether they grew up on the spot, and the long, long ages that might have elapsed, and the progress that must have been made, before monuments so wonderful could have been erected.

Such is the latest theory, we believe, of the construction and import of the pyramids.

The entrance to the great pyramid is about forty feet from the ground. At the entrance, the stones follow the inclination of the passage;

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there are a few foot-holes to aid you in descending the slippery blocks. Stooping down at the entrance of the low passage, four feet high, we began the sloping descent into the interior. This first passage continues on a slope, down to a subterranean room; but at the distance of 106 feet, a block of granite closes it; and an upper passage ascends from this point at an angle of 27°. Climbing by a few steps into the second passage, you ascend to the entrance of the great gallery. From this point a horizontal passage leads into what is called the Queen's Chamber, which is small, and roofed by long blocks, resting against each other, and forming an angle: its height to this point is about twenty feet. There is a niche in the east end, where the Arabs have broken the stones in search for treasure; and Sir G. Wilkinson thinks, that "if the pit where the king's body was deposited does exist in any of these rooms, it should be looked for beneath this niche." He remarks besides, that this chamber stands under the apex of the pyramid. At the base of the great gallery, to which we now re-



turn, is the mouth of what is called the well, a narrow funnel-shaped passage, leading down to the chamber at the base of the edifice, hollowed in the rock, and if the theory of Dr. Lepsius is correct, originally containing the body of the founder. The long ascending slope of the great gallery, six feet wide, is formed by successive courses of masonry overlaying each other, and thus narrowing the passage toward the top.

Advancing 158 feet up this impressive avenue, we come to a horizontal passage, where four granite portcullises, descending through grooves, once opposed additional obstacles to the rash curiosity or avarice which might tempt any to invade the eternal silence of the sepulchral chamber, which they besides concealed; but the cunning of the spoiler has been there of old, the device was vain, and you are now enabled to enter this, the principal apartment in the pyramid, and called the King's Chamber, entirely constructed of red granite, as is also the sarcophagus, the lid and contents of which had been removed. This is entirely plain, and without hieroglyphics; the more singular, as it seems to be ascertained that they were then in use. The sarcophagus rests upon an enormous granite block, which may, as suggested by Mrs. Poole, in her minute account of the interior, have been placed to mark the entrance to a deep vault or pit beneath. There are some small holes in the walls of the chamber, the purpose of which was for ventilation, as at length discovered by Col. Howard Vyse.

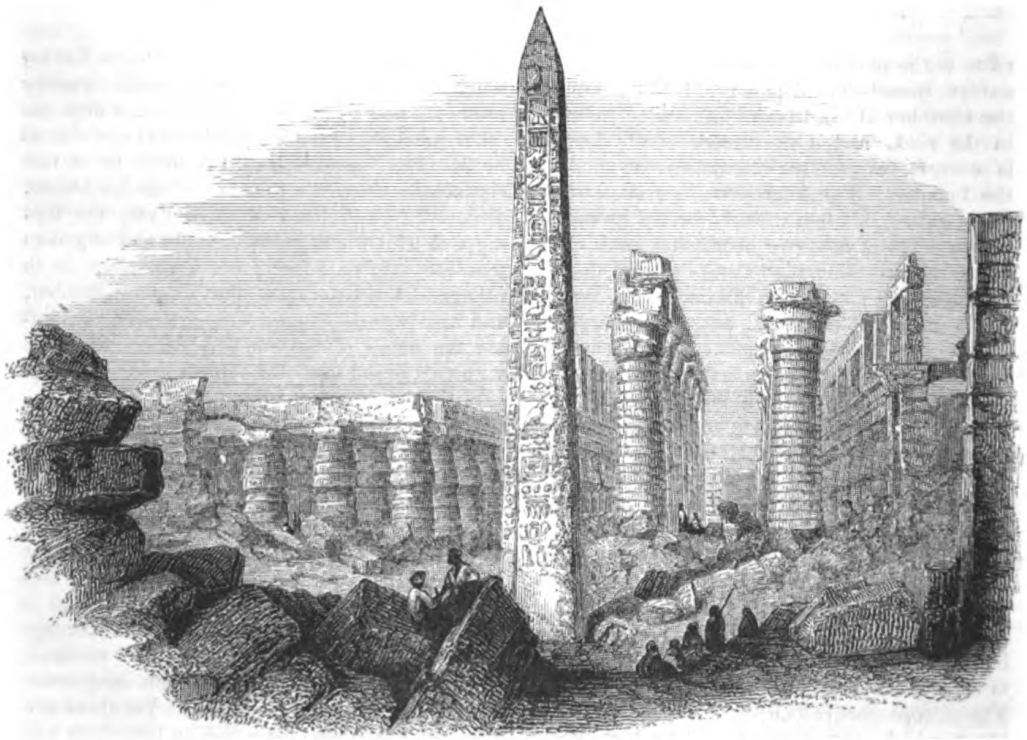
Above the King's Chamber, and only to be reached by a narrow passage, ascending at the south-east corner of the great gallery, having notches in which pieces of wood were formerly inserted, and from the top of that, along another passage, is the small chamber discovered by Mr. Davison; its height is only three feet six inches; above it are four other similar niches, discovered by Colonel Howard Vyse, the topmost of which is angular. Wilkinson supposes that the sole purpose of these chambers is to relieve the pressure on the King's Chamber, and here was discovered the cartouche containing the name of the founder, Suphis, identical with that found upon the tablets in Wady Maghara, in the desert of Mount Sinai.

The second pyramid, generally attributed, though without hieroglyphical confirmation, to Cephrenes, is more ancient and ruder in its masonry than that of Cheops. Standing on higher ground, it has from some points an appearance of greater height than that of the great pyramid, and its dimensions are hardly less stupendous. It is distinguished by having a portion of the smooth casing yet remaining, with which all the pyramids were once covered, and it is a great feat to climb up this dangerous, slippery surface to the summit. Yet there are plenty of Arabs who for a trifling beckshish will dash "down Cheops and up Cephrenes" with incredible celerity. Its interior arrangements differ from those of the great pyramid, in that in accordance with Lepsius's theory, the sarcophagus of the builder is sunk in the floor, and not placed in the centre of the edifice. The glory of opening this pyramid is due to the enterprising Belzoni.

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The third pyramid is of much smaller dimensions than the two others, but beautifully constructed. It was the work, as is proved by the discovery of his name, of Mycerinus or Mencheres, whose wooden coffin in the British Museum, very simple, and unornamented, as well as the desiccated body, supposed to be that of the monarch himself, has probably attracted the notice of our readers. This pyramid is double, *i. e.*, cased over with a distinct covering. Besides these principal ones, there are still standing other and smaller pyramids, more or less entire, grouped about these larger ones, and forming a portion of this stupendous Necropolis of Memphis.

THE GREAT HALL AT KARNAK.—We had spent so much time in the examination of Luxor, and of the other portions of Karnak, that the evening was advanced when we arived at the Great Hall. The shadows were creeping solemnly through the intricate recesses of its forest of columns, but the red light rested for a while upon their beautiful flower-shaped capitals, the paintings upon which, scarred and worn as they are by the accidents of 3000 years, still display, under a strong light, much of their original vividness. It is a perfect wilderness of ruin, almost outrunning the wildest imagination or the most fantastic dream. We paced slowly down the central avenue. The bases of the columns are buried among the fallen fragments of the roof and a mass of superincumbent earth; from his hiding-place, amidst which the jackal began to steal forth, and wake the echoes of the ruins with his blood-curdling shriek; while the shadowy bat flitted, spirit-like, from dusky pillar to pillar. From the centre of the hall, whichever way we looked through the deepening gloom, there seemed no end to the labyrinthine ruins. Obelisks and columns, some erect in their pristine beauty, others fallen across, and hurled together in hideous confusion, forming wild arcades of ruin; enormous masses of prostrate walls and propylæa, seemed to have required either to construct or to destroy them the power of a fabled race of giants. Pillars, obelisks, and walls of this immense hall, were covered with the forms of monarchs who reigned, and of the gods who were once worshiped within it. Involuntarily the mind goes back, in gazing on them, to the period of its original splendor, when Rameses in triumph returned from his oriental conquests—pictures the pile in



GREAT HALL AT KARNAK.

all its completeness, the hall of a hundred and thirty columns with its superb roof, glittering in all the vivid beauty of its paintings, thronged with monarchs, and priests, and worshipers, and devoted to splendid and gorgeous ceremonies.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, I was again among the ruins of the Great Hall, which I had but imperfectly surveyed the previous evening. I give its dimensions from Wilkinson, with a description of the rest of the temple. "It measures 170 feet by 329, supported by a

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central avenue of twelve massive columns, 66 feet high (without the pedestal and abacus) and 12 in diameter, besides a hundred and twenty-two of smaller, or rather less gigantic dimensions, 41 feet 9 inches in height, and 27 feet 6 inches in circumference, distributed in seven lines on either side of the former. The twelve central columns were originally fourteen, but the two northernmost have been inclosed within the front towers or popylæa, apparently in the time of Osirei himself, the founder of the hall. The two at the other end were also partly built into the projecting wall of the doorway, as appears from their rough sides, which were left uneven for that purpose. Attached to this are two other towers, closing the inner extremity of the hall, beyond which are two obelisks, one still standing on its original site, the other having been thrown down and broken by human violence. Similar but smaller propylæa succeed to this court, of which they form the inner side." This is the spot which I have selected for a retrospective view of the Great Hall, the obelisk still standing, but the propylæa in the fore-ground a mass of utter ruin. Still following the intricate plan of the great temple through the ruined propylæa in the fore-ground, we reach another court with two obelisks of larger dimensions, the one now standing being 92 feet high and 8 square, surrounded by a peristyle, if I may be allowed the expression, of Osiride figures. Passing between two dilapidated propylæa, you enter another smaller area, ornamented in a similar manner, and succeeded by a vestibule, in front of the granite gateways that form the façade of the court before the sanctuary. This last is also of red granite, divided into two apartments, and surrounded by numerous chambers of small dimensions, varying from 29 feet by 16, to 16 feet by 8. The walls of this small sanctuary, standing on the site of a more ancient one, are highly polished, sculptured, and painted, and the ceiling of stars on a blue ground, the whole exquisitely finished. The entire height of the hall, *i. e.*, the central portion, is not less than 80 feet, the propylæa still higher.

The imagination is no doubt bewildered in following these numerous details, and yet much is left undescribed and even unnoticed, and the eye, even of the visitor, more than satisfied with seeing, will return to the prominent objects, those alone, of which he can expect to retain a vivid recollection. The Great Hall will attract his attention above every thing else.

SCENERY ON THE ERIE RAILROAD.

THE construction of the Erie railroad through the hitherto secluded valleys of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, and reaching now almost to the Allegany, has opened to access new fields for the tourist, abounding with the loveliest and the grandest works of Nature. From the Hudson to the Lakes, the scenery is constantly changing from the romantic and beautiful to the bold and rugged; and again from the sublime and fearfully grand to the sweetest pictures of gentle beauty. There is probably no road in the world that passes through such a variety of scenery as does the Erie, and there is certainly none that can present to the traveler such a succession of triumphs of art over the formidable obstacles which nature has, at almost every step, raised against the iron-clad intruders into her loveliest recesses. The enchanting magnificence of the scenery keeps the attention alive, while its varying character at every turn,



VIEW FROM PIERMONT, LOOKING NORTH.

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continually opens new sources of enjoyment. Immense rocky excavations salute you upon every side. Miles of mountain acclivities of solid rock have been borne away by the Herculean arm of persevering industry. You see where the lofty cliff has been beaten down; the huge mountain-barrier leveled; rough and rugged precipices overcome; chasms spanned, and wide valleys and rivers crossed.

The scenery in the valley of the Delaware is grand beyond description; and in the valley of the Susquehanna, after passing out of a wilderness, where every portion is stamped with the impress of grandeur, a truly agricultural region, in a high state of cultivation, and smiling with abundance, meets the eye. At the point where the road first strikes the Susquehanna, that noble river is seen in the plenitude of its magnificent beauty.

It is not our purpose to point out the particular



VALLEY OF THE NEVERSINK.

From the Slate Rock Cutting. Port Jervis in the distance.

objects most worthy of examination, or to describe any one of the numerous landscapes which lie all along the track; but we will venture to assert, that nowhere between sun and sun can such a combination and variety of the wonderful in nature and art, with the beautiful be seen, as in a day's ride on the Erie railroad. Sketches of some of these views accompany this article, and we may, from time to time, give such others as we think will prove interesting to our readers.

The reader is familiar with the geography of the road: commencing at Piermont, on the Hudson, twenty-four miles from New York, on the long pier that projects a mile into the river, it winds its way westward among the hills along the course of the Sparkill. Just before leaving the pier, looking north, the view on the preceding page is presented.

From the Sparkill the road leads over to the Ramapo, where the first lovely scenery commences, in a wild and broken, but picturesque region; thence through Orange county, beautiful mostly from its fertility and high cultivation. Passing on, the road approaches the Shawangunk mountains, which are seen stretching away to the northeast, where the eye catches a misty glimpse of the distant Catskills. The appearance of these mountains from the east is truly sublime; and ascending toward the summit the country is as rugged as the wildest steeps of the Appenines or Styrian Alps. After passing the summit of the mountain through a rock-cutting, half a mile in length, the road winds by a gentle slope of a dozen miles along the mountain side to the valley below. About half way down, another deep cutting through the rock is passed, on emerging from which, a view of remarkable loveliness meets the eye. At this point the traveler has an unbroken view of the enchanting valley of the Neversink in all its cultivated beauty. The accompanying view represents the scene from the spot where the road boldly sweeps toward the south, and shows the western verge of the valley bordered by a chain of mountains, at the foot of which gleams the village of Port Jervis and its level fields, losing themselves far in the south where rolls the Delaware, beyond which again the distant town

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of Milford may be seen in the misty light. Running south through this beautiful area is a winding grove of trees, marking the course of the Neversink to where it unites with the Delaware.

We will present only one other view, which represents one of the imposing structures which characterize the Erie road. This is the viaduct over the valley of the Starrucca, built of stone. It is elevated one hundred feet above the valley, is over twelve hundred feet long, and twenty-five wide, and is composed of eighteen heavy piers, with arches of fifty feet span. It is sim-



STARRUCCA VIADUCT.

ple in its design, but symmetrical and beautiful, and is altogether the noblest piece of work upon the whole line of the road. It is one of the most interesting objects which invite the notice of the traveler, and gives dignity and grandeur, as well as a picturesque character to the work. In this immediate neighborhood is some of the finest scenery to be found on the whole line of the road, and will tempt many a traveler to repeat his visit, and linger to explore new beauties, which the eye in the rolling car does not detect.

[From Dr. Moore's new work on "Health, Disease, and Remedy."]

BATHING—ITS UTILITY.

THE effects of cold and heat recall to my mind the words that I heard in my youth from the lips of Abernethy, "Cold is bracing, heat relaxing—that is the notion, but only consider its absurdity. Heat excites, how then can it relax? There is a difference between heat and moisture and mere heat. They say a cold bath is bracing. Ah! a man jumps into a cold bath, and he feels chilled; he jumps out again, and rubs himself with a coarse cloth; he is invigorated, refreshed, and cheery; he feels as if he could jump over the moon. So, if a man takes a glass of brandy, he feels vigorous enough for a little while, but the brandy is any thing but bracing. Keep the man in the cold water, and see what a poor, shivering mortal he would be; you might almost knock him down with a feather; and add more brandy to the man, and he becomes a lump." Heat and cold, in fact, both operate in the same manner, by exciting the vital powers into action, but to use either to excess as surely debilitates, disorders, and overpowers the system as an abuse of brandy would do. All things that cause action of course must act as stimuli, and whatever rouses the heart and nerves must be proportioned to the degree of power existing in the patient, or it can not be safe; it is spurring the jaded horse that kills him. Moderation is the course prescribed in the law of nature and of God, and it needs no exquisite discernment to distinguish right from wrong in a general way, or to see when the system needs rest, and when rousing.

Sea-bathing is serviceable only as a stimulus to all the functions by rousing the nerves, and hence the heart and arteries, to greater activity. In this manner, I have seen vast benefit in a multitude of cases, more particularly those in which the lymphatic system and the glands were diseased, as in scrofula, tumid abdomen, and harsh skin, with deficient appetite, and indisposition to take exercise. It does mischief if it does not at once improve power. In such cases, however, great care is required to avoid too long a chill, which always aggravates the glandular congestion. Salt stimulates the skin, but a certain degree of cold, and, perhaps, of shock, is necessary for the beneficial effects, a warm bath very often increasing the malady. I speak from my experience of the effects of sea-bathing, and would strongly urge the propriety

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of preparing children for plunging in the sea, by getting them accustomed to cold sponging at home, as this plan will often supersede the need of visiting the sea for their benefit, and enable them to bear the sea the better when advisable.

Sea-air and sea-water exert a very decided influence upon children, and, indeed, upon all who are not accustomed to it, whether in health or disease. Young persons coming from inland situations are very apt to become somewhat fevered by the change, and bilious disorder is a common consequence of their approaching the sea; and in almost all persons sea-bathing begets after a while a slight intermittent disorder, which seldom goes quite off in less than a fortnight from the last bath. If the bath be resorted to daily, this disorder usually comes on in about a week; if only twice or thrice a week, it may not appear for a month, and those who bathe only now and then, without regularity, do not seem to be subject to it. I am disposed to think that this new action of the system promotes the cure of glandular disease, but it may, if neglected, conduce to internal disorder of a worse kind, and I have frequently seen a dangerous remittent fever supervene upon it in delicate and excitable children. These results prove the stimulating operation of sea-water, and sufficiently show the necessity of caution in its use. Instead of improving the powers of the body, it may produce debility by over-exciting them; hence it is prudent in most cases not to bathe oftener than every other day, and to use milder measures if, after the second or third occasion, there is not a visible increase of vigor. Where exercise can not be taken immediately after the bath, friction of the body, especially over the back and stomach, is desirable. The best time for cold bathing, where there is any debility, is about two hours after breakfast. Early bathing is best for the robust. Let it be rememembered that cold acts always as a stimulant; whenever it does good, it rouses the nervous system; it makes a greater demand for oxygen; it enables the body to absorb more of the vital air, and thus it facilitates the changes on which the energy of life depends. In this respect it acts like all other stimulants proper to the body, and not like alcoholic stimuli, which excite the brain, while they diminish the influence of the vital air upon the blood, and favor capillary obstructions and inflammations.

The influence of cold on the nervous system is no new discovery, for ever since man has felt and inferred from his feeling, he must have known that influence alike from experience and observation. Used as a bath, we have seen that it may produce very contrary effects; like any other powerful agent, it both excites and depresses. The first action of nearly all remedies is to excite; from fire to frost, from aqua fortis to aqua fontis, the influence is always more or less stimulating, and it is capable of depressing the vital powers in proportion to its power of exciting them. Thus the hydropathists have in their hands the power of producing all the stages of the most vehement fever, from the rigor of the severest cold fit to the fiercest excitement which the heart and brain will bear, succeeded by a perspiration proportionately violent; and hence sometimes inadvertently they lose a patient by the production of a sudden sinking like the collapse of cholera. Some tact and skill, therefore, are requisite for the safe employment of such an agency as cold water.

Paracelsus treated that form of St. Vitus' Dance which prevailed in his day, and which he called *chorea lasciva*, by cooling his patients in tubs of cold water; and Priesnitz brings his patients also to the right point by baths that allow no idleness to whatever function of nature may remain capable of action within them, and thus he often removes partial complaints by a general diversion. Aubrey, in his account of the great Harvey, informs us of a bold piece of practice with cold water. He says, that when Harvey had a fit of the gout that interfered with his studies, "He would sitt with his legges bare, though it were frosty, on the leads of Cockayne-house, put them into a payle of water till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himself to his stove, and so 'twas gone." Harvey doubtless knew how to balance matters in his own mind between the risk and the remedy, and he might feel justified in treating himself with less gentleness than his patients; but, perhaps, physicians should try such extreme remedies only on themselves. Since Harvey's day, the virtues of cold water in fever and inflammation have been abundantly tested, and we find it is capable of producing contrary effects, according to the condition of the body at the time. Thus, if it be long applied, or applied when the vital action is low, it dangerously depresses the vascular system, to be followed by a more or less dangerous and obstinate reaction; but if the system be tolerably strong, without being very excitable, the use of cold in a moderate degree always safely increases vigor. It is therefore always safe so far to employ cold, as will help to maintain the ordinary temperature of the body. Thus, in fever, when the skin is hot, sponging it with cold water is both most refreshing and curative; while a free use of cold water as drink is almost always in such cases highly advantageous.

It has been well shown by Dr. R. B. Todd, in his Lumleian Lectures at the College of Physicians, on what principle cold may be employed to modify and control a great number of diseases, especially those of a convulsive character. But these things are of course known, or ought to be known, by professional men; and as they are not of a character to admit of practical application, except by those accustomed to treat disease, it will answer no good purpose to enlarge on the subject in this place.

The *warm-bath* is among the most useful of remedial measures. One who has experienced the delicious refreshment of a warm-bath at about the temperature of the blood (100°), after exhausting fatigue and want of sleep, whether

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from disease or exertion, will need no arguments in its favor. It is exactly under such conditions that it is most useful. From time immemorial, thermal springs of tepid warmth have been lauded for their virtues in relieving nervous disorders, and diseases dependent on insufficiency of blood, and exhaustion of the brain, such as the dyspepsy of anxious persons, and individuals debilitated by excitement, bad habits, and hot climates. The mode in which it acts seems evident—it checks waste of warmth from the skin, invigorates its vessels without producing perspiration, admits a little pure water into the blood by absorption, and by its tranquillizing influence on the nerves, favors the action of any function that may have been checked or disturbed. The body becomes highly electric in warm water, and probably all the conditions of increased power are present for the time at least; and of course, so far as warm bathing promotes appetite, digestion, assimilation, and sound sleep, it contributes to the establishment of increased vigor. Thus we find, that hypochondriacal patients have often found new hopes in the genial lymph as it embraced and laved their naked limbs; they have felt the elements were still in their favor; they have rejoiced in the sunny air, and taken their homely meals as if they were ambrosia, with hearts grateful to the Hand that helped them. The blessing may, however, be abused—the remedy may be made a luxury, the means of health a cause of weakness. When continually resorted to by persons well nourished, but inactive, it is apt to produce a flaccidity of the system, and to encourage that relaxation of the veins which predisposes to excessive formation of fat. For the same reason, it is generally injurious where there is a tendency to dropsy, and in some such cases I have known it immediately followed by great lymphatic effusion in the cellular tissue, which has been quickly removed, however, by saline aperients and tonics.

As it is the combination of heat and moisture that renders the thermal bath so efficacious, it frequently happens that a thoroughly hot bath most effectually facilitates the cure, and we are not astonished that the parboiling waters of Emmaus, at 148°, on the shores of Tiberias, are as famous for their cures as any of the German baths. The semi-barbarians about the sea of Galilee, the inhabitants of Iceland, and the savages of America, know how to employ the hot bath skillfully; and if we were equally accustomed with them to exercise our natural instinct and common sense, we also might bathe in hot water without consulting the doctor; but as it is, we had better take advantage of a better opinion than our own. I the more earnestly urge this course, because I know the danger of all hot baths, wherever there is acute disease of an inflammatory kind affecting internal organs, more especially of the lungs, heart, and bowels. Even *acute* rheumatism is more likely to attack the heart when the hot bath is employed; and where there is any considerable structural disorder of that organ, the use of the bath in any form is at all times attended with risk.

Warm baths are useful in all nervous disorders attended with debility, in all cases in which there is dryness of the skin and a tendency to feverishness, in mental fidgetiness, in irregular circulation, as when a person can not take due exercise, and is subject to coldness of the feet or hands, and in many forms of congestion and dyspepsia, with tenderness over the stomach. It is serviceable in the convulsive diseases of children, and in painful diseases, especially of a spasmodic kind, but more particularly in cases of chronic irritation from local causes, whether of the skin or of internal parts. It is injurious to plethoric persons, to persons subject to hæmorrhage of any kind, and in the active stage of fever. But whether it would be good or bad in any individual case, can be determined only by one who has ability to examine and judge of that case.

As a general rule, mineral and salt-water warm baths are less relaxing than those of pure water. The vapor bath, when the vapor is not breathed, acts more powerfully, though much in the same manner as the warm bath, but it is more useful in common cold and rheumatism. The warm-air bath, at from 100° to 120°, is highly convenient and useful, where it is desirable to excite perspiration, as in rheumatism, scaly eruptions, and certain stages of fever and cholera. The plan most readily adopted is that of Dr. Gower: A lamp is placed under the end of a metallic tube, which is introduced under the bed-clothes, which are raised from the body by a wicker frame-work, and the degree of heat regulated by moving the lamp.

The *cold bath* is unsafe in infancy and old age, in plethoric habits, in spitting of blood, in eruptive diseases, in great debility, during pregnancy, and in case of weakness from any existing local disease of an acute nature; but in nearly all other states of the body, cold water is the best stimulant of the nerves, the finest quickener of every function, the most delightful invigorator of the whole frame, qualifying both brain and muscles for their utmost activity, and clearing alike the features and the fancy from clouds and gloom.

Cold may always be safely applied when the surface is heated by warmth from without, as from hot water or the vapor bath, and, indeed, whenever the body is hot without previous exercise of an exhausting kind. Probably, the method adopted by the Romans, in their palmiest days, of plunging into the *baptisterium*, or cold bath, immediately after the vapor or hot bath, or, as a substitute, the pouring of cold water over the head, was well calculated to invigorate the system, and give a high enjoyment of existence. The Russian practice of plunging into a cold stream, or rolling in the snow, after the vapor-bath, is said to be favorable to longevity. The Finlanders are accustomed to leave their bathing-houses, heated to 167°, and to pass into the open air without

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any covering whatever, even when the thermometer indicates a temperature 24° below zero, and that without any ill effect, but, on the contrary, it is said that by this habit they are quite exempted from rheumatism. Would that the luxury of bathing, so cheaply enjoyed by all classes of old Rome, were equally available among ourselves. The conquerors of the world introduced their baths wherever they established their power; but we have repudiated the blessings of water in such a form, and now the Russian boor and the Finnish peasant, the Turk, the Egyptian, the basest of people, and the barbarians of Africa, shame even the inhabitants of England's metropolis; for every where but in our land, though the duty of cleanliness may not be enjoined as next to godliness, as with us, yet the benefit and the luxury of the bath are freely enjoyed, as the natural means of ablution and of health.

"With us the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, even did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains."—ARMSTRONG.

POVERTY OF THE ENGLISH BAR.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the lower order of the working clergy, there is no class of the community, as a body, so desperately poor as the bar. If it were not for extrinsic aids, one-half, at least, of its members must necessarily starve. Of course a considerable number of them have private property or income, and in point of fact, as a general rule, he who goes to the bar without some such assistance and resource is a fool—and probably a vanity-stricken fool—a fond dreamer about the

Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis;

forgetting that at the outset these worthies had the leisure to acquire, and the ample means to pay for the best education that the world could afford. The aspirant for forensic fame who can not do this is dreadfully overweighted for the race, and can scarcely hope to come in a winner; for the want of all facilities of tuition and of one's own library, which is a thing of great cost, must be severely felt, and the necessity of working in some extraneous occupation for his daily bread must engross much of that time which should be devoted to study, and the furtherance otherwise of the cardinal object he has in view. We have read of many cases in which men have struggled triumphantly against all such obstacles, and no doubt some there were—but for the most part, as in Lord Eldon's instance, they were grossly exaggerated. Next, of those who have no patrimony or private allowance from friends, the press, in its various departments, supports a very large number. Some are editors or contributors to magazines or reviews—daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly; some are parliamentary reporters; some short-hand writers; some reporters of the proceedings in the courts of law for the daily journals and the now almost innumerous legal publications, from the recognized reports down to the two-penny pamphlet; then some are secretaries to public boards or bodies, some to private individuals. All these are comparatively well off in the world, and may "bide their time," though that time very rarely comes in any prolific shape, and meanwhile devote their *tempora subseciva* to the profession without the physical necessity of doing any thing ungentlemanly. But there are hundreds of others hanging on to the profession in a most precarious position from day to day, who would do any thing for business, and who taint the whole mass with the disgrace of their proceedings. These are the persons who resort to the arts of the lowest tradesmen, such as under-working, touting for employment, sneaking, cringing, lying, and the like. These are the persons who, in such shabby or fraudulent cases as may succeed, share the fees with low attorneys, and who sign habitually, for the same pettifogging practitioners, half-guinea motions in the batch, for half-a-crown or eighteenpence apiece; and, in short, do any thing and every thing that is mean and infamous. Alas for the *dignity* of the bar! The common mechanic, who earns his regular thirty shillings a week, the scene-shifter, the paltry play actor, enjoys more of the comforts and real respectability of human life than one of those miserable aspirants to the wool-sack, who spends his day in the desperate quest for a brief, and sits at night in his garret shivering over a shovel-full of coals and an old edition of Coke upon Littleton.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF WORDSWORTH.

23d April, 1850.

Beneath the solemn shadow he doth sleep
Of his own mountains! closed the poet's eyes
To all earth's beauty—wood, and lake, and skies,
And golden mists that up the valleys creep.
Sweet Duddon's stream and Rydal's grassy steep,
The "snow-white lamb," his cottage-maiden's prize,
The cuckoo's note, and flowers, in which his wise
And gentle mind found "thoughts for tears too deep"—
These, Wordsworth! thou hast left; but oh, on these,
And the deep human sympathies that flow
Link'd with their beauty, an immortal train,
Thy benediction rests; and as the breeze
Sweeping the cloud-capp'd hills is heard below,
Descends to us a rich undying strain!

H. M. R.

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[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

[*Continued from Page* 10.]

CHAPTER II.

THE RESTAURANT "AU SCELERAT."

AS I gained the street, at a considerable distance from the "Place," I was able to increase my speed; and I did so with an eagerness as if the world depended on my haste. At any other time I would have bethought me of my disobedience to the Père's commands, and looked forward to meeting him with shame and sorrow, but now I felt a kind of importance in the charge intrusted to me. I regarded my mission as something superior to any petty consideration of self, while the very proximity in which I had stood to peril and death made me seem a hero in my own eyes.

At last I reached the street where we lived, and, almost breathless with exertion, gained the door. What was my amazement, however, to find it guarded by a sentry, a large, solemn-looking fellow, with a tattered cocked hat on his head, and a pair of worn striped trowsers on his legs, who cried out, as I appeared, "*Halte là!*" in a voice that at once arrested my steps.

"Where to, youngster?" said he, in a somewhat melted tone, seeing the shock his first words had caused me.

"I am going home, sir," said I, submissively. "I live at the third story, in the apartment of the Père Michel."

"The Père Michel will live there no longer, my boy; his apartment is now in the Temple," said he, slowly.

"In the Temple!" said I, whose memory at once recalled my father's fate; and then, unable to control my feelings, I sat down upon the steps, and burst into tears.

"There, there, child, you must not cry thus," said he; "these are not days when one should weep over misfortunes; they come too fast and too thick on all of us for that. The Père was your tutor, I suppose?"

I nodded.

"And your father—where is he?"

"Dead."

He made a sign to imitate the guillotine, and assented by another nod.

"Was he a royalist, boy?"

"He was an officer in the *gardes du corps*," said I, proudly. The soldier shook his head mournfully, but with what meaning I know not.

"And your mother, boy?"

"I do not know where she is," said I, again relapsing into tears at the thought of my utter desolation. The old soldier leaned upon his musket in profound thought, and for some time did not utter a word. At last he said,

"There is nothing but the Hotel de Ville for you, my child. They say that the Republic adopts all the orphans of France. What she does with them I can not tell."

"But I can, though," replied I, fiercely; "the Noyades or the Seine are a quick and sure provision; I saw eighty drowned one morning below the Pont Neuf myself."

"That tongue of yours will bring you into trouble, youngster," said he, reprovingly; "mind that you say not such things as these."

"What worse fortune can betide me, than to see my father die at the guillotine, and my last, my only friend, carried away to prison."

"You have no care for your own neck, then?"

"Why should I—what value has life for me?"

"Then it will be spared to you," said he, sententiously; "mark my words, lad. You need never fear death till you begin to love life. Get up, my poor boy, you must not be found there when the relief comes, and that will be soon. This is all that I have," said he, placing three sous in my palm, "which will buy a loaf; to-morrow there may be better luck in store for you."

I shook the rough hand he offered, with cordial gratitude, and resolved to bear myself as like a man as I could. I drew myself up, touched my cap in soldier-like fashion, and cried out, "Adieu;" and then, descending into the street, hurried away to hide the tears that were almost suffocating me.

Hour after hour I walked the streets; the mere act of motion seemed to divert my grief, and it was only when foot-sore and weary, that I could march no longer, and my sorrows came back in full force, and overwhelmed me in their flow. It was less pride or shame than a sense of my utter helplessness, that prevented me addressing any one of the hundreds who passed me. I bethought me of my inability to do any thing for my own support, and it was this consciousness that served to weigh me down more than all else; and yet I felt with what devotion I could serve him who would but treat me with the kindness he might bestow upon his dog; I fancied with what zeal I could descend to very slavery for one word of affection. The streets were crowded with people; groups were gathered here and there, either listening to some mob orator of the day, or hearing the newspapers read aloud. I tried, by forcing my way into the crowd, to feel myself "one of them," and to think that I had my share of interest in what was going forward, but in vain. Of the topics discussed I knew nothing, and of the bystanders none even noticed me. High-swelling phrases met the ear at every moment, that sounded strangely enough to me. They spoke of Fraternity—of that brotherhood which linked man to man in close affection; of Equality—that made all sharers in this world's goods; of Liberty—that gave freedom to every noble aspiration and generous thought; and, for an instant, carried away by the glorious illusion, I even forgot my solitary condition, and felt proud of my heritage as a youth of France. I looked

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around me, however, and what faces met my gaze! The same fearful countenances I had seen around the scaffold: the wretches, blood-stained, and influenced by passion, their bloated cheeks and strained eye-balls glowing with intemperance; their oaths, their gestures, their very voices having something terrible in them. The mockery soon disgusted me, and I moved away, again to wander about without object or direction through the weary streets. It was past midnight when I found myself, without knowing where I was, in a large open space, in the midst of which a solitary lamp was burning. I approached it, and, to my horror, saw that it was the guillotine, over which, in mournful cadence, a lantern swung, creaking its chain as the night-wind stirred it. The dim outline of the fearful scaffold, the fitful light that fell upon the platform, and the silence, all conspired to strike terror into my heart; all I had so lately witnessed seemed to rise up again before me, and the victims seemed to stand up again, pale, and livid, and shuddering as last I saw them.

I knelt down, and tried to pray, but terror was too powerful to suffer my thoughts to take this direction, and, half-fainting with fear and exhaustion, I lay down upon the ground and slept—slept beneath the platform of the guillotine. Not a dream crossed my slumber, nor did I awake till dawn of day, when the low rumbling of the peasants' carts aroused me, as they were proceeding to the market. I know not why or whence, but I arose from the damp earth, and looked about me with a more daring and courageous spirit than I had hitherto felt. It was May; the first bright rays of sunshine were slanting along the "Place," and the fresh, brisk air felt invigorating and cheering. Whither to? asked I of myself, and my eyes turned from the dense streets and thoroughfares of the great city to the far-off hills beyond the barrier, and for a moment I hesitated which road to take. I almost seemed to feel as if the decision involved my whole future fortune—whether I should live and die in the humble condition of a peasant, or play for a great stake in life. "Yes," said I, after a short hesitation, "I will remain here; in the terrible conflict going forward many must be new adventurers, and never was any one more greedy to learn the trade than myself. I will throw sorrow behind me. Yesterday's tears are the last I shall shed. Now for a bold heart and a ready will, and here goes for the world!" With these stout words I placed my cap jauntily on one side of my head, and, with a fearless air marched off for the very centre of the city.

For some hours I amused myself gazing at the splendid shops, or staring in at the richly-decorated cafés, where the young celebrities of the day were assembled at breakfast, in all the extravagance of the new-fangled costume. Then I followed the guard to the parade at the "Carousel," and listened to the band; quitting which, I wandered along the quays, watching the boats, as they dragged the river, in search of murdered bodies or suicides. Thence I returned to the Palais Royal, and listened to the news of the day, as read out by some elected enlightener of his countrymen.

By what chance I know not, but at last my rambling steps brought me opposite to the great, solemn-looking towers of the "Temple." The gloomy prison, within whose walls hundreds were then awaiting the fate which already their friends had suffered; little groups, gathered here and there in the open Place, were communicating to the prisoners by signs and gestures, and from many a small-grated window, at an immense height, handkerchiefs were seen to wave in recognition of those below. These signals seemed to excite neither watchfulness nor prevention; indeed, they needed none, and perhaps the very suspense they excited was a torture that pleased the inhuman jailers. Whatever the reason, the custom was tolerated, and was apparently enjoyed at that moment by several of the turnkeys, who sat at the windows, much amused at the efforts made to communicate. Interested by the sight, I sat down upon a stone bench to watch the scene, and fancied that I could read something of the rank and condition of those who signalled from below their messages of hope or fear. At last a deep bell within the prison tolled the hour of noon, and now every window was suddenly deserted. It was the hour for the muster of the prisoners, which always took place before the dinner at one o'clock. The curious groups soon after broke up. A few lingered round the gate, with, perhaps some hope of admission to visit their friends but the greater number departed.

My hunger was now such, that I could no longer deny myself the long-promised meal, and I looked about me for a shop where I might buy a loaf of bread. In my search, I suddenly found myself opposite an immense shop, where viands of every tempting description were ranged with all that artistic skill so purely Parisian, making up a picture whose composition Snyders would not have despised. Over the door was a painting of a miserable wretch, with hands bound behind him, and his hair cut close in the well-known crop for the scaffold, and underneath was written, "Au Scélérat;" while on a larger board, in gilt letters, ran the inscription:

"Boivin Père et Fils, Traiteurs pour M. les Condammées."

I could scarcely credit my eyes as I read and re-read this infamous announcement; but there it stood, and in the crowd that poured incessantly to and from the door, I saw the success that attended the traffic. A ragged knot were gathered around the window, eagerly gazing at something, which, by their exclamations, seemed to claim all their admiration. I pressed forward to see what it was, and beheld a miniature guillotine, which, turned by a wheel, was employed to chop the meat for sausages. This it was that formed the great object of attraction, even to those to whom the prototype had grown flat and uninteresting.

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Disgusted as I was by this shocking sight, I stood watching all that went forward within with a strange interest. It was a scene of incessant bustle and movement, for now, as one o'clock drew nigh, various dinners were getting ready for the prisoners, while parties of their friends were assembling inside. Of these latter, there seemed persons of every rank and condition: some, dressed in all the brilliancy of the *mode;* others, whose garments bespoke direst poverty. There were women, too, whose costume emulated the classic drapery of the ancients, and who displayed, in their looped togas, no niggard share of their forms; while others, in shabby mourning, sat in obscure corners, not noticing the scene before them, nor noticed themselves. A strange equipage, with two horses extravagantly bedizened with rosettes and bouquets, stood at the door; and as I looked, a pale, haggard-looking man, whose foppery in dress contrasted oddly with his careworn expression, hurried from the shop, and sprung into the carriage. In doing so, a pocket-book fell from his pocket. I took it up, but as I did so, the carriage was already away, and far beyond my power to overtake it.

Without stopping to examine my prize, or hesitating for a second, I entered the *restaurant*, and asked for M. Boivin.

"Give your orders to me, boy," said a man busily at work behind the counter.

"My business is with himself," said I, stoutly.

"Then you'll have to wait with some patience," said he, sneeringly.

"I can do so," was my answer, and I sat down in the shop.

I might have been half-an-hour thus seated, when an enormously fat man, with a huge "*bonnet rouge*" on his head, entered from an inner room, and, passing close to where I was, caught sight of me.

"Who are you, sirrah—what brings you here?"

"I want to speak with M. Boivin."

"Then speak," said he, placing his hand upon his immense chest.

"It must be alone," said I.

"How so, alone, sirrah?" said he, growing suddenly pale; "I have no secrets—I know of nothing that may not be told before all the world."

Though he said this in a kind of appeal to all around, the dubious looks and glances interchanged seemed to make him far from comfortable.

"So you refuse me, then," said I, taking up my cap, and preparing to depart.

"Come hither," said he, leading the way into the room from which he had emerged. It was a very small chamber; the most conspicuous ornaments of which were busts and pictures of the various celebrities of the revolution. Some of these latter were framed ostentatiously, and one, occupying the post of honor above the chimney, at once attracted me, for in a glance I saw that it was a portrait of him who owned the pocket-book, and bore beneath it the name "Robespierre."

"Now, sir, for your communication," said Boivin; "and take care that it is of sufficient importance to warrant the interview you have asked for."

"I have no fears on that score," said I, calmly, still scanning the features of the portrait, and satisfying myself of their identity.

"Look at me, sir, and not at that picture," said Boivin.

"And yet it is of M. Robespierre I have to speak," said I, coolly.

"How so—of M. Robespierre, boy? What is the meaning of this? If it be a snare—if this be a trick, you never leave this spot living," cried he, as he placed a massive hand on each of my shoulders, and shook me violently.

"I am not so easily to be terrified, Citoyen," said I; "nor have I any secret cause for fear—whatever you may have. My business is of another kind. This morning, in passing out to his carriage, he dropped his pocket-book, which I picked up. Its contents may well be of a kind that should not be read by other eyes than his own. My request is, then, that you will seal it up before me, and then send some one along with me, while I restore it to its owner."

"Is this a snare—what secret mischief have we here?" said Boivin, half aloud, as he wiped the cold drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Any mishap that follows will depend upon your refusal to do what I ask."

"How so—I never refused it; you dare not tell M. Robespierre that I refused, sirrah?"

"I will tell him nothing that is untrue," said I, calmly; for already a sense of power had gifted me with composure. "If M. Robespierre—"

"Who speaks of me here?" cried that identical personage, as he dashed hurriedly into the room, and then, not waiting for the reply, went on, "You must send out your scouts on every side—I lost my pocket-book as I left this a while ago."

"It is here, sir," said I, presenting it at once.

"How—where was it found—in whose keeping has it been, boy?"

"In mine only; I took it from the ground the same moment that you dropped it, and then came here to place it in M. Boivin's hands."

"Who has taken care of it since that time," continued Robespierre, with a slow and sneering accentuation on every word.

"The pocket-book has never left my possession since it quitted yours," was my reply.

"Just so," broke in Boivin, now slowly recovering from his terror. "Of its contents I know nothing; nor have I sought to know any thing."

Robespierre looked at me, as if to corroborate this statement, and I nodded my head in acquiescence.

"Who is your father, boy?"

"I have none—he was guillotined."

"His name?"

"Tiernay."

"Ah, I remember; he was called L'Irlandais."

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"The same."

"A famous Royalist was that same Tiernay, and, doubtless, contrived to leave a heritage of his opinions to his son."

"He left me nothing—I have neither house, nor home, nor even bread to eat."

"But you have a head to plan, and a heart to feel, youngster; and it is better that fellows like you should not want a dinner. Boivin, look to it that he is taken care of. In a few days I will relieve you of the charge. You will remain here, boy; there are worse resting-places, I promise you. There are men who call themselves teachers of the people, who would ask no better life than free quarters on Boivin. And so saying, he hurriedly withdrew, leaving me face to face with my host.

"So then, youngster," said Boivin, as he scratched his ear thoughtfully, "I have gained a pensioner! *Parbleu!* if life were not an uncertain thing in these times, there's no saying how long we might not be blessed with your amiable company."

"You shall not be burthened heavily, *Citoyen*," said I; "Let me have my dinner—I have not eaten since yesterday morning, and I will go my ways peacefully."

"Which means straight to Robespierre's dwelling, to tell him that I have turned you out of doors—eh, sirrah?"

"You mistake me much," said I; "this would be sorry gratitude for eaten bread; I meant what I said—that I will not be an unwelcome guest, even though the alternative be, as it is, something very nigh starvation."

Boivin did not seem clearly to comprehend the meaning of what I said; or perhaps my whole conduct and bearing puzzled him, for he made no reply for several seconds. At last, with a kind of sigh, he said,

"Well well, it can not be helped; it must be even as he wished, though the odds are, he'll never think more about him Come, lad, you shall have your dinner."

I followed him through a narrow, unlighted passage, which opened into a room, where, at a long table, were seated a number of men and boys at dinner. Some were dressed as cooks—others wore a kind of gray blouse, with a badge upon the arm bearing the name "Boivin" in large letters, and were, as I afterward learned, the messengers employed to carry refreshments into the prison, and who, by virtue of this sign, were freely admitted within the gates.

Taking my place at the board, I proceeded to eat with a voracity that only a long fast could have excused; and thus took but little heed of my companions, whose solecisms in table etiquette might otherwise have amused me.

"Art a *marmiton*, thou?" asked an elderly man in a cook's cap, as he stared fixedly at me for some seconds.

"No," said I, helping myself, and eating away as before.

"Thou can'st never be a commissionaire, friend, with an appetite like that," cried another; "I wouldn't trust thee to carry a casserole to the fire."

"Nor shall I be," said I, coolly.

"What trade, then, has the good fortune to possess your shining abilities?"

"A trade that thrives well just now, friend—pass me the flask."

"Indeed, and what may it be?"

"Can you not guess, *Citoyen*," said I, "if I tell you that it was never more in vogue; and, if there be some who will not follow it, they'll wear their heads just as safely by holding their peace."

"*Parbleu!* thou hast puzzled me," said the chief cook; "and if thou be'st not a coffin-maker—." A roar of merriment cut short his speech, in which I myself could not but join heartily.

"That is, I know," said I, "a thriving business; but mine is even better; and, not to mystify you longer, I'll just tell you what I am—which is, simply, a friend of the *Citoyen* Robespierre."

The blow told with full force; and I saw, in the terrified looks that were interchanged around the table, that my sojourn among them, whether destined to be of short or long duration, would not be disturbed by further liberties. It was truly a reign of terror that same period! The great agent of every thing was the vague and shadowy dread of some terrible vengeance, against which precautions were all in vain. Men met each other with secret misgivings, and parted with the same dreadful distrust. The ties of kindred were all broken; brotherly affection died out. Existence was become like the struggle for life upon some shipwrecked raft, where each sought safety by his neighbor's doom! At such a time—with such terrible teachings—children became men in all the sterner features of character: cruelty is a lesson so easily learned.

As for myself, energetic and ambitious by nature, the ascendency my first assumption of power suggested was too grateful a passion to be relinquished. The name—whose spell was like a talisman, because now the secret engine by which I determined to work out my fortune—Robespierre had become to my imagination like the slave of Aladdin's lamp; and to conjure him up was to be all-powerful. Even to Boivin himself this influence extended; and it was easy to perceive that he regarded the whole narrative of the pocket-book as a mere fable, invented to obtain a position as a spy over his household.

I was not unwilling to encourage the belief—it added to my importance, by increasing the fear I inspired; and thus I walked indolently about, giving myself those airs of "mouchard" that I deemed most fitting, and taking a mischievous delight in the terror I was inspiring.

The indolence of my life, however, soon wearied me, and I began to long for some occupation, or some pursuit. Teeming with excitement as the world was—every day, every hour, brimful of events—it was impossible to sit calmly on the beach, and watch the great, foaming current of human passions, without longing to be in the stream. Had I been a man at that time, I should have become a furious orator of the Mountain—

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an impassioned leader of the people. The impulse to stand foremost, to take a bold and prominent position, would have carried me to any lengths. I had caught up enough of the horrid fanaticism of the time, to think that there was something grand and heroic in contempt for human suffering; that a man rose proudly above all the weakness of his nature, when, in the pursuit of some great object, he stifled within his breast every throb of affection—every sentiment of kindness and mercy. Such were the teachings rife at the time—such the first lessons that boyhood learned; and oh! what a terrible hour had that been for humanity if the generation then born had grown up to manhood, unchastened and unconverted!

But to return to my daily life. As I perceived that a week had now elapsed, and the Citizen Robespierre had not revisited the "restaurant," nor taken any interest in my fate or fortunes, I began to fear lest Boivin should master his terror regarding me, and take heart to put me out of doors—an event which, in my present incertitude, would have been sorely inconvenient. I resolved, therefore, to practice a petty deception on my host, to sustain the influence of terror over him. This was, to absent myself every day at a certain hour, under the pretense of visiting my patron—letting fall, from time to time, certain indications to show in what part of the city I had been, and occasionally, as if in an unguarded moment, condescending to relate some piece of popular gossip. None ventured to inquire the source of my information—not one dared to impugn its veracity. Whatever their misgivings in secret, to myself they displayed the most credulous faith. Nor was their trust so much misplaced, for I had, in reality, become a perfect chronicle of all that went forward in Paris—never missing a debate in the Convention, where my retentive memory could carry away almost verbally all that I heard—ever present at every public fête or procession, whether the occasions were some insulting desecration of their former faith, or some tasteless mockery of heathen ceremonial.

My powers of mimicry, too, enabled me to imitate all the famous characters of the period; and in my assumed inviolability. I used to exhibit the uncouth gestures and spluttering utterance of Marat—the wild and terrible ravings of Danton—and even the reedy treble of my own patron, Robespierre, as he screamed denunciations against the enemies of the people. It is true these exhibitions of mine were only given in secret to certain parties, who, by a kind of instinct, I felt could be trusted.

Such was my life, as one day, returning from the Convention, I beheld a man affixing to a wall a great placard, to which the passing crowd seemed to pay deep attention. It was a decree of the Committee of Public Safety, containing the names of above seven hundred royalists, who were condemned to death, and who were to be executed in three "tournées," on three successive days.

For some time back the mob had not been gratified with a spectacle of this nature. In the ribald language of the day, the "holy guillotine had grown thirsty from long drought;" and they read the announcement with greedy eyes, commenting as they went upon those whose names were familiar to them. There were many of noble birth among the proscribed, but by far the greater number were priests, the whole sum of whose offending seemed written in the simple and touching words, "*ancien curé*," of such a parish! It was strange to mark the bitterness of invective with which the people loaded these poor and innocent men, as though they were the source of all their misfortunes. The lazy indolence with which they reproached them, seemed ten times more offensive in their eyes than the lives of ease and affluence led by the nobility. The fact was, they could not forgive men of their own rank and condition what they pardoned in the well-born and the noble! an inconsistency that has characterized democracy in other situations besides this.

As I ran my eyes down the list of those confined in the Temple, I came to a name which smote my heart with a pang of ingratitude as well as sorrow—the "Père Michel Delannois, soi disant curé de St. Blois"—my poor friend and protector was there among the doomed! If, up to that moment, I had made no effort to see him, I must own the reason lay in my own selfish feeling of shame—the dread that he should mark the change that had taken place in me—a change that I felt extended to all about me, and showed itself in my manner, as it influenced my every action. It was not alone that I lost the obedient air and quiet submissiveness of the child, but I had assumed the very extravagance of that democratic insolence which was the mode among the leading characters of the time.

How should I present myself before him, the very impersonation of all the vices against which he used to warn me—how exhibit the utter failure of all his teachings and his hopes? What would this be but to imbitter his reflections needlessly. Such were the specious reasons with which I fed my self-love, and satisfied my conscience; but now, as I read his name in that terrible catalogue, their plausibility served me no longer, and at last I forgot myself to remember only him.

"I will see him at once," thought I, "whatever it may cost me—I will stay beside him for his last few hours of life; and when he carries with him from this world many an evil memory of shame and treachery, ingratitude from me shall not increase the burden." And with this resolve I turned my steps homeward.

CHAPTER III.

THE "TEMPLE."

At the time of which I write, there was but one motive-principle throughout France—"Terror." By the agency of terror and the threat

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of denunciation was every thing carried on, not only in the public departments of the state, but in all the common occurrences of every-day life. Fathers used it toward their children—children toward their parents; mothers coerced their daughters—daughters, in turn, braved the authority of their mothers. The tribunal of public opinion, open to all, scattered its decrees with a reckless cruelty—denying to-day what it had decreed but yesterday, and at last obliterating every trace of "right" or "principle," in a people who now only lived for the passing hour, and who had no faith in the future, even of this world.

Among the very children at play, this horrible doctrine had gained a footing; the tyrant urchin, whose ingenuity enabled him to terrorize, became the master of his playfellows. I was not slow in acquiring the popular education of the period, and soon learned that fear was a "Bank" on which one might draw at will. Already the domineering habit had given to my air and manner all the insolence of seeming power; and, while a mere boy in years, I was a man in all the easy assumption of a certain importance.

It was with a bold and resolute air I entered the restaurant, and calling Boivin aside, said,

"I have business in the Temple this morning, Boivin; see to it that I shall not be denied admittance."

"I am not governor of the jail," grunted Boivin, sulkily, "nor have I the privilege to pass any one."

"But your boys have the entrée; the 'rats' (so were they called) are free to pass in and out."

"Ay, and I'm responsible for the young rascals, too, and for any thing that may be laid to their charge."

"And you shall extend this same protection to *me*, Master Boivin, for one day, at least. Nay, my good friend, there's no use in sulking about it. A certain friend of ours, whose name I need not speak aloud, is little in the habit of being denied any thing: are you prepared for the consequence of disobeying his orders?"

"Let me see that they are his orders," said he, sturdily; "who tells me that such is his will?"

"I do," was my brief reply, as, with a look of consummate effrontery, I drew myself up, and stared him insolently in the face.

"Suppose, then, that I have my doubts on the matter; suppose—"

"I will suppose all you wish, Boivin," said I, interrupting, "and even something more; for I will suppose myself returning to the quarter whence I have just come, and within one hour—ay, within one hour, Boivin—bringing back with me a written order, not to pass me into the Temple, but to receive the charge of the Citizen Jean Baptiste Boivin, and be accountable for the same to the Committee of Public Safety."

He trembled from head to foot as I said these words, and in his shaking cheeks and fallen jaw I saw that my spell was working.

"And now, I ask for the last time, do you consent or not?"

"How is it to be done?" cried he, in a voice of downright wretchedness. "You are not 'inscribed' at the sécretaries' office as one of the 'rats.'"

"I should hope not," said I, cutting him short; "but I may take the place of one for an hour or so. Tristan is about my own size; his blouse and badge will just suit me."

"Ay, leave me to a fine of a thousand francs, if you should be found out," muttered Boivin, "not to speak of a worse mayhap."

"Exactly so—far worse in case of your refusing: but there sounds the bell for mustering the prisoners; it is now too late."

"Not so—not so," cried Boivin, eagerly, as he saw me prepared to leave the house. "You shall go in Tristan's place. Send him here, that he may tell you every thing about the 'service,' and give you his blouse and badge."

I was not slow in availing myself of the permission; nor was Tristan sorry to find a substitute. He was a dull, depressed-looking boy, not over communicative as to his functions, merely telling me that I was to follow the others—that I came fourth in the line—to answer when my name was called "Tristan," and to put the money I received in my leathern pocket, without uttering a word, lest the jailers should notice it.

To accoutre myself in the white cotton nightcap and the blouse of the craft, was the work of a few seconds, and then, with a great knife in my girdle, and a capacious pocket slung at my side, I looked every inch a "*Marmiton*."

In the kitchen, the bustle had already begun; and half a dozen cooks, with as many undercooks, were dealing out "portions" with all the speed of a well-practiced performance. Nothing short of great habit could have prevented the confusion degenerating into downright anarchy. The "service" was, indeed, effected with a wonderful rapidity, and certain phrases, uttered with speed, showed how it progressed. "*Maigre des Curés*"—"finished." "Bouillon for the 'expectants'"—"ready here." "Canards aux olives des condamnés"—"all served." "Red partridges for the reprieved at the upper table"—"dispatched." Such were the quick demands, and no less quick replies, that rung out, amidst the crash of plates, knifes, and glasses, and the incessant movement of feet, until, at last, we were all marshaled in a long line, and, preceded by a drum, set out for the prison.

As we drew near, the heavy gates opened to receive, and closed behind us with a loud bang, that I could not help feeling must have smote heavily on many a heart that had passed there. We were now in a large court-yard, where several doors led off, each guarded by a sentinel, whose ragged clothes and rusty accoutrements proclaimed a true soldier of the republic. One of the large hurdles used for carrying the pris-

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oners to the "Place" stood in one corner, and two or three workmen were busied in repairing it for the coming occasion.

So much I had time to observe, as we passed along; and now we entered a dimly-lighted corridor, of great extent, passing down which, we emerged into a second "Cour," traversed by a species of canal or river, over which a bridge led. In the middle of this was a strongly-barred iron gate, guarded by two sentries. As we arrived here, our names were called aloud by a species of turnkey, and at the call "Tristan" I advanced, and, removing the covers from the different dishes, submitted them for inspection to an old, savage-looking fellow, who, with a long steel fork, prodded the pieces of meat, as though any thing could have been concealed within them. Meanwhile another fellow examined my cotton cap and pocket, and passed his hands along my arms and body. The whole did not last more than a few minutes, and the word "forward" was given to pass on. The gloom of the place—the silence, only broken by the heavy bang of an iron-barred door, or the clank of chains—the sad thoughts of the many who trod these corridors on their way to death, depressed me greatly, and equally unprepared me for what was to come; for as we drew near the great hall, the busy hum of voices, the sound of laughter, and the noises of a large assembly in full converse, suddenly burst upon the ear, and as the wide doors were thrown open, I beheld above a hundred people, who, either gathered in single groups, or walking up and down in parties, seemed all in the fullest enjoyment of social intercourse.

A great table, with here and there a large flagon of water, or a huge loaf of the coarse bread used by the peasantry, ran from end to end of the chamber. A few had already taken their places at this; but some were satisfied with laying a cap or a kerchief on the bench opposite their accustomed seat; while others again had retired into windows and corners, as if to escape the general gaze, and partake of their humble meal in solitude.

Whatever restrictions prison discipline might have exercised elsewhere, here the widest liberty seemed to prevail. The talk was loud, and even boisterous; the manner to the turnkeys exhibited nothing of fear: the whole assemblage presented rather the aspect of a gathering of riotous republicans, than of a band of prisoners under sentence. And yet such were the greater number; and the terrible slip of paper attached to the back of each, with a date, told the day on which he was to die.

As I lingered to gaze on this strange gathering, I was admonished to move on, and now perceived that my companion had advanced to the end of the hall, by which a small flight of stone steps led out upon a terrace, at the end of which we entered another, and not less spacious chamber, equally crowded and noisy. Here the company were of both sexes, and of every grade and condition of rank, from the highest noble of the once court, to the humblest peasant of La Vendée. If the sounds of mirth and levity were less frequent, the buzz of conversation was, to the full, as loud as in the lower hall, where, from difference of condition in life, the scenes passing presented stranger and more curious contrasts. In one corner a group of peasants were gathered around a white-haired priest, who, in a low but earnest voice, was uttering his last exhortation to them; in another, some young and fashionably-dressed men were exhibiting to a party of ladies the very airs and graces by which they would have adorned a saloon; here, was a party at piquet; there, a little group arranging, for the last time, their household cares, and settling, with a few small coins, the account of mutual expenditure. Of the ladies, several were engaged at needlework, some little preparation for the morrow—the last demand that ever vanity was to make of them!

Although there was matter of curiosity in all around me, my eyes sought for but one object, the curé of St. Blois. Twice or thrice, from the similarity of dress, I was deceived, and at last, when I really did behold him, as he sat alone in a window, reading, I could scarcely satisfy myself of the reality. He was lividly pale; his eyes deep sunk, and surrounded with two dark circles, while along his worn cheek the tears had marked two channels of purple color. What need of the guillotine there; the lamp of life was in its last flicker without it.

Our names were called, and the meats placed upon the table. Just as the head turnkey was about to give the order to be seated, a loud commotion, and a terrible uproar in the court beneath, drew every one to the window. It was a hurdle which, emerging from an archway, broke down from overcrowding; and now the confusion of prisoners, jailors, and sentries, with plunging horses and screaming sufferers, made a scene of the wildest uproar. Chained two by two, the prisoners were almost helpless, and in their efforts to escape injury made the most terrific struggles. Such were the instincts of life in those on the very road to death!

Resolving to profit by the moment of confusion, I hastened to the window, where alone, unmoved by the general commotion, sat the Père Michel. He lifted his glassy eyes as I came near, and, in a low, mild voice, said,

"Thanks, my good boy, but I have no money to pay thee; nor does it matter much now, it is but another day."

I could have cried as I heard these sad words, but mastering emotions which would have lost time so precious, I drew close, and whispered,

"Père Michel, it is I, your own Maurice!"

He started, and a deep flush suffused his cheek, and then stretching out his hand, he pushed back my cap, and parted the hair off my forehead, as if doubting the reality of what he saw, when, with a weak voice, he said,

"No, no, thou art not my own Maurice. *His* eyes shone not with that worldly lustre thine do; *his* brow was calm and fair as children's

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should be—*thine* is marked with manhood's craft and subtlety; and yet thou art like him."

A low sob broke from me as I listened to his words, and the tears gushed forth, and rolled in torrents down my cheeks.

"Yes," cried he, clasping me in his arms, "thou art my own dear boy. I know thee now: but how art thou here, and thus?" and he touched my "blouse" as he spoke.

"I came to see and to save you, Père," said I. "Nay, do not try to discourage me, but rather give me all your aid. I saw *her*—I was with her in her last moments at the guillotine; she gave me a message for you, but this you shall never hear till we are without these walls."

"It can not be, it can not be," said he, sorrowfully.

"It can, and shall be," said I, resolutely. "I have merely assumed this dress for the occasion; I have friends, powerful and willing to protect me. Let us change robes; give me that 'soutane,' and put on the blouse. When you leave this, hasten to the old garden of the chapel, and wait for my coming; I will join you there before night."

"It can not be," replied he, again.

"Again I say, it shall, and must be. Nay, if you still refuse, there shall be two victims, for I will tear off the dress here where I stand, and openly declare myself the son of the royalist Tiernay."

Already the commotion in the court beneath was beginning to subside, and even now the turnkeys' voices were heard in the refectory, recalling the prisoners to table, another moment and it would have been too late; it was, then, less by persuasion than by actual force I compelled him to yield, and pulling off his black serge gown, drew over his shoulders my yellow blouse, and placed upon his head the white cap of the "Marmiton." The look of shame and sorrow of the poor curé would have betrayed him at once, if any had given themselves the trouble to look at him.

"And thou, my poor child," said he, as he saw me array myself in his priestly dress, "what is to be thy fate."

"All will depend upon you, Père Michel," said I, holding him by the arm, and trying to fix his wandering attention. "Once out of the prison, write to Boivin, the *restaurateur* of the '*Scélérat*,' and tell him that an escaped convict has scruples for the danger into which he has brought a poor boy, one of his 'Marmitons,' and whom, by a noxious drug, he has lulled into insensibility, while having exchanged clothes, he has managed his escape. Boivin will comprehend the danger he himself runs by leaving me here. All will go well—and now there's not a moment to lose. Take up your basket, and follow the others."

"But the falsehood of all this," cried the Père.

"But, your life and mine, too, lost, if you refuse." said I, pushing him away.

"Oh, Maurice, how changed have you become!" cried he, sorrowfully.

"You will see a greater change in me yet, as I lie in the sawdust beneath the scaffold," said I, hastily. "Go, go."

There was, indeed, no more time to lose. The muster of the prisoners was forming at one end of the chamber, while the "Marmitons" were gathering up their plates and dishes, previous to departure, at the other; and it was only by the decisive step of laying myself down within the recesses of the window, in the attitude of one overcome by sleep, that I could force him to obey my direction. I could feel his presence as he bent over me, and muttered something that must have been a prayer. I could know, without seeing, that he still lingered near me, but as I never stirred, he seemed to feel that my resolve was not to be shaken, and at last he moved slowly away.

At first the noise and clamor sounded like the crash of some desperate conflict, but by degrees this subsided, and I could hear the names called aloud, and the responses of the prisoners, as they were "told off" in parties from the different parts of the prison. Tender leave-takings and affectionate farewells from many who never expected to meet again accompanied these, and the low sobs of anguish were mingled with the terrible chaos of voices; and at last I heard the name of "Michel Delannois:" I felt as if my death-summons was in the words "Michel Delannois."

"That crazy priest can neither hear nor see, I believe," said the jailor, savagely. "Will no one answer for him?"

"He is asleep yonder in the window," replied a voice from the crowd.

"Let him sleep, then," said the turnkey "when awake he gives us no peace with his prayers and exhortations."

"He has eaten nothing for three days," observed another; "he is, perhaps, overcome by weakness more than by sleep."

"Be it so! if he only lie quiet, I care not," rejoined the jailor, and proceeded to the next name on the list.

The monotonous roll-call, the heat, the attitude in which I was lying, all conspired to make me drowsy; even the very press of sensations that crowded to my brain lent their aid, and at last I slept as soundly as ever I had done in my bed at night. I was dreaming of the dark alleys in the wood of Belleville, where so often I had strolled of an evening with Père Michel; I was fancying that we were gathering the fresh violets beneath the old trees, when a rude hand shook my shoulder, and I awoke. One of the turnkeys and Boivin stood over me, and I saw at once that my plan had worked well.

"Is this the fellow?" said the turnkey, pushing me rudely with his foot.

"Yes," replied Boivin, white with fear; "this is the boy; his name is Tristan." The latter words were accompanied with a look of great significance toward me.

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"What care we how he is called; let us hear in what manner he came here."

"I can tell you little," said I, staring and looking wildly around; "I must have been asleep and dreaming, too."

"The letter," whispered Boivin to the turnkey—"the letter says that he was made to inhale some poisonous drug, and that while insensible—"

"Bah!" said the other, derisively, "this will not gain credit here; there has been complicity in the affair, Master Boivin. The *commissaire* is not the man to believe a trumped-up tale of the sort; besides, you are well aware that you are responsible for these 'rats' of yours. It is a private arrangement between you and the *commissaire*, and it is not very probable that he'll get himself into a scrape for you."

"Then what are we to do?" cried Boivin, passionately, as he wrung his hands in despair.

"I know what I should, in a like case," was the dry reply.

"And that is—?"

"Laisser aller!" was the curt rejoinder. "The young rogue has passed for a curé for the last afternoon; I'd even let him keep up the disguise a little longer, and it will be all the same by this time to-morrow."

"You'd send me to the guillotine for another?" said I, boldly; "thanks for the good intention my friend; but Boivin knows better than to follow your counsel. Hear me one moment," said I, addressing the latter, and drawing him to one side—"if you don't liberate me within a quarter of an hour, I'll denounce you and yours to the commissary. I know well enough what goes on at the Scélérat—you understand me well. If a priest has really made his escape from the prison, you are not clean-handed enough to meet the accusation; see to it then, Boivin, that I may be free at once."

"Imp of Satan," exclaimed Boivin, grinding his teeth, "I have never enjoyed ease or quietness since the first hour I saw you."

"It may cost a couple of thousand francs, Boivin," said I, calmly; "but what then? Better that than take your seat along with us to-morrow in the 'Charretto rouge.'"

"Maybe he's right, after all," muttered the turnkey in a half whisper; "speak to the commissary."

"Yes," said I, affecting an air of great innocence and simplicity—"tell him that a poor orphan boy, without friends or home, claims his pity."

"*Scélérat infame!*" cried Boivin, as he shook his fist at me, and then followed the turnkey to the commissary's apartment.

In less time than I could have believed possible, Boivin returned with one of the upper jailors, and told me in a few dry words that I was free. "But, mark me," added he, "we part here—come what may, you never shall plant foot within my doors again."

"Agreed," said I, gayly; "the world has other dupes as easy to play upon, and I was getting well nigh weary of you."

"Listen to the scoundrel!" muttered Boivin; "what will he say next?"

"Simply this," rejoined I—"that as these are not becoming garments for me to wear—for I'm neither 'Père' nor 'Frère'—I must have others ere I quit this."

If the insolence of my demand occasioned some surprise at first, a little cool persistence on my part showed that compliance would be the better policy; and, after conferring together for a few minutes, during which I heard the sound of money, the turnkey retired, and came back speedily with a jacket and cap belonging to one of the drummers of the "Republican Guard"—a gaudy, tasteless affair enough, but, as a disguise, nothing could have been more perfect.

"Have you not a drum to give him?" said Boivin, with a most malignant sneer at my equipment.

"He'll make a noise in the world without that!" muttered the jailor, half soliloquizing; and the words fell upon my heart with a strange significance.

"Your blessing, Boivin," said I, "and we part."

"*Te te*—"

"No, no; don't curse the boy," interposed the jailor, good humoredly.

"Then, move off, youngster; I've lost too much time with you already."

The next moment I was in the "Place"—a light, misty rain was falling, and the night was dark and starless; the "*Scélérat*" was brilliant with lamps and candles, and crowds were passing in and out, but it was no longer a home for me—so I passed on, and continued my way toward the Boulevard.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE NIGHT OF THE NINTH THERMIDOR."

I HAD agreed with the Père Michel to rendezvous at the garden of the little chapel of St. Blois, and thitherward I now turned my steps.

The success which followed this my first enterprise in life had already worked a wondrous change in all my feelings. Instead of looking up to the poor Curé for advice and guidance, I felt as though our parts were exchanged, and that it was *I* who was now the protector of the other. The oft-repeated sneers at "les bons Prêtres," who were good for nothing, must have had a share in this new estimate of my friend; but a certain self-reliance just then springing up in my heart, effectually completed the change.

The period was essentially one of action and not of reflection. Events seemed to fashion themselves at the will of him who had daring and courage to confront them, and they alone appeared weak and poor-spirited who would not stem the tide of fortune. Sentiments like these

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were not, as may be supposed, best calculated to elevate the worthy Père in my esteem, and I already began to feel how unsuited was such companionship for me, whose secret promptings whispered ever, "go forward."

The very vagueness of my hopes served but to extend the horizon of futurity before me, and I fancied a thousand situations of distinction that might yet be mine. Fame—or its poor counterfeit, notoriety—seemed the most enviable of all possessions. It mattered little by what merits it were won, for, in that fickle mood of popular opinion, great vices were as highly prized as transcendent abilities, and one might be as illustrious by crime as by genius. Such were not the teachings of the Père; but they were the lessons that Paris dinned into my ears unceasingly. Reputation, character, was of no avail, in a social condition where all was change and vacillation. What was idolized one day, was execrated the next. The hero of yesterday, was the object of popular vengeance to-day. The success of the passing hour was every thing.

The streets were crowded as I passed along; although a drizzling rain was falling, groups and knots of people were gathered together at every corner, and, by their eager looks and gestures, showed that some event of great moment had occurred. I stopped to ask what it meant, and learned that Robespierre had been denounced in the Assembly, and that his followers were hastening, in arms, to the Place de Grêve. As yet, men spoke in whispers, or broken phrases. Many were seen affectionately embracing and clasping each other's hands in passionate emotion, but few dared to trust themselves to words, for none knew if the peril were really passed, or if the power of the tyrant might not become greater than ever. While I yet listened to the tidings which, in half sentences and broken words, reached my ears, the roll of drums, beating the "générale," was heard, and suddenly the head of a column appeared, carrying torches, and seated upon ammunition-wagons and caissons, and chanting in wild chorus the words of the "Marseillaise." On they came, a terrible host of half-naked wretches, their heads bound in handkerchiefs, and their brawny arms bare to the shoulders.

The artillery of the Municipale followed, many of the magistrates riding among them dressed in the tricolored scarfs of officers. As the procession advanced, the crowds receded, and gradually the streets were left free to the armed force.

While, terror-struck, I continued to gaze at the countenances over which the lurid torch-light cast a horrid glare, a strong hand grasped my collar, and by a jerk swung me up to a seat on one of the caissons; and at the same time a deep voice said, "Come, youngster, this is more in thy way than mine," and a black-bearded "sapeur" pushed a drum before me, and ordered me to beat the générale. Such was the din and uproar that my performance did not belie my uniform, and I beat away manfully, scarcely sorry, amid all my fears, at the elevated position from which I now surveyed the exciting scene around me.

As we passed, the shops were closed on either side in haste, and across the windows of the upper stories beds and mattresses were speedily drawn, in preparation for the state of siege now so imminent. Lights flickered from room to room, and all betokened a degree of alarm and terror. Louder and louder pealed the "Marseillaise," as the columns deployed into the open Place, from which every street and lane now poured its *tributaires* of armed men. The line was now formed by the artillery, which, to the number of sixteen pieces, ranged from end to end of the square, the dense crowd of horse and foot forming behind, the mass dimly lighted by the waving torches that here and there marked the presence of an officer. Gradually the sounds of the "Marseillaise" grew fainter and fainter, and soon a dreary silence pervaded that varied host, more terrible now, as they stood speechless, than in all the tumultuous din of the wildest uproar. Meanwhile, from the streets which opened into the Place at the furthest end, the columns of the National Guard began to move up, the leading files carrying torches; behind them came ten pieces of artillery, which, as they issued, were speedily placed in battery, and flanked by the heavy dragoons of the Guard; and now, in breathless silence, the two forces stood regarding each other, the cannoniers with lighted matches in their hands, the dragoons firmly clasping their sabres—all but waiting for the word to plunge into the deadliest strife. It was a terrible moment—the slightest stir in the ranks—the rattling of a horse's panoply—the clank of a sabre—fell upon the heart like the toll of a death-bell. It was then that two or three horsemen were seen to advance from the troops of the Convention, and approaching the others, were speedily lost among their ranks. A low and indistinct murmur ran along the lines, which each moment grew louder, till at last it burst forth into a cry of "Vive la Convention." Quitting their ranks, the men gathered around a general of the National Guard, who addressed them in words of passionate eloquence, but of which I was too distant to hear any thing. Suddenly the ranks began to thin; some were seen to pile their arms, and move away in silence; others marched across the Place, and took up their position beside the troops of the National Guard: of the cannoniers many threw down their matches, and extinguished the flame with their feet, while others again, limbering up their guns, slowly retired to the barracks.

As for myself, too much interested in the scene to remember that I was, in some sort, an actor in it, I sat upon the caisson, watching all that went forward so eagerly, that I never noticed the departure of my companions, nor perceived that I was left by myself. I know not how much later this discovery might have been deferred to me, had not an officer of the "Guard" ridden up to where I was, and said

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"Move up, move up, my lad; keep close to the battery." He pointed at the same time with his sabre in the direction where a number of guns and carriages were already proceeding.

Not a little flattered by the order, I gathered up reins and whip, and, thanks to the good drilling of the beasts, who readily took their proper places, soon found myself in the line, which now drew up in the rear of the artillery of the Guard, separated from the front by a great mass of horse and foot. I knew nothing of what went forward in the Place; from what I gathered, however, I could learn that the artillery was in position, the matches burning, and every thing in readiness for a cannonade. Thus we remained for above an hour, when the order was given to march. Little knew I that, in that brief interval, the whole fortunes of France—ay, of humanity itself—had undergone a mighty change—that the terrible reign of blood, the tyranny of Robespierre had closed, and that he who had sent so many to the scaffold, now lay bleeding and mutilated upon the very table where he had signed the death-warrants.

The day was just beginning to dawn as we entered the barracks of the Conciergerie, and drew up in a double line along its spacious square, The men dismounted, and stood "at ease," awaiting the arrival of the staff of the National Guard, which, it was said, was coming; and now the thought occurred to me, of what I should best do, whether make my escape while it was yet time, or remain to see by what accident I had come there. If a sense of duty to the Père Michel urged me on one side, the glimmering hope of some opening to fortune swayed me on the other. I tried to persuade myself that my fate was bound up with his, and that he should be my guide through the wild waste before me; but these convictions could not stand against the very scene in which I stood. The glorious panoply of war—the harnessed team—the helmeted dragoon—the proud steed in all the trappings of battle! How faint were the pleadings of duty against such arguments. The Père, too, designed me for a priest. The life of a "seminarist" in a convent was to be mine! I was to wear the red gown and the white cape of an "acolyte!"—to be taught how to swing a censer, or snuff the candles of the high altar—to be a train-bearer in a procession, or carry a relic in a glass-case! The hoarse bray of a trumpet that then rung through the court routed these ignoble fancies, and as the staff rode proudly in, my resolve was taken. I was determined to be a soldier.

The day, I have said, was just breaking, and the officers wore their dark gray capotes over their uniforms. One, however, had his coat partly open, and I could see the blue and silver beneath, which, tarnished and worn as it was, had to my eyes all the brilliancy of a splendid uniform. He was an old man, and by his position in advance of the others, showed that he was the chief of the staff. This was General Lacoste, at that time "en mission" from the army of the Rhine, and now sent by the Convention to report upon the state of events among the troops. Slowly passing along the line, the old general halted before each gun, pointing out to his staff certain minutiæ, which, from his gestures and manner, it was easy to see were not the subject of eulogy. Many of the pieces were ill slung, and badly balanced on the trucks; the wheels, in some cases, were carelessly put on, their tires worn, and the iron shoeing defective. The harnessing, too, was patched and mended in a slovenly fashion; the horses lean and out of condition; the drivers awkward and inexperienced.

"This is all bad, gentlemen," said he, addressing the officers, but in a tone to be easily heard all around him; "and reflects but little credit upon the state of your discipline in the capital. We have been now seventeen months in the field before the enemy, and not idle either; and yet I would take shame to myself if the worst battery in our artillery were not better equipped, better horsed, better driven, and better served, than any I see here."

One, who seemed a superior officer, here appeared to interpose some explanation or excuse, but the general would not listen to him, and continued his way along the line, passing around which he now entered the space between the guns and the caissons. At last he stopped directly in front of where I was, and fixed his dark and penetrating eyes steadily on me. Such was their fascination, that I could not look from him, but continued to stare as fixedly at him.

"Look here, for instance," cried he, as he pointed to me with his sword, "is that 'gamin' yonder like an artillery-driver? or is it to a drummer-boy you intrust the caisson of an eight-pounder gun? Dismount, sirrah, and come hither," cried he to me, in a voice that sounded like an order for instant execution. "This popinjay dress of yours must have been the fancy of some worthy shop-keeper of the 'Quai Lepelletier;' it never could belong to any regular corps. Who are you?"

"Maurice Tiernay, sir," said I, bringing my hand to my cap in military salute.

"Maurice Tiernay," repeated he, slowly, after me. "And have you no more to say for yourself than your name?"

"Very little, sir," said I, taking courage from the difficulty in which I found myself.

"What of your father, boy?—is he a soldier?"

"He was, sir," replied I, with firmness.

"Then he is dead? In what corps did he serve?"

"In the Garde du Corps," said I, proudly.

The old general gave a short cough, and seemed to search for his snuff-box, to cover his confusion; the next moment, however, he had regained his self-possession, and continued: "And since that event—I mean, since you lost your father—what have you been doing? How have you supported yourself?"

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"In various ways, sir," said I, with a shrug of the shoulders, to imply that the answer might be too tedious to listen to. "I have studied to be a priest, and I have served as a 'rat' in the Prison du Temple."

"You have certainly tried the extremes of life," said he, laughing; "and now you wish, probably, to hit the 'juste milieu,' by becoming a soldier?"

"Even so, sir," said I, easily. "It was a mere accident that mounted me upon this caisson; but I am quite ready to believe that fortune intended me kindly when she did so."

"These 'gredins' fancy that they are all born to be generals of France," said the old man, laughing; "but, after all, it is a harmless delusion, and easily curable by a campaign or two. Come, sirrah, I'll find out a place for you, where, if you can not serve the republic better, you will, at least, do her less injury, than as a driver in her artillery. Bertholet, let him be enrolled in your detachment of the gendarme, and give him my address: I wish to speak to him to-morrow."

"At what hour, general?" said I, promptly.

"At eight, or half-past—after breakfast," replied he.

"It may easily be before mine," muttered I to myself.

"What says he?" cried the general, sharply.

The aid-de-camp whispered a few words in answer, at which the other smiled, and said, "Let him come somewhat earlier—say eight o'clock."

"You hear that, boy?" said the aid-de-camp to me, while, with a slight gesture, he intimated that I might retire. Then, as if suddenly remembering that he had not given me the address of the general, he took a scrap of crumpled paper from his pocket-book, and wrote a few words hastily on it with his pencil. "There," cried he, throwing it toward me, "there is your billet for this day at least." I caught the scrap of paper, and after deciphering the words, perceived that they were written on the back of an "assignat" for forty sous.

It was a large sum to one who had not wherewithal to buy a morsel of bread; and as I looked at it over and over, I fancied there would be no end to the pleasures such wealth could purchase. I can breakfast on the Quai Voltaire, thought I, ay, and sumptuously too, with coffee, and chestnuts, and a slice of melon, and another of cheese, and a "petite goutte" to finish, for five sous. The panther, at the corner of the Pont Neuf, costs but a sou; and for three one can see the brown bear of America, the hyena, and another beast whose name I forget, but whose image, as he is represented outside, carrying off a man in his teeth, I shall retain to my last hour. Then, there is the panorama of Dunkirk, at the Rue Chopart, with the Duke of York begging his life from a terrible-looking soldier in a red cap and a tri-colored scarf. After that, there's the parade at the "Carousel," and mayhaps something more solemn still at the "Grève;" but there was no limit to the throng of enjoyments which came rushing to my imagination, and it was in a kind of ecstasy of delight I set forth on my voyage of pleasure

CHAPTER V.

THE CHOICE OF A LIFE.

In looking back, after a long lapse of years, I can not refrain from a feeling of astonishment, to think how little remembrance I possess of the occurrences of that day—one of the most memorable that ever dawned for France—the eventful 29th of July, that closed the reign of terror by the death of the tyrant! It is true that all Paris was astir at daybreak; that a sense of national vengeance seemed to pervade the vast masses that filled the streets, which now were scenes of the most exciting emotion. I can only account for the strange indifference that I felt about these stirring themes, by the frequency with which similar, or what, to me, at least, appeared similar scenes had already passed before my eyes.

One of the most remarkable phases of the revolution was, the change it produced in all the social relations, by substituting an assumed nationality for the closer and dearer ties of kindred and affection. France was every thing—the family nothing; every generous wish, every proud thought, every high ambition or noble endeavor belonged to the country. In this way, whatever patriotism may have gained, certainly all the home affections were utterly wrecked; the humble and unobtrusive virtues of domestic life seemed mean and insignificant beside the grand displays of patriotic devotion which each day exhibited.

Hence grew the taste for that "life of the streets," then so popular; every thing should be "en évidence." All the emotions which delicacy would render sacred to the seclusion of home, were now to be paraded to the noonday. Fathers were reconciled to rebellious children before the eyes of multitudes; wives received forgiveness from their husbands in the midst of approving crowds; leave-takings, the most affecting, partings, for those never to meet again, the last utterings of the death-bed, the faint whispers of expiring affection, the imprecations of undying hate, all, all were exhibited in public, and the gaze of the low, the vulgar, and the debauched, associated with the most agonizing griefs that ever the heart endured. The scenes, which now are shrouded in all the secrecy of domestic privacy, were then the daily life of Paris; and to this cause alone can I attribute the hardened indifference with which events the most terrible and heart-rending were witnessed. Bred up amidst such examples, I saw little matter for emotion in scenes of harrowing interest. An air of mockery was on every thing, and a bastard classicality destroyed every semblance of truth in whatever would have been touching and affecting.

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The commotion of Paris on that memorable morning was, then, to my thinking, little more than usual. If the crowds who pressed their way to "The Place de la Revolution" were greater; if the cries of vengeance were in louder utterance; if the imprecations were deeper and more terrible, the ready answer, that satisfied all curiosity, was—it was Robespierre, who was on his way to be executed. Little knew I what hung upon that life! and now the fate of millions depended upon the blood that morning was to shed. Too full of myself and my own projects, I disengaged myself from the crowds that pressed eagerly toward the Tuileries, and took my way by less frequented streets in the direction of the Boulevard Mont Parnasse.

I wished, if possible, to see the Père once more, to take a last farewell of him, and ask his blessing, too; for still a lingering faith in the lessons he had taught me, continued to haunt my mind, amidst all the evil influences with which my wayward life surrounded me. The further I went from the quarter of the Tuileries, the more deserted and solitary grew the streets. Not a carriage or horseman was to be seen; scarcely a foot-passenger. All Paris had, apparently, assembled on the "Place de la Révolution;" and the very beggars had quitted their accustomed haunts to repair thither. Even the distant hum of the vast multitude faded away, and it was only as the wind bore them, that I could catch the sounds of the hoarse cries that bespoke a people's vengeance; and now I found myself in the little silent street which once had been my home. I stood opposite the house where we used to live, afraid to enter it, lest I might compromise the safety of her I wished to save, and yet longing once more to see the little chamber where we once sat together—the chimney-corner where, in the dark nights of winter, I nestled, with my hymn-book, and tried to learn the rhymes that every plash of the falling hail against the windows routed; to lie down once more in the little bed, where so often I had passed whole nights of happy imaginings—bright thoughts of a peaceful future, that were never to be realized!

Half-choking with my emotion, I passed on, and soon saw the green fields, and the windmill-covered hill of Montmartre, rising above the embankment of the Boulevards; and now the ivy-clothed wall of the garden, within which stood the chapel of St. Blois. The gate lay ajar, as of old, and pushing it open, I entered. Every thing was exactly as I had left it—the same desolation and desertion every where—so much so, that I almost fancied no human foot had crossed its dreary precincts since last I was there. On drawing nigh to the chapel, I found the door fast barred and barricaded, as before; but a window lay open, and on examining it closer, I discovered the marks of a recent foot-track on the ground and the window-sill. Could the Père Michel have been there? was the question that at once occurred to my mind. Had the poor priest come to take a last look and a farewell of a spot so dear to him? It could scarcely have been any other. There was nothing to tempt cupidity in that humble little church; an image of the "Virgin and Child" in wax was the only ornament of the altar. No, no; pillage had never been the motive of him who entered here.

Thus reasoning, I climbed up to the window, and entered the chapel. As my footsteps echoed through the silent building, I felt that sense of awe and reverence so inseparably connected with a place of worship, and which is ever more impressive still, as we stand in it alone. The present, however, was less before me than the past, of which every thing reminded me. There was the seat the marquise used to sit in; there the footstool I had so often placed at her feet. How different was the last service I had rendered her! There the pillar, beside which I have stood spell-bound, gazing at that fair face, whose beauty arrested the thoughts that should have wended heavenward, and made my muttered prayers like offerings to herself. The very bouquet of flowers—some peri's hand had placed beneath the shrine—withered and faded, was there still. But where were they whose beating hearts had throbbed with deep devotion? How many had died upon the scaffold!—how many were still lingering in imprisonment, some in exile, some in concealment, dragging out lives of misery and anxiety. What was the sustaining spirit of such martyrdom? I asked myself again and again. Was it the zeal of true religion, or was it the energy of loyalty, that bore them up against every danger, and enabled them to brave death itself with firmness?—and if this faith of theirs was thus ennobling, why could not France be of one mind and heart? There came no answer to these doubts of mine, and I slowly advanced toward the altar, still deeply buried in thought. What was my surprise to see that two candles stood there, which bore signs of having been recently lighted. At once the whole truth flashed across me—the Père had been there; he had come to celebrate a mass—the last, perhaps, he was ever to offer up at that altar. I knew with what warm affection he loved every object and every spot endeared to him by long time, and I fancied to myself the overflowing of his heart, as he entered once more, and for the last time, the little temple, associated with all the joys and sorrows of his existence. Doubtless, too, he had waited anxiously for my coming; mayhap, in the prayers he offered. I was not forgotten. I thought of him kneeling there, in the silence of the night, alone, as he was, his gentle voice the only sound in the stillness of the hour; his pure heart throbbing with gratitude for his deliverance, and prayerful hopes for those who had been his persecutors. I thought over all this, and, in a torrent of emotions, I knelt down before the altar to pray. I know not what words I uttered, but his name must somehow have escaped my lips; for suddenly a door

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opened beside the altar, and the Père Michel, dressed in his full vestments, stood before me. His features, wan and wasted as they were, had regained their wonted expression of calm dignity; and by his look I saw that he would not suffer the sacred spot to be profaned by any outburst of feeling on either side.

"Those dreadful shouts tell of another massacre," said he, solemnly, as the wind bore toward us the deafening cries of the angry multitude. "Let us pray for the souls' rest of the departed."

"Then will your prayers be offered for Robespierre, for Couthon, and St. Just," said I, boldly.

"And who are they who need more the saints' intercession—who have ever been called to judgment with such crimes to expiate—who have ever so widowed France, and so desecrated her altars? Happily a few yet remain where piety may kneel to implore pardon for their iniquity. Let us recite the Litany for the Dead," said he, solemnly, and at once began the impressive service.

As I knelt beside the rails of the altar, and heard the prayers which, with deep devotion, he uttered, I could not help feeling the contrast between that touching evidence of Christian charity, and the tumultuous joy of the populace, whose frantic bursts of triumph were borne on the air.

"And now come with me, Maurice," said he, as the mass was concluded. "Here, in this little sacristy, we are safe from all molestation; none will think of us on such a day as this."

And as he spoke, he drew his arm around me, and led me into the little chamber where once the precious vessels and the decorations of the church were kept.

"Here we are safe," said he, as he drew me to his side on the oaken bench, which formed all the furniture of the room. "To-morrow, Maurice, we must leave this, and seek an asylum in another land; but we are not friendless, my child—the brothers of the 'Sacred Heart' will receive us. Their convent is in the wilds of the Ardennes, beyond the frontiers of France, and there, beloved by the faithful peasantry, they live in security and peace. We need not take the vows of their order, which is one of the strictest of all religious houses; but we may claim their hospitality and protection, and neither will be denied us. Think what a blessed existence will that be, Maurice, my son, to dwell under the same roof with these holy men, and to imbibe from them the peace of mind that holiness alone bestows; to awake at the solemn notes of the pealing organ, and to sink to rest with the solemn liturgies still chanting around you; to feel an atmosphere of devotion on every side, and to see the sacred relics whose miracles have attested the true faith in ages long past. Does it not stir thy heart, my child, to know that such blessed privileges may be thine?"

I hung my head in silence, for, in truth, I felt nothing of the enthusiasm with which he sought to inspire me. The Père quickly saw what passed in my mind, and endeavored to depict the life of the monastery as a delicious existence, embellished by all the graces of literature, and adorned by the pleasures of intellectual converse. Poetry, romance, scenery, all were pressed into the service of his persuasions; but how weak were such arguments to one like me, the boy whose only education had been what the streets of Paris afforded—whose notions of eloquence were formed on the insane ravings of "The Mountain," and whose idea of greatness were centred in mere notoriety.

My dreamy look of inattention showed him again that he had failed; and I could see in the increased pallor of his face, the quivering motion of his lip, the agitation the defeat was costing him.

"Alas! alas!" cried he, passionately, "the work of ruin is perfect; the mind of youth is corrupted, and the fountain of virtue defiled at the very source. Oh! Maurice, I had never thought this possible of thee, the child of my heart!"

A burst of grief here overcame him; for some minutes he could not speak. At last he arose from his seat, and wiping off the tears that covered his cheeks, with his robe, spoke, but in a voice whose full round tones contrasted strongly with his former weak accents.

"The life I have pictured seems to thee ignoble and unworthy, boy. So did it not appear to Chrysostom, to Origen, and to Augustin; to the blessed saints of our church, the eldest-born of Christianity. Be it so. Thine, mayhap is not the age, nor this the era in which to hope for better things. Thy heart yearns for heroic actions—thy spirit is set upon high ambitions—be it so. I say, never was the time more fitting for thee. The enemy is up; his armies are in the field; thousands and tens of thousands swell the ranks, already flushed with victory. Be a soldier, then. Ay, Maurice, buckle on the sword—the battle-field is before thee. Thou hast made choice to seek the enemy in the far-away countries of heathen darkness, or here in our own native France, where his camp is already spread. If danger be the lure that tempts thee—if to confront peril be thy wish—there is enough of it. Be a soldier, then, and gird thee for the great battle that is at hand. Ay! boy, if thou feelest within thee the proud darings that foreshadow success, speak the word, and thou shalt be a standard-bearer in the very van."

I waited not for more; but springing up, I clasped my arms around his neck, and cried, in ecstasy, "Yes! Père Michel, you have guessed aright; my heart's ambition is to be a soldier, and I want but your blessing to be a brave one."

"And thou shalt have it. A thousand blessings follow those who go forth to the good fight. But thou art yet young, Maurice—too young for this. Thou needest time and much teaching, too. He who would brave the enemy before us, must be skillful as well as courageous Thou art as yet but a child."

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"The general said he liked boy-soldiers," said I, promptly; "he told me so himself."

"What general—who told thee?" cried the Père in trembling eagerness.

"General Lacoste, the Chef-d'-Etat, major of the army of the Rhine; the same who gave me a rendezvous for to-morrow at his quarters."

It was not till I had repeated my explanation again and again, nor, indeed, until I had recounted all the circumstances of my last night's adventure, that the poor Père could be brought to see his way through a mystery that had almost become equally embarrassing to myself. When he did, however, detect the clew, and when he had perceived the different tracks on which our minds were traveling, his grief burst all bounds. He inveighed against the armies of the Republic as hordes of pillagers and bandits, the sworn enemies of the church, the desecrators of her altars. Their patriotism he called a mere pretense to shroud their infidelity. Their heroism was the bloodthirstiness of democratic cruelty. Seeing me still unmoved by all this passionate declamation, he adopted another tactic, and suddenly asked me if it were for such a cause as this my father had been a soldier?

"No!" replied I, firmly; "for when my father was alive, the soil of France had not been desecrated by the foot of the invader. The Austrian, the Prussian, the Englishman had not yet dared to dictate the laws under which we were to live."

He appeared thunderstruck at my reply, revealing, as it seemed to him, the extent of those teachings, whose corruptions he trembled at.

"I knew it, I knew it," cried he, bitterly, as he wrung his hands. "The seed of the iniquity is sown—the harvest-time will not be long in coming! And so, boy, thou hast spoken with one of these men—these generals, as they call themselves, of that republican horde?"

"The officer who commands the artillery of the army of the Rhine may write himself general with little presumption," said I, almost angrily.

"They who once led our armies to battle were the nobles of France—men whose proud station was the pledge for their chivalrous devotion. But why do I discuss the question with thee? He who deserts his faith may well forget that his birth was noble. Go, boy, join those with whom your heart is already linked. Your lesson will be an easy one—you have nothing to unlearn. The songs of the Girondins are already more grateful to your ear than our sacred canticles. Go, I say, since between us, henceforth, there can be no companionship.

"Will you not bless me, Père," said I, approaching him in deep humility; "will you not let me carry with me thy benediction?"

"How shall I bless the arm that is lifted to wound the Holy Church? how shall I pray for one whose place is in the ranks of the infidel? Hadst thou faith in my blessing, boy, thou hadst never implored it in such a cause. Renounce thy treason—and not alone my blessing, but thou shalt have a 'Novena' to celebrate thy fidelity. Be of us, Maurice, and thy name shall be honored, where honor is immortality."

The look of beaming affection with which he uttered this, more than the words themselves, now shook my courage, and, in a conflict of doubt and indecision, I held down my head without speaking. What might have been my ultimate resolve, if left completely to myself, I know not; but at that very moment a detachment of soldiers marched past in the street without. They were setting off to join the army of the Rhine, and were singing in joyous chorus the celebrated song of the day, "Le chant du depart." The tramp of their feet—the clank of their weapons—their mellow voices—but, more than all, the associations that thronged to my mind, routed every other thought, and I darted from the spot, and never stopped till I reached the street.

A great crowd followed the detachment, composed partly of friends of the soldiers, partly of the idle loungers of the capital. Mixing with these, I moved onward, and speedily passed the outer boulevard, and gained the open country.

(To be continued.)

[From Household Words.]

THE PLANET-WATCHERS OF GREENWICH.

THERE is a morsel of Greenwich Park, which has, for now nearly two centuries, been held sacred from intrusion. It is the portion inclosed by the walls of the Observatory. Certainly a hundred thousand visitors must ramble over the surrounding lawns, and look with curious eye upon the towers and outer boundaries of that little citadel of science, for one who finds admission to the interior of the building. Its brick towers, with flanking turrets and picturesque roofs, perched on the side of the gravelly hill, and sheltered round about by groups of fine old trees, are as well known as Greenwich Hospital itself. But what work goes on inside its carefully preserved boundary, and under those movable, black-domed roofs, is a popular mystery. Many a holiday-maker's wonder has been excited by the fall, at one o'clock, of the huge black ball, high up there, by the weather vane on the topmost point of the eastern turret. He knows, or is told if he asks a loitering pensioner, that the descent of the ball tells the time as truly as the sun; and that all the ships in the river watch it to set their chronometers by, before they sail; and that all the railway clocks, and all the railway trains over the kingdom are arranged punctually by its indications. But how the heavens are watched to secure this punctual definition of the flight of time, and what other curious labors are going on inside the Observatory, is a sealed book. The public have always been, of necessity, excluded from the Observatory walls, for the place is devoted to

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the prosecution of a science whose operations are inconsistent with the bustle, the interruptions, the talk, and the anxieties of popular curiosity and examination.

But when public information and instruction are the objects, the doors are widely opened, and the press and its *attachés* find a way into this, as into many other sacred and forbidden spots. Only last week one of "our own contributors" was seen in a carriage on the Greenwich railway, poring over the paper in the last Edinburgh Review that describes our national astronomical establishment, and was known afterward to have climbed the Observatory hill, and to have rung and gained admission at the little, black, mysterious gate in the Observatory wall. Let us see what is told in his report of what he saw within that sacred portal.

In the park on a fine day all seems life and gayety—once within the Observatory boundary, the first feeling is that of isolation. There is a curious stillness about the place, and the footstep of the old pensioner, who closes the gate upon a visitor, echoes again on the pavement as he goes away to wake up from his astronomical or meteorological trance one of the officers of this sanctum. Soon, under the guidance of the good genius so invoked, the secrets of the place begin to reveal themselves.

The part of the Observatory so conspicuous from without is the portion least used within. When it was designed by Christopher Wren, the general belief was that such buildings should be lofty, that the observer might be raised toward the heavenly bodies whose motions he was to watch. More modern science has taught its disciples better; and in Greenwich—which is an eminently practical Observatory—the working part of the building is found crouching behind the loftier towers. These are now occupied as subsidiary to the modern practical building. The ground floor is used as a residence by the chief astronomer; above is the large hall originally built to contain huge moveable telescopes and quadrants—such as are not now employed. Nowadays, this hall occasionally becomes a sort of scientific counting-house —irreverent but descriptive term—in which, from time to time, a band of scientific clerks are congregated to post up the books, in which the daily business of the planets has been jotted down by the astronomers who watch those marvelous bodies. Another portion is a kind of museum of astronomical curiosities. Flamstead and Halley, and their immediate successors, worked in these towers, and here still rest some of the old, rude tools with which their discoveries were completed, and their reputation, and the reputation of Greenwich, were established. As time has gone on, astronomers and opticians have invented new, and more perfect, and more luxurious instruments. Greater accuracy is thus obtainable, at a less expenditure of human patience and labor; and so the old tools are cast aside. One of them belonged to Halley, and was put up by him a hundred and thirty years ago; another is an old brazen quadrant, with which many valuable observations were made in by-gone times; and another, an old iron quadrant, still fixed in the stone pier to which it was first attached. Some of the huge telescopes that once found place in this old Observatory, have been sent away. One went to the Cape of Good Hope, and has been useful there. Another of the unsatisfactory, and now unused instruments, had a tube twenty-five feet long, whose cool and dark interior was so pleasant to the spiders that, do what they would, the astronomers could not altogether banish the persevering insects from it. Spin they would; and, spite of dusting and cleaning, and spider-killing, spin they did; and, at length, the savans got more instruments and less patience, and the spiders were left in quiet possession. This has been pleasantly spoken of as an instance of poetical justice. It is but fair that spiders should, at times, have the best of astronomers, for astronomers rob spiders for the completion of their choicest instruments. No fabric of human construction is fine enough to strain across the eye-piece of an important telescope, and opticians preserve a particular race of spiders, that their webs may be taken for that purpose. The spider lines are strained across the best instruments at Greenwich and elsewhere; and when the spinners of these beautifully fine threads disturbed the accuracy of the tube in the western wing of the old Observatory, it was said to be but fair retaliation for the robberies the industrious insects had endured.

A narrow stair leads from the unused rooms of the old Observatory to its leaded roof, whence a magnificent view is obtained; the park, the hospital, the town of Greenwich, and the windings of the Thames, and, gazing further, London itself comes grandly into the prospect. The most inveterate astronomer could scarcely fail to turn for a moment from the wonders of the heavens to admire these glories of the earth From the leads, two turrets are reached, where the first constantly active operations in this portion of the building, are in progress.

At the present time, indeed, these turrets are the most useful portions of the old building. In one is placed the well-known contrivance for registering, hour after hour, and day after day, the force and direction of the wind. To keep such a watch by human vigilance, and to make such a register by human labor, would be a tedious, expensive, and irksome task; and human ingenuity taxed itself to make a machine for perfecting such work. The wind turns a weather-cock, and, by aid of cog-wheels the motion is transferred to a lead pencil fixed over a sheet of paper, and thus the wind is made to write down the direction which itself is blowing Not far distant is a piece of metal, the flat side of which is ever turned by the weather-cock to meet the full force of the wind, which, blowing upon it, drives it back against a spring. To this spring is affixed a chain passing over pullies toward another pencil, fixed above a sheet of

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paper, and moving faithfully, more or less, as the wind blows harder or softer. And thus the "gentle zephyr" and the fresh breeze, and the heavy gale, and, when it comes, the furious hurricane, are made to note down their character and force. The sheet of paper on which the uncertain element, the wind, is bearing witness against itself, is fixed upon a frame moved by clock-work. Steady as the progress of time, this ingenious mechanism draws the paper under the suspended pencils. Thus each minute and each hour has its written record, without human help or inspection. Once a day only, an assistant comes to put a new blank sheet in the place of that which has been covered by the moving pencils, and the latter is taken away to be bound up in a volume. The book might with truth be lettered, "The History of the Wind; written by Itself"—an Æolian autobiography.

Close by is another contrivance for registering in decimals of an inch the quantity of rain that falls. The drops are caught, and passing down a tube, a permanent mark is made by which the quantity is determined.

The eastern turret is devoted to the Time Ball and its mechanism. Far out at sea—away from all sources of information but those to be asked of the planets, his compass, his quadrant, his chronometer, and his almanack, the mariner feels the value of *time* in a way which the landsman can scarcely conceive. If his chronometer is right, he may feel safe; let him have reason to doubt its accuracy, and he knows how the perils surrounding him are increased. An error of a few seconds in his time may place him in danger—an error of a few minutes may lead him to steer blindly to his certain wreck. Hence his desire when he is leaving port to have his time-pieces right to a second; and hence the expenditure of thought, and labor, and money, at the Greenwich Observatory, to afford the shipping of the great port of London, and the English navy, the exact time—true to the tenth of a second, or six hundredth of a minute—and to afford them also a book, the Nautical Almanack, containing a mass of astronomical facts, on which they may base their calculations, with full reliance as to their accuracy. Every day for the last seventeen years, at five minutes before one o'clock, the black ball five feet across and stuffed with cork, is raised halfway up its shaft above the eastern turret of the observatory—at two-and-a-half minutes before that hour, it rises to the top. Telescopes from many a point, both up and down the river, are now pointed to this dark spot above the Greenwich trees, and many an anxious mariner has his time-pieces beside him, that their indications may be made true. Watch the ball as you stand in the Park. It is now just raised. You must wait two minutes and a half, and as you do so, you feel what a minute may be. It seems a long, palpable, appreciable time, indeed. In the turret below, stands a clock telling the true time, gained by a laborious watching of the *clock-stars;* and beside the clock, is a man with a practiced hand upon a trigger, and a practiced eye upon the face of the dial. One minute—two minutes pass. Thirty seconds more, and the trigger has released the Ball. As it leaves the top of the shaft, it is one o'clock to the tenth of a second. By the time it has reached the bottom it is some five seconds later.

Leaving the Ball Turret, and the old building which it surmounts, the new Observatory, where the chief work of the establishment is done, claims our notice. This attention would scarcely be given to its outward appearnace for it is a long, low building, scarcely seen beyond its own boundaries. The Greenwich Observatory is not a *show* place, but an eminently practical establishment. St. Petersburg and other cities have much more gorgeous buildings devoted to astronomical purposes, and Russia and other countries spend much more money on astronomy than England does, yet the Greenwich Tables have a world-wide reputation, and some of them are used as the groundwork for calculations in all Observatories at home and abroad. The astronomer does not want marble halls or grand saloons for his work. Galileo used a bell-tower at Venice, and Kepler stood on the bridge at Prague to watch the stars. The men, not the buildings, do the work. No disappointment need be felt, then, to find the modern Observatory a range of unadorned buildings running east and west, with slits in the roof, and in some of the walls. Within these simple buildings are the instruments now used, displaying almost the perfection of mechanical skill in their construction and finish—beautifully adapted to the object they have to fulfill, and in perfect order. They are fixed on solid piers of masonry, deeply imbedded in the earth, to secure freedom from vibration—a quality better obtained when the foundations are on sand or gravel than when on rock.

To describe the instruments by their technical names, and to go into any particulars of the instruments they have superseded, would take space, only to do the work of a scientific treatise. Enough, therefore, to say, that there are the telescopes best adapted to the chief duty of the place, which is, watching the moon whenever she is visible; watching the *clock-stars*, by which the true time is calculated more exactly than it could be from observations of the sun alone; and watching other planetary bodies as they pass the meridian. Eclipses, occultations, and other phenomena, of course, have their share of attention, and add to the burden of the observer's duties.

The staff of the Observatory includes a chief astronomer, Mr. Airy, with a salary of £800 a year; and six assistants who are paid, £470, £290, £240, £150, £130, and £130, respectively. This does not include the officers of the Meteorological branch of the establishment, to be spoken of hereafter; and which consists of Mr. Glaisher, with £240 a year, one assistant at £120, and two additional computers. At times, when these scientific

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laborers have collected more observations than they are able to work out; additional help is summoned, in shape of the body of scientific clerks before spoken of; who, seated at desks, cast up the accounts the planetary bodies, including such regular old friends as the moon and fixed stars, but not forgetting those wandering celestial existences that rush, from time to time, over the meridian, and may be fairly called the chance customers of the astronomer.

Though the interior of the Observatory seems so still, the life of those employed there has its excitements. Looking through telescopes forms a small part only of their duty—and that duty can not be done when the weather is unfavorable. On cloudy days the observer is idle; in bright weather he is busy; and a long continuance of clear days and nights gives him more employment than he can well complete. Summer, therefore, is his time of labor; winter his time of rest. It appears that in our climate the nights, on the whole, are clearer than the days, and evenings less cloudy than mornings. Every assistant takes his turn as an observer, and a chain of duty is kept up night and day; at other periods, the busiest portion of the twenty-four hours at the Observatory, is between nine in the morning and two in the afternoon. During this time they work in silence, the task being to complete the records of the observations made, by filling in the requisite columns of figures upon printed forms, and then adding and subtracting them as the case requires. While thus engaged, the assistant who has charge of an instrument looks, from time to time, at his star-regulated clock, and when it warns him that his expected planet is nearly due, he leaves his companions, and quietly repairs to the room where the telescope is ready. The adjustment of this has previously been arranged with the greatest nicety. The shutter is moved from the slit in the roof, the astronomer sits upon an easy chair with a movable back. If the object he seeks is high in the heavens, this chair-back is lowered till its occupant almost lies down; if the star is lower, the chair-back is raised in proportion. He has his note-book and metallic pencil in hand. Across the eye-piece of the telescope are stretched seven lines of spider-web, dividing the field of view. If his seat requires change, the least motion arranges it to his satisfaction, for it rests upon a railway of its own. Beside him is one of the star-clocks, and as the moment approaches for the appearance of the planet, the excitement of the moment increases. "The tremble of impatience for the entrance of the star on the field of view," says an Edinburgh Reviewer, "is like that of a sportsman whose dog has just made a full point, and who awaits the rising of the game. When a star appears, the observer, in technical language, *takes a second from the clock face;* that is, he reads the second with his eye, and counts on by the ear the succeeding beats of the clock, naming the seconds mentally. As the star passes each wire of the transit, he marks down in his jotting-book with a metallic pencil the second, *and the second only*, of his observation, with such a fraction of a second as corresponds, in his judgment, to the interval of time between the passage of the star, and the beat of the clock which preceded such passage."

An experienced observer will never commit an error in this mental calculation, exceeding the tenth of a second, or six hundredth of a minute. When the star has been thus watched over the seven cobweb lines (or wires), the observer jots down the hour and minute, in addition to the second, and the task is done. Stars, not very near the sun, may be seen in broad daylight, but, at night, it is requisite to direct a ray of light from a lamp, so far to enlighten the field of the telescope, as to permit the spider lines to be seen running across the brighter ground on which the expected star is to be visible.

The adjustment of the instruments is a task of great nicety. If they are out of trim only a shadow of a shade of a hair's-breadth, the desired accuracy is interfered with, and they have to be re-adjusted. Temperature is of course an important element in their condition, and a slight sensibility may do mischief. The warmth of the observer's body, when approaching the instruments, has been known to affect their accuracy; and to avoid such sources of error, instruments have at times been cased in flannel, that the non-conducting powers of that homely fabric might screen the too-sensitive metal.

Sunday is a comparative holiday at the Observatory, for then, except when any extraordinary phenomena are expected, the only duty done is to drop the Time Ball, and observe the moon's place. The moon is never neglected, and her motions have been here watched, during the last hundred and seventy years, with the most pertinacious care—to the great service of astronomy, and the great benefit of navigation.

The library should not pass unnoticed. It is small; but being devoted to works upon astronomy, and the kindred sciences, there is ample room for all that has hitherto been written on the subject, or that can, for many generations, be produced. The observations of a lifetime spent in watching the stars may be printed in marvelously few pages. A glance through the Greenwich Astronomical Library gives a rough general idea of what the world has done and is doing for the promotion of this science. Russia contributes large, imperial-looking tomes, that tell of extended observations made under the munificent patronage of a despot; Germany sends from different points a variety of smaller, cheaper-looking, yet valuable contributions. France gives proofs of her genius and her discoveries; but *her* forte is not in observation. The French are bad observers. They have no such proofs of unremitting, patient toil in search of facts, as those afforded in the records of the Greenwich Tables of the Moon. Indeed, Greenwich, as we have already said, is a working

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Observatory; and those who go into its library, and its fire-proof manuscript-room, and see how its volumes of observations have been growing from the small beginnings of the days of Flamstead and Halley, to those of our later and more, liberal times, will have good reason to acknowledge that the money devoted to this establishment has been well employed.

One other spot must be noticed as among the notable things in this astronomical sanctum. It is the Chronometer-room, to which, during the first three Mondays in the year, the chief watchmakers of London send in their choicest instruments for examination and trial. The watches remain for a good portion of a year; their rates being noted, day by day, by two persons; and then the makers of the best receive prizes, and their instruments are purchased for the navy. Other competitors obtain certificates of excellence, which bring customers from the merchant service; while others pass unrewarded. To enter the room where these admirable instruments are kept, suggests the idea of going into a Brobdingnag watch-factory. Round the place are ranged shelves, on which the large watches are placed, all ticking in the most distinct and formidable way one against another. When they first arrive, in January, they are left to the ordinary atmospheric temperature for some months. Their rates being taken under these circumstances, a large stove in the center of the apartment is lighted, and heat got up to a sort of artificial East India or Gold Coast point. Tried under these influences, they are placed in an iron tray over the stove, like so many watch-pies in a baker's dish, and the fire being encouraged, they are literally kept baking, to see how their metal will stand that style of treatment. While thus hot, their rates are once more taken; and then, after this fiery ordeal, such of them as their owners like to trust to an opposite test, are put into freezing mixtures! Yet, so beautifully made are these triumphs of human ingenuity—so well is their mechanism 'corrected' for compensating the expansion caused by the heat, and the contraction induced by the cold—that an even rate of going is established, so nearly, that its variation under opposite circumstances becomes a matter of close and certain estimate.

The rates of chronometers on trial for purchase by the Board of Admirality, at the Observatory, are posted up and printed in an official form. Upon looking to the document for last year, we find a statement of their performances during six months of 1849, with memoranda of the exact weeks during which the chronometers were exposed to the open air at a north window; the weeks the Chronometer-room was heated by a stove, the chronometers being dispersed on the surrounding shelves; and the weeks during which they were placed in the tray above the stove. The rate given during the first week of trial is in every case omitted; like newly entered schoolboys their early vagaries are not taken into account; but after that, every merit and every fault is watched with jealous care, and, when the day of judgment comes, the order of the arrangement of the chronometers in the list is determined solely by consideration of their irregularities of rate as expressed in the columns, "Difference between greatest and least," and, "Greatest difference between one week and the next."

The Royal Observatory, according to a superstition not wholly extinct, is the head-quarters, not only of Astronomy, but of Astrology. The structure is awfully regarded, by a small section of the community which ignorance has still left among us, as a manufactory of horoscopes, and a repository for magic mirrors and divining-rods. Not long ago a well-dressed woman called at the Observatory gate to request a hint as to the means of recovering a lost sum of money; and recently, somebody at Brighton dispatched the liberal sum of five shillings in a post-office order to the same place, with a request to have his nativity cast in return! Another, only last year, wrote as follows: "I have been informed that there are persons at the Observatory who will, by my inclosing a remittance and the hour of my birth, give me to understand *who is to be my wife?* An early answer, stating all particulars, will oblige," &c.

This sketch descriptive of its real duties and uses are not necessary to relieve the Greenwich Observatory from the charge of being an abode of sorcerers and astrologers. A few only of the most ignorant can yet entertain such notions of its character; but they are not wholly unfounded. Magicians, whose symbols are the Arabic numerals, and whose *arcana* are mathematical computations, daily foretell events in that building with unerring certainty. They pre-discover the future of the stars down to their minutest evolution and eccentricity. From data furnished from the Royal Observatory, is compiled an extraordinary prophetic Almanack from which all other almanacks are copied. It foretells to a second when and where each of the planets may be seen in the heavens at any minute for the next three years. The current number of the Nautical Almanack is for the Year of Grace 1853.

In this quiet sanctuary, then, the winds are made to register their own course and force, and the rain to gauge its own quantity as it falls; the planets are watched to help the mariner to steer more safely over the seas; and the heavens themselves are investigated for materials from which their future as well as their past history may be written.

RAPID GROWTH OF AMERICA.

EVERY one who visits America has something to say of the rapidity with which towns spring up in the West. Sir Charles Lyell, however, mentions some facts which remind us very forcibly how close to our own times was the settlement of the first English

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colony upon the continent. At Plymouth he sees the tombs of the first pilgrims, who came out in the Mayflower. Some of the houses which they built of brick brought from Holland, are still remaining, with their low rooms and paneled walls. In some private houses he saw many venerated heir-looms, kept as relics of the first settlers; among others, an antique chair of carved wood, which came over in the Mayflower, and which still retains the marks of the staples which fixed it to the floor of the cabin. He also saw a chest, or cabinet, which had belonged to Peregrine White, the first child born in the colony. Part of the rock upon which the pilgrim fathers landed has been removed to the centre of the town, and, with the names of forty-two of their number inscribed upon it, inclosed within an iron railing. This is the American *Roll of Battle Abbey*. But to return to Peregrine White, the first child born in the colony: Colonel Perkins, the munificent founder of the asylum for the blind, where we found our friend Laura Bridgman, informed Sir Charles Lyell, in 1846, "that there was but one link wanting in the chain of personal communication between himself and Peregrine White." White was known to a man of the name of Cobb, whom Colonel Perkins visited, in 1807, with some friends, who still survive. This Cobb remembered when there were many Indians near Plymouth; the inhabitants of the town frequently firing a cannon to frighten them, to which cannon the Indians gave the name of "Old Speakum." So that, in this case, one link is sufficient to connect men now alive with the first whites born in New England, and with the time when Indians were in the neighborhood of the first town that was settled.

As a pendant to this, we may mention something connected with the originals of that other continent which our race is peopling at the antipodes. A few weeks ago, we were dining at the table of a naval officer, well known in the scientific and literary world, upon which occasion he mentioned, that being off the infant town of Sydney, in New South Wales, in the year 1806, he ate some of the first home-bred bullock which was killed in the colony. The son of the first governor having just returned from the colony, which he had now made his home, happening to be of our party, added, that "since that time their progress had been so rapid, that this year they were to melt down two million sheep for their tallow."

There are three events in the history of the world which will bear comparison with this rapid extension of the English race. The first —and this has always appeared to us to be the most striking occurrence in history—is the marvelous manner in which a handful of Greeks, under Alexander and his successors, overran and held for a long period the whole of the East. The wonder is increased when we consider the difficulty of maintaining communications in that part of the world. They, in a great measure, changed the language and ideas of the East. The Gospel was written in Greek; and the law of Moses, the writings of the Hebrew prophets, were translated into Greek on the banks of the Nile. A Greek kingdom was even able to maintain itself for a long period of time on the very confines of Tartary; and specimens of the Græco-Bactrian coinage are even to this day abundant in that part of the world. All this, however, passed away, and has not left any very obvious traces on the present state of things. The second event was the establishment of the Roman empire. Strongly as we are disposed to maintain that, on a general view of human affairs, every thing happens for the best, yet we may say of the Roman empire that it was in many respects a giant evil. No man of great original genius ever spoke the Roman language; in the sense in which many Greeks, and among ourselves Bacon, Shakspeare, and Newton, were men of original genius. There was a time when there were men of spirit and ability in every Greek city: there was a time when the Roman empire governed the world, and there was not one great man from Britain to the Euphrates. Having fulfilled its destiny —which seems to have been the introduction into the Western World of the ideas of unity, law, and order, though unintentionally on its part, for it was nothing but a military despotism —it perished as it deserved, and its language is now nowhere spoken.

The third event was the irruption of the Barbarians. That a higher civilization followed this every body knows; but how many centuries did it take to civilize the Barbarians?

Now these, the three great events of past history, are all dwarfed very much when compared with what we are now doing. We are sending out every year, literally, hundreds of thousands of civilized men to people two continents in opposite hemispheres, and on opposite sides of the globe. In North America there are already twenty millions of our race. This population doubles every twenty-two years. Australia will inevitably become "the Queen of the South." Now that literature has given permanency to language, no other tongue than ours will ever be spoken upon these continents. We can see no limit to the spread of our laws, literature, and language. Greek and Roman greatness are really, in comparison, nothing to this. And, compared with the millions of civilized men which we have sent and are sending to occupy so large a portion of the earth's surface, how insignificant becomes the irruption of some savage, or half-savage hordes, into Italy, France, Spain, and England!

At a time when civilization is at a standstill, if not retrograding, upon the continent of Europe, it is very delightful, particularly to an Englishman, to have such a picture to contemplate.— *Frazer's Magazine.*

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[From the London Times.]

LORD COKE AND LORD BACON.

LORD CAMPBELL has devoted a considerable portion of his first volume of the Lives of the Chief Justices of England to the biography of Sir Edward Coke. The theme is worthy of the space afforded it. Independently of the professional renown of this great man, there are circumstances connected with his career that render it, perhaps, more deeply interesting than that of any other legal functionary. He began the world with the immortal Bacon; the two were rivals during life; they fought together for distinction, and were even competitors in love. Both were devoured by a raging desire for wealth and honors, both gained the objects of their fiery ambition, and neither found happiness when they were acquired. If Bacon was more unscrupulous than Coke in the ignoble race, his fall also was more fatal and ignominious. Both represent to our minds distinct forms of undoubted greatness. *The Body of the Common Law of England* is the type that speaks for Coke. The glory of human wisdom shines forever around the drooping head of Bacon. Both teach posterity how much intellectual grandeur may co-exist with the most glaring moral turpitude; both pay homage to virtue by seeking refuge in disgrace in the tranquil pursuits that have since immortalized them. Bacon, with a genius only less than angelic, condescends to paltry crime, and dies branded. Coke, with a profound contempt for the arts that Bacon loved, enraged by disappointment, takes revenge for neglect, and dies a patriot. In the days of Coke there would seem to have been a general understanding on the part of royal sycophants to mislead the monarch, and all became his sycophants who received his favors. Coke is no exception to the rule. It is true enough that to him we are mainly indebted for the movement which, beginning on the 30th of January, 1621, ended that very day eight-and-twenty years with the decapitation of the king; but it is likewise undeniable that the nation's difficulties would have waited some time longer for solution had not the defender of the people's rights been inoculated with a love of liberty by the sudden application of the royal lancet, whose sharp edge his judicious self-love would never have provoked.

Coke was born in what a Royalist of the days of Charles the First might well have called "the good old times," when Queens were gentle despots and Parliaments the most devoted of self-constituted slaves; when Mr. Speaker "upon his allegiance was commanded, if a certain bill be exhibited, not to read it," and when "Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, to the great comfort of the Speaker and the House, brought answer of Her Majesty's acceptance of the submission" of legislators who had presumed to speak of matters "not proper and pertinent for the house to deal in." Elizabeth was on her splendid throne when Coke, having quitted the University of Cambridge without a degree, was working like a horse at Clifford's-inn. Stony-hearted and stony-minded, he loved neither poetry nor pleasure. From the moment he began the appointed task of his life, he dreamed of nothing but fame, and of that only for the sake of the sterling recompense it brings. Friendships not convertible to cash, Coke resolutely foreswore at the commencement of his career, and he was blessed with none at the close of it. Spenser yielded him no delight, Shakspeare no seduction. The study of law began at three in the morning, and, with short intervals of rest, ceased at nine in the evening, at which hour the indefatigable student at last took repose. Fortified by such discipline, and brim full of law, Coke was called to the bar in the year 1578, being then twenty-seven years of age, and he rose in his profession as rapidly as he had all along resolved to rise.

In pursuance of his design Coke married well in 1582; the lady was young, beautiful, and accomplished; virtues thrown, as it were, into the bargain, since the lawyer had been well satisfied with the ample fortune by which they were accompanied. Before he was thirty years old the desperate money-seeker had made himself master of manor upon manor, and laid the foundation of the enormous possessions which at length alarmed the Crown, lest they should prove too magnificent for a subject. In 1585 he was elected Recorder of Coventry, in 1586 of Norwich, and in 1592 of London itself. In the last-named year he was also appointed Reader in the Inner Temple by the Benchers, and in 1592, being in his forty-first year, by the influence of Burleigh, he was made Solicitor-General to the Queen. The solicitorship secured the Speakership of the House of Commons, according to custom. Coke in his address to the Queen upon his appointment compared himself to a star in the heavens, "which is but *opacum corpus* until it receiveth light from the sun." Her Majesty in answer graciously condescended to accept the metaphor, for she informed her humble Speaker that liberty of speech was granted him, "but you must know what privilege you have; not to speak every one what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter, but your privilege is ay or no; wherefore, Mr. Speaker, Her Majesty's pleasure is, that if you perceive any idle heads which will meddle with reforming the church and transforming the commonwealth, and do exhibit bills to such purpose, you receive them not until they be viewed and considered by those who it is fitter should consider of such things, and can better judge of them." The times were sweetly Arcadian. Elizabeth should be painted a shepherdess, and her faithful Parliament a meek and timid flock about her.

The obsequiousness of Coke to his Royal mistress was in perfect keeping with his character. Nothing exceeds his abject servility while in the sunshine, save his fixed malignity when dismissed to the shade. In 1594 the office of Attorney-General became vacant; Coke regarded the prize as his own until he found one ready to dispute it with him. Bacon, eager

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to outstrip his rival, had made interest at Court, and, had his age been as ripe as his genius, Coke might have been thrust aside in the encounter. Intrigues failed, because "one precedent of so raw a youth being promoted to so great a place" it was impossible to find. Coke was left master of the field, but neither combatant forgot the result of the contest. The new Attorney-General declined his marvelous opponent for Solicitor-General, and Bacon resolved to take unmeasured revenge both for the disappointment and the insult.

A fitter tool for its melancholy work prerogative never found than in Attorney-General Coke, who, for his punishment, lived to destroy the foul abuses he had been paid to nourish. The liberty of the subject is identified with the name of the individual who, as much as any of his time, sought to crush it. The perversions of criminal law to which this man condescended, as prosecutor for the Crown, are familiar to the readers of history. His cruel arrogance and atrocious bearing toward the unfortunate (we do not speak of the guilty) can never be forgotten. Lord Campbell tells us that Coke, in his age, "made noble amends" for the licentious and unscrupulous dealings of his earlier life. We can not admit the term; for repentance to be noble, the motive must be pure. The gain to society by the stand made by Coke, in the name of the people, against the encroachments of the Crown is not to be overestimated; but respect does not attach to the soiled instrument by which our blessings were secured. A singular instance of the brutality of the Attorney-General, and of his overstrained duty to the Crown, occurred at the trial of the unfortunate and gallant Essex. Well may the present biographer exclaim, "This was a humiliating day for our *order!*" Essex had striven hard to obtain for Bacon the office then held by his accuser. The insurrection in the city might sooner be pardoned than that offense, which, indeed, received no mercy For once, Bacon and Coke ceased to be rivals, but only that they might be co-partners in inexpiable guilt. Divines may preach even to the infidel of the inherent rottenness of our fallen nature, when they can point to Bacon, the pride of humanity, the wonder of the civilized world, imploring to be counsel *against* his best friend and benefactor, and leaving no base means untried to bring that high and chivalrous spirit to the scaffold. Prerogative never boasted so rare a sacrifice; the might of kings never extorted so signal an acknowledgment.

On the 27th of June, 1598, Coke lost his wife, who had borne him ten children. His memorandum-book feelingly describes the virtues of the departed; but within four months of her burial the disconsolate widower had taken unto himself a second mate, whose beauty, though extraordinary, was still surpassed, as before, by the brilliancy of the marriage portion. Lady Hatton, daughter of Thomas Cecil, was the widow of the nephew of Lord Chancellor Hatton, and but 20 years of age when she agreed to become the wife of a man whom she disliked on her wedding-day and hated ever afterward. Bacon, her cousin, had preferred his suit to be rejected, although Lord Essex, then powerful enough, had declared to the lady that "if he had a daughter of his own he would rather match her with the accomplished lawyer than with a man of far greater titles." To spite Bacon, and to add to his heaps, Coke consented to a private marriage, to break the law, and to listen complacently to the openly declared aversion of his bride. He enjoyed all the happiness he had earned. The lady refused to adopt her husband's name, spurned his company and dry pursuits, took her pleasure abroad, and, giving birth to a daughter, flatly refused to live with him any longer; and greater punishment came hereafter.

Upon the death of Elizabeth, James I. conferred upon Coke the dignity of knighthood, and continued him in his office. The first appearance of the Attorney-General as public prosecutor in the new reign was at the trial of the adventurous Raleigh, the judge upon the occasion being the reformed highway-robber, Popham, who made amends for the delinquencies of his youth by hanging every criminal within his reach. Raleigh laid down the law as Coke himself years afterward knew how to define it; but the legal tools of the Court were neither to be shamed nor argued from their purpose. Coke disgracefully bullied the high-souled prisoner. Popham shrunk from his calm and unanswerable defense; but both contrived to prove him guilty. The instance is one of a hundred. So long as Coke could find payment for unclean work, he betrayed no uneasy desire to wash his fingers. It was not until all hope of turning sycophancy to further account was gone that he took up with patriotism.

Coke's last prosecution as Attorney-General was a famous one; for the objects of his malevolence were no other than Guy Faux and his accomplices. It would have been sufficient to dismiss in silence to the scaffold men upon whom the brand of guilt was so deeply fixed. Justice required no more than their death; much more readly satisfied the officious love of the king's devoted servant. While the Attorney-General was hurling insult at the heads of the culprits, one of them, Sir Everard Digby, interrupted him, confessing "that he deserved the vilest death, and the most severe punishment that might be," but humbly petitioned "for mercy and some moderation of justice." Coke, overflowing with mercy, promised him such moderation as he might discover in the Psalms, where it is written, "Let his wife be a widow and his children vagabonds—let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be quite put out." Digby's pathetic appeal upon the rising of the Court may well stand side by side with this brutality. "If I may but hear any of your lordships," exclaimed the doomed man, "say you forgive me, I shall go more cheerfully to the gallows." The lords

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answered in Coke's presence, "The Lord forgive you, and we do."

The gunpowder plot disposed of, Coke, in the year 1606, became Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, "fatigued," as Lord Campbell has it, "if not satiated, with amassing money at the bar." The new judge was as fully alive to the rights of his office as he had been before to the prerogatives of the king. The pedantic presumption of James was safe till it rubbed against the more stubborn pride of Coke. The monarch was of opinion that the constitution and the law allowed him personally to try causes between his loyal subjects. "By my soul," he said pettishly to Coke, who begged leave to differ, "I have often heard the boast that your English law was founded upon reason. If that be so, why have not I and others reason as well as you, the judges?" Coke explained why, and by the manner of his explanation compelled the king to think no more of his folly. Unfortunately for all parties His Majesty at the same time remembered the affront.

Had he been disposed to forget it there was one at his side eager enough to jog his memory. Bacon's advancement depended upon the downfall of Coke, and the sublimest yet meanest of men gave his whole heart to the accomplishment of either work. By the elevation of the Attorney-General, Bacon had become Solicitor-General, and a more servile spirit never filled the office. The first triumph of Coke over the king encouraged him to more open war against despotism and abuse. The monarchs before the Revolution loved to repair laws by royal proclamation, and none were busier at that trade than the silly James. Coke asserted his authority again, and again defeated him. To console His Majesty and to help himself, Bacon recommended the *promotion* of the incorrigable assailant. Coke was made, accordingly, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The profits of the office were much less than those of the Justice of the Common Pleas, although the rank was higher. Hence Coke's disgust at the bettering of his condition, which also helped Bacon on a step, by furnishing Attorney-General Hobart with the chiefship of the Common Pleas.

Coke continued to display his independence during the three years that he presided in the Court of King's Bench, but he had stopped short of committing an act that might deprive him of the reversion of the Chancellorship, to which his great acquirements and reputation well entitled him. Bacon, always alive to his master's interests, urged upon the king the danger of elevating the Chief Justice to the woolsack, long before the vacancy occurred. "If you take my Lord Coke," said he, "this will follow: first, your Majesty shall put an overruling nature into an overruling place, which may breed an extreme; next, you shall blunt his industries in the matter of your finances, which seemeth to aim at another place (the office of Lord Treasurer); and, lastly, popular men are no sure mounters for your Majesty's saddle." His Majesty, easily frightened, cherished the warning, while Coke took no pains to disarm suspicion. His triumphs gave him courage, and he went from bad to worse. A question arose as to the power of the king to grant ecclesiastical preferments to be held along with a bishopric. A learned counsel at the bar denied the power. Bacon, the Attorney-General, not caring to defend it, mentioned another power of the king's—viz., his right to prohibit the hearing of any cause in which his prerogative is concerned until he should intimate his pleasure on the matter to his judges; and advised such a prohibition to be issued in the case in question. Coke treated the advice with disdain, proceeded as with an ordinary cause, heard it, and judicially determined it. Bacon could have wished for nothing more suicidal.

Coke was summoned before the Privy Council. It was suddenly discovered that he had been guilty of a breach of duty while Attorney-General, in concealing a bond given to the Crown by Sir Christopher Hatton. He had also misconducted himself in a dispute with the Lord Chancellor respecting injunctions; moreover, he had insulted the king when called before him in the case of *commendams*. In addition, many extravagant and exorbitant opinions had been set down and published in his reports for positive and good law. So heinous an offender could not go unpunished. By royal mandate the delinquent was suspended from his office of Chief Justice. Simple suspension, however, brought no consolation to Bacon, who goaded the king to downright persecution. On the 16th of November, 1616, the Chief Justice received his dismissal. Lord Campbell pleads for the fallen man, who heard his sentence with "dejection and tears." We must, nevertheless, not forget the weakness when we reflect upon his abject submission to royalty during his days of dependence, and as we approach the more stormy times when the spirit of vengeance incited him to grapple with royalty in the temper of a rebel. Magnanimity is wanting throughout.

As Coke tumbled down Bacon rose to his zenith. While the former was shedding tears for his dismissal, the latter was intoxicated with joy by his elevation to the Chancellorship. The defeated judge, however, was not the man to submit without a struggle to his fate. By his second wife he had a daughter: she had reached a marriageable age and was heiress to a princely fortune. Coke resolved that she should marry Sir John Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham's eldest brother. Sir John was very poor, and the Duke of Buckingham all powerful. The union effected, what should hinder his return to favor? Bacon, terrified at the plot, encouraged mother and daughter to resist the will of the father; but Sir John and the duke were more than a match for the counter-conspirators. After a gallant opposition the ladies yielded, and the marriage was celebrated at Hampton Court, "in the presence of the king and queen and all

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the chief nobility of England." Sir John was old enough to be his wife's father, but that was a trifle. The results of the match were such as might be expected. Coke was restored to the Privy Council, but received no judicial promotion. Sir John Villiers and his wife never passed a happy day together, and before long the lady eloped with Sir John Howard. "After traveling abroad in man's attire she died young, leaving a son, who, on the ground of illegitimacy, was not allowed to inherit the estate and honors of her husband."

The last blow decided the ex-Chief Justice. Rejected as a friend, he gave himself up to the warfare of relentless enmity. The fame and glory acquired at this juncture by his rival in consequence of the publication of the *Novum Organum* gave venom to his hate. A Parliament was called in 1620. Coke then in his 70th year, was elected for the borough of Liskeard. Just after his election the office of Lord Treasurer fell vacant. Coke had looked for it, but it was given elsewhere. All things served to fan the fire of his indignation. The Puritans were returned to the House in great numbers. Coke, hitherto a high churchman, placed himself at their head, and prepared for deadly opposition. Opportunities came to him as thick as summer leaves upon a tree. The nation had rare cause for discontent, and no man knew better than he how to turn popular grievances to personal account.

He set to work at once. A motion was made by Mr. Secretary Calvert for a supply. Sir Edward Coke moved as an amendment, "That supply and *grievances* should be referred together to a committee of the whole House." The amendment was carried, and business forthwith commenced with an attack upon the monopolists. A report was drawn up directed against the king's prerogative, in virtue of which monopolies flourished, and Coke himself carried it to the bar of the Upper House, where Bacon, as Chancellor received him. The second effort must have been a labor of love indeed. The Lord Chancellor himself had been accused of a king bribes. A committee of the House was appointed to investigate the charges, and Coke, with a willing heart, guided its proceedings. The king sent a message to the Commons with the view of saving Bacon from the odium of an inquiry thus vindictively pursued, but Coke had fastened on his prey and was not to be cajoled or frightened off. He besought the Commons not to stand between justice and a huge delinquent, and he procured Bacon's impeachment. The impeachment being voted, Coke, to his intense delight, was ordered to conduct it. Bacon, conscious of the spirit with which his rival would settle to his task, disappointed his vengence by pleading guilty to the charge; but it was the deep humiliation of the chancellor, in the presence of his foe, to hear in one breath both judgement and destruction pronounced. The battle was over. Bacon made restitution to society by withdrawing from public life and devoting himself to the dignified occupations which have since induced his countrymen to forget the failings that compelled the fortunate seclusion. Coke having brought his victim to the dust left him there to linger. He never visited his fallen enemy. The two never met again.

Revenge called for further sacrifice. Coke's fierceness against the Court increased rather than abated with Bacon's removal. The Chancellorship which might have made him a royalist and high churchman again was bestowed upon another. The shortsightedness of monarchs is even more unpardonable than their crimes. After a struggle against adjournment, led on by Coke, Parliament was adjourned in May to meet again in November. In a letter to the Speaker the king desired it to be made known in his name unto the House, "that none therein shall presume henceforth to meddle with any thing concerning our Government or deep matters of state." Coke, leading the opposition, moved "a protestation," which was carried and entered on the journals. The king, with his own hand, tore the protestation out of the Journal Book, and declaring it "an usurpation which the majesty of a king can by no means endure" at once dissolved the Parliament.

Coke for his pains was committed to the Tower, but after a few months' imprisonment was released at the intercession of the Prince of Wales. Before the popular leader was fairly in harness again, that Prince was on the throne. Charles's first Parliament was called in 1625, and Coke was returned for Coventry. A motion for supply being submitted, Coke moved as an amendment for a committee to inquire into the expenditure of the Crown. The amendment was carried, and His Majesty, according to custom in such cases, dissolved the Parliament. Supply being, however, indispensable to monarchs as to meaner men, a new Parliament was summoned, and Coke, now 75 years old, was returned without solicitation for Norfolk. This Parliament fared no better than its predecessor, and upon another attempt being made the king suffered the extreme mortification of seeing his unappeasable pursuer returned for two counties. His Majesty opened the session with a stern rebuke. He did not call it a threatening, "for he scorned to threaten any but his equals, but an admonition from him who by nature and duty has most care of his people's preservation and prosperity." Whatever it might be, whether menace or reproof, it had no effect upon the sturdy veteran. "What a word," exclaimed Coke in his speech upon the usual motion for supply "is that *franchise!* The lord may tax his villein, high or low; but it is against the franchise of the land for freemen to be taxed but by their consent in Parliament;" and the speaker implored his listeners to withhold that consent while there remained one legitimate grievance for the king to remedy. Having made his speech he brought forward and carried resolutions that are memorable in the annals of our constitutional history, and which, indeed, were

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made the foundation of the Habeas Corpus Act fifty years afterward. His next step was his greatest. He formed the famous *Petition of Right*, the second *Magna Charta*, as it has been aptly called, of the nation's liberties. The petition enumerated all the abuses of prerogative under which the country groaned, and after declaring them all to be contrary to law "assumed the form of an act of the Legislature, and in the most express and stringent terms protected the people in all time to come from similar oppressions." The king attempted to evade the obligation about to be forced upon him, but his adversary was as inflexible as iron, "not that he distrusted the king, but that he could not take his trust save in a Parliamentary way." The lords passed the bill, but loyally introduced a proviso that completely nullified its operation. "This," exclaimed Coke, "turns all about again," and at his instigation the accommodating proviso was at once rejected. The Lords agreed "not to insist upon it," and nothing was left for His Majesty but to resort, under the direction of Buckingham, to fraudulent dealing. The trick did not answer. Buckingham was denounced, the Petition of Right, in spite of the king, received the royal assent in due form, and bonfires throughout London testified to the happiness of the people at the restoration of their liberty. King Charles would never have died on the scaffold had he not violated in later years the solemn pledge he gave on this occasion to his trusting subjects.

With this achievement ended Coke's political career. The *Petition of Right* was carried in 1628. He was absent from Parliament during the short and violent session of 1629, and before another Parliament was called he had quitted life. He died in 1634, in the eighty-third year of his age and in the full possession of his faculties. What he performed for public liberty is seen; his claims to esteem as a lawyer were recognized in his own time, and are still acknowledged. His publications are the handbooks of our legal men. His general character may be gathered from our short record. It is further to be noted that he had a sublime contempt for science and literature of every kind. Upon the title-page of his copy of the *Novum Organum*, presented to him by the author, he wrote,

> "It deserves not to be read in schooles,
> But to be freighted in the *Ship of Fools*."

Shakspeare and Ben Jonson were *vagrants*, deserving of the stocks; poetry was foolishness; law, politics, and money-making the sole occupations worthy of a masculine and vigorous mind. "For a profound knowledge of the common law of England," says the biographer, "he stands unrivaled As a judge he was above all suspicion of corruption; yet most men," adds Lord Campbell, "I am afraid, would rather have been Bacon than Coke." We participate in his Lordship's fear. Aware of the tax period in which both flourished, we are willing to attribute many of the faults of both to the age in which their lot was cast. Their virtues and intellectual prowess were all their own; and let us once enter upon a comparison of these, and the lofty, universal genius of Bacon will shine as the noonday sun in the firmament where the duller orb of Coke shall cease to be visible.

[From Household Words.]

FATHER AND SON.

ONE evening in the month of March, 1798—that dark time in Ireland's annals whose memory (overlooking all minor subsequent *émeutes*) is still preserved among us, as "the year of the rebellion"—a lady and gentleman were seated near a blazing fire in the old-fashioned dining-room of a large, lonely mansion. They had just dined; wine and fruit were on the table, both untouched, while Mr. Hewson and his wife sat silently gazing at the fire, watching its flickering light becoming gradually more vivid as the short spring twilight faded into darkness.

At length the husband poured out a glass of wine, drank it off, and then broke silence, by saying,

"Well, well, Charlotte, these are awful times; there were ten men taken up to-day for burning Cotter's house at Knockane; and Tom Dycer says that every magistrate in the country is a marked man."

Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened glance toward the windows, which opened nearly to the ground, and gave a view of a wide, tree-besprinkled lawn, through whose centre a long straight avenue led to the high-road. There was also a footpath at either side of the house, branching off through close thickets of trees, and reaching the road by a circuitous route.

"Listen, James!" she said, after a pause; "what noise is that?"

"Nothing but the sighing of the wind among the trees. Come, wife, you must not give way to imaginary fears."

"But really I heard something like footsteps on the gravel, round the gable-end—I wish—"

A knock at the parlor door interrupted her.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Tim Gahan, Mr. Hewson's confidential steward and right-hand man, entered, followed by a fair-haired, delicate-looking boy of six years' old, dressed in deep mourning.

"Well, Gahan, what do you want?"

"I ask your honor's pardon for disturbing you and the mistress; but I thought it right to come and tell you the bad news I heard."

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I got a whisper just now that there's going to be a great rising entirely, to-morrow; thousands are to gather before daybreak at Kilcrean bog, where I'm told they've a power of pikes hiding; and then they're to march on and sack every house in the country. I'll engage,

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when I heard it, I didn't let grass grow under my feet, but came off straight to your honor, thinking maybe you'd like to walk over this fine evening to Mr. Warren's, and settle with him what's best to be done."

"Oh, James! I beseech you, don't think of going."

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte; I don't intend it: not that I suppose there would be much risk; but, all things considered, I think I'm just as comfortable at home."

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced nervously toward the end window, which jutting out in the gable, formed a deep angle in the outer wall.

"Of course, 'tis just as your honor plases, but I'll warrant you there would be no harm in going. Come, Billy," he added, addressing the child, who by this time was standing close to Mrs. Hewson, "make your bow, and bid good-night to master and mistress."

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his little hand in hers, said,

"You need not go home for half-an-hour, Gahan; stay and have a chat with the servants in the kitchen, and leave little Billy with me—and with the apples and nuts," she added, smiling as she filled the child's hands with fruit.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the steward, hastily. "I can't stop—I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted to leave this brat to-night; but he *would* follow me. Come, Billy; come this minute, you young rogue."

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mr. Hewson said, peremptorily,

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by-and-by; and you know the mistress always likes to pet little Billy."

Without replying, the steward left the room; and the next moment his hasty footsteps resounded through the long flagged passage that led to the offices.

"There's something strange about Gahan, since his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose 'tis grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and seem almost jealous when any one speaks to his child. Poor little Billy! your mother was a sore loss to you."

The child's blue eyes filled with tears, and pressing closer to the lady's side, he said,

"Old Peggy doesn't wash and dress me as nicely as mammy used."

"But your father is good to you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but he's out all day busy, and I've no one to talk to me as mammy used; for Peggy is quite deaf, and besides she's always busy with the pigs and chickens."

"I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and to teach, for your poor mother's sake."

"And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband. "I'm sure Gahan, with all his odd ways, is too sensible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated by us, and the boy would be an amusement to us in this lonely house. I'll speak to him about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, "jump up on my knee, and tell me if you'd like to live here always and learn to read and write."

"I would, sir, if I could be with father, too."

"So you shall; and what about old Peggy?"

The child paused.

"I like to give her a pen'north of snuff and a piece of tobacco every week, for she said the other day that *that* would make her quite happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prattled on, still seated on his knee; when a noise of footsteps on the ground, mingled with low suppressed talking, was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's the noise again."

It was now nearly dark, but Mr. Hewson, still holding the boy in his arms, walked toward the window and looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said; "stay, there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man running round to the back of the house—very like Gahan he is, too."

Seizing the bell-rope, he rang it loudly, and said to the servant who answered his summons,

"Fasten the shutters and put up the bars, Connell; and then tell Gahan I want to see him."

The man obeyed; candles were brought, and Gahan entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that, though his cheeks were flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold dark eyes were cast on the ground.

"What took you round the house just now, Tim?" asked his master, in a careless manner.

"What took me round the house, is it? Why, then, nothing in life, sir, but that just as I went outside the kitchen door to take a smoke, I saw the pigs, that Shaneen forgot to put up in their stye, making right for the mistress's flower-garden; so I just put my *dudheen*, lighted as it was, into my pocket, and ran after them. I caught them on the grand walk under the end window, and, indeed, ma'am, I had my own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Who were the people," asked his master "whom I saw moving through the western grove?"

"People! your honor—not a sign of any people moving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs."

"Then," said Mr. Hewson, smiling, to his wife, "the miracle of Circe must have been reversed, and swine turned into men; for, undoubtedly, the dark figures I saw were human beings."

"Come, Billy," said Gahan, anxious to turn the conversation, "will you come home with me now? I am sure 'twas very good of the mistress to give you all them fine apples."

Mrs. Hewson was going to propose Billy's remaining, but her husband whispered, "Wait till to-morrow." So Gahan and his child were allowed to depart.

Next morning the magistrates of the district

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were on the alert, and several suspicious-looking men found lurking about, were taken up. A hat which fitted one of them was picked up in Mr. Hewson's grove; the gravel under the end window bore many signs of trampling feet; and there were marks on the wall as if guns had rested against it. Gahan's information touching the intended meeting at Kilcrean bog proved to be totally without foundation; and after a careful search, not a single pike or weapon of any description could be found there. All these circumstances combined certainly looked suspicious; but, after a prolonged investigation, as no guilt could be actually brought home to Gahan, he was dismissed. One of his examiners, however, said privately, "I advise you take care of that fellow, Hewson. If I were in your place, I'd just trust him as far as I could throw him, and not an inch beyond."

An indolent, hospitable Irish country gentleman, such as Mr. Hewson, is never without an always shrewd and often roguish prime minister, who saves his master the trouble of looking after his own affairs, and manages every thing that is to be done in both the home and foreign departments—from putting a new door on the pig-stye, to letting a farm of an hundred acres on lease. Now in this, or rather these capacities, Gahan had long served Mr. Hewson; and some seven years previous to the evening on which our story commences, he had strengthened the tie and increased his influence considerably by marrying Mrs. Hewson's favorite and faithful maid. One child was the result of this union; and Mrs. Hewson, who had no family of her own, took much interest in little Billy—more especially after the death of his mother, who, poor thing! the neighbors said, was not very happy, and would gladly, if she dared, have exchanged her lonely cottage for the easy service of her former mistress.

Thus, though for a time Mr. and Mrs. Hewson regarded Gahan with some doubt, the feeling gradually wore away, and the steward regained his former influence.

After the lapse of a few stormy months, the rebellion was quelled: all the prisoners taken up were severally disposed of by hanging, transportation, or acquittal, according to the nature and amount of the evidence brought against them; and the country became as peaceful as it is in the volcanic nature of our Irish soil ever to be.

The Hewsons' kindness toward Gahan's child was steady and unchanged. They took him into their house, and gave him a plain but solid education; so that William, while yet a boy, was enabled to be of some use to his patron, and daily enjoyed more and more of his confidence.

Another evening, the twentieth anniversary of that with which this narrative commenced, came round. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson were still hale and active, dwelling in their hospitable home. About eight o'clock at night, Tim Gahan, now a stooping, gray-haired man, entered Mr. Hewson's kitchen, and took his seat on the corner of the settle next the fire.

The cook, directing a silent, significant glance of compassion toward her fellow-servants, said,

"Would you like a drink of cider, Tim, or will you wait and take a cup of tay with myself and Kitty?"

The old man's eyes were fixed on the fire, and a wrinkled hand was planted firmly on each knee, as if to check their involuntary trembling. "I'll not drink any thing this night, thank you kindly, Nelly," he said, in a slow, musing manner, dwelling long on each word.

"Where's Billy?" he asked, after a pause, in a quick, hurried tone, looking up suddenly at the cook, with an expression in his eyes which, as she afterward said, took away her breath.

"Oh, never heed Billy! I suppose he's busy with the master."

"Where's the use, Nelly," said the coachman, "in hiding it from him? Sure, sooner or later, he must know it. Tim," he continued, "God knows 'tis sorrow to my heart this blessed night to make yours sore—but the truth is, that William has done what he oughtn't to do to the man that was all one as a father to him."

"What has he done? what will you *dar* say again my boy?"

"Taken money, then," replied the coachman, "that the master had marked and put by in his desk; for he suspected this some time past that gold was missing. This morning 'twas gone; a search was made, and the marked guineas were found with your son William."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Where is he now?" at length he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"Locked up safe in the inner store-room; the master intends sending him to jail early to-morrow morning."

"He will not," said Gahan, slowly. "Kill the boy that saved his life!—no, no."

"Poor fellow! the grief is setting his mind astray—and sure no wonder!" said the cook, compassionately.

"I'm not astray!" cried the old man, fiercely. "Where's the master?—take me to him."

"Come with me," said the butler, "and I'll ask him will he see you."

With faltering steps the father complied: and when they reached the parlor, he trembled exceedingly, and leant against the wall for support, while the butler opened the door, and said,

"Gahan is here, sir, and wants to know will you let him speak to you for a minute."

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson, in a solemn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary cheerful voice.

"Sir," said the steward, advancing, "they tell me you are going to send my boy to prison—is it true?"

"Too true, indeed, Gahan. The lad who was reared in my house, whom my wife watched over in health, and nursed in sickness—whom

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we loved almost as if he were our own, has *robbed* us, and that not once or twice, but many times. He is silent and sullen, too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him when he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and must only give him up to justice in the morning."

"No, sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"You're raving, Gahan."

"Listen to me, sir, and you won't say so. You remember this night twenty years? I came here with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress pitied us, and spoke loving words to him. Well for us all you did so! That night—little you thought it!—I was banded with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you outside the window, and I was sent to inveigle you out, that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you were ever and always a good master to me; but I was under an oath to them that I darn't break, supposing they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well! the hand of God was over you, and you wouldn't come with me. I ran out to them, and I said, 'Boys, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window,' thinking they'd be afeard of that; but they weren't—they were daring fellows, and one of them, sheltered by the angle of the window, took deadly aim at you. That very moment you took Billy on your knee, and I saw his fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly then what I said or did, but I remember I caught the man's hand, threw it up, and pointed to the child. Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they didn't wish to provoke me; so they watched you for a while, and when you didn't put him down, they got daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers riding by the road, and they stole away through the grove. Most of that gang swung on the gallows, but the last of them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to yesterday he used to make me give him money—sums of money to buy his silence—and it was for that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, and said, 'Father, I'd die myself sooner than rob my master, but I can't see *you* disgraced. Oh, let us fly the country!' Now, sir, I have told you all—do what you like with me—send me to jail, I deserve it, but spare my poor, deluded, innocent boy!"

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten to liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent words of explanation, she led him into the presence of his master, who, looking at him sorrowfully but kindly, said,

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeply as I supposed. Your father has told me every thing. I forgive him freely, and you also."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he had ever shed since the day when he followed his mother to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt on the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who had supplied to him that mother's place, he murmured,

"Will *you* tell him I would rather die than sin again?"

Old Gahan died two years afterward, truly penitent, invoking blessings on his son and on his benefactors; and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and so upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that, in William Gahan, they had indeed a son.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

DIPLOMACY—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THE qualifications required for the diplomatic career, we need hardly say, are many and various. To a perfect knowledge of history and the law of nations should be united a knowledge of the privileges and duties of diplomatic agents, an acquaintance with the conduct and management of negotiations, the physical and moral statistics, the political, military, and social history of the powers with which the embasssador's nation comes into most frequent intercommunication. To this varied knowledge, it is needless to state, the negotiator should join moderation, dexterity, temper, and tact. An embassador should be a man of learning and a man of the world; a man of books and a man of men, a man of the drawing-room and a man of the counting-house; a *preux chevalieur*, and a man of labor and of business. He should possess quick faculties, active powers of observation, and that which military men call the *coup d'œil*. He should be of urbane, pleasant, and affable manners; of cheerful temper, of good humor, and of good sense. He should know when and where to yield, to retreat, or to advance; when to press his suit strongly, or when merely gently to insinuate it indirectly, and, as it were, by inuendo. He should know how to unbend and how to uphold his dignity, or rather the dignity of his sovereign; for it his business, in whatever quarter of the world he may be placed, to maintain the rights and dignities of his sovereign with vigor and effect. It is the union of these diverse, and yet not repugnant qualities, that gives to an embassador *prestige*, ascendency, and power over the minds of others, that acquires for him that reputation of wisdom, straightforwardness, and sagacity, which is the rarest and most valuable gift of a statesman. One part of the science of diplomacy may be, by even a dull man, mastered without any wonderful difficulties. It is that positive, fundamental, and juridical portion of the study which may be found in books, in treatises; in the history of treaties and of wars; in treatises on international law; in memoirs, letters, and negotiations of embassadors; in historical and statistical works concerning the states of Europe, the balance of power, and the science of politics generally.

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But the abstract, hypothetical, and variable portions of the craft—or, if you will, of the science—depending on ten thousand varying and variable circumstances—depending on persons, passions, fancies, whims; caprices royal, national, parliamentary, and personal, is above theory, and beyond the reach of books; and can only be learned by experience, by practice, and by the most perfect and intuitive tact. The traditional political maxims, the character of the leading sovereigns, statesmen, and public men in any given court, as well as the conduct of negotiations, may be acquired by study, by observation, by a residence as secretary, as *attaché*; but who, unless a man of real genius for his art—who, unless a man of real ability and talent, shall seize on, fix, and turn to his purpose, the ever-mobile, the ever-varying phases of courts, of camps, of councils, of senators, of parliaments, and of public bodies? No doubt there are certain great cardinal and leading principles with which the mind of every aspirant should be stored. But the mere knowledge of principles, and of the history of the science can never alone make a great embassador, any more than the reading of treatises on the art of war can make a great commander.

An embassador at a first-rate court should, indeed, be the minister of foreign affairs for his country on a small scale; and we know well enough that the duties devolving on a minister for foreign affairs are grave, are delicate, are all important.

The functions appertaining to the ministry for foreign affairs have been in England during the last two years, and certainly also were from 1793 to 1815, the most important and the most difficult connected with the public administration. A man to fill such a post properly, requires not merely elevation and uprightness of character, but experience, tried discretion, the highest capacity, the most extensive and varied knowledge and accomplishments. Yet how few embassadors (we can scarcely name one) have been in our day, or, indeed, for the last century, elevated into Principal Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs! Such promotions in France have been matters of every-day occurrence since and previous to 1792. Dumouriez, Talleyrand, Reinhard, Champagny, Maret, Bignon, Montmorency, Chauteaubriand, Polignac, Sebastiani, De Broglie, Guizot, Soult, had all been embassadors before they were elevated into the higher, the more responsible, and the more onerous office. In England, since the accession of George I., we can scarcely cite, speaking off-hand, above four instances.

In 1716 there was Paul Methuen, who had been embassador to Portugal in the reign of Queen Anne, named Secretary of State, for a short time, in the absence of Earl Stanhope; there was Philip Dormer, earl of Chesterfield, in 1746; there was John, duke of Bedford, who succeeded Lord Chesterfield in 1748, and who had previously been embassador to Paris; and there was Sir Thomas Robinson in 1754, who had been an embassador to Vienna. In our own day there is scarcely an instance. For though George Canning was embassador for a short time to Lisbon, and the Marquis of Wellesley to Spain; though the Duke of Wellington was embassador to Paris, was charged with a special mission to Russia, was plenipotentiary at Verona, yet none of these noblemen and gentlemen ever regularly belonged to the diplomatic corps. The most illustrious and striking instance of an embassador raised into a Secretary of State is the case of Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield. The character of no man within a century and a half has been so misrepresented and misunderstood. Lord John Russell, in the *Bedford Correspondence*, which he edited, charges this nobleman with conducting the French nobility to the guillotine and to emigration. But Lord Chesterfield died on the 24th March, 1773, sixteen years before 1789, and nineteen years before 1792. To any man of reading and research—to any man of a decent acquaintance with literature, it is unnecessary now to vindicate the character of the Earl of Chesterfield. He was unequaled in his time for the solidity and variety of his attainments; for the brilliancy of his wit; for the graces of his conversation, and the polish of his style. His embassy to Holland marks his skill, his dexterity, and his address, as an able negotiator; and his administration of Ireland indicates his integrity, his vigilance, and his sound policy as a statesman and as a politician. He was at once the most accomplished, the most learned, and the most far-seeing of the men of his day; and in our own, these is not one public man to compare with him. He foresaw and foretold, in 1756, that French Revolution whose outbreak he did not live to witness. In 1744 he was admitted into the cabinet on his own terms, and was soon after intrusted with a second embassy to Holland, in which his skill and dexterity were universally admitted. He was not more remarkable for a quick insight into the temper of others, than for a command of his own. In history, in literature, in foreign languages, he was equally a proficient. With classical literature he had been from his boyhood familiar. He wrote Latin prose with correctness, ease, and purity; and spoke that tongue with a fluency and facility of the rarest among Englishmen, and not very common even among foreigners. In the House of Lords his speeches were more admired and extolled than any others of the day. Horace Walpole had heard his own father, had heard Pitt, had heard Pulteney, had heard Wyndham, had heard Carteret; yet he in 1743 declared, as is recorded by Lord Mahon, that the finest speech he had ever listened to was one from Chesterfield.

For the diplomatic career, Chesterfield prepared himself in a manner not often practiced in his own, and never practiced by Englishmen in our day. Not content, as an undergraduate of Cambridge, with assiduously attending a course of lectures on civil law at Trinity Hall, he applied—as the laws and customs of other

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countries, and the general law of Europe, were not comprehended in that course—to Vitriarius, a celebrated professor of the University of Leyden; and, at the recommendation of the professor, took into his house a gentleman qualified to instruct him. Instead of pirouetting it in the *coulisses* of the opera, or in the Redouten Saal of Vienna, instead of graduating at the Jardin Mabille, or the Salle Ventadour, instead of breakfasting at the Café Anglais, instead of dining at the Café de Paris, or swallowing his ices, after the Italiens or Académie Royale, at Tortoni's, instead of attending a *funcion* or bull-fight at Madrid, or spending his mornings and evenings at Jägers's Unter den Linden at Berlin, instead of swallowing Beaune for a bet against Russian Boyars at Petersburgh or Moscow, at Andrieux's French Restaurant, or spending his nights at the San Carlos at Naples, or the Scala at Milan, Chesterfield, eschewing *prima donnas*, and the delights of French cookery, and the charms of French vaudevilles, set himself down in the town, and in the university in which Joseph Scaliger was a professor, and from whence those famous Elzevir editions of classical works issued, to learn the public law of Europe. These are the arts by which to attain the eminence of a Walsingham and a Burghley, of a D'Ossat and a Jeannin, of a Temple and a De Witt.

> Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
> Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

THOMAS MOORE.

HOW many associations rise to the mind at the name of Moore! The brilliant wit, the elegant scholar, the most charming poet of *sentiment* our literature possesses! His vivacity and versatility were quite as remarkable as his fancy and command of melody. He has been admitted, by rare judges of personal merit, to have been, with the single exception of the late Chief Justice Bushe, the most attractive of companions. An attempt has, in some quarters, we have heard, been made to represent Moore as sacrificing to society talents meant for graver pursuits than convivial enjoyments; and it has been insinuated that he wanted that manly sternness of character, without which there can be no personal dignity or political consistency. The facts of Moore's life overthrow, of themselves, such insinuations. It would be difficult, indeed, to point to any literary character who has, during the vicissitudes of an eventful age, more honorably and steadfastly adhered to the same standard of opinion—*qualis ab incepto*. His honorable conduct, when compelled to pay several thousand pounds, incurred by the error of his deputy at Bermuda (for whose acts he was *legally* responsible), exhibits the manliness of his nature. He determined, by honest labor, to pay off the vast demand upon him, even though it made him a beggar! Several of the Whig party came forward and offered in a manner most creditable to them, to effect a subscription for the purpose of paying off the poet's debt. Foremost among them was a delicate young nobleman, with sunken cheek and intellectual aspect, who, while traveling for his health on the Continent, had met Moore, with whom he journeyed for a considerable time, and from whom he parted with an intense admiration of the poet's genius and manly character. The young nobleman—then far from being a rich man—headed the list with eleven hundred pounds. The fact deserves to be recorded to the honor of that young nobleman, who, by slow and sure degrees, has risen to be prime minister of England—Lord John Russell.

Of the fact of Moore's steadfastly refusing to accept the subscription offered to be raised for him by his aristocratic Whig friends, there can be no doubt whatever; and the matter is more creditable to him when the fact is remembered that it was not he himself who committed the error by which he was rendered liable to the judgment given against him. He might also have sheltered himself under the example of Charles James Fox, who consented to accept a provision made for him by the leaders of his party. But Moore detested all eleemosynary aid. He speaks in one of his most vigorous poems with contempt of that class of "*patriots*" (to what vile uses can language be profaned!),

> "Who hawk their country's wrongs as beggars do their sores."

While sojourning at Paris upon that occasion, Moore received a very remarkable offer. Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, became severely ill, and was obliged to recruit his health by a year's rest, and the editorship of the *Times* was actually offered to Moore, who, in telling the story to a brilliant living Irishman, said, "I had great difficulty in refusing. The offer was so tempting—*to be the Times for a twelvemonth!*" The offering him the editorship of "the daily miracle" (as Mr. Justice Talfourd called it) might, however, have been only a *ruse de guerre* of his aristocratic and political friends to bring him back to London, where, for a variety of reasons social and political, his company was then very desirable.

There is a very interesting circumstance connected with the birth of Moore, which deserves record. The fact of the birth, as every one knows, took place at Aungier-street, and its occasion was at a moment singularly appropriate for the lyric poet being ushered into the world. Jerry Keller, the wit and humorist, rented apartments in the house of Moore's brother, in Aungier-street, and had a dinner-party on the very day of the poet's birth. Just as the guests were assembled, and the dinner on the table, it was announced to them that Mrs. Moore's *accouchement* had taken place, and that she was in a precarious state, the physicians particularly enjoining that no noise should be made in the house: a difficult matter, when Keller, Lysaght, and other convivial spirits were

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assembled. What was to be done? One of the company, who lodged near him, solved the difficulty by proposing that the feast should be adjourned to his house close by, and that the viands and wine should be transferred thither. "Ay!" cried Jerry Keller, "be it so; let us adjourn *pro re nata*." Thus, in the hour of feasting, just as Keller dropped one of his best witticisms, was Moore's birth registered by a classic pun.

Moore had few friends whom he loved more than Mr. Corry, and he has left upon record an exquisite proof of his friendship in the following lines, which are very affecting to read at the present time.

On one occasion, Moore and Corry were ordered, by medical advice, to drink port wine, while they were sojourning for their health at Brighton. The *idem velle atque idem nolle* was perfectly applicable to their friendship, and they detested port wine with perfect antipathy. However, they were under advice which required obedience. Moore got the port-wine from his wine-merchant, Ewart; but in traveling from London it had been shaken about so much, and was so muddy, that it required a strainer. Mr. Corry bought a very handsome wine-strainer, prettily ornamented with Bacchanalian emblems, and presented it, with a friendly inscription, to Moore, who wrote in reply, the following lines, never, we believe, before printed:

TO JAMES CORRY, Esq.,

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE-STRAINER.

This life, dear Corry, who can doubt,
Resembles much friend Ewart's wine—
When first the rosy drops come out,
How beautiful, how clear they shine!
And thus, a while they keep their tint,
So free from even a shade with some,
That they would smile, did you but hint,
That darker drops would ever come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
Each moment makes the sad truth plainer—
Till life, like old and crusty port,
When near its close, requires a strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,
Alone can teach the drops to pass—
If not as bright as once they were,
At least unclouded through the glass.
Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,
Of which my heart were fonder, vainer,
Than thus, if life grew like old wine,
To have *thy* friendship for its strainer!

THOMAS MOORE.

Brighton, June, 1825.

[From Household Words.]

THE APPETITE FOR NEWS.

THE last great work of that great philosopher and friend of the modern housewife, Monsieur Alexis Soyer, is remarkable for a curious omission. Although the author—a foreigner—has abundantly proved his extensive knowledge of the weakness of his adopted nation; yet there is one of our peculiarities which he has not probed. Had he left out all mention of cold punch in connection with turtle; had his receipt for curry contained no cayenne; had he forgotten to send up tongues with asparagus, or to order a service of artichokes without napkins, he would have been thought forgetful; but when—with the unction of a gastronome, and the thoughtful skill of an artist—he marshals forth all the luxuries of the British breakfast-table, and forgets to mention its first necessity, he shows a sort of ignorance. We put it to his already extensive knowledge of English character, whether he thinks it possible for any English subject whose means bring him under the screw of the income-tax, to break his fast without—a newspaper.

The city clerk emerging through folding doors from bed to sitting-room, though thirsting for tea, and hungering for toast, darts upon that morning's journal with an eagerness, and unfolds it with a satisfaction, which show that all his wants are gratified at once. Exactly at the same hour, his master, the M.P., crosses the hall of his mansion. As he enters the breakfast parlor, he fixes his eye on the fender, where he knows his favorite damp sheet will be hung up to dry. When the noble lord first rings his bell, does not his valet know that, however tardy the still-room-maid may be with the early coffee, he dares not appear before his lordship without the "Morning Post?" Would the minister of state presume to commence the day in town till he has opened the "Times," or in the country till he has perused the "Globe?" Could the oppressed farmer handle the massive spoon for his first sip out of his Sèvres cup till he has read of ruin in the "Herald" or "Standard?" Might the juvenile Conservative open his lips to imbibe old English fare or to utter Young England opinions, till he has glanced over the "Chronicle?" Can the financial reformer know breakfast-table happiness till he has digested the "Daily News," or skimmed the "Express?" And how would it be possible for mine host to commence the day without keeping his customers waiting till he has perused the "Advertiser" or the "Sun?"

In like manner the provinces can not—once a week at least—satisfy their digestive organs till their local organ has satisfied their minds.

Else, what became of the 67,476,768 newspaper stamps which were issued in 1848 (the latest year of which a return has been made) to the 150 London and the 238 provincial English journals; of the 7,497,064 stamps impressed on the corners of the 97 Scottish, and of the 7,028,956 which adorned the 117 Irish newspapers? A professor of the new science of literary mensuration has applied his foot-rule to this mass of print, and publishes the result in "Bentley's Miscellany." According to him, the press sent forth, in daily papers alone, a printed surface amounting in twelve months to 349,308,000 superficial feet. If to these are added all the papers printed weekly and fortnightly in London and the provinces the

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whole amounts to 1,446,150,000 square feet of printed surface, which was, in 1849, placed before the comprehensive vision of John Bull. The area of a single morning paper—the Times say—is more than nineteen and a half square feet, or nearly five feet by four, compared with an ordinary octavo volume, the quantity of matter daily issued is equal to three hundred pages. There are four morning papers whose superficies are nearly as great, without supplements, which they seldom publish. A fifth is only half the size. We may reckon, therefore, that the constant craving of Londoners for news is supplied every morning with as much as would fill about twelve hundred pages of an ordinary novel; or not less than five volumes.

These acres of print sown broad-cast, produce a daily crop to suit every appetite and every taste. It has winged its way from every spot on the earth's surface, and at last settled down and arranged itself into intelligible meaning, made instinct with ink. Now it tells of a next-door neighbor; then of dwellers in the uttermost corners of the earth. The black side of this black and white daily history, consists of battle, murder, and sudden death; of lightning and tempest; of plague, pestilence, and famine; of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; of false doctrine, heresy, and schism; of all other crimes, casualities, and falsities, which we are enjoined to pray to be defended from. The white side chronicles heroism, charitableness, high purpose, and lofty deeds; it advocates the truest doctrines, and the practice of the most exalted virtue: it records the spread of commerce, religion, and science; it expresses the wisdom of the few sages and shows the ignorance of the neglected many—in fine, good and evil, as broadly defined or as inextricably mixed in the newspapers, as they are over the great globe itself.

With this variety of temptation for all tastes, it is no wonder that those who have the power have also the will to read newspapers. The former are not very many in this country where, among the great bulk of the population, reading still remains an accomplishment. It was so in Addison's time. "There is no humor of my countrymen," says the Spectator, "which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their great thirst for news." This was written at the time of imposition of the tax on newspapers, when the indulgence in the appetite received a check from increased costliness. From that date (1712) the statistical history of the public appetite for news is written in the Stamp Office. For half a century from the days of the Spectator, the number of British and Irish newspapers was few. In 1782 there were only seventy-nine, but in the succeeding eight years they increased rapidly. There was "great news" stirring in the world in that interval—the American War, the French Revolution; beside which, the practice had sprung up of giving domestic occurrences in fuller detail than heretofore, and journals became more interesting from that cause. In 1790 they had nearly doubled in number, having reached one hundred and forty six. This augmentation took place partly in consequence of the establishment of weekly papers—which originated in that year—and of which thirty-two had been commenced before the end of it. In 1809, twenty-nine and a half millions of stamps were issued to newspapers in Great Britain. The circulation of journals naturally depends upon the materials existing to fill them. While wars and rumors of wars were rife they were extensively read, but with the peace their sale fell off. Hence we find, that in 1821 no more than twenty-four millions of newspapers were disposed of. Since then the spread of education—slow as it has been—has increased the productiveness of journalism. During the succeeding eight-and-twenty years, the increase may be judged of by reference to the figures we have already jotted down; the sum of which is, that during the year 1848 there were issued, for English, Irish, and Scotch newspapers, eighty-two millions of stamps—more than thrice as many as were paid for in 1821. The cause of this increase was chiefly the reduction of the duty from an average of three-pence to one penny per stamp.

A curious comparison of the quantity of news devoured by an Englishman and a Frenchman, was made in 1819, in the *Edinburgh Review*—"thirty-four thousand papers," says the writer, are "dispatched daily from Paris to the departments, among a population of about twenty-six millions, making one journal among 776 persons. By this, the number of newspaper readers in England would be to those in France as twenty to one. But the number and circulation of country papers in England are so much greater than in France, that they raise the proportion of English readers to about twenty-five to one, and our papers contain about three times as much letter-press as a French paper. The result of all this is that an Englishman reads about seventy-five times as much of the newspapers of his country in a given time, as a Frenchman does of his. But in the towns of England, most of the papers are distributed by means of porters, not by post; on the other hand, on account of the number of coffee-houses, public gardens, and other modes of communication, less usual in England, it is possible that each French paper may be read, or listened to, by a greater number of persons, and thus the English mode of distribution may be compensated. To be quite within bounds, however, the final result is, that every Englishman reads daily fifty times as much as the Frenchman does, of the newspapers of his country."

From this it might be inferred that the craving for news is peculiarly English. But the above comparison is chiefly affected by the restrictions put upon the French press, which, in 1819, were very great. In this country, the only restrictions were of a fiscal character; for opinion and news there was, as now, perfect liberty. It is proved, at the present day, that

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Frenchmen love news as much as the English; for now that all restriction is nominally taken off, there are as many newspapers circulated in France in proportion to its population, as there are in England.

The appetite for news is, in truth, universal; but is naturally disappointed, rather than bounded, by the ability to read. Hence it is that the circulation of newspapers is proportioned in various countries to the spread of letters; and if their sale is proportionately less in this empire, than it is among better taught populations, it is because there exist among us fewer persons who are able to read them; either at all, or so imperfectly, that attempts to spell them give the tyro more pain than pleasure. In America, where a system of national education has made a nation of readers (whose taste is perhaps susceptible of vast improvement, but who are readers still) the sale of newspapers greatly exceeds that of Great Britain. All over the continent there are also more newspaper *readers*, in proportion to the number of people, though perhaps, fewer buyers, from the facilities afforded by coffee-houses and reading-rooms, which all frequent. In support of this fact, we need go no farther than the three kingdoms. Scotland—where national education has largely given the ability to read—a population of three millions demands yearly from the Stamp Office seven and a half millions of stamps; while in Ireland, where national education has had no time for development, eight millions of people take half a million of stamps *less* than Scotland.

Although it can not be said that the appetite for mere news is one of an elevated character; yet as we have before hinted, the dissemination of news takes place side by side with some of the most sound, practical, and ennobling sentiments and precepts that issue from any other channels of the press. As an engine of public liberty, the newspaper press is more effectual than the Magna Charta, because its powers are wielded with more ease, and exercised with more promptitude and adaptiveness to each particular case.

Mr. F. K. Hunt in his "Fourth Estate" remarks, "The moral of the history of the press seems to be, that when any large proportion of a people have been taught to read, and when upon this possession of the tools of knowledge, there has grown up a habit of perusing public prints, the state is virtually powerless if it attempts to check the press. James the Second in old times, and Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe, more recently, tried to trample down the Newspapers, and everybody knows how the attempt resulted. The prevalence or scarcity of newspapers in a country affords a sort of index to its social state. Where journals are numerous, the people have power, intelligence, and wealth; where journals are few, the many are in reality mere slaves. In the United States every village has its newspaper, and every city a dozen of these organs of popular sentiment. In England we know how numerous and how influential for good the papers are; while in France they have perhaps still greater power. Turn to Russia, where newspapers are comparatively unknown, and we see the people sold with the earth they are compelled to till. Austria, Italy, Spain, occupy positions between the extremes—the rule holding good in all, that in proportion to the freedom of the press is the freedom and prosperity of the people."

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

A FEW WORDS ON CORALS.

IT is the object of the following papers to illustrate the natural history of the ocean, and to introduce to the reader a few of the forms of life which the naturalist meets with in the deep sea. The sea that bathes the globe contains as countless multitudes of living beings as does the land we tread, and each possesses an organization as interesting and as peculiar to itself, as any of the higher forms of the animal creation. But the interest does not cease here, for these marine invertebrata play an important part in the vast economy of nature, some living but to afford food for the larger kinds, others devouring all matter devoid of vitality, and so removing all putrescent materials, with which the sea would otherwise be surcharged; while others, again, living in large communities, surely and slowly, by their gradual growth, so alter the physical construction of the globe as to render seas and harbors unnavigable, and in many cases even to give rise in course of ages to those islands, apparently of spontaneous growth, which are so common in the Southern Seas.

Corals and Madrepores first claim our attention, because they occupy the lowest place, with the exception of sponges, in the animal scale. Indeed, so low is their organization, that former naturalists denied their animal character, and from superficial examination of their external appearance, placed them among the wonders of the vegetable world. And from the arborescent and plant-like form assumed by many kinds, in the Flustra and others, in which the resemblance to sea-weeds is so strong as generally to cause them to be confounded together under the same group, and being fixed to submarine rocks, or marine shells, observers might easily have been led to the mistake, had not modern research rectified the error. Corals and Madrepores, as they are known to us, consist but of the stony skeletons of the animals themselves, for in the living state, while dwelling in the ocean, each portion of the stony framework was covered with an animal coating of gelatinous matter, which, closely investing it, was the living portion of the animal. But the structure of the animal is not simply this, for attached to different portions of it in the living state are to be found a countless number of little cells, which, armed with tentacles of great prehensile and tactile powers, are the apertures through which the particles of food are conveyed for the sustenance of the animal. These bodies, as they

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may be called, are the analogues of that simple polyp, the common hydra, which, abounding in almost every pond, has been long known to naturalists. It consists of a single dilated gelatinous vesicle, which is terminated at one extremity by a sucker, and at the other by a number of contractile filaments, which serve as the tentaculæ, by which it seizes its prey. This is all that represents the animal, the dilated portion of the tube being the part in which the process of digestion is carried on, and where the food is assimilated to the wants of the little creature. These hydræ live singly, each animal being independent of another, and each possesses the power of self-reparation; so that, should it happen that a tentacle is lost, another sprouts to supply its place, or should the naturalist by way of experiment divide it in half, each portion immediately reproduces the wanting section. Such, then, is briefly the structure of the simple fresh-water hydra, a polyp of common occurrence, and from this description the reader will gain some idea of the polyps of the Coral family before us; but he must remember that in the case now under discussion, the polyps are aggregated together, a number on one common stem, each possessing independent life, but all ministering to the support of the compound animal.

The hydra, then, of the Coral and Madrepore, thus explained, would appear to be the parts through which food is absorbed for the general nourishment of the body, which, as before observed, consists simply of a gelatinous film of animal matter, possessing but little evidence of vitality. Here, then, is a community of nourishment, and with it also a community of sensation, for if one portion be irritated, contiguous portions of the animal are apt to sympathize. When the Coral polyps are not in an active state, or in other words, when they are not in want of food, these hydra-form polyps may not be visible, but being retracted into cells found as depressions in the skeletons of the Madrepores, they are lost to observation, and it is only when in quest of food and nourishment that their contractile tentacles are expanded, and distinctly prominent.

The physiology of the growth of the skeleton, both in the Madrepores and the Coral, is the same. The entire skeleton, however ramified it may be, or whatever form it may assume, is secreted by the living matter with which it is invested, the materials for its formation being derived from the element in which it lives; and as its deposition takes place at different times, the central stem of some corals is apt to assume a beautiful concentric arrangement of laminæ. But the material deposited or secreted need not necessarily be hard or calcareous, but even may partake of the character of horn or other flexible materials, as is the case with some of the coral family. In other cases there is an alternation of each material; and the necessity of this change in the character of the skeleton will now demand our attention.

The common coral of the Mediterranean, possessing a stony skeleton, is found in situations where its stunted form and its extreme hardness sufficiently preserve it from the violence of the waves; but place a coral under other circumstances, and expose it to the storms of the Indian Ocean, where the waves rage with fury, dashing on and uprooting all things within their power, and the structure of the simple coralium would fail to withstand their violence. Here, then, under such circumstances, in the case of the Gorgonia, nature has provided a horny and flexible skeleton, which, spreading majestically in the sea, shall be capable of bending beneath the weight of the superincumbent waves, and so yielding to the storms. Nature has thus adapted herself to each contingent circumstance.

The next point to which we shall advert will be coral formations, which form so interesting a study to the naturalist and geologist. When we consider that we have at hand only a soft, gelatinous covering, stretched on a hard, stony framework—that the material on which this animal substance exists is furnished by the sea in which it lives—we can not but be surprised at the smallness of the means which nature uses for the execution of her great designs. But time compensates for the insignificance of the means employed, and the continued activity of nature's architects, during continuous ages, accomplishes these stupendous results, which have at various times excited the wonder of the navigator, and aroused the attention of the naturalist. Many examples of these are to be found in the Pacific Archipelago. Seas and shallows, once navigable, become in the process of time so filled by these living animals, as to become impassable, their stony skeletons forming hard, massy rocks and impenetrable barriers, which, rising from the bottom of the sea and shallows, constitute solid masonry of living stones.

But besides thus aggregating in the neighborhood of land and continents, formations similarly produced are constantly met with during the circumnavigation of the globe. Not only barriers and reefs owe their origin to these humble means, but large lands, stretching for miles in the centre of the ocean, rise gradually from beneath the surface of the sea, and, becoming clothed with verdure and vegetation, at last offer a resting-place for the daring seafarer. But now occurs the interesting question, How happens it that these islands are found in situations where the sea is too deep to allow of any animal life to exist? And yet these corals must have grown upward from some resting-place. The researches of Darwin have shown that the greatest depth in which corals live, is between thirty and forty fathoms beneath the surface of the sea; hence it is absolutely certain that for every island some foundation must exist in the sea for these reef-building animals to attach themselves to. Such foundation, from the observation of Darwin, would appear to be provided by submarine mountains which have

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gradually subsided into the sea, having originally existed above its surface. Upon these foundations the reef-building saxigenous corals have become attached, and slowly accumulating in large numbers, and gradually depositing their carbonate of lime, during the lapse of ages, by degrees construct these large piles, which, at last emerging from the ocean's bosom, appear as newly-formed continents and islands. Once above the surface, the work of the corals is at an end; no longer exposed to the salt water, the emerged portion dies, and then new agencies are called into play, before its surface can be clothed with vegetable life. The storms of the ocean and the rising waves gradually deposit on its surface the sand and mud torn up from the bottom of the sea, and the sea-weed, too, that is cast upon its tenantless shores soon crumbles into mould, and unites with the debris of the former polyps. At last, some seeds from the neighboring lands are driven to its strand, and there finding a soil suited for their growth, soon sprout, under the influence of a tropical sun, into fresh life, and clothe the ocean isle with verdure and vegetation.

Then, *last*, man comes, and taking possession of the land, erects him a house to dwell in, and cultivating the soil he finds, soon converts the ocean-rescued land into cultivated plains. Islands thus formed are constantly increased in circumference by the same means as those that gave them birth; the same agency is ever at work, adding particle on particle to the rising land. But is it not strange that such simple means can resist the ever-flowing and roaring ocean—that such simple animals can uprear a masonry which shall resist the violence of the waves and defy the power of the breakers? Is it not strange that a single polyp can form a structure in the bosom of the ocean, which shall stand, a victorious antagonist to the storm when works of man and other "inanimate works of nature" would have crumbled into nothing before the relentless fury of a disturbed ocean? "Let the hurricane tear up its thousand huge fragments, yet what will that tell against the accumulated labor of myriads of architects at work day and night, month after month?" for here organic force is opposed to the raging elements, and opposing, is victorious.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

A NIGHT IN THE BELL INN.

THOUGH few men are themselves on visiting terms with their ancestors, most are furnished with one or two decently-authenticated ghost stories. I myself am a firm believer in spectral phenomena, for reasons which I may, perhaps, be tempted to give to the public whenever the custom of printing in folio shall have been happily revived; meanwhile, as they will not bear compression, I keep them by me, and content myself with now and then stating a fact leaving the theory to suggest itself.

Now it has always appeared to me that the apostles of spectres (if the phrase will be allowed me) have, like other men with a mission, been, perhaps, a little precipitate in assuming their facts, and sometimes find "true ghosts" upon evidence much too slender to satisfy the hard-hearted and unbelieving generation we live in. They have thus brought scandal not only upon the useful class to which they belong, but upon the world of spirits itself—causing ghosts to be so generally discredited, that fifty visits made in their usual private and confidential way, will now hardly make a single convert beyond the individual favored with the interview; and, in order to reinstate themselves in their former position, they will be obliged henceforward to appear at noon-day, and in places of public resort.

The reader will perceive, then, that I am convinced of the equal impolicy and impropriety of resting the claims of my clients (ghosts in general) upon facts which will not stand the test of an impartial, and even a skeptical scrutiny. And, perhaps, I can not give a happier illustration of the temper of my philosophy, at once candid and cautious, than is afforded by the following relation, for every tittle of which I solemnly pledge my character at once as a gentleman and as a metaphysician.

There is a very agreeable book by Mrs. Crowe, entitled "The Night Side of Nature," and which among a *dubia cæna* of authentic tales of terror, contains several which go to show the very trivial causes which have from time to time caused the reappearance of departed spirits in this grosser world. A certain German professor, who, for instance, actually *persecuted* an old college friend with preternatural visitations for no other purpose, as it turned out, than to procure a settlement of some small six-and-eightpenny accounts, which he owed among his trades-people at the time of his death. I could multiply, from my own notes, cases still odder, in which sensible and rather indolent men, too, have been at the trouble to re-cross the awful interval between us and the invisible, for purposes apparently still less important—so trivial, indeed, that for the present I had rather not mention them, lest I should expose their memories to the ridicule of the unreflecting. I shall now proceed to my narrative, with the repeated assurance, that the reader will no where find in it a single syllable that is not most accurately and positively true.

About four-and-thirty years ago I was traveling through Denbighshire upon a mission which needed dispatch. I had, in fact, in my charge, some papers which were required for the legal preliminaries to a marriage, which was about to take place in a family of consideration, upon the borders of that county.

The season was winter, but the weather delightful—that is to say, clear and frosty; and, even without foliage, the country through which I posted was beautiful. The subject of my journey was a pleasant one. I anticipated an agreeable visit, and a cordial welcome; and the

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weather and scenery were precisely of the sort to second the cheerful associations with which my excursion had been undertaken. Let no one, therefore, suggest that I was predisposed for the reception of gloomy or horrible impressions. When the sun set we had a splendid moon, at once soft and brilliant; and I pleased myself with watching the altered, and, if possible, more beautiful effects of the scenery through which we were smoothly rolling. I was to put up for the night at the little town of ——; and on reaching the hill—over which the approach to it is conducted, about a short mile from its quaint little street—I dismounted, and directing the postillion to walk his jaded horses leisurely up the winding road, I trod on before him in the pleasant moonlight, and sharp, bracing air. A little by-path led directly up the steep acclivity, while the carriage-road more gradually ascended by a wide sweep—this little path, leading through fields and hedgerows, I followed, intending to anticipate the arrival of my conveyance at the summit of the hill.

I had not proceeded very far when I found myself close to a pretty old church, whose ivied tower, and countless diamond window panes, were glittering in the moonbeams—a high, irregular hedge, overtopped by tall and ancient trees inclosed it; and rows of funereal yews showed black and mournful among the wan array of headstones that kept watch over the village dead. I was so struck with the glimpse I had caught of the old church-yard, that I could not forbear mounting the little stile that commanded it—no scene could be imagined more still and solitary. Not a human habitation was near—every sign and sound of life was reverently remote; and this old church, with its silent congregation of the dead marshaled under its walls, seemed to have spread round it a circle of stillness and desertion that pleased, while it thrilled me.

No sound was here audible but the softened rush of waters, and that sweet note of home and safety, the distant baying of the watch-dog, now and then broken by the sharper rattle of the carriage-wheels upon the dry road. But while I looked upon the sad and solemn scene before me, these sounds were interrupted by one which startled, and, indeed, for a moment, froze me with horror. The sound was a cry, or rather a howl of despairing terror, such as I have never heard before or since uttered by human voice. It broke from the stillness of the church-yard; but I saw no figure from which it proceeded—though this circumstance, indeed, was scarcely wonderful, as the broken ground, the trees, tall weeds, and tomb-stones afforded abundant cover for any person who might have sought concealment. This cry of unspeakable agony was succeeded by a silence; and, I confess, my heart throbbed strangely, when the same voice articulated, in the same tone of agony,

"Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, though after my skin worms destroy this body—and you shall speak to me, face to face."

This strange address was followed by another cry of despair, which died away as suddenly as it was raised.

I never could tell why it was I was not more horror-stricken than I really was by this mysterious, and, all things considered, even terrible interpellation. It was not until the silence had again returned, and the faint rustling of the frosty breeze among the crisp weeds crept toward me like the stealthy approach of some unearthly influence, that I felt a superstitious terror gradually inspire me, which hurried me at an accelerated pace from the place. A few minutes, and I heard the friendly voice of my charioteer hallooing to me from the summit of the hill.

Reassured, as I approached him, I abated my speed.

"I saw you standing on the stile, sir, by the church-yard," he said, as I drew near, "and I ask your pardon for not giving you the hint before, but they say it is not lucky; and I called to you loud and lusty to come away, sir; but I see you are nothing the worse of it."

"Why, what is there to be afraid of there, my good fellow?" I asked, affecting as much indifference as I was able.

"Why, sir," said the man, throwing an uneasy look in the direction, "they do say there's a bad spirit haunts it; and nobody in these parts would go near it after dark for love or money."

"Haunted!" I repeated; "and how does the spirit show himself?" I asked.

"Oh! lawk, sir, in all sorts of shapes—sometimes like an old woman almost doubled in two with years," he answered, "sometimes like a little child agoing along a full foot high above the grass of the graves; and sometimes like a big black ram, strutting on his hind legs, and with a pair of eyes like live coals; and some have seen him in the shape of a man, with his arm raised up toward the sky, and his head hanging down, as if his neck was broke. I can't think of half the shapes he has took at different times; but they're all bad: the very child, they say, when he comes in that shape, has the face of Satan—God bless us! and nobody's ever the same again that sees him once."

By this time I was again seated in my vehicle, and some six or eight minutes' quick driving whirled us into the old-fashioned street, and brought the chaise to a full stop before the open door and well-lighted hall of the Bell Inn. To me there has always been an air of indescribable cheer and comfort about a substantial country hostelrie, especially when one arrives, as I did, upon a keen winter's night, with an appetite as sharp, and something of that sense of adventure and excitement which, before the days of down-trains and tickets, always in a greater or less degree, gave a zest to travel-

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ing. Greeted with that warmest of welcomes for which inns, alas! are celebrated, I had soon satisfied the importunities of a keen appetite; and having for some hours taken mine ease in a comfortable parlor before a blazing fire, I began to feel sleepy, and betook myself to my no less comfortable bed-chamber.

It is not to be supposed that the adventure of the church-yard had been obliterated from my recollection by the supressed bustle and good cheer of the "Bell." On the contrary, it had occupied me almost incessantly during my solitary ruminations; and as the night advanced, and the stillness of repose and desertion stole over the old mansion, the sensations with which this train of remembrance and speculation was accompanied became any thing but purely pleasant.

I felt, I confess, fidgety and queer—I searched the corners and recesses of the oddly-shaped and roomy old apartment—I turned the face of the looking-glass to the wall—I poked the fire into a roaring blaze—I looked behind the window-curtains, with a vague anxiety, to assure myself that nothing could be lurking there. The shutter was a little open, and the ivied tower of the little church, and the tufted tops of the trees that surrounded it, were visible over the slope of the intervening hill. I hastily shut out the unwelcome object, and in a mood of mind, I must confess, favorable enough to any freak my nerves might please to play me, I hurried through my dispositions for the night, humming a gay air all the time, to re-assure myself, and plunged into bed, extinguishing the candle, and—shall I acknowledge the weakness? nearly burying my head under the blankets.

I lay awake some time, as men will do under such circumstances, but at length fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a profound sleep. From this repose I was, however, aroused in the manner I am about to describe. A very considerable interval must have intervened. There was a cold air in the room very unlike the comfortable atmosphere in which I had composed myself to sleep. The fire, though much lower than when I had gone to bed, was still emitting flame enough to throw a flickering light over the chamber. My curtains were, however, closely drawn, and I could not see beyond the narrow tent in which I lay.

There had been as I awaked a clanking among the fire-irons, as if a palsied hand was striving to arrange the fire, and this rather unaccountable noise continued for some seconds after I had become completely awake.

Under the impression that I was subjected to an accidental intrusion, I called out, first in a gentle and afterward in a sharper tone,

"Who's there?"

At the second summons the sound ceased, and I heard instead the tread of naked feet, as it seemed to me, upon the floor, pacing to and fro, between the hearth and the bed in which I lay. A superstitious terror, which I could not combat, stole over me; with an effort I repeated my question, and drawing myself upright in the bed, expected the answer with a strange sort of trepidation. It came in terms and accompanied with accessaries which I shall not soon forget.

The very same tones which had so startled me in the church-yard the evening before, the very sounds which I had heard then and there, were now filling my ears, and spoken in the chamber where I lay.

"Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, 'though after my skin worms destroy this body,' and you shall speak with me face to face."

As I live, I can swear the words and the voice were the very same I had heard on the occasion I have mentioned, but (and mark this) repeated to *no one*. With feelings which I shall not attempt to describe, I heard the speaker approach the bed—a hand parted the bed-curtains and drew them open, revealing a form more horrible than my fancy had ever seen—an almost gigantic figure—naked, except for what might well have been the rotten remnant of a shroud—stood close beside my bed—livid and cadaverous—grimed as it seemed with the dust of the grave, and staring on me with a gaze of despair, malignity, and fury, too intense almost for human endurance.

I can not say whether I spoke or not, but this infernal spectre answered me as if I had.

"I am dead and yet alive," it said, "the child of perdition—in the grave I am a murderer, but here I am APOLLYON. Fall down and worship me.

Having thus spoken, it stood for a moment at the bedside, and then turned away with a shuddering moan, and I lost sight of it, but after a few seconds it came again to the bedside as before.

"When I died they put me under Mervyn's tombstone, and they did not bury me. My feet lie toward the *west*—turn them to the east and I will rest—maybe I will rest—I will rest—rest—rest."

Again the figure was gone, and once again it returned, and said,

"I am your master—I am your resurrection and your life, and therefore, fall down and worship me."

It made a motion to mount upon the bed, but what further passed I know not, for I fainted.

I must have lain in this state for a long time, for when I became conscious the fire was almost extinct. For hours that seemed interminable I lay, scarcely daring to breathe, and afraid to get up lest I should encounter the hideous apparition, for aught I knew, lurking close beside me. I lay, therefore, in an agony of expectation such as I will not attempt to describe, awaiting the appearance of the daylight.

Gradually it came, and with it the cheerful and reassuring sounds of life and occupation. At length I mustered courage to reach the bell-

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rope, and having rung lustily, I plunged again into bed.

"Draw the window-curtains—open the shutters," I exclaimed as the man entered, and, these orders executed, "look about the room," I added, "and see whether a cat or any other animal has got in."

There was nothing of the sort; and satisfied that my visitant was no longer in the chamber, I dismissed the man, and hurried through my toilet with breathless precipitation.

Hastening from the hated scene of my terrors, I escaped to the parlor, whither I instantly summoned the proprietor of "the Bell" in *propria persona*. I suppose I looked scared and haggard enough, for mine host looked upon me with an expression of surprise and inquiry.

"Shut the door," said I.

It was done.

"I have had an uneasy night in the room you assigned me, sir; I may say indeed, a *miserable* night," I said.

"Pray," resumed I, interrupting his apologetic expressions of surprise, "has any person but myself ever complained of—of being *disturbed* in that room?"

"Never," he assured me.

I had suspected the ghastly old practical joke, so often played off by landlords in story-books, and fancied I might have been deliberately exposed to the chances of a "haunted chamber." But there was no acting in the frank look and honest denial of mine host.

"It is a very strange thing," said I hesitating; and "I do not see why I should not tell you what has occurred. And as I could swear, if necessary, to the perfect reality of the entire scene, it behoves you, I think, to sift the matter carefully. For myself, I can not entertain a doubt as to the nature of the truly terrible visitation to which I have been subjected; and, were I in your position, I should transfer my establishment at once to some other house as well suited to the purpose, and free from the dreadful liabilities of this.

I proceeded to detail the particulars of the occurence of the past night, to which he listened with nearly as much horror as I recited them with.

"Mervyn's tomb!" he repeated after me; why that's down there in L——r: the churchyard you can see from the window of the room you slept in."

"Let us go there instantly," I exclaimed, with an almost feverish anxiety to ascertain whether we should discover in the place indicated any thing corroborative of the authenticity of my vision.

"Well, I shan't say no," said he, obviously bracing himself for an effort of courage; "but we'll take Faukes, and James the helper, with us; and please, sir, you'll not mention the circumstance as has occurred to either on 'em."

I gave him the assurance he asked for, and in a few minutes our little party were in full march upon the point of interest.

There had been an intense black frost, and the ground, reverberating to our tread with the hollow sound of a vault, emitted the only noise that accompanied our rapid advance. I and my host were too much preoccupied for conversation, and our attendants maintained a respectful silence. A few minutes brought us to the low, gray walls and bleak hedgerows that surrounded the pretty old church, and all its melancholy and picturesque memorials.

"Mervyn's tomb lies there, I think, sir," he said, pointing to a corner of the church-yard, in which piles of rubbish, withered weeds, and brambles were thickly accumulated under the solemn, though imperfect shelter of the wintry trees.

He exchanged some sentences with our attendants in Welsh.

"Yes, sir, that's the place," he added, turning to me.

And as we all approached it, I bethought me that the direction in which, as I stood upon the stile, I had heard the voice on the night preceding, corresponded accurately with that indicated by my guides. The tomb in question was a huge slab of black marble, supported, as was made apparent when the surrounding brambles were removed, upon six pillars, little more than two feet high each. There was ample room for a human body to lie inside this funeral penthouse; and, on stooping to look beneath, I was unspeakably shocked to see that something like a human figure was actually extended there.

It was, indeed, a corpse, and, what is more, corresponded in every trait with the infernal phantom which, on the preceding night, had visited and appalled me.

The body, though miserably emaciated, was that of a large-boned, athletic man, of fully six feet four in height; and it was, therefore, no easy task to withdraw it from the receptacle where it had been deposited, and lay it, as our assistants did, upon the tombstone which had covered it. Strange to say, moreover, the feet of the body, as we found it, had been placed toward the west.

As I looked upon this corpse, and recognized, but too surely, in its proportions and lineaments, every trait of the apparition that had stood at my bed-side, with a countenance animated by the despair and malignity of the damned, my heart fluttered and sank within me, and I recoiled from the effigy of the demon with terror, second only to that which had thrilled me on the night preceding.

. . . . . .

Now, reader—*honest* reader—I appeal to your own appreciation of testimony, and ask you, having these facts in evidence, and upon the deposition of an eye and ear witness, whose veracity, through a long life, has never once been compromised or questioned, have you, or have you not, in the foregoing story, a well-authenticated ghost story?

Before you answer the above question, however, it may be convenient to let you know cer-

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tain other facts which were clearly established upon the inquest that was very properly held upon the body which in so strange a manner we had discovered.

I purposely avoid details, and without assigning the depositions respectively to the witnesses who made them, shall restrict myself to a naked outline of the evidence as it appeared.

The body I have described was identified as that of Abraham Smith, an unfortunate lunatic, who had, upon the day but one preceding, made his escape from the neighboring parish workhouse, where he had been for many years confined. His hallucination was a strange, but not by any means an unprecedented one. He fancied that he had died, and was condemned; and, as these ideas alternately predominated, sometimes spoke of himself as an "evil spirit," and sometimes importuned his keepers to "bury him;" using habitually certain phrases, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as among those which he had addressed to me. He had been traced to the neighborhood where his body was found, and had been seen and relieved scarcely half a mile from it, about two hours before my visit to the church-yard! There were, further, unmistakable evidences of some person's having climbed up the trellis-work to my window on the previous night, the shutter of which had been left unbarred, and, as the window might have been easily opened with a push, the cold which I experienced, as an accompaniment of the nocturnal visit, was easily accounted for. There was a mark of blood upon the window-stool, and a scrape upon the knee of the body corresponded with it. A multiplicity of other slight circumstances, and the positive assertion of the chamber-maid that the window had been opened, and was but imperfectly closed again, came in support of the conclusion, which was to my mind satisfactorily settled by the concurrent evidence of the medical men, to the effect that the unhappy man could not have been many hours dead when the body was found.

Taken in the mass, the evidence convinced me; and though I might still have clung to the preternatural theory, which, in the opinion of some persons, the facts of the case might still have sustained, I candidly decided with the weight of evidence, "gave up the ghost," and accepted the natural, but still somewhat horrible explanation of the occurrence. For this candor I take credit to myself. I might have stopped short at the discovery of the corpse, but I am no friend to "spurious gospels;" let our faith, whatever it is, be founded in honest fact. For my part, I steadfastly believe in ghosts, and have dozens of stories to support that belief; but this is not among them. Should I ever come, therefore, to tell you one, pray remember that you have to deal with a candid narrator.

DEATH OF CROMWELL.

THE flowers of autumn, withering fast,
Before the bitter Northern blast;
The earth with hoary frost o'erspread,
And Nature's leafy mantle shed,
Proclaimed abroad through earth and sky
That winter's gloomy reign drew nigh.

And he, whose hand, with mighty stroke,
Oppression's chains had often broke,
Whose patriot heart and fearless voice
Had made oppression's slaves rejoice,
Like autumn's beauty, day by day,
Was passing rapidly away.

Life's spring had brought him hopes and fears,
Its summer many toils and cares;
Autumn had brought him power and fame,
But autumn passed—life's winter came;
And then, like nature, seeking rest,
His head a dying pillow press'd.

A furious storm, with dreadful roar,
Shook Britain's isle from shore to shore,
The raging sea, with thundering sound,
Spread ruin, fear, and death around;
And seem'd to tell throughout the land
Some dire event was near at hand.

Surrounded by the howling blast,
His tide of life was ebbing fast;
But he was calm as evening air,
And raised on high a voice of prayer;
For neither storm nor death's fierce dart
Could shake the faith that nerv'd his heart.

He knew the hand that kept his life
Throughout a long, protracted strife,
Could never fail or know decay,
Though earth itself should pass away;
And as the stormy night rolled on,
His spirit hasted to be gone.

But morning dawn'd at length, and brought
That day's* return on which he fought
So often—till the evening sun
Set o'er the mighty victories won:
And darkness, like the warrior's shield,
Spread o'er the bloody battle-field.

That day brought victory no more;
His earthly triumphs then were o'er:
The battle of his life had pass'd,
And Death claim'd Victory at last;
For when the evening shades came down
His wearied spirit thence had flown.

WILLIAM ILOTT.

* 3d September, the anniversary of his greatest victories.

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[From Household Words.]

MY WONDERFUL ADVENTURES IN SKITZLAND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE BEGINNING IS A BORE—I FALL INTO MISFORTUNE.

I AM fond of gardening. I like to dig. If among the operations of the garden any need for such a work can be at any time discovered or invented, I like to dig a hole. On the third of March, 1848, I began a hole behind the kitchen wall, whereinto it was originally intended to transplant a plum-tree. The exercise was so much to my taste, that a strange humor impelled me to dig on. A fascination held me to the task. I neglected my business. I disappeared from the earth's surface. A boy who worked a basket by means of a rope and pulley, aided me; so aided, I confined my whole attention to spade labor. The centripetal force seemed to have made me its especial victim. I dug on until autumn. In the beginning of November I observed that, upon percussion, the sound given by the floor of my pit was resonant. I did not intermit my labor, urged as I was by a mysterious instinct downward. On applying my ear, I occasionally heard a subdued sort of rattle, which caused me to form a theory that the centre of the earth might be composed of mucus. In November, the ground broke beneath me into a hollow and I fell a considerable distance. I alighted on the box-seat of a four-horse coach, which happened to be running at that time immediately underneath. The coachman took no notice whatever of my sudden arrival by his side. He was so completely muffled up, that I could observe only the skillful way in which he manipulated reins and whip. The horses were yellow. I had seen no more than this, when the guard's horn blew, and presently we pulled up at an inn. A waiter came out, and appeared to collect four bags from the passengers inside the coach. He then came round to me.

"Dine here, sir?"

"Yes, certainly," said I. I like to dine—not the sole point of resemblance between myself and the great Johnson.

"Trouble you for your stomach, sir."

While the waiter was looking up with a polite stare into my puzzled face, my neighbor, the coachman, put one hand within his outer coat, as if to feel for money in his waistcoat-pocket. Directly afterward his fingers come again to light, and pulled forth an enormous sack. Notwithstanding that is was abnormally enlarged, I knew by observation of its form and texture that this was a stomach, with the œsophagus attached. This, then, the waiter caught as it was thrown down to him, and hung it carelessly over his arm, together with the four smaller bags (which I now knew to be also stomachs) collected from the passengers within the coach. I started up, and as I happened to look round, observed a skeleton face upon the shoulders of a gentleman who sat immediately behind my back. My own features were noticed at the same time by the guard, who now came forward, touching his hat.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you've been and done it."

"Done what?"

"Why, sir, you should have booked your place, and not come up in this clandestine way. However, you've been and done it!"

"My good man, what have I done?"

"Why, sir, the Baron Terroro's eyes had the box-seat, and I strongly suspect you've been and sat upon them."

I looked involuntarily to see whether I had been sitting upon any thing except the simple cushion. Truly enough, there was an eye, which I had crushed and flattened.

"Only one," I said.

"Worse for you, and better for him. The other eye had time to escape, and it will know you again, that's certain. Well, it's no business of mine. Of course you've no appetite now for dinner? Better pay your fare, sir. To the Green Hippopotamus and Spectacles, where we put up, it's ten-and-six."

"Is there room inside?" I inquired. It was advisable to shrink from observation.

"Yes, sir. The inside passengers are mostly skeleton. There's room for three, sir. Inside, one-pound-one."

I paid the money, and became an inside passenger.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

OF DIVISIONS WHICH OCCUR IN SKITZLAND—I AM TAKEN UP

Professor Essig's Lectures on Anatomy had so fortified me, that I did not shrink from entering the Skitzton coach. It contained living limbs, loose or attached to skeletons in other respects bare, except that they were clothed with broadcloth garments, cut after the English fashion. One passenger only had a complete face of flesh, he had also one living hand; the other hand I guessed was bony, because it was concealed in a glove obviously padded. By observing the fit of his clothes, I came to a conclusion that this gentleman was stuffed throughout; that all his limbs, except the head and hand, were artificial. Two pairs of Legs, in woolen stockings, and a pair of Ears, were in a corner of the coach, and in another corner there were nineteen or twenty Scalps.

I thought it well to look astonished at nothing, and, having pointed in a careless manner to the scalps, asked what might be their destination? The person with the Face and Hand replied to me; and although evidently himself a gentleman, he addressed me with a tone of unconcealed respect.

"They are going to Skitzton, sir, to the hair dresser's."

" . to be sure," I said. "They are to ma atural Skin Wigs. I might have known."

"I beg your pardon, sir. There is a ball to-

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morrow night at Culmsey. But the gentry do not like to employ village barbers, and therefore many of the better class of people send their hair to Skitzton, and receive it back by the return coach, properly cut and curled."

"Oh," said I. "Ah! Oh, indeed!"

"Dinners, gentlemen!" said a voice at the window, and the waiter handed in four stomachs, now tolerably well filled. Each passenger received his property, and pulling open his chest with as much composure as if he were unbuttoning his waistcoat, restored his stomach, with a dinner in it, to the right position. Then the reckonings were paid, and the coach started.

I thought of my garden, and much wished that somebody could throw Professor Essig down the hole that I had dug. A few things were to be met with in Skitzland which would rather puzzle him. They puzzled me; but I took refuge in silence, and so fortified, protected my ignorance from an exposure.

"You are going to Court, sir, I presume?" said my Face and Hand friend, after a short pause. His was the only mouth in the coach, excepting mine, so that he was the only passenger able to enter into conversation.

"My dear sir," I replied, "let me be frank with you. I have arrived here unexpectedly out of another world. Of the manners and customs, nay, of the very nature of the people who inhabit this country, I know nothing. For any information you can give me, I shall be very grateful."

My friend smiled incredulity, and said,

"Whatever you are pleased to profess, I will believe. What you are pleased to feign a wish for, I am proud to furnish. In Skitzland, the inhabitants, until they come of age, retain that illustrious appearance which you have been so fortunate as never to have lost. During the night of his twenty-first birthday, each Skitzlander loses the limbs which up to that period have received from him no care, no education. Of those neglected parts the skeletons alone remain, but all those organs which he has employed sufficiently continue unimpaired. I, for example, devoted to the study of the law, forgot all occupation but to think, to use my senses, and to write. I rarely used my legs, and therefore Nature has deprived me of them."

"But," I observed, "it seems that in Skitzland you are able to take yourselves to pieces."

"No one has that power, sir, more largely than yourself. What organs we have we can detach on any service. When dispersed, a simple force of Nature directs all corresponding members whither to fly that they may re-assemble."

"If they can fly," I asked, "why are they sent in coaches? There were a pair of eyes on the box seat."

"Simply for safety against accidents. Eyes flying alone are likely to be seized by birds, and incur many dangers. They are sent, therefore, usually under protection, like any other valuable parcel."

"Do many accidents occur?"

"Very few. For mutual protection, and also because a single member is often all that has been left existing of a fellow Skitzlander, our laws, as you, sir, know much better than myself, estimate the destruction of any part absent on duty from its skeleton as a crime equivalent to murder—"

After this I held my tongue. Presently my friend again inquired whether I was going up to Court?"

"Why should I go to Court?"

"Oh, sir, it pleases you to be facetious. You must be aware that any Skitzlander who has been left by nature in possession of every limb, sits in the Assembly of the Perfect, or the Upper House, and receives many state emoluments and dignities."

"Are there many members of that Upper Assembly?"

"Sir, there were forty-two. But if you are now traveling to claim your seat, the number will be raised to forty-three."

"The Baron Terroro—" I hinted.

"My brother, sir. His eyes are on the box-seat under my care. Undoubtedly he is a member of the Upper House."

I was now anxious to get out of the coach as soon as possible. My wish was fulfilled after the next pause. One eye, followed by six pairs of arms, with strong hard hands belonging to them, flew in at the window. I was collared; the door was opened, and all hands were at work to drag me out and away. The twelve hands wisked me through the air, while the one eye sailed before us, like an old bird, leader of the flight.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

MY IMPRISONMENT AND TRIAL FOR MURDER.

What sort of sky have they in Skitzland? Our earth overarches them, and, as the sunlight filters through, it causes a subdued illumination with very pure rays. Skitzland is situated nearly in the centre of our globe, it hangs there like a shrunken kernel in the middle of a nutshell. The height from Skitzland to the over-arching canopy is great; so great, that if I had not fallen personally from above the firmament, I should have considered it to be a blue sky similar to ours. At night it is quite dark; but during the day there is an appearance in the heaven of white spots; their glistening reminded me of stars. I noticed them as I was being conveyed to prison by the strong arms of justice, for it was by a detachment of members from the Skitzton police that I was now hurried along. The air was very warm, and corroborated the common observation of an increase of heat as you get into the pith of our planet. The theory of central fire, however, is, you perceive, quite overturned by my experience.

We alighted near the outskirts of a large and busy town. Through its streets I was dragged publicly, much stared at and much staring.

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The street life was one busy nightmare of disjointed limbs. Professor Essig, could he have been dragged through Skitzton, would have delivered his farewell lecture upon his return. "Gentlemen—Fuit Ilium, Fuit Ischium, Fuit Sacrum, anatomy has lost her seat among the sciences. My occupation's gone." Professor Owen's book "On the Nature of Limbs," must contain, in the next edition, an Appendix "Upon Limbs in Skitzland." I was dragged through the streets, and all that I saw there, in the present age of little faith, I dare not tell you. I was dragged through the streets to prison, and there duly chained, after having been subjected to the scrutiny of about fifty couples of eyes drawn up in a line within the prison door. I was chained in a dark cell, a cell so dark that I could very faintly perceive the figure of some being who was my companion. Whether this individual had ears wherewith to hear, and mouth wherewith to answer me, I could not see, but at a venture I addressed him. My thirst for information was unconquerable; I began, therefore, immediately with a question:

"Friend, what are those stars which we see shining in the sky at mid-day?"

An awful groan being an unsatisfactory reply, I asked again.

"Man, do not mock at misery. You will yourself be one of them."

"The teachers shall shine like stars in the firmament." I had a propensity for teaching, but was puzzled to discover how I could give so practical an illustration of the text of Fichte.

"Believe me," I said, "I am strangely ignorant. Explain yourself."

He answered with a hollow voice:

"Murderers are shot up out of mortars into the sky, and stick there. Those white, glistening specks, they are their skeletons."

Justice is prompt in Skitland. I was tried incredibly fast by a jury of twelve men, who had absolutely heads. The judges had nothing but brain, mouth, and ear. Three powerful tongues defended me, but as they were not suffered to talk nonsense, they had little to say. The whole case was too clear to be talked into cloudiness. Baron Terroro, in person, deposed that he had sent his eyes to see a friend at Culmsey, and that they were returning on the Skitzton coach, when I, illegally, came with my whole bulk upon the box-seat, which he occupied. That one of his eyes was, in that manner, totally destroyed, but that the other eye, having escaped, identified me, and brought to his brain intelligence of the calamity which had befallen. He deposed further, that having received this information, he dispatched his uncrushed eye with arms from the police-office, and accompanied with several members of the detective force to capture the offender, and to procure the full proofs of my crime. A sub-inspector of Skitzton police then deposed that he sent three of his faculties, with his mouth, eye, and ear, to meet the coach. That the driver, consisting only of a stomach and hands, had been unable to observe what passed. That the guard, on the contrary, had taxed me with my deed, that he had seen me rise from my seat upon the murdered eye, and that he had heard me make confession of my guilt. The guard was brought next into court, and told his tale. Then I was called upon for my defense. If a man wearing a cloth coat and trowsers, and talking excellent English, were to plead at the Old Bailey that he had broken into some citizen's premises accidentally by falling from the moon, his tale would be received in London as mine was in Skitzton. I was severely reprimanded for my levity, and ordered to be silent. The judge summed up, and the jury found me guilty. The judge, who had put on the black cap before the verdict was pronounced, held out no hope of mercy, and straightway sentenced me to death, according to the laws and usage of the realm.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE LAST HOURS OF THE CONDEMNED IN SKITZLAND—AM EXECUTED.

The period which intervenes between the sentence and execution of a criminal in Skitzland, is not longer than three hours. In order to increase the terror of death by contrast, the condemned man is suffered to taste at the table of life from which he is banished, the most luscious viands. All the attainable enjoyment that his wit can ask for, he is allowed to have, during the three hours before he is shot like rubbish off the fields of Skitzland.

Under guard, of course, I was now to be led whithersoever I desired.

Several churches were open. They never are all shut in Skitzton. I was taken into one. A man with heart and life was preaching. People with hearts were in some pews; people with brains, in others; people with ears only, in some. In a neighboring church, there was a popular preacher, a skeleton with life. His congregation was a crowd of ears, and nothing more.

There was a day-performance at the Opera I went to that. Fine lungs and mouths possessed the stage, and afterward there was a great bewilderment with legs. I was surprised to notice that many of the most beautiful ladies were carried in and out, and lifted about like dolls. My guides sneered at my pretense of ignorance, when I asked why this was. But they were bound to please me in all practicable ways, so they informed me, although somewhat pettishly. It seems that in Skitzland, ladies who possess and have cultivated only their good looks, lose at the age of twenty-one all other endowments. So they become literally dolls, but dolls of a superior kind; for they can not only open and shut their eyes, but also sigh; wag slowly with their heads, and sometimes take a pocket handkerchief out of a bag, and drop it. But as their limbs are powerless, they have to be lifted and dragged about after the fashion that excited my astonishment.

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I said then, "Let me see the poor." They took me to a Workhouse. The men, there, were all yellow; and they wore a dress which looked as though it were composed of asphalte; it had also a smell like that of pitch. I asked for explanation of these things.

A Superintendent of Police remarked that I was losing opportunities of real enjoyment for the idle purpose of persisting in my fable of having dropped down from the sky. However, I compelled him to explain to me what was the reason of these things. The information I obtained was briefly this: that Nature, in Skitzland, never removes the stomach. Every man has to feed himself; and the necessity for finding food, joined to the necessity for buying clothes, is a mainspring whereby the whole clockwork of civilized life is kept in motion. Now, if a man positively can not feed and clothe himself, he becomes a pauper. He then goes to the Workhouse, where he has his stomach filled with a cement. That stopping lasts a life-time, and he thereafter needs no food. His body, however, becomes yellow by the superfluity of bile. The yellow-boy, which is the Skitzland epithet for pauper, is at the same time provided with a suit of clothes. The clothes are of a material so tough that they can be worn unrepaired for more than eighty years. The pauper is now freed from care, but were he in this state cast loose upon society, since he has not that stimulus to labor which excites industry in other men, he would become an element of danger in the state. Nature no longer compelling him to work, the law compels him. The remainder of his life is forfeit to the uses of his country. He labors at the workhouse, costing nothing more than the expense of lodging, after the first inconsiderable outlay for cement wherewith to plug his stomach, and for the one suit of apparel.

When we came out of the workhouse, all the bells in the town were tolling. The superintendent told me that I had sadly frittered away time, for I had now no more than half an hour to live. Upon that I leaned my back against a post, and asked him to prepare me for my part in the impending ceremony by giving me a little information on the subject of executions.

I found that it was usual for a man to be executed with great ceremony upon the spot whereon his crime had been committed. That in case of rebellions or tumults in the provinces, when large numbers were not unfrequently condemned to death, the sentence of the law was carried out in the chief towns of the disturbed districts. That large numbers of people were thus sometimes discharged from a single market-place, and that the repeated strokes appeared to shake, or crack, or pierce in some degree that portion of the sky toward which the artillery had been directed. I here at once saw that I had discovered the true cause of earthquakes and volcanoes; and this shows how great light may be thrown upon theories concerning the hidden constitution of this earth, by going more deeply into the matter of it than had been done by any one before I dug my hole. Our volcanoes, it is now proved, are situated over the market-places of various provincial towns in Skitzland. When a revolution happens, the rebels are shot up—discharged from mortars by means of an explosive material evidently far more powerful than our gun-powder or gun-cotton; and they are pulverized by the friction in grinding their way through the earth. How simple and easy truth appears, when we have once arrived at it.

The sound of muffled drums approached us, and a long procession turned the corner of a street. I was placed in the middle of it—Baron Terroro by my side. All then began to float so rapidly away, that I was nearly left alone, when forty arms came back and collared me. It was considered to be a proof of my refractory disposition, that I would make no use of my innate power of flight. I was therefore dragged in this procession swiftly through the air, drums playing, fifes lamenting.

We alighted on the spot where I had fallen, and the hole through which I had come I saw above me. It was very small, but the light from above shining more vividly through it made it look, with its rough edges, like a crumpled moon. A quantity of some explosive liquid was poured into a large mortar, which had been erected (under the eye of Baron Terroro) exactly where my misfortune happened. I was then thrust in, the baron ramming me down, and pounding with a long stock or pestle upon my head in a noticeably vicious manner. The baron then cried "Fire!" and as I shot out, in the midst of a blaze, I saw him looking upward.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MY REVENGE ON THE SKITZLANDERS.

By great good fortune, they had planted their artillery so well, that I was fired up through my hole again, and alighted in my own garden, just a little singed. My first thought was to run to an adjoining bed of vegetable marrows. Thirty vegetable marrows and two pumpkins I rained down to astonish the Skitzlanders, and I fervently hope that one of them may have knocked out the remaining eye of my vindictive enemy, the baron. I then went into the pantry, and obtained a basket full of eggs, and having rained these down upon the Skitzlanders, I left them.

It was after breakfast when I went down to Skitzland, and I came back while the dinner bell was ringing.

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[From the People's Journal.]

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

PERHAPS the event that lingers longest in the memory, among all the appalling episodes and startling passages of the French Revolution, is the assassination of the tyrant Marat, by Charlotte Corday. With the blood of old Corneille running in her veins, and possessing something of his stern and masculine love of liberty, this simple child of nature hears in her distant home that her friends, the Girondists, are proscribed, and that a hated triumvirate in Paris, tramples on the feelings and liberties of the people. Full of one idea, she purchases a knife, and, without a single confidant, sets out for the metropolis, where, procuring an interview with Marat, she stabs him to the heart, and with one blow accomplishes her revenge, and what she vainly supposed to be the people's redemption.

In Miss Julia Kavanagh's charming volumes she gives us a pretty faithful memoir of this extraordinary woman. Among the women of the French Revolution, there is one, says the gifted authoress, who stands essentially apart: a solitary episode of the eventful story. She appears for a moment, performs a deed—heroic as to the intention, criminal as to the means—and disappears forever; lost in the shadow of time—an unfathomed mystery.

The greatest portion of the youth of Charlotte Corday—to give her the name by which she is generally known—was spent in the calm obscurity of her convent solitude. Many high visions, many burning dreams and lofty aspirations, already haunted her imaginative and enthusiastic mind, as she slowly paced the silent cloisters, or rested, lost in thought, beneath the shadow of the ancient elms. It is said that, like Madame Roland, she contemplated secluding herself for ever from the world in her monastic retreat; but, affected by the skepticism of the age, which penetrated even beyond convent walls, she gave up the project. . . . .

All the austerity and republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, seemed to have come down to his young descendant. Even Rousseau and Raynal, the apostles of democracy, had no pages that could absorb her so deeply as those of ancient history, with its stirring deeds and immortal recollections. Often, like Manon Philipon in the recess of her father's workshop, might Charlotte Corday be seen in her convent cell, thoughtfully bending over an open volume of Plutarch, that powerful and eloquent historian of all heroic sacrifices.

When the Abbaye aux Dames was closed, in consequence of the Revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life, and of wonderful beauty; and never, perhaps, did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark convent portal into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity: her hands, arms, and shoulders were models of pure sculptural beauty. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterized her fair, oval countenance and regular features. Her open forehead, dark and well-arched eyebrows, and eyes of a gray so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her natural grave and meditative appearance; her nose was straight and well formed, her mouth serious but exquisitely beautiful.

On leaving the convent in which she had been educated, Charlotte Corday went to reside with her aunt, Madame Coutellier de Bretteville Gouville, an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caën. There the young girl, who had inherited a little property, spent several years, chiefly engaged in watching the progress of the Revolution.

A silent reserve characterized this epoch of Charlotte Corday's life; her enthusiasm was not external but inward; she listened to the discussions which were carried on around her without taking a part in them herself. She seemed to feel instinctively that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude: that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. Those with whom she then occasionally conversed took little heed of the substance of her discourse, and could remember nothing of it when she afterward became celebrated; but all recollected well her voice, and spoke with strange enthusiasm of its pure, silvery sound.

The fall of the Girondists, on the 31st of May, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of giving an active shape to her hitherto passive feelings. She watched with intense, though still silent interest, the progress of events, concealing her secret indignation and thoughts of vengeance under her habitually calm aspect. Those feelings were heightened in her soul by the presence of the fugitive Girondists, who had found a refuge in Caën, and were urging the Normans to raise an army to march on Paris. She found a pretense to call upon Barbaroux, then with his friends at the Intendance. She came twice, accompanied by an old servant, and protected by her own modest dignity. Péthion saw her in the hall, where she was waiting for the handsome Girondist, and observed with a smile, "So the beautiful aristocrat is come to see republicans." "Citizen Péthion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me, but a time will come when you shall learn who I am." With Barbaroux, Charlotte chiefly conversed of the imprisoned Girondists; of Madame Roland and Marat. The name of this man had long haunted her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror. To Marat she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists, the woes of the Republic, and on him she resolved to avenge her ill-fated country. Charlotte was not aware that Marat was but the tool of Danton and Robespierre. "If such

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actions could be counseled," afterward said Barbaroux, "it is not Marat whom we would have advised her to strike."

While this deadly thought was daily strengthening itself in Charlotte's mind, she received several offers of marriage. She declined them, on the plea of wishing to remain free: but strange indeed must have seemed to her, at that moment, those proposals of earthly love. One of those whom her beauty had enamored, M. de Franquelin, a young volunteer in the cause of the Girondists, died of grief on learning her fate; his last request was, that her portrait, and a few letters he had formerly received from her, might be buried with him in his grave.

For several days after her last interview with Barbaroux, Charlotte brooded silently over her great thought; often meditating on the history of Judith. Her aunt subsequently remembered that, on entering her room one morning, she found an old Bible open on her bed: the verse in which it is recorded that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness," for the deliverance of Israel, was underlined with a pencil.

On another occasion Madame de Bretteville found her niece weeping alone; she inquired into the cause of her tears. "They flow," replied Charlotte, "for the misfortunes of my country." Heroic and devoted as she was, she then also wept, perchance, over her own youth and beauty, so soon to be sacrificed forever. No personal considerations altered her resolve: she procured a passport, provided herself with money, and paid a farewell visit to her father, to inform him that, considering the unsettled condition of France, she thought it best to retire to England. He approved of her intention, and bade her adieu. On returning to Caën, Charlotte told the same tale to Madame de Bretteville, left a secret provision for an old nurse, and distributed the little property she possessed among her friends.

It was on the morning of the 9th of July, 1793, that she left the house of her aunt, without trusting herself with a last farewell. Her most earnest wish was, when her deed should have been accomplished, to perish, wholly unknown, by the hands of an infuriated multitude. The woman who could contemplate such a fate, and calmly devote herself to it, without one selfish thought of future renown, had indeed the heroic soul of a martyr.

Her journey to Paris was marked by no other event than the unwelcome attentions of some Jacobins with whom she traveled. One of them, struck by her modest and gentle beauty, made her a very serious proposal of marriage: she playfully evaded his request, but promised that he should learn who and what she was at some future period. On entering Paris, she proceeded immediately to the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from Marat's dwelling. Here she rested for two days before calling on her intended victim. Nothing can mark more forcibly the singular calmness of her mind: she felt no hurry to accomplish the deed for which she had journeyed so far, and over which she had meditated so deeply: her soul remained serene and undaunted to the last. The room which she occupied, and which has often been pointed out to inquiring strangers, was a dark and wretched attic, into which light scarcely ever penetrated. There she read again the volume of Plutarch she had brought with her—unwilling to part from her favorite author, even in her last hours—and probably composed that energetic address to the people which was found upon her after her apprehension.

Charlotte perceived that to call on Marat was the only means by which she might accomplish her purpose. She did so on the morning of the 13th of July, having first purchased a knife in the Palais Royal, and written him a note, in which she requested an interview. She was refused admittance. She then wrote him a second note, more pressing than the first, and in which she represented herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Without waiting to see what effect this note might produce, she called again at half-past seven the same evening.

Marat then resided in the Rue des Cordeliers, in a gloomy-looking house, which has since been demolished. His constant fears of assassination were shared by those around him; the porter seeing a strange woman pass by his lodge, without pausing to make any inquiry, ran out and called her back. She did not heed his remonstrance, but swiftly ascended the old stone staircase, until she had reached the door of Marat's apartment. It was cautiously opened by Albertine, a woman with whom Marat cohabited, and who passed for his wife. Recognizing the same young and handsome girl who had already called on her husband, and animated, perhaps, by a feeling of jealous mistrust, Albertine refused to admit her; Charlotte insisted with great earnestness. The sound of their altercation reached Marat: he immediately ordered his wife to admit the stranger, whom he recognized as the author of the two letters he had received in the course of the day. Albertine obeyed reluctantly; she allowed Charlotte to enter; and after crossing with her an ante chamber, where she had been occupied with a man named Laurent Basse in folding some numbers of the "Ami du Peuple," she ushered her through two other rooms, until they came to a narrow closet where Marat was then in a bath. He gave a look at Charlotte, and ordered his wife to leave them alone: she complied, but allowed the door of the closet to remain half open, and kept within call.

According to his usual custom, Marat wore a soiled handkerchief bound round his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath; a board likewise, placed transversely, supported his papers. Laying down his pen, he asked Charlotte the purport of her visit. The closet was so narrow that she touched the bath near which she stood. She gazed on him with ill-disguised

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horror and disgust, but answered as composedly as she could, that she had come from Caën, in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the proceedings of the Girondists there. He listened, questioned her eagerly, wrote down the names of the Girondists, then added, with a smile of triumph: "Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine." "These words," afterward said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing from beneath the handkerchief which covered her bosom the knife she had kept there all along, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He gave one loud, expiring cry for help, and sank back dead, in the bath. By an instinctive impulse, Charlotte had instantly drawn out the knife from the breast of her victim, but she did not strike again; casting it down at his feet, she left the closet, and sat down in the neighboring room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow: her task was done.

The wife of Marat had rushed to his aid on hearing his cry for help. Laurent Basse, seeing that all was over, turned round toward Charlotte, and, with a blow of a chair, felled her to the floor; while the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her feet. The tumult aroused the other tenants of the house; the alarm spread, and a crowd gathered in the apartment, who learned with stupor that Marat, the Friend of the People, had been murdered. Deeper still was their wonder when they gazed on the murderess. She stood there before them with still disordered garments, and her disheveled hair, loosely bound by a broad green ribbon falling around her; but so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration. "Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed, many years afterward, to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene. "Beautiful!" he echoed, enthusiastically; adding, with the eternal regrets of old age: "Ay, there are none such now!"

On the morning of the 17th, she was led before her judges. She was dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified, that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She interrupted the first witness, by declaring that it was she who had killed Marat. "Who inspired you with so much hatred against him?" asked the President.

"I needed not the hatred of others, I had enough of my own," she energetically replied; "besides, we do not execute well that which we have not ourselves conceived."

"What, then, did you hate in Marat?"

"His crimes."

"Do you think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No; but now that he is dead, the rest may fear."

She answered other questions with equal firmness and laconism. Her project, she declared, had been formed since the 31st of May. "She had killed one man to save a hundred thousand. She was a republican long before the Revolution, and had never failed in energy."

"What do you understand by energy?" asked the President.

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

Fouquier Tinville here observed, alluding to the sure blow she had given, that she must be well practiced in crime. "The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed, in a tone thrilling with indignation. This closed the debates, and her defender rose. It was not Doulcet de Pontécoulant—who had not received her letter—but Chauveau de la Garde, chosen by the President. Charlotte gave him an anxious look, as though she feared he might seek to save her at the expense of honor. He spoke, and she perceived that her apprehensions were unfounded. Without excusing her crime, or attributing it to insanity, he pleaded for the fervor of her conviction; which he had the courage to call sublime. The appeal proved unavailing. Charlotte Corday was condemned. Without deigning to answer the President, who asked her if she had aught to object to the penalty of death being carried out against her, she rose, and walking up to her defender, thanked him gracefully. "These gentlemen," said she, pointing to the judges, "have just informed me that the whole of my property is confiscated. I owe something in the prison: as a proof of my friendship and esteem, I request you to pay this little debt."

On returning to the conciergerie, she found an artist, named Hauër, waiting for her, to finish her portrait, which he had begun at the tribunal. They conversed freely together, until the executioner, carrying the red chemise destined for assassins, and the scissors with which he was to cut her hair off, made his appearance. "What, so soon!" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, slightly turning pale; but rallying her courage, she resumed her composure, and presented a lock of her hair to M. Hauër, as the only reward in her power to offer. A priest came to offer her his ministry. She thanked him and the persons by whom he had been sent, but declined his spiritual aid. The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw the red chemise over her. M. Hauër was struck with the almost unearthly loveliness which the crimson hue of this garment imparted to the ill-fated maiden. "This toilet of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality," said Charlotte, with a smile.

A heavy storm broke forth as the car of the condemned left the conciergerie for the Place de la Révolution. An immense crowd lined every street through which Charlotte Corday passed. Hootings and execrations at first rose on her path; but as her pure and serene beauty dawned on the multitude, as the exquisite loveliness of her countenance and the sculptural beauty of her figure became more fully revealed,

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pity and admiration superseded every other feeling. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified, as to rouse sympathy in the breasts of those who detested not only her crime, but the cause for which it had been committed. Many men of every party took off their hats and bowed as the cart passed before them. Among those who waited its approach, was a young German, named Adam Luz, who stood at the entrance of the Rue Saint Honoré, and followed Charlotte to the scaffold. He gazed on the lovely and heroic maiden with all the enthusiasm of his imaginative race. A love, unexampled perhaps in the history of the human heart, took possession of his soul.

Unconscious of the passionate love she had awakened, Charlotte now stood near the guillotine. She turned pale on first beholding it, but soon resumed her serenity. A deep blush suffused her face when the executioner removed the handkerchief that covered her neck and shoulders, but she calmly laid her head upon the block. The executioner touched a spring and the ax came down. One of Samson's assistants immediately stepped forward, and holding up the lifeless head to the gaze of the crowd, struck it on either cheek. The brutal act only excited a feeling of horror; and it is said that —as though even in death her indignant spirit protested against this outrage—an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday.

[From Household Words.]

GREENWICH WEATHER-WISDOM.

IN England every body notices the weather, and talks about the weather, and suffers by the weather, yet very few of us *know* any thing about it. The changes of our climate have given us a constant and an insatiable national disease—consumption; the density of our winter fog has gained an European celebrity; while the general haziness of our atmosphere induces an Italian or an American to doubt whether we are ever indulged with a real blue sky. "Good day" has become the national salutation; umbrellas, water-proof clothes, and cough mixtures are almost necessities of English life; yet, despite these daily and hourly proofs of the importance of the weather to each and all of us, it is only within the last ten years that any effectual steps have been taken in England to watch the weather and the proximate elements which regulate its course and variations.

Yet, in those ten years positive wonders have been done, and good hope established that a continuance of patient inquiry will be rewarded by still further discoveries. To take a single result, it may be mentioned, that a careful study of the thermometer has shown that a descent of the temperature of London from forty-five to thirty-two degrees, generally kills about 300 persons. They may not all die in the very week when the loss of warmth takes place, but the number of deaths is found to increase to that extent over the previous average within a short period after the change. The fall of temperature, in truth, kills them as certainly as a well-aimed cannon-shot. Our changing climate, or deficient food and shelter, has prepared them for the final stroke, but they actually die at last of the weather.

Before 1838, several European states, less apt than ourselves to talk about the weather, had taken it up as a study, and had made various contributions to the general knowledge of the subject; but in that year England began to act. The officials who now and then emerge from the Admiralty under the title of the "Board of Visitors," to see what is in progress at the Greenwich Observatory, were reminded by Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal, that much good might be done by pursuing a course of magnetic and meteorological observations. The officials "listened and believed."

The following year saw a wooden fence pushed out behind the Observatory walls, in the direction of Blackheath, and soon afterward a few low-roofed, unpainted, wooden buildings were dotted over the inclosure. These structures are small enough and humble enough to outward view, yet they contain some most beautifully-constructed instruments, and have been the scene of a series of observations and discoveries of the greatest interest and value. The stray holiday visitor to Greenwich Park, who feels tempted to look over the wooden paling, sees only a series of deal sheds, upon a rough grass-plat; a mast some eighty feet high, steadied by ropes, and having a lantern at the top, and a windlass below; and if he looks closer, he perceives a small inner inclosure, surrounded by a dwarf fence; an upright stand, with a movable top, sheltering a collection of thermometers; and here and there a pile of planks and unused partitioning, that helps to give the place an appearance of temporary expediency, an aspect something between a collection of emigrants' cottages and the yard of a dealer in second-hand building materials. But —as was said when speaking of the Astronomical Observatory—Greenwich is a practical place, and not one prepared for show. Science, like virtue, does not require a palace for a dwelling-place. In this collection of deal houses, during the last ten years, Nature has been constantly watched, and interrogated with the zeal and patience which alone can glean a knowledge of her secrets. And the results of those watches, kept at all hours, and in all weathers, are curious in the extreme; but before we ask what they are, let us cross the barrier, and see with what tools the weather-students work.

The main building is built in the form of a cross, with its chief front to the magnetic north. It is formed of wood, all iron and other metals being carefully excluded; for its purpose is to contain three large magnets, which have to be isolated from all influence likely to interfere with their truthful action. In three arms of the cross these magnets are suspended by bands of

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unwrought, untwisted silk. In the fourth arm is a sort of double window, filled with apparatus for receiving the electricity collected at the top of the mast which stands close by. Thus, in this wooden shed, we find one portion devoted to electricity—to the detection and registry of the stray lightning of the atmosphere—and the other three to a set of instruments that feel the influence and register the variations of the magnetic changes in the conditions of the air. "True as the needle to the pole," is the burden of an old song, which now shows how little our forefathers knew about this same needle, which, in truth, has a much steadier character than it deserves. Let all who still have faith in the legend go the the magnet-house, and when they have seen the vagaries there displayed, they will have but a poor idea of Mr. Charles Dibdin's sea-heroes, whose constancy is declared to have been as true as their compasses were to the north.

Upon entering the magnet-house, the first object that attracts attention are the jars to which the electricity is brought down. The fluid is collected, as just stated, by a conductor running from the top of the mast outside. In order that not the slightest portion may be lost in its progress down, a lamp is kept constantly burning near the top of the pole, the light of which keeps warm and dry a body of glass that cuts off all communication between the conductor and the machinery which supports it. Another light, for the purpose of collecting the electricity by its flame, is placed above the top of the pole. This light, burning at night, has given rise to many a strange supposition in the neighborhood. It is too high up to be serviceable as a lantern to those below. Besides, who walks in Greenwich Park after the gates are closed? It can light only the birds or the deer. "Then, surely," says another popular legend, "it is to guide the ships on the river, when on their way up at night; a sort of landmark to tell whereabouts the Observatory is when the moon and stars are clouded, and refuse to show where their watchers are."

All these speculations are idle, for the lights burn when the sun is shining, as well as at night; and the object of the lower one is that no trace of moisture, and no approach of cold, shall give the electricity a chance of slipping down the mast, or the ropes, to the earth, but shall leave it no way of escape from the wise men below, who want it, and will have it, whether it likes or no, in their jars, that they may measure its quantity and its quality, and write both down in their journals. It is thus that electricity comes down the wires into those jars on our right as we enter. If very slight, its presence there is indicated by tiny morsels of pendent gold-leaf; if stronger, the divergence of two straws show it; if stronger still, the third jar holds its greater force, while neighboring instruments measure the length of the electric sparks, or mark the amount of the electric force. At the desk, close by, sits the observer, who jots down the successive indications. In his book he registers from day to day, throughout the year, how much electricity has been in the air, and what was its character, even to such particulars as to whether its sparks were blue, violet, or purple in color. At times, however, he has to exercise great care, and it is not always that he even then escapes receiving severe shocks.

Passing on, we approach the magnets. They are three in number; of large size, and differently suspended, to show the various ways in which such bodies are acted upon. All hang by bands of unwrought silk. If the silk were twisted, it would twist the magnets, and the accuracy of their position would be disturbed. Magnets, like telescopes, must be true in their adjustment to the hundredth part of a hair's breadth. One magnet hangs north and south; another east and west; and a third, like a scale-beam, is balanced on knife-edges and agate planes, so beautifully, that when once adjusted and inclosed in its case, it is opened only once a year, lest one grain of dust, or one small spider, should destroy its truth; for spiders are as troublesome to the weather-student as to the astronomer. These insects like the perfect quiet that reigns about the instruments of the philosopher, and with heroic perseverance persist in spinning their fine threads among his machines. Indeed, spiders occasionally betray the magnetic observer into very odd behavior. At times he may be seen bowing in the sunshine, like a Persian fire-worshiper; now stooping in this direction, now dodging in that, but always gazing through the sun's rays up toward that luminary. He seems demented, staring at nothing. At last he lifts his hand; he snatches apparently at vacancy to pull nothing down In truth his eye had at last caught the gleam of light reflected from an almost invisible spider line running from the electrical wire to the neighboring planks. The spider who had ventured on the charged wire paid the penalty of such daring with his life long ago, but he had left his web behind him, and that beautifully minute thread has been carrying off to the earth a portion of the electric fluid, before it had been received, and tested, and registered by the mechanism below. Such facts show the exceeding delicacy of the observations.

For seven years, the magnets suspended in this building were constantly watched every two hours—every even hour—day and night, except on Sundays, the object being that some light might be thrown upon the laws regulating the movements of the mariner's compass; hence, that while men became wiser, navigation might be rendered safer. The chief observer—the *genius loci*—is Mr. Glaisher, whose name figures in the reports of the Register-General. He, with two assistants, from year to year, went on making these tedious examinations of the variations of the magnets, by means of small telescopes, fixed with great precision upon pedestals of masonry or wood fixed on the earth, and

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unconnected with the floor of the building, occupying a position exactly between the three magnets. This mode of proceeding had continued for some years with almost unerring regularity, and certain large quarto volumes full of figures were the results, when an ingenious medical man, Mr. Brooke, hit upon a photographic plan for removing the necessity for this perpetual watchfulness. Now, in the magnet-house, we see light and chemistry doing the tasks before performed by human labor; and doing them more faithfully than even the most vigilant of human eyes and hands. Around the magnets are cases of zinc, so perfect that they exclude all light from without. Inside those cases, in one place, is a lamp giving a single ray of prepared light, which, falling upon a mirror soldered to the magnet, moves with its motions. This wandering ray, directed toward a sheet of sensitive photographic paper, records the magnet's slightest motion! The paper moves on by clock-work, and once in four-and-twenty hours an assistant, having closed the shutters of the building, lights a lantern of *yellow glass*, opens the magnet-boxes, removes the paper on which the magnets have been enabled to record their own motions, and then, having put in a fresh sheet of sensitive paper, he shuts it securely in, winds up the clock-work, puts out his yellow light, and lets in the sunshine. His lantern glass is yellow, because the yellow rays are the only ones which can be safely allowed to fall upon the photographic paper during its removal from the instrument, to the dish in which its magnetic picture is to be *fixed* by a further chemical process. It is the blue ray of the light that gives the daguerrotypic likeness—as most persons who have had their heads off, under the hands of M. Claudet, or Mr. Beard, or any of their numerous competitors in the art of preparing sun-pictures, well know.

Since the apparatus of Mr. Brooke for the self-registration of the magnetic changes has been in operation at Greenwich, the time of Mr. Glaisher and his assistants has been more at liberty for other branches of their duties. These are numerous enough. Thermometers and barometers have to be watched as well as magnets. To these instruments the same ingenious photographic contrivance is applied.

The wooden building next to the magnet-house on the southwest contains a modification of Mr. Brooke's ingenious plan, by which the rise and fall of the temperature of the air is self-registered. Outside the building are the bulbs of thermometers freely exposed to the weather. Their shafts run through a zinc case, and as the mercury rises or falls, it moves a float having a projecting arm. Across this arm is thrown the ray of prepared light which falls then upon the sensitive paper. Thus we see the variations of the needle and the variations in heat and cold both recording their own story, within these humble-looking wooden sheds, as completely as the wind and the rain are made to do the same thing, on the top of the towers of the Observatory. The reward given to the inventor of this ingenious mode of self-registration has been recently revealed in a parliamentary paper, thus: "To Mr. Charles Brooke for his invention and establishment at the Royal Observatory, of the apparatus for the self-registration of magnetical and meteorological phenomena, £500." Every year the invention will save fully £500 worth of human toil; and the reward seems small when we see every year millions voted for warlike, sinecure, and other worse than useless purposes.

Photography, however, can not do all the work. Its records have to be checked by independent observations every day, and then both have to be brought to their practical value by comparison with certain tables which test their accuracy, and make them available for disclosing certain scientific results. The preparation of such tables is one of the practical triumphs of Greenwich. Many a quiet country gentleman amuses his leisure by noting day by day the variations of his thermometer and barometer. Heretofore such observations were isolated and of no general value, but now, by the tables completed by Mr. Glaisher, and published by the Royal Society, they may all be converted into scientific values, and be made available for the increase of our weather-wisdom. For nearly seventy years the Royal Society had observations made at Somerset House, but they were a dead letter—mere long columns of figures—till these tables gave them significance. And the same tables now knit into one scientific whole, the observations taken by forty scientific volunteers, who, from day to day, record for the Registrar-General of births and deaths, the temperature, moisture, &c., of their different localities, which vary from Glasgow to Guernsey, and from Cornwall to Norwich.

What the Rosetta stone is to the history of the Pharaohs, these Greenwich tables have been to the weather-hieroglyphics. They have afforded something like a key to the language in which the secrets are written; and it remains for industrious observation and scientific zeal to complete the modern victory over ancient ignorance. Already the results of the Greenwich studies of the weather have given us a number of curious morsels of knowledge. The wholesale destruction of human life induced by a fall in the temperature of London has just been noticed. Besides the manifestation of that fact, we are shown, that instead of a warm summer being followed by a cold winter, the tendency of the law of the weather is to group warm seasons together, and cold seasons together. Mr. Glaisher has made out, that the character of the weather seems to follow certain curves, so to speak, each extending over periods of fifteen years. During the first half of each of these periods, the seasons become warmer and warmer, till they reach their warmest point, and then they sink again, becoming colder and colder, till they reach the lowest point, whence

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they rise again. His tables range over the last seventy-nine years—from 1771 to 1849. Periods shown to be the coldest, were years memorable for high-priced food, increased mortality, popular discontent, and political changes. In his diagrams, the warm years are tinted brown, and the cold years gray, and as the sheets are turned over and the dates scanned, the fact suggest itself that a gray period saw Lord George Gordon's riots; a gray period was marked by the Reform Bill excitement; and a gray period saw the Corn Laws repealed.

A few more morsels culled from the experience of these weather-seers, and we have done.

Those seasons have been best which have enjoyed an average temperature—not too hot nor too cold.

The indications are that the climate of England is becoming warmer, and, consequently, healthier; a fact to be partly accounted for by the improved drainage and the removal of an excess of timber from the land.

The intensity of cholera was found greatest in those places where the air was stagnant; and, therefore, any means for causing its motion, as lighting fires and improving ventilation, are thus proved to be of the utmost consequence.

Some day near the 20th of January—the lucky guess, in 1838, of Murphy's Weather Almanac—will, upon the average of years, be found to be the coldest of the whole year.

In the middle of May there are generally some days of cold, so severe as to be unexplainable. Humboldt mentions this fact in his Cosmos; and various authors have tried to account for it—at present in vain. The favorite notion, perhaps, is that which attributes this period of cold to the loosening of the icebergs of the north. Another weather eccentricity is the usual advent of some warm days at the beginning of November.

Certain experiments in progress to test the difference between the temperature of the Thames, and of the surrounding atmosphere, are expected to show the cause of the famous London fog. During the night the Thames is often from ten to seventeen degrees warmer, and in the day time from eight to ten degrees colder than the air above it.

If the theory of weather-cycles holds good, we are to have seasons colder than the average from this time till 1853, when warmth will begin again to predominate over cold. A chilly prophecy this to close with, and therefore, rather let an anecdote complete this chapter on the Weather-Watchers of Greenwich.

Among other experiments going on some time ago in the observatory inclosure, were some by which Mr. Glaisher sought to discover how much warmth the earth lost during the hours of night, and how much moisture the air would take up in a day from a given surface. Upon the long grass, within the dwarf fence already mentioned were placed all sorts of odd substances, in little distinct qualities. Ashes wood, leather, linen, cotton, glass, lead, copper and stone, among other things, were there to show how each affected the question of radiation. Close by upon a post was a dish six inches across, in which every day there was punctually poured one ounce of water, and at the same hour next day, as punctually was this fluid remeasured to see what had been lost by evaporation. For three years this latter experiment had been going on, and the results were posted up in a book; but the figures gave most contradictory results. There was either something very irregular in the air, or something very wrong in the apparatus. It was watched for leakage, but none was found, when one day Mr. Glaisher stepped out of the magnet-house, and looking toward the stand, the mystery was revealed. The evaporating dish of the philosopher was being used as a bath by an irreverent bird! a sparrow was scattering from his wings the water left to be drunk by the winds of Heaven. Only one thing remained to be done; and the next minute saw a pen run through the tables that had taken three years to compile. The labor was lost—the work had to be begun again.

DOING.

OH, friend, whoe'er thou art, who dost rejoice
In the sweet tones of thy melodious voice;
Which to thy fancy are so rich and clear,
Falling like music, on the list'ning ear,
Of thee I ask,
What hast thou done of that thou hast to do?
Art silent? Then I say,
Until thy deeds are many let thy words be few

Oh, man, whoe'er thou art, within whose breas
The glowing thoughts disdain ignoble rest;
Whose soul is laboring with a monstrous birth
Of winged words, to scatter through the earth
Of thee I ask,
What hast thou done of that thou hast to do?
Art silent? Then I say,
Until thy deeds are many let thy words be few

Oh, brother mine, who would'st reform mankind
Purging the dross, and leaving all refined;
Preaching of sinless love, sobriety,
Of goodness, endless peace, and charity,
Of thee I ask,
What hast thou done of that thou hast to do?
Art silent? Then I say,
Until thy deeds are many let thy words be few

Speech without action is a moral dearth,
And to advance the world is little worth:
Let us think much, say little, and much do,
If to ourselves and God we will be true;
And ask within,
What have I done of that I have to do?
Is conscience silent—say,
Oh! let my deeds be many and my words be few

I. G. L. Bullard.

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[From Household Words.]

YOUNG RUSSIA.

CERTAIN social theorists have, of late years, proclaimed themselves to the puzzled public under the name and signification of "Young." Young France, Young Germany, and Young England have had their day, and having now grown older, and by consequence wiser, are comparatively mute. In accordance with what seems a natural law, it is only when a fashion is being forgotten where it originated—in the west—that is reaches Russia, which rigidly keeps a century or so behind the rest of the Continent. It is only recently, therefore, that we hear of "Young Russia."

The main principles of all these national youths are alike. They are pleasingly picturesque—simperingly amiable; with a pretty and piquant dash of paradox. What they propose is not new birth, or dashing out into new systems, and taking advantage of new ideas; but reverting to old systems, and furbishing them up so as to look as good as new. Re-juvenescence is their aim; the middle ages their motto. Young England, to wit, desires to replace things as they were in the days of the pack-horse, the thumb-screw, the monastery, the ducking-stool, the knight errant, trial by battle, and the donjon-keep. To these he wishes to apply all possible modern improvements, to adapt them to present ideas, and to present events. Though he would have no objection to his mailed knight traveling per first-class railway, he would abolish luggage-trains to encourage intestine trade and the breed of that noble animal the pack-horse. He has, indeed, done something in the monastic line; but his efforts for the dissemination of superstition, and his denunciations of a certain sort of witchcraft, have signally failed. In truth, the task he has set himself—that of re-constructing society anew out of old materials—though highly archæological, historical, and poetic, has the fatal disadvantage of being simply impossible. It is telling the people of the nineteenth century to carry their minds, habits, and sentiments back, so as to become people of the thirteenth century; it is trying to make new muslin out of mummy cloth, or razors out of rusty nails.

"Young Russia" is an equal absurdity, but from a precisely opposite cause; for, indeed, this sort of youth out of age is a series of paradoxes. The Russian of the present day *is* the Russian of past ages. He exists by rule—the rule of despotism—which is as old as the Medes and Persians; and which forces him into an iron mould that shapes his appearance, his mind, and his actions to one pattern, from one generation to another Hence every thing that lives and breathes ir. Russia being antique, there is no appreciable antiquity. The new school, therefore—even if amateur politics were allowable in Russia, which they are not, as a large population of exiles in Siberia can testify—has no materials to work upon. Stagnation is the political law, and "Young Russia" dies in its babyhood for want of sustenance. What goes by the name of civilization, is no advance in wealth, morals, or social happiness. It is merely a tinsel coating over the rottenness and rust with which Russian life is "sicklied o'er." It has nothing to do with a single soul below the rank of a noble; and with him it means Champagne, bad pictures, Parisian tailors, operas, gaming, and other expenses and elegancies imported from the West. Hundreds of provincial noblemen are ruined every year in St. Petersburg, in undergoing this process of civilization. The fortunes thus wasted are enormous; yet there is only one railroad now in operation throughout the whole empire, and that belongs to the Emperor, and leads to one of his palaces a few miles from the capital. Such is Russian civilization. What then is "Young Russia" to do? Ask one of its youngest apostles, Ivan Vassilievitsch.

This young gentleman—for an introduction to whom we are indebted to Count Sollogub—was, not long ago, parading the Iverskoy boulevard—one of the thirteen which half encircle Moscow—when he met a neighbor from the province of Kazan. Ivan had lately returned from abroad. He was a perfect specimen of the new school, inside and out. Within, he had imbibed all the ideas of the juvenile or verdant schools of Germany, France, and England. Without, he displayed a London macintosh; his coat and trowsers had been designed and executed by Parisian artists; his hair was cut in the style of the middle ages; and his chin showed the remnants of a Vandyke beard. He also resembled the new school in another respect: he had spent all his money, yet he was separated from home by the distance of a long—a Russian—journey.

To meet with a neighbor—which he did—who traveled in his own carriage, in which he offered a seat, was the height of good fortune. The more so, as Ivan wished to see as much of Russian life on the road as possible, and to note down his *impressions* in a journal, whose white leaves were as yet unsullied with ink. From the information he intended to collect, he intended to commence helping to re-construct Russian society after the order of the new Russiaites.

The vehicle in which this great mission was to be performed, was a humble family affair called a *Tarantas*. After a series of adventures—but which did not furnish Ivan a single *impression* for his note-book—they arrive at Vladimir, the capital of a province or "government." Here the younger traveler meets with a friend, to whom he confides his intention of visiting all the other Government towns for "Young Russia" purposes. His friend's reply is dispiriting to the last degree.

"There is no difference between our government towns. See one, and you'll know them all!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is so, I assure you. Every one has a High-street; one principal shop, where the

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country gentlemen buy silks for their wives, and Champagne for themselves; then there are the Courts of Justice, the assembly-rooms, an apothecary's shop, a river, a square, a bazaar, two or three street-lamps, sentry-boxes for the watchmen, and the governor's house."

"The society, however, in the government towns must be different?"

"On the contrary. The society is still more uniform than the buildings."

"You astonish me: how is that?"

"Listen. There is, of course, in every government town a governor. These do not always resemble each other; but as soon as any one of them appears, police and secretaries immediately become active, merchants and tradesmen bow, and the gentry draw themselves up, with, however, some little awe. Wherever the governor goes, he is sure to find Champagne, the wine so much patronized in the province, and every body drinks a bumper to the health of the '*father of the province.*' Governors generally are well-bred, and sometimes very proud. They like to give dinner-parties, and benevolently condescend to play a game of whist with rich brandy-contractors and landowners."

"That's a common thing," remarked Ivan Vassilievitsch.

"Do not interrupt me. Besides the governor, there is in nearly every government town the governor's lady. She is rather a peculiar personage; generally brought up in one of the two capitals, and spoiled with the cringing attentions of her company. On her husband's first entry into office, she is polite and affable; later, she begins to feel weary of the ordinary provincial intrigues and gossips; she gets accustomed to the slavish attentions she receives, and lays claim to them. At this period she surrounds herself with a parasitical suite; she quarrels with the lady of the vice-governor; she brags of St. Petersburg; speaks with disdain of her provincial cirole, and finally draws upon herself the utmost universal ill-feeling, which is kept up till the day of her departure, when all goes into oblivion, every thing is pardoned, and every body bids her farewell with tears."

"Two persons do not form the whole society of a town," interrupted again Ivan Vassilievitsch.

"Patience, brother, patience! Certainly there are other persons besides the two I have just spoken of: there is the vice-governor and his lady; several presidents, with their respective ladies, and an innumerable crowd of functionaries serving under their leadership. The ladies are ever quarreling in words, while their husbands do the same thing upon foolscap. The presidents, for the most part, are men of advanced age and business-like habits, with great crosses hanging from their necks, and are, during the day time, to be seen out of their courts only on holidays. The government attorney is generally a single man, and an enviable match. The superior officer of the *gens-d'armes* is a 'good fellow.' The nobility-marshal a great sportsman. Besides the government and the local officers, there live in a government town stingy landowners, or those who have squandered away their property; they gamble from evening to morning, nay, from morning to evening too, without getting the least bit tired of their exercise."

"Now, about their mode of living?" asked Ivan Vassilievitsch.

"The mode of living is a very dull one. An exchange of ceremonious visits. Intrigues, cards—cards, intrigues. Now and then, perchance, you may meet with a kind, hospitable family, but such a case is very rare; you much oftener find a ludicrous affectation to imitate the manners of an imaginary high life. There are no public amusements in a government town. During winter a series of balls are announced to take place at the Assembly-rooms; however, from an absurd primness, these balls are little frequented, because no one wants to be the first in the room. The '*bon genre*' remains at home and plays whist. In general, I have remarked, that on arriving in a government town, it seems as if you were too early or too late for some extraordinary event. You are ever welcomed: 'What a pity you were not here yesterday!' or, 'You should stay here till to-morrow.'"

In process of time Ivan Vassilievitsch and his good-natured fat companion, Vassily Ivanovitsch, reach a borough town, where the Tarantas breaks down. There is a tavern, and here is a description of it.

"The tavern was like any other tavern—a large wooden hut, with the usual out-buildings. At the entrance stood an empty cart. The staircase was crooked and shaky, and at the top of it, like a moving candelabrum, stood a waiter with a tallow candle in his hand. To the right was the tap-room, painted from time immemorial to imitate a grove. Tumblers, tea-pots, decanters, three silver and a great number of pewter spoons, adorned the shelves of a cupboard; a couple of lads in chintz shirts, with dirty napkins over their shoulders, busied themselves at the bar. Through an open door you saw in the next room a billiard-table, and a hen gravely promenading upon it.

"Our travelers were conducted into the principal room of this elegant establishment, where they found, seated round a boiling tea-urn, three merchants—one gray-haired, one red-haired, and one dark-haired. Each of these was armed with a steaming tumbler; each of them sipped, smacked his lips, stroked his beard, and sipped again the fragrant beverage.

"The red-haired man was saying,

"'I made, last summer, a splendid bargain: I had bought from a company of Samara-Tartars, some five hundred bags of prime quality, which I purchased from a nobleman who was in want of money, but such dreadful stuff it was, that if it had not been for the very low price, I would never have thought of looking at it. What did I do? I mixed these two cargoes, and sold the whole lot to a brandy-contractor at Ribna, for prime quality.'

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"'It was a clever speculation,' remarked the dark-haired.

"'A commercial trick!' added the gray-haired.

"While this conversation was proceeding, Vassily Ivanovitsch and Ivan Vassilievitsch had taken seats at a separate little table; they had ordered their tea, and were listening to what the three merchants were saying.

"A poor-looking fellow came in, and took from his breast-pocket an incredibly dirty sheet of paper, in which were wrapped up bank-notes and some gold, and handed it over to the gray-haired merchant, who, having counted them over, said,

"'Five thousand two hundred and seventeen roubles. Is it right?'

"'Quite right, sir.'

"'It shall be delivered according to your wish.'

"Ivan asked why the sender had not taken a receipt?

"The red and dark-haired merchants burst out laughing; the gray-haired got into a passion.

"'A receipt!' he cried out, furiously, 'a receipt! I would have broken his jaw with his own money, had he dared to ask me for a receipt. I have been a merchant now more than fifty years, and I have never yet been insulted by being asked to give a receipt.'

"'You see, sir,' said the red-haired merchant, it is only with noblemen that such things as receipts and bills of exchange exist. We commercial people do not make use of them. Our simple word suffices. We have no time to spare for writing. For instance, sir: here is Sidor Avdeivitsch, who has millions of roubles in his trade, and his whole writing consists of a few scraps of paper, for memory's sake, sir.'

"'I don't understand that,' interrupted Ivan Vassilievitsch.

"'How could you, sir? It is mere commercial business, without plan or *façade*. We ourselves learn it from our childhood: first as errand boys, then as clerks, till we become partners in the business. I confess it is hard work.'

Upon this text Ivan preaches a "Young Russia discourse."

"'Allow me a few words,' he said with fervor. 'It appears to me that we have in Russia a great number of persons buying and selling, but yet, I must say, we have no systematic commerce. For commerce, science, and learning, are indispensable; a conflux of civilized men, clever mathematical calculations—but not, as seems to be the case with you, dependence upon mere chance. You earn millions, because you convert the consumer into a victim, against whom every kind of cheat is pardonable, and then you lay by farthing by farthing, refusing yourselves not only all the enjoyments of life, but even the most necessary comforts . . . You brag of your threadbare clothes; but surely this extreme parsimony is a thousand times more blamable than the opposite prodigality of those of your comrades who spend their time among gipsies, and their money in feasting. You boast of your ignorance, because you do not know what civilization is. Civilization, according to your notions, consists in shorter laps of a coat, foreign furniture, bronzes, and champagne—in a word, in outward trifles and silly customs. Trust me, not such is civilization . . . Unite yourselves! Be it your vocation to lay open all the hidden riches of our great country; to diffuse life and vigor into all its veins; to take the whole management of its material interests into your hands. Unite your endeavors in this beautiful deed, and you may be certain of success! Why should Russia be worse than England? Comprehend only your calling; let the beam of civilization fall upon you, and your love for your fatherland will strengthen such a union; and you will see that not only the whole of Russia, but even the whole world will be in your hands.'

"At this eloquent conclusion, the red and the dark-haired merchants opened wide their eyes. They, of course, did not understand a single word of Ivan Vassilievitsch's speech.

"Alas, for Young Russia!" Ivan dolefully remarks in another place:

"I thought to study life in the provinces: there is no life in the provinces; every one there is said to be of the same cut. Life in the capitals is not a Russian life, but a weak imitation of the petty perfections and gross vices of modern civilization. Where am I then to find Russia? In the lower classes, perhaps, in the every-day life of the Russian peasant? But have I not been now for five days chiefly among this class? I prick up my ears and listen; I open wide my eyes and look, and do what I may, I find not the least trifle worth noting in my '*Impressions*.' The country is dead; there is nothing but land, land, land; so much land, indeed, that my eyes get tired of looking at it; a dreadful road, wagons of goods, swearing carriers, drunken stage inspectors; beetles creeping on every wall; soups with the smell of tallow candles! How is it possible for any respectable person to occupy himself with such nasty stuff? And what is yet more provoking, is the doleful uniformity which tires you so much, and affords you no rest whatever. Nothing new, nothing unexpected! To-morrow what has been to-day; to-day what has been yesterday. Here, a post-stage, there a post-stage, and further the same post-stage again; here, a village elder asking for drink-money, and again to infinity village elders all asking for drink-money. What can I write? I begin to agree with Vassily Ivanovitsch; he is right in saying that we do not travel, and that there is no traveling in Russia. We simply are going to Mordassy. Alas! for my '*Impressions*.'"

Whoever wants to know more of this amusing Young Russian, must consult "The *Tarantas*." We can assure the reader that the book is fraught with a store of amusement—chiefly descriptions of town and country life in Russia—not often compressed into the modest and inexpensive compass of a thin duodecimo

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[From Household Words.

THE ORPHAN'S VOYAGE HOME.

THE men could hardly keep the deck,
So bitter was the night;
Keen northeast winds sang through the shrouds,
The deck was frosty white;
While overhead the glistening stars
Put forth their points of light.

On deck, behind a bale of goods,
Two orphans crouch'd, to sleep;
But 'twas so cold, the youngest boy
In vain tried not to weep:
They were so poor, they had no right
Near cabin doors to creep.

The elder round the younger wrapt
His little ragged cloak,
To shield him from the freezing sleet,
And surf that o'er them broke;
Then drew him closer to his side,
And softly to him spoke:

"The night will not be long"—he said.
"And if the cold winds blow,
We shall the sooner reach our home,
And see the peat-fire glow;
But now the stars are beautiful—
Oh, do not tremble so!

"Come closer!—sleep—forget the frost—
Think of the morning red—
Our father and our mother soon
Will take us to their bed;
And in their warm arms we shall sleep."
He knew not they were dead.

For them no father to the ship
Shall with the morning come;
For them no mother's loving arms
Are spread to take them home:
Meanwhile the cabin passengers
In dreams of pleasure roam.

At length the orphans sank to sleep
All on the freezing deck;
Close huddled side to side—each arm
Clasp'd round the other's neck.
With heads bent down, they dream'd the earth
Was fading to a speck.

The steerage passengers have all
Been taken down below,
And round the stove they warm their limbs
Into a drowsy glow;
And soon within their berths forget
The icy wind and snow.

Now morning dawns: the land in sight,
Smiles beam on every face!
The pale and qualmy passengers
Begin the deck to pace,
Seeking along the sun-lit cliffs
Some well-known spot to trace.

Only the orphans do not stir,
Of all this bustling train:
They reached their *home* this starry night!
They will not stir again!
The winter's breath proved kind to them,
And ended all their pain.

But in their deep and freezing sleep,
Clasp'd rigid to each other,
In dreams they cried, "The bright morn breaks,
Home! home! is here, my brother!
The Angel Death has been our friend—
We come! dear Father! Mother!"

[From the Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.]

LORD BYRON, WORDSWORTH, AND CHARLES LAMB.

IN this house, Lord Byron continued the visits which he made me in prison. Unfortunately, I was too ill to return them. He pressed me very much to go to the theatre with him; but illness, and the dread of committing my critical independence, alike prevented me. His lordship was one of a management that governed Drury-lane Theatre at that time, and that were not successful. He got nothing by it, but petty vexations and a good deal of scandal.

Lord Byron's appearance at that time was the finest I ever saw it. He was fatter than before his marriage, but only just enough so to complete the elegance of his person; and the turn of his head and countenance had a spirit and elevation in it, which, though not unmixed with disquiet, gave him altogether a very noble look. His dress, which was black, with white trowsers, and which he wore buttoned close over the body, completed the succinctness and gentlemanliness of his appearance. I remember one day, as he stood looking out of the window, he resembled in a lively manner the portrait of him by Phillips, by far the best that has appeared; I mean the best of him at his best time of life, and the most like him in features as well as expression. He sat one morning so long, that Lady Byron sent up twice to let him know she was waiting. Her ladyship used to go on in the carriage to Henderson's nursery ground, to get flowers. I had not the honor of knowing her, nor ever saw her but once, when I caught a glimpse of her at the door. I thought she had a pretty, earnest look, with her "pippin" face; an epithet by which she playfully designated herself.

It was here also I had the honor of a visit from Mr. Wordsworth. He came to thank me for the zeal I had shown in advocating the cause of his genius. I had the pleasure of showing him his book on my shelves by the side of Milton; a sight which must have been the more agreeable, inasmuch as the visit was unexpected. He favored me, in return, with giving his opinion of some of the poets his contemporaries, who would assuredly not have paid him a visit on the same grounds on which he was pleased

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o honor myself. Nor do I believe, that from that day to this, he thought it becoming in him to reciprocate the least part of any benefit which a word in good season may have done for him. Lord Byron, in resentment for my having called him the "prince of the bards of his time," would not allow him to be even the "one-eyed monarch of the blind." He said he was the "blind monarch of the one-eyed." I must still differ with his lordship on that point; but I must own, that, after all which I have seen and read, posterity, in my opinion, will differ not a little with one person respecting the amount of merit to be ascribed to Mr. Wordsworth; though who that one person is, I shall leave the reader to discover.

Mr. Wordsworth, whom Mr. Hazlitt designated as one who would have had the wide circle of his humanities made still wider, and a good deal more pleasant, by dividing a little more of his time between his lakes in Westmoreland and the hotels of the metropolis, had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish, but not unpleasing voice, and an exalted mode of speaking. He had a habit of keeping his left hand in the bosom of his waistcoat; and in this attitude, except when he turned round to take one of the subjects of his criticism from the shelves (for his contemporaries were there also), he sat dealing forth his eloquent but hardly catholic judgments. In his "father's house," there were not "many mansions." He was as skeptical on the merits of all kinds of poetry but one, as Richardson was on those of the novels of Fielding.

Under the study in which my visitor and I were sitting was an archway, leading to a nursery-ground; a cart happened to go through it while I was inquiring whether he would take any refreshment; and he uttered, in so lofty a voice, the words, "Any thing which is *going forward*," that I felt inclined to ask him whether he would take a piece of the cart. Lamb would certainly have done it. But this was a levity which would neither have been so proper on my part, after so short an acquaintance, nor very intelligible perhaps, in any sense of the word, to the serious poet. There are good-humored warrants for smiling, which lie deeper even than Mr. Wordsworth's thoughts for tears.

I did not see this distinguished person again till thirty years afterward; when, I should venture to say, his manner was greatly superior to what it was in the former instance; indeed, quite natural and noble, with a cheerful air of animal as well as spiritual confidence; a gallant bearing, curiously reminding one of a certain illustrious duke, as I have seen him walking some dozen years ago by a lady's side, with no unbecoming oblivion of his time of life. I observed, also, that he no longer committed himself in scornful criticisms, or, indeed, in any criticisms whatever, at least as far as I knew. He had found out that he could, at least, afford to be silent. Indeed, he spoke very little of any thing.

Walter Scott said, that the eyes of Burns were the finest he ever saw. I can not say the same of Mr. Wordsworth; that is, not in the sense of the beautiful, or even of the profound. But certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes.

Charles Lamb had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. There was a caricature of him sold in the shops, which pretended to be a likeness. Procter went into the shop in a passion, and asked the man what he meant by putting forth such a libel. The man apologized, and said that the artist meant no offense. There never was a true portrait of Lamb. His features were strongly yet delicately cut: he had a fine eye as well as forehead; and no face carried in it greater marks of thought and feeling. It resembled that of Bacon, with less worldly vigor and more sensibility.

As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of every thing as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humor, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of a sympathy with the awful. His humor and his knowledge both, were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in every thing else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him." His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names; such a man, for instance, as Nicole the Frenchman, who was a baby to him. He would have cracked a score of jokes at him, worth his whole book of sentences; pelted his head with pearls. Nicole would not have understood him, but Rochefoucault would, and Pascal, too; and some of our old Englishmen would have understood him still better. He would have been worthy of hearing Shakspeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain. Commonplace found a great comforter in him

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as long as it was good-natured; it was to the ill-natured or the dictatorial only that he was startling. Willing to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at all agreeing in his interior with the common notions of crime and punishment, he "*dumb-founded*" a long tirade one evening, by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, "Whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man?" To a person abusing Voltaire, and indiscreetly opposing his character to that of Jesus Christ, he said admirably well (though he by no means overrated Voltaire, nor wanted reverence in the other quarter), that "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ *for the French*." He liked to see the church-goers continue to go to church, and wrote a tale in his sister's admirable little book (*Mrs. Leicester's School*) to encourage the rising generation to do so; but to a conscientious deist he had nothing to object; and if an atheist had found every other door shut against him, he would assuredly not have found his. I believe he would have had the world remain precisely as it was, provided it innovated no farther; but this spirit in him was any thing but a worldly one, or for his own interest. He hardly contemplated with patience the new buildings in the Regent's Park: and, privately speaking, he had a grudge against *official* heaven-expounders, or clergymen. He would rather, however, have been with a crowd that he disliked, than felt himself alone. He said to me one day, with a face of great solemnity, "What must have been that man's feelings, who thought himself *the first deist?*" Finding no footing in certainty, he delighted to confound the borders of theoretical truth and falsehood. He was fond of telling wild stories to children, engrafted on things about them; wrote letters to people abroad, telling them that a friend of theirs had come out in genteel comedy; and persuaded George Dyer that *Lord Castlereagh* was the author of Waverley! The same excellent person walking one evening out of his friend's house into the New River, Lamb (who was from home at the time) wrote a paper under his signature of Elia, stating, that common friends would have stood dallying on the bank, have sent for neighbors, &c., but that *he*, in his magnanimity, jumped in, and rescued his friend after the old noble fashion. He wrote in the same magazine two lives of Liston and Munden, which the public took for serious, and which exhibit an extraordinary jumble of imaginary facts and truth of by-painting. Munden he made born at "Stoke Pogeis:" the very sound of which was like the actor speaking and digging his words. He knew how many false conclusions and pretensions are made by men who profess to be guided by facts only, as if facts could not be misconceived, or figments taken for them; and, therefore, one day, when somebody was speaking of a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, "Now," said he, "I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man" This did not hinder his being a man of the greatest veracity, in the ordinary sense of the word; but "Truth," he said, "was precious, and not to be wasted on every body."

Lamb had seen strange faces of calamity; but they did not make him love those of his fellow-creatures the less. Few persons guessed what he had suffered in the course of his life, till his friend Talfourd wrote an account of it, and showed the hapless warping that disease had given to the fine brain of his sister.

AMERICAN VANITY.

WE are not at all surprised at what in this country is most foolishly called the conceit and vanity of the Americans. What people in the world have so fine, so magnificent a country? Besides that, they have some reason to be proud of themselves. We have given the chief features of their eastern and inland territory; if the reader has any imagination for ideas of this kind, let him picture to himself what will be the aspect of things when the tide of population has crossed the long range of the Rocky Mountains, and, occupying the valleys of the western coast, has built other Bostons and New Yorks in the harbors of Oregon and California. This tide of population is now advancing along a line of more than a thousand miles, at the rate of eighteen miles a year; and each year, as the population behind becomes larger, the number of new settlers is increased, and the rate of advance is accelerated. This vast crowd of ever-onward-pressing settlers is not formed of the same materials as the inhabitants of an European province: that is, there are not at its head a few intelligent, but delicately-brought-up men of capital, while all the rest are ignorant laborers; but every one of these pioneers of civilization can handle the ax and the rifle, and can "calculate." If ever these magnificent dreams of the American people are realized—and all that is wanted for their realization is that things should only go on as they have been going on for the last two centuries—there will be seated upon that vast continent a population greater than that of all Europe, all speaking the same language, all active-minded, intelligent, and well off. They will stand, as it were, the centre of the world, between the two great oceans, with Europe on one hand and Asia on the other. With such a future before him, we must pardon the Yankee if we find a little dash of self-complacency in his composition; and bear with the surprise and annoyance which he expresses at finding that we know so little of himself or of his country. Our humble opinion is that we ought to know better.

Great as is the influence which America has already had upon Europe, we conceive that this is a mere intimation of the influence which it is destined to have upon the world.—*Frazer's Mag*

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THE DOMESTIC EVENTS of the month (which, in accordance with requests from many quarters, this Magazine will hereafter regularly record) have not been numerous or very important. The *Invasion of Cuba*, by a force collected, organized, armed, officered, and disciplined within the United States, and the successful repulse of that invasion, have been the leading topic of comment. The expedition, 300 in number, left New Orleans, under command of General LOPEZ, on the 25th of April and the 2d of May, and landed at Cardenas on the morning of the 19th of May. A brief struggle ensued between the invaders and the troops, in which the latter were repulsed, the governor captured, his palace plundered, and a large quantity of public money seized. The invaders had counted upon accessions to their ranks from the Spanish army, and from the disaffected inhabitants. In this, however, they were entirely disappointed, and LOPEZ accordingly re-embarked on the steamer which had taken him thither, and with a few of his followers, made his escape to the United States, leaving the great body of his adherents to the tender mercies of the authorities of Cuba. Lopez has been arrested at New Orleans, and awaits trial on charge of having violated the United States neutrality act of 1818: and a good deal of interest is felt in the disposition which the Cuban authorities will make of the prisoners who have fallen into their hands. It seems that a Spanish steamer captured two vessels in the Mexican waters, laden with men whom they suspected of having intended to join the invading expedition, and took them into Havana. The President of the United States has made a peremptory demand for the release of these prisoners, and declares that a clear distinction must be made between those proved guilty of actual participation, and those suspected of an intention to join, in the invasion. The result of this demand is not yet known. It is not believed, however, that the Cuban authorities will pursue a course of unnecessary or unjust rigor, as it could scarcely fail to involve them in serious difficulties with the United States.

Both Houses of CONGRESS are still engaged in debating the various questions growing out of slavery. In the House a bill for the immediate admission of California is pending, and debate upon it has been closed; but a decisive vote is evaded from day to day. Whenever that can be reached, there will probably be found to be a majority in favor of the bill. In the Senate a bill is pending which provides: 1. For the admission of California; 2. For organzing territorial governments for New Mexico and Utah, without any provision on the subject of slavery; and 3. For paying Texas a sum not specified, for relinquishing her claim to a part of New Mexico. The bill has been very fully and very ably discussed, and votes have been taken upon a great number of amendments to it, the most important of which was one prohibiting slavery forever from these territories. This was offered by Senator Seward of New York, and rejected, 33 to 23. It is believed that the final vote will be taken upon the bill before many days: the chances are in favor of its passage.

The attention of Congress has been so thoroughly occupied with these bills, that no other business of any importance has been transacted or even entertained. The general subject of slavery, which gives to them all their interest, has entered largely into the public discussions of the month. Mr. WEBSTER has written a letter to the citizens of Newburyport, Mass., upon the wrong done to the South by refusing to surrender their fugitive slaves, urging the necessity for a more stringent law, and expressing the opinion, that there is nothing, either in the spirit or the letter of the Constitution, requiring a jury trial to determine the question of slavery, when an alleged fugitive is seized. This letter has elicited a reply from Hon. HORACE MANN, of the House, also from Massachusetts, which enforces the contrary opinion, with abundant and vehement rhetoric and cogent argument. Prof. STUART, of Andover, has also published a pamphlet in support of Mr. Webster's views on the general subject.——The convention of delegates intended to represent the slave-holding states, called some months since, met at Nashville, Tenn., on the 3d of June, and adjourned after a session of ten days. Judge SHARKEY, of Mississippi, presided. The attendance was thin, delegates being present from less than half the districts interested, and they having been elected by less than a tenth of the popular vote. Resolutions were adopted, affirming the claims of the slave-holding states, and the convention adjourned to meet again six weeks after the adjournment of Congress. then to take such action as the legislation of the present session may render necessary.——A new paper called "The Southern Press" has been established at Washington, for the express purpose of advocating the interests of slavery. It is under the patronage of 57 southern members of Congress, and is intended to abstain from partisan discussions.——The subject of slavery also influences the action of the State Legislatures, which are in session, to a great extent. In the Connecticut Senate, resolutions approving of the bill pending in the U. S. Senate were rejected, 16 to 6. The Legislature has made two unsuccessful efforts to elect a U. S. Senator, in place of Mr. Baldwin, whose term expires with this session.——Senator DICKINSON, of New York, received from his polit-

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ical friends the compliment of a public dinner in the city of New York, on the 17th ult.——Hon. EDWARD GILBERT, Member of Congress elect from California, attended a public dinner at Albany, the place of his early residence, on the 4th. In an eloquent speech which he made upon that occasion, he expressed the ardent attachment of California to the Union, and the determination of her people not to permit slavery to be introduced within her limits.——A convention in Ohio, to revise the Constitution of that state, is now in session. The tendency of its action, so far as it is developed, has been toward greater equality and democratic freedom.——A similar convention is also in session in Michigan.——Gov. CRITTENDEN of Kentucky, recently visited Indiana by special invitation of Gov. Wright, of that state. The two being political opponents, and the visit being in some sense of an official character, the circumstance has attracted a good deal of attention. The reception of Gov. Crittenden was public, and very happy greetings were exchanged on both sides. Gov. C. made a very eloquent speech, expressing the value of the American Union and the devotion of the American people to its preservation.——The anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated with great *éclat* at Boston, on the 17th. The Oration was delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett, and was one of his most finished and eloquent efforts.——The treaty between Great Britain and the United States, negotiated at Washington, has been ratified by the Senate. It is highly honorable to both countries, and advantageous to the interests of commerce throughout the world. The neutrality of the Isthmus, in case of war, is mutually guaranteed.——The war between Faustin and the Dominicans is still continued: a vessel fitted out at New York, and laden with cannon and munitions of war, for the emperor, has been seized by the U. S. authorities, and detained for violation of the neutrality act of 1818.

Our intelligence from CALIFORNIA is to the 1st of May. Trade was dull but was receiving an impulse from the reopening of the season for mining. The Legislature had adjourned after passing a large number of bills. One of its most important acts was one imposing a tax of $25 per month upon every foreigner who should dig for gold in the mines. The measure was vindicated on grounds of justice as well as from the necessities of the state treasury: difficulty was apprehended in some quarters in attempting to carry it out.——Public meetings had been held in regard to the unjust delay to which the application of the state for admission into the Union, is subjected by Congress. Intimations were thrown out that the state would withdraw her application and maintain her independence, unless action should be had: but they do not express any thing like the general sentiment of the people.——New veins of gold had been discovered—new towns commenced, and emigrants continued to arrive. Several heavy failures had occurred, but business generally was good.

From the Isthmus of Panama we have news to the 1st of June. A serious riot had occurred there between the emigrants and the natives in which two or three were killed on each side. It grew out of the arrest of a negro boy on charge of theft, and a supposition on the part of the natives that the Americans intended to hang him. Such an incident, however, indicates an unpleasant state of feeling between the parties. Quiet, however, had been restored.

Of LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC Intelligence there is not much. Notices of the most important books published during the month will be found in another department of this Magazine. The question of the *Unity of the Human Race* has been recently revived by some incidental remarks made at Charleston, S. C., by Prof. Agassiz of Harvard, which were opposed to that theory. Dr. Smyth, a learned divine of that city, wrote a book in refutation of the Professor; and we observe that the latter has persued the matter still farther in a lecture subsequently delivered at Boston. He does not enter, however, into any full discussion of the subject, but takes occasion to disavow the intention imputed to him, of designing to question the authenticity or authority of the Mosaic Record.

Prof. LEWIS, of Union College, has published an Address delivered there some months since, in which he reviews with great ability the theories and schemes so abundant at the present day, of which Nature, Progress, and Ideas are the common watchwords. He treats them all as branches of *Naturalism* and as in direct hostility to the Scriptural doctrine of the Divine government. The discourse is marked by the scholarship, vigor, and clear analysis which characterize all the productions of this distinguished writer.——Bishop HUGHES has also entered the lists against the prevalent Socialism of the day; not, however, in an original work but by causing to be reprinted the French work of the Abbé Martinet, entitled "Religion in Society," and by writing an introduction to it.——A new book on *California*, by Rev. WALTER COLTON, is soon to be issued. Even in the multiplicity of books upon this subject that have recently been given to the public, one from Mr. Colton's pen can hardly fail to attract and reward attention.——A work on the *Logic and Utility of Mathematics*, by Prof. DAVIES, is announced by Barnes & Co. Prof. D. is singularly happy in presenting mathematical truth clearly and attractively to the mind, and we anticipate, in this new work upon the characteristic advantages of his favorite studies, a production that will be widely useful, in promoting juster views of Education and better modes for its successful prosecution.——Prof. BARTLETT of the West Point Academy, announces a new work on *Natural Philosophy*, for the use of Colleges, which

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will be of value.——Mr. E. D. Mansfield of Cincinnnati, a clear, strong and judicious writer, has also in press, a Treatise on *American Education*, which will be pretty certain to contain a good many practical suggestions worthy of attention.——The Reader of the opening article in this number of the New Monthly Magazine, will be glad to learn that an edition of the writings of De Quincey is soon to be issued from the Boston press of Ticknor, Reed and Fields. No living English writer equals De Quincey in his peculiar department; in acute analytical power, and in the precision with which he uses language. He does not write for the masses—but to literary men, persons of cultivated taste and a critical habit, an edition of his Essays and multifarious sketches will be exceedingly acceptable. We presume, however, that nothing like a complete collection of his writings can be made. ——An illustrated Edition of Longfellow's *Evangeline* is also announced, and a new volume of Poems by John G. Whittier, one of the most vigorous and masculine of living poets. Like other poets of the day, Mr. Whittier addicts himself somewhat overmuch to hobbies, and his present volume is to be mainly made up of Poems upon Labor.——Lowell, also, has a new Poem in press, called *The Nooning*.——A new volume by Rev. Henry Giles, entitled *Christian Thoughts on Life*, is announced. Mr. Giles is an exceedingly fluent, vigorous and brilliant writer.——A spicy controversy has grown out of a needless fling at the memory of John Jacob Astor, in a lecture delivered some months since by the Hon. Horace Mann. Mr. C A. Bristed, grandson of the deceased Mr. Astor, has replied to it in a pungent letter, vindicating his kinsman's character and assailing with a good degree of vigor and success some of the radical theories propounded by Mr. Mann. ——A new play, entitled *The Very Age*, by E. S. Gould, is in press, and will soon be issued by the Appletons. It is said to be a sharp and successful hit at sundry follies which have too much currency in society.——A good deal of public interest has been excited by the announcement of an alleged scientific discovery made by Mr. Henry M. Paine, of Massachusetts. He claims to have established the positions that Water is a simple substance: that hydrogen gas is produced by the combination of positive electricity, and oxygen by the combination of negative electricity, with water; and that by passing the hydrogen thus obtained through spirits of turpentine in its natural state, it becomes carbonized and will support combustion. The practical result claimed from the discovery is the ability to furnish *light* and *heat* indefinitely at a merely nominal expense. The importance of it, if it prove to be real, can not well be overrated. The possibility of the thing, however, is peremptorily denied by scientific men, and it must be evident to all that it directly contradicts scientific principles that have been regarded as fundamental. Practical experiment alone, made under proper restrictions and scientific supervision, can determine its reality. If established the revolution it would produce in the economy of life would not be greater than that which would result from it in the received theories of science.

The Foreign events of the past month have not been of striking interest or importance. A diplomatic quarrel between England and France is the only incident which has attracted any general attention. This misunderstanding has grown out of the demands of British subjects, supported by their government, against the government of Greece, for losses sustained through its agency; but it is so entirely a matter of form that no serious result can well be apprehended. For some years past the English government has been pressing King Otho to an adjustment of these claims. One of the most important of them is that of Mr. George Finlay, who, when the Turks were leaving Greece on the formation of the Hellenic Kingdom, purchased certain portions of land from some of these emigrants. This was as long ago as in 1830, and his right to the property thus purchased and paid for was never disputed. But six years afterward King Otho seized upon these lands in order to inclose them in the royal gardens, and he has never paid for the property to this day. Another claim is that of Mr. Pacifico, a British subject, born at Gibraltar, and occupying at Athens the office of Portuguese Consul. It has been the custom for some years at Athens, on Easter-day, to burn an effigy of Judas Iscariot; but, in 1847, in consequence of the presence of Baron Rothschild, the government prevented the ceremony. The idle and reckless portion of the people, to whom such public spectacles are always matters of most interest, spread the report that Mr. Pacifico, being a Jew, had occasioned the discontinuance of this custom. A mob was soon raised by this report, which went to the house of the obnoxious consul, beat in the door, plundered the house of money to the amount of 9800 drachmas, and destroyed papers proving claims upon the Portuguese government to the amount of £21,295. For these losses Mr Pacifico claimed restitution, and invoked the protection and aid of the British government in securing it.

These are the leading claims which have given occasion to the pending difficulties. The British government took up the subject and pressed the Greek authorities for payment of the claims. This was refused, and force was resorted to. The ports of Greece were blockaded and a bombardment threatened. This led France to offer her mediation, and Baron Gros was dispatched by the French government to Athens to arrange the dispute with Mr. Wyse, the British agent. The British government, for a long time, refused to allow the intervention of France, as the question in controversy was one which did not require or allow such interference But M. Drouyn de Lhuys being sent to London, a negotiation was prosecuted for three or four months, which resulted in an agreement between

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the two governments. Meantime Baron Gros at Athens, having interrupted proceedings there, Mr. Wyse resumes his demands upon the government of Greece, and, by strenuous coercion, secures all he had demanded. And Lord Palmerston decided that his proceedings must hold good. The French government was, of course, indignant at this disregard of the London convention, and withdrew her Minister from London. The dispute, at the latest dates, had not been settled, but it is not likely to lead to any thing more serious than a temporary estrangement between the two nations. It is generally believed that the quarrel is kept open by the French government, because it serves to divert public attention somewhat from the unpopular and unconstitutional abridgment of the suffrage, and because it has created an excitement favorable to the views and purposes of Louis Napoleon.

Not the least important result of this controversy has been the new position which it has induced Russia and Austria to take, in regard to the rights of British subjects residing within their dominions. The sympathies of these two nations, as well as of France, are, of course, with Greece: and the attempt of England to extend full protection to its subjects residing at Athens, has led the Emperor of Russia to address a note to Lord Palmerston, stating that he utterly rejects the principle on which British subjects or any other foreign residents in his own states, or those of any other government, had a right to be treated more favorably than the native subjects of such state; and he added, that for his part, he should expect such strangers, the moment they came to reside in his dominions, to conform themselves to the laws and usages practiced by Russians. An old law or custom had existed in Russia to this effect; it had long fallen into desuetude; but on the present occasion it has been revived by the emperor, and is now in force. The note of the Emperor of Austria is to the same effect; and though separate from that of Russia, runs concurrently with it. Lord Palmerston replied to this note, and received an answer couched in still stronger language and concluding in the following emphatic clause: "As the manner in which Lord Palmerston understands the protection due to English subjects in foreign countries carries with it such serious inconvenience, Russia and Austria will not henceforth grant the liberty of residence to English subjects, except on condition of their renouncing the protection of their Government." These documents have not been published, but their substance is given on the authority of the London Times.

The doings of the British Parliament have not been of special importance, though they have involved the discussion of important measures. The misunderstanding with France gave rise to repeated demands on the part of Lord Brougham and others, and explanations by the ministers, in which the latter have been vehemently, and with apparent justice, charged with prevarication and concealment.—The Subject of University Reform has been incidentally discussed in the House of Lords but without decisive results.

In the House of Commons attention was called to the case of the black steward of a British vessel who had been taken out of the ship at Charleston, S. C. and imprisoned for two months simply because he was *a Man of Color*.—Lord Palmerston said that the case was not new; that such a law as that mentioned existed in the State of Carolina; and that the British government had remonstrated against it as a violation of the principles of international law, as well as of the treaty of 1815: but the reply had been that the Federal government was unable to revoke the law, and that, if England insisted, the American government would be compelled to terminate the treaty of 1815. The English government, therefore, had not thought it expedient to press the matter further; but it should be remembered that the law is known, and that those who go there expose themselves to it voluntarily. This acquiescence of the British government in a law and practice of one of the United States, directly in violation of the rights of British subjects, has not escaped severe animadversion.

The subject of a sinecure office in the Archdiocese of Canterbury has attracted some attention. It seems that the emoluments of the office of Register of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, have been from £9000 to £12,000 per annum, and that the office itself is a sinecure. The usage has been, that the archbishop for the time being should nominate the incumbent of the office and two successors. Archbishop Moore appointed his two sons, and they in succession held the office. Dr. Manners Sutton appointed his grandson, the present Lord Canterbury, to the reversion of the office—that grandson being then ten or twelve years old. The late Dr. Howley made a communication to the government, that, in the conscientious fulfillment of his duty he could not fill up the reversion of this sinecure when it became vacant in 1845; and it remained vacant at his death When Dr. Sumner, the present archbishop, succeeded, he found the reversion of the office vacant, and immediately filled it up, by appointing his son, a young gentleman studying in the Temple. Lord John Russell stated that the matter was under inquiry and that the office would either be abolished or greatly altered.—The general subject of reducing the salaries and wages paid in every department of the public service, has also been discussed. The general sentiment seemed to be that the servants of government were not overpaid, and the motion for an address upon the subject was negatived.

While the bill for the government of the Australian Colonies was up, an amendment was submitted to deprive the Colonial office of all interference with the local administration of the colonies, and to give them the uncontrolled

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management of their own affairs. Sir W. Molesworth, who moved the amendment, closed a speech in support of it by saying that there was a striking analogy between the government of the United States and that which ought to be the system of government in their colonial empire. "For," he said, "the United States form a system of states clustered round a central republic; our colonial empire ought to be a system of colonies clustered round the hereditary monarchy of England. The hereditary monarchy should possess the powers of government, with the exception of that of taxation, which the central republic possesses. If it possessed less, the empire would cease to be one body politic; if it continue to possess more, the colonies will be discontented at the want of self-government, and on the first occasion will imitate their brethren in America." The motion was negatived by 165 to 42. This vote is important as an indication of the sentiment of Parliament in regard to Colonial government.—A motion to form an ecclesiastical Constitution for the Australian Colonies was defeated.

The bill reducing the franchise required to constitute a Parliamentary voter in Ireland to £8, has been passed. The discussion of this bill, and the action upon it, is important as showing the tendency of public sentiment in England toward a greater infusion of the democratic element into the government. The bill was opposed expressly upon the ground of its democratic tendencies by Lord Bernard, Mr. Napier, Lord Jocelyn, Mr. Disraeli, and others, and its principal supporters were Mr. Sheil, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell. Sir JAMES GRAHAM'S speech was remarkable for the broad ground on which he supported the measure; alluding to the objection that the bill would unduly enlarge the constituent body, he said, "I do not object to it on that ground. I must say, considering the increase of the democratic element in our institutions, that I see the greatest danger in erecting an immense superstructure upon a narrow electoral basis. Sir, if that superstructure can not stand upon an extended electoral basis, I am sure that a narrow basis can not long sustain it. On principle, therefore, I can not object to this bill as it extends that basis. Allusion has been made to what has lately been witnessed elsewhere, and I think it is not good policy to neglect examples which are patent and before our eyes. If I were to mention what in my humble judgment was the immediate cause of the fall of the kingly power of Louis Philippe, it would be, that he attempted to maintain the semblance of representative government with a constituent body, which, as compared with the great bulk of the population, was dangerously narrow, and utterly inadequate. What was the consequence? A tumult arose in the metropolis, and the government was overthrown without a struggle. His power was buried in this ruin; and the consequence has been, that for the last two years the nation has been plunged into anarchy, and property and life have been rendered insecure. But what is the return of the wave, and the reaction from that state of things following the universal extension of the suffrage in France? The return is a desire to base the suffrage, restricted as compared with universal suffrage, on household suffrage, on permanent residence, and the payment of local taxation. And, I am sure that that is a safe basis on which to rest the franchise." These remarks were loudly cheered throughout. The result of the division was that the third reading was carried by 254 to 186, and the bill passed.

Other questions not directly political, but involving interests of importance, have been brought in various ways into discussion, of which we find a summary notice in the "Household Narrative." The Metropolitan Interments bill has made no further progress in the House of Commons. Lord Ashley has withdrawn his opposition to the government proposal for giving practical efficacy to the Ten Hours Act; and all the more rational of the Ten Hours champions have signified acquiescence in the compromise. When the bill shall have passed, factories will be worked from six to six on five days in the week, and between six and two on Saturdays, with perfect leisure after two on the latter day, and with an hour and a half for meals and leisure on each of the former. A measure not less interesting to masses of the most industrious part of the population, is the scheme for securing more direct responsibility in the management of Savings Banks, and for extending the power of government to grant annuities and life assurances of small amounts through the medium of those institutions, which is now before the House of Commons for discussion. Various projects of law reform have been started. A commission has been issued, preparatory to a reform of the system of special pleading. Lord Campbell has introduced a bill to simplify criminal pleadings, and prevent the lamentable and too notorious defects of justice on small technical points; the same dignitary has declared, in judgment on a case in the Queen's Bench, that the intervention of an attorney is not essential in the employment of a barrister, but that the latter may receive his instructions directly from the party to the suit. A spirited attempt is in progress, by Mr. Keogh, to reform the Ecclesiastical Courts in Ireland; and the Lord High Chancellor Cottenham has issued a series of orders which will have the effect of dispensing, in a large class of suits, with the formality of bill and answer, and of providing for the reference to the master, on a mere observance of certain very simple forms. A motion to repeal the advertisement duty was lost, 208 to 39. A motion to inquire into the sanitary condition of the journeymen bakers was negatived, 90 to 44. A bill, the principal object of which was to place in the hands of the Board of Commissioners the regulation of all the Irish fisheries, was lost by a majority of 197 to 37. A bill proposing to allow railway companies to buy

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waste lands on the margins of their railways and establish cemeteries on them, was thrown out by 123 to 4. Lord John Russell has introduced a bill to abolish the *Viceregal Office in Ireland*. The bill gives power to the Queen to abolish the office by order in Council; to appoint a fourth Secretary of State, chargeable, like the others, with any of the functions of a Secretary of State, but in practice with Irish affairs: some of the functions of the Lord Lieutenant will be transferred to the Secretary for the Home Department, others be given to Her Majesty in Council. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland will be President of the Privy Council in Ireland. The bill was opposed by several Irish members, but leave was given to bring it in by 107 to 13.

An official correspondence on the intention of Ministers to issue a Royal Commission of inquiry into the state and revenues of the UNIVERSITIES of Oxford and Cambridge has appeared in the newspapers. Lord John Russell, after announcing the Ministerial intention in his place in Parliament, wrote to the Chancellor of the two Universities "to explain the views of her Majesty's confidential servants in recommending this measure to her Majesty's approbation." His letter is now published; and the other portion of the correspondence given to the public, is the letter of the Duke of Wellington to the authorities of the University of Oxford, requesting them to take the Premier's letter into consideration, and give him the assistance of their opinions in a report; and the report of the University authorities rendered in compliance with that request. Lord John Russell, in his letter, after alluding briefly to the legality of the Commission, puts forward the following general considerations: "No one will now deny, that in the course of three centuries the increase of general knowledge, the growth of modern literature, the discoveries of physical and chemical science, have rendered changes in the course of study at our national Universities highly expedient. The Universities themselves have acknowledged this expediency, and very large reforms of this nature have been adopted both at Oxford and at Cambridge. These improvements, so wisely conceived, reflect the highest credit on those learned bodies." He then proceeds to state the general line of the limitations of the proposed action of the government, saying that it is not to obstruct, but only to facilitate the changes and improvements already in progress. Both the Universities have warmly protested against the Commission.

Preparations for the INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION of 1851 continue to be made. It is stated that about £50,000 has been subscribed toward the grand Industrial Exhibition, and nearly 200 local committees formed to promote. A project has been started to connect with it a religious congress of the Christians of all nations. To questioning in Parliament, it has been answered by the Minister that no government supply was contemplated beyond the expenses of the Royal Commission. The various German Powers have united, and the Commission in London has apportioned 100,000 square feet of space to the service of the German exhibitors generally, 60,000 square feet being reserved for the States of the Zoll-Verein 30,000 for Austria, and 10,000 for the Nortl German States and the Hanse Towns.

The transactions of the London SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES for the month present nothing worthy of record. The Zoological Society has received a new and valuable collection of animals, and among them the first live hippopotamus ever brought to Europe.—Letters from Mr. LAYARD, who is prosecuting his researches in the East, have been received to the 18th of March, in which he mentions the Arab reports of remarkable antiquities in the desert of Khabour, which have never been visited by European footsteps, and toward the exploration of which he was just setting out, with an escort of Arab Sheiks and their followers, in all, to the number of seventy or eighty in company. During his absence on this new track, the excavations at Nimrood are to be continued by the parties employed on that work, which has recently furnished interesting acquisitions to Mr. Layard's collection. One important inscription is mentioned, and more winged-lions and bulls.

The Times has an account of a new invention for extinguishing fires, the work of Mr. Phillips—the agent used being a mixture of gas and vapor. A public experiment was made with it, at which a compartment of a large open building, quite twenty feet high inside, was fitted up with partitions and temporary joisting of light wood, well soaked with pitch and turpentine, and overhung besides with rags and shavings soaked in the like manner. The torch was applied to this erection, and the flames, which ascended immediately, at length roared with a vehemence which drove the spectators back to a distance of forty feet, and were already beyond the power of water. The inventor then brought forward one of his hand machines, and threw out a volume of gaseous vapor, which in half a minute entirely suppressed all flame and combustion; and to show that the vapor which now filled the space was quite innoxious, Mr. Phillips mounted into the loft, and passed and repassed through the midst of it with a lighted candle in his hand. The machine with which this effect was accomplished, was rather larger than a good sized coffee-pot, and consisted of three tin cases, one within another, and mutually communicating. There was a small quantity of water in the bottom of the machine, and in the centre case was a composite cake, of the size and color of peat, containing in the middle of it a phial of sulphuric acid and chlorate of potash. In order to put the machine into action this phial is broken, and a gaseous vapor is generated so rapidly and in such quantity that it immediately rushes out from a lateral spout with great impetuosity

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Mr. Phillips explained that a machine of any size could be made according to the purpose for which it was intended.

Some recent experiments on light, in Paris, have attracted a good deal of attention in the scientific circles. M. Foucault is said to have practically demonstrated that light travels less rapidly through water than through air, though he made his experiments with instruments devised by M. Arago, and mainly under his direction. The importance of the discovery may be judged of from the fact that for the last twelve years M. Arago has been pondering over it, and on the means of effecting it.

Experiments have been made on the means of protecting the hands against molten metal. M. Corne, in a paper submitted to the Academy of Sciences, thus details them:

"Having determined on investigating the question, whether the employment of liquid sulphurous acid for moistening the hands would produce a sensation of coldness, when they are immersed in the melted metal, I immersed my hands, previously moistened with sulphurous acid, in the melted lead, and experienced a sensation of decided cold. I repeated the experiment of immersing the hand in melted lead and in fused cast-iron. Before experimenting with the melted iron, I placed a stick, previously moistened with water, in the stream of liquid metal, and on withdrawing it found it to be almost as wet as it was before, scarcely any of the moisture was evaporated. The moment a dry piece of wood was placed in contact with the heated metal, combustion took place. M. Covlet and I then dipped our hands into vessels of the liquid metal, and passed our fingers several times backward and forward through a stream of metal flowing from the furnace, the heat from the radiation of the fused metal being at the same time almost unbearable. We varied these experiments for upward of two hours; and Madame Covlet, who assisted at these experiments, permitted her child, a girl of nine years of age, to dip her hand in a crucible of red hot metal with impunity. We experimented on the melted iron, both with our hands quite dry, and also when moistened with water, alcohol, and ether. The same results were obtained as with melted lead, and each of us experienced a sensation of cold when employing sulphurous acid."

A circular from Prof. Schumacher has brought an announcement of the discovery of a new telescopic comet, by Dr. Peterson, at the Royal Observatory of Altona, on the 1st of May. "Unfavorable weather," says Mr. Hind, writing to the *Times*, "prevented any accurate observation that evening, but on the following morning at 11 o'clock, mean time, the position was in right ascension $19^h\ 24^m\ 8^s$, and north declination $71°\ 19'\ 34''$. The comet is therefore situate in the constellation Draco. The right ascension diminishes about $48''$ and the declination increases about $8'$ in the space of one day.

The Literary Intelligence of the month comprises the issue of no books of very great pretensions. The *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt* was just ready for publication, and from the extracts given in the preceding pages of this Magazine, our readers will readily judge it to be a book of more than ordinary interest. It is full of anecdote and incident, often trivial in themselves, but sketched with that *naïveté* and warmth of manner which constitute the charm of whatever Hunt writes. It will be a favorite with summer readers. Two octavo volumes of Selections from *Modern State Trials*, by Mr. Townsend, have been published: they comprise only five state trials properly so called, the rest being trials for murder, forgery, dueling, &c. The book is interesting and eminently readable. General Klapka's *Memoirs of the War in Hungary* have been published, and attract the attention of the critical pen. The author was one of the leading generals in that gallant but unsuccessful struggle; and his opinions of the men engaged in it, and the causes of its failure, are therefore entitled to notice and respect. He regards the raising of the siege of Komorn as the turning point in the campaign. He speaks of Kossuth and Görgey as the two great spirits of the war—the one a civilian, the other a soldier. The Athenæum condenses his views concerning them very successfully. Kossuth, according to him was a great and generous man, of noble heart and fervid patriotism, at once an enthusiast and a statesman, gifted with "a mysterious power" over "the hearts of his countrymen;" possibly, however, of too melancholic and spiritual a temperament for the crisis, and unfortunately a civilian, so that notwithstanding his "marvelous influence to rouse and bring into action the hidden energies of the masses," he could not "give them a military organization; Görgey, on the other hand, an able, hard-headed soldier, believing only in battalions, and capable of using them well, but wanting enthusiasm, without great principle, without even patriotism, taciturn and suspicious, chafing against authority, and aiming throughout chiefly at his own ends in the struggle, wanting that breadth of intellect or strength of courage that might have made his selfishness splendid in its achievement. Had Kossuth had the mi[l]itary training of Görgey, or had Görgey ha[d] [c]alled heart of Kossuth; or, finally, had there [M]inister perfect co-operation between the tw[o] [a]bly on the the parties which they represente[d] the French might have been saved. Nor, s[o] [c]onsequence of inwas concerned, was there any [c]onditions on which co-operation. His disintereste[d] [a]s mediator in the at last to resign all into th[e] [h]er, after a summary would have led him to do s[o] [m]e misunderstanding, sary, at first. But Perc[y] [s]hould be set to rights, erals, who were friends [t]his demand not having Görgey; never had full [a]ppeared to us that the accused him from the fir[st] [s]ojourn at London is not is alive and rich; the [d]ignity of the Republic. bodies of many of his f[o]dered me to invite you to by the bullet or strang[e]r having accredited M.

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rope, others live exiles in various lands. Of these last is Kossuth. There is something striking in the unanimity with which all testimonies combine as to the nobility of this man. Even Görgey, his foe, once wrote to General Klapka—"Kossuth alone is a classical and generous character. It is a pity he is not a soldier." General Klapka's own book is an involuntary commentary on this one text—"O that Kossuth had been a soldier!"

A volume of selections from papers contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, by Mr. HENRY ROGERS, has been published. They relate chiefly to questions of religious interest, or have an indirect bearing upon religious philosophy. Comparing them with the similar papers of Sir James Stephen, a critical journal says, the author is less wide and comprehensive in his range, in expression less eloquent and original, but more practical in his views. He attacks the two extremes of Tractarianism and Skepticism; gives large and sound expositions of Dr. Whately's views of criminal jurisprudence; and attempts special biographical sketches, such as Fuller's, Luther's, Pascal's, and Plato's.

The fourth volume of SOUTHEY's *Life and Correspondence* has been issued, and sustains the interest of this very attractive work. Southey's Letters are among the best in the language, easy, unaffected, full of genial, intelligent criticisms upon men, books, and things; and abounding in attractive glimpses of the lives and characters of the eminent literary men who were his contemporaries. The new volume mentions that after Southey's acrimonious letters to Mr. William Smith, M. P. for Norwich, appeared, he was offered the editorship of the London Times, with a salary of £2000, and a share of the paper, but declined it.

The readers of the *Excursion* will remember that it was announced as the second part of a poem in three parts, called the *Recluse*. The first part was biographical, "conducting the history of the author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labor which he had proposed to himself;" and the third part consisted mainly of meditations in the author's own person. It is now stated that the poem has been left in the ceeds of the author's nephew, Rev. Dr. Chris- of the p- Wordsworth, with directions that it should that it is ned after his decease, together with the changes ohical notices as may be requisite to gress. Both th ritings. It is in fourteen cantos. tested against the personal friends and admirers

Preparations forms been held, to take steps to of 1851 continue to to his memory.

about £50.000 has t published a large number grand Industrial Exhmong which the following local committees formd Chesney has issued the ject has been started ative of the Government religious congress of thohrates; and a certain tions. To questioning orded his traveling imbeen answered by the Mis, in a lively little book ment supply was contemp1 English artist, lately resident in America, has described his *Adventures in California;* and Mr. Robert Baird, a Scotch invalid traveling for health, with strong party prepossessions, but shrewd observant habits, has published two volumes on the *West Indies and North America in* 1849. Also, pictures of travel in the Canadas, in a book called the *Shoe and Canoe*, by the Secretary to the Boundary Commissioners, Dr. Bagley; a very curious and complete revelation of Eastern life, in a *Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family*, described by Mr. Bayle St. John; a peep into *Nuremberg and Franconia*, by Mr. Whiting; a summer ramble through *Auvergne and Piedmont*, by the intelligent Secretary of the Royal Society, Mr. Weld; the record of a brief holiday in Spain, *Gazpacho*, by a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; *Notes from Nineveh*, by a clergyman who has lately had religious duties in the East; and a satisfactory and compendious compilation called *Nineveh and Persepolis*, by one of the officials of the British Museum.

An article in the Quarterly Review, on the *Flight of Louis Philippe and his Family*, in the Revolution, has attracted a good deal of attention in Paris. It was written by Mr. Croker, from materials supplied by the ex-king himself, and denounces Lamartine and the leading actors of the revolution, with the utmost bitterness. Lamartine has written a reply to it, the chief object of which is to refute one of the principal assertions of Mr. Croker, by proving that he, Lamartine, not only did not take measures to prevent the flight of Louis Philippe and the members of his family, but that he actually exerted himself actively to have them placed out of the reach of danger. LEDRU ROLLIN has occupied his leisure, during his exile in London, by writing a book on the *Decadence of England*, which abounds in the most extravagant statements and predictions. It is denounced, in the strongest terms, as a worthless compound of malice and credulity.

The OBITUARY for the month embraces the name of M. GAY-LUSSAC, one of the great scientific men of Paris. The *Presse* says that few men have led a life so useful, and marked by so many labors. There is no branch of the physical and chemical sciences which is not indebted to him for some important discovery. Alone, or in conjunction with other eminent men, particularly with M. Thénard and M. de Humboldt, he carried his spirit of investigation into them all. At a very early age he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences. In 1810, says M. Pouillet, speaking in the name of that academy, when the university opened, at length, its public courses of high teaching, it sought to associate in that object the most eminent scientific men of France, and M. Gay-Lussac, though very young, recommended himself to it by the double title of chemist and natural philosopher. "M. Gay-Lussac was already famous by his discovery of the fundamental laws of the expansion of gas and vapors; by a balloon ascent the most im

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portant and almost the only one of which the history of science has any record to keep; and for many works on chemistry which tended to lay the bases on which that science was soon afterward to be established." M. Gay-Lussac was a peer of France.

The Brussels papers mention the premature death of M. P. SOUYET, the eminent chemist, at the early age of thirty-two. M. Souyet was professor of chemistry at the *Musée de l'Industrie*, and at the Royal Veterinary School at Brussels. His funeral, on the 6th inst., was attended by the most eminent scientific men in Brussels; and M. Quetelet delivered an address, in which he briefly enumerated the important discoveries and chemical investigations that have rendered the name of M. Souyet so well known. M. Souyet had written several valuable chemical works.

The EMPEROR OF CHINA, TAU-KWANG (the Lustre of Reason), "departed upon the great journey, and mounted upward on the dragon, to be a guest on high"—in other words died, on the 25th of February, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and thirtieth of his reign. His death is said to have been caused by the fatigue he underwent at the funeral ceremonies of the late Empress-Dowager, his mother-in-law. The nomination of a successor in China rests always with the Emperor, and before his death Tau-Kwang decreed that his fourth and only surviving son should succeed him. He ascended the throne the day of the Emperor's death, and is to reign under the title of Sze-hing. He is only nineteen years of age. Keying, the former Viceroy at Canton, is appointed his principal guardian, and will no doubt hold a high and an influential position in the Cabinet. It is not likely that any material change in the policy of the Government will take place, but from the enlightened character of Keying and his knowledge of foreigners, the tendency of any new measures will probably be toward a more liberal course.

The EARL OF ROSCOMMON died on the 15th inst. at Blackrock, near Dublin, in the fifty-second year of his age.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES SUTHERLAND, of the East India Company's Service, died suddenly on the 15th, at his house. He had enjoyed perfect health up to the day of his death, when he invited a large number of friends to dinner. He was giving instructions to his butler with respect to the wines in his drawing-room, and Lady Sutherland was standing near him. He suddenly grasped her shoulder, fell to the ground, and died in a few minutes. He was in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and had seen a great deal of service in India.

The "Scottish Press" records the demise of MRS. JEFFREY, the widow of one whose death was so recently the cause of an almost universal sorrow. Shortly after Lord Jeffrey's decease, his widow, affected in a more than ordinary degree by the sad event, broke up her establishment, and took up her abode with Mr. and Mrs. Empson, her son-in-law and daughter. Though naturally cheerful, her spirits never recovered the shock she sustained by the death of her distinguished partner, whom she has not survived four months. Mrs. Jeffrey was born in America, and was the grandniece of the celebrated John Wilkes, and second wife of the late Lord Jeffrey, to whom she was married in 1813.

Affairs in FRANCE are without change. The Assembly was proceeding with the bill for restricting the suffrage, and some of its sections had been adopted. No doubt was entertained of its final passage. It meets, however, with stern opposition, and will lay the foundation for a settled popular discontent, highly unfavorable to the permanence of the government or the tranquillity of the Republic. No immediate outbreak is apprehended, as the preparations of the government are too formidable to allow it the least chance of success. The government has adopted very stringent measures against the opposition press. On the 14th, M. Boulé, the great printer of the Rue de Coq-Heron, was deprived of his license as a printer. He was the printer of the "Voix du Peuple," the "Ré publique," the "Estafette," and several other papers. The authorities seized all the presses, and placed seals on them. In consequence of this step, the Editors issued a joint letter explaining how their papers were prevented from appearing. The editor of the "Voix du Peuple" was brought again before the tribunals on the same day for attacks on the government. In the one case the sentence previously pronounced against him of a year's imprisonment and a fine of 4000f. for an attack on M. Fould's budget was confirmed, and for the other he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 5000f. Courtois and the Abbé Chatel have been convicted by juries, of inflammatory speeches at electoral meetings. The former was condemned to a year's imprisonment and 1000f. fine, and two years' more imprisonment if the fine be not paid. The Abbé Chatel has a year's imprisonment and 500f. fine. It seems rather surprising that the government should obtain verdicts against the Socialists, considering how Socialism has spread in Paris.

The French Embassador having been recalled from St. James's, General la Hitte, the Minister of War, read to the National Assembly on the 16th, a letter he had written to the French Embassador at London, in consequence of infraction, by England, of the conditions on which France had agreed to act as mediator in the affairs of Greece. The letter, after a summary of the circumstances of the misunderstanding, and the demand that it should be set to rights, proceeded to say: "This demand not having been listened to, it has appeared to us that the prolongation of your sojourn at London is not compatible with the dignity of the Republic. The President has ordered me to invite you to return to France, after having accredited M.

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Marescalchi in quality of Chargé d'Affaires," and concludes, "You will have the goodness to read this present dispatch to Lord Palmerston." This announcement was received by the Right with loud acclamations, the Left, or Mountain party remaining silent.

In GERMANY the Erfurt Parliament, having finished the revisal of its proposed Constitution for the German Union, dissolved itself, and has been succeeded by two separate Convocations. The one is held in Frankfort, and consists of the representatives of the old Germanic confederation, convoked by the Emperor of Austria, with the object of re-organizing that confederation. This conference includes all the secondary States of the old confederation except Oldenburg and Frankfort itself, though the assembly is held within its own walls. The other, held at Berlin, was assembled by the king of Prussia, and consisted of twenty-one heads of sovereign houses, with representatives of the three Hanse towns, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck. This last convention has finished its sittings, and the members, previous to separating, were entertained by the king at a banquet on the 16th, when his majesty addressed them in a speech expressive of his satisfaction with their proceedings.

On the 22d *An Attempt was Made on the Life* of the King of Prussia, by a serjeant of artillery named Sesseloge, who fired a pistol at him as he was setting out for Potsdam, and wounded him slightly in the arm. The assassin was immediately apprehended.

The only political news from SPAIN during the month, related to some palace intrigues, in which the Queen, King-Consort, and General Narvaez were concerned. One evening in the last week of April the King suddenly notified to General Narvaez and the rest of the cabinet his intention of quitting Madrid in order not to be present at the accouchement of the Queen. After exhausting all means of persuasion to induce him to change his purpose, but which were of no avail, a council of ministers was held, in which it was decided to oppose by force the King's departure. His Majesty was placed under arrest. Sentries were stationed at the door of his apartment, and the King remained a prisoner during four hours, at the end of which time his Majesty capitulated, and even consented to accompany the Queen in an open carriage in her usual evening drive on the Prado.

After a *Drought of Five Years*, the province of Murcia has been visited by a copious rain. It was curious to observe the young children who had never seen rain in their lives, evince as much alarm as if some frightful accident had happened. Rain also has fallen in the vast "Huerta," or garden-land of Valencia: the simple inhabitants of the villages, in the height of their joy, have carried their tutelary saints about the streets with bands of rustic music.

At about a league from Saragossa a *Powder-mill exploded* and many lives were lost. Parts of human bodies, remnants of clothing, and the remains of beasts of burden, were found scattered in every direction. The edifice was shattered to pieces.

Since the Pope has established himself in ROME, that capital has been very quiet. The French commandant, General Baraguay d'Hilliers, has returned to Paris, but the French troops remain. The Pope adheres to his high-handed measures of reaction. Rome is full of mysterious rumors, not entitled, however, to much credit. The Pope is accused of an attempt to escape from that city, and his continuance there is only attributed to the vigilance with which his movements are watched by the French. Tuscany is about to be occupied by 14,000 Austrian troops, the time of occupation to be determined by the will and convenience of the Cabinet of Vienna. There is a rumor that, as a counterbalance, Savoy is to be occupied by a French army. It is feared that plans are in agitation for the political enthrallment of all Italy.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACES PROVED TO BE THE DOCTRINE OF SCRIPTURE, REASON, AND SCIENCE. By the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D.D. New York: George P. Putnam. 12mo, pp. 404.

THE question discussed in the present volume, is one that has excited great attention among modern savans, and more recently, has obtained a fresh interest from the speculations concerning it by the popular scientific lecturer Professor Agassiz of Harvard University. In many respects, Dr. Smyth has shown himself admirably qualified for the task he has undertaken. He brings to the discussion of the subject, the resources of great and various learning, the mature results of elaborate investigation, a familiarity with the labors of previous writers, and a lively and attractive style of composition. The argument from Scripture is dwelt upon at considerable length, and though presented in a forcible manner, betrays the presence of a certain tincture of professional zeal, which will tend to vitiate the effect on the mind of the scientific reader. Under the head of the Former Civilization of Black Races of Men, a great variety of curious facts are adduced, showing the original sagacity and advancement in all worldly knowledge and science, by which the family of Ham was distinguished. The testimony of a

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southern divine of such high eminence as Dr. Smyth, to the primitive equality in the intellectual faculties of the negro and European races, is not a little remarkable, and speaks well for his candor and breadth of comprehension. The discussion of the origin of the varieties in the human race is conducted with great ingenuity and copious erudition, but it must be admitted, hardly succeeds in making out a case to the satisfaction of the inquirer, who regards the subject only in the light of history and philosophy.

The influence of the theory which he opposes, on the relations of the Southern States, is considered by Dr. Smyth to be of a different character from that set forth by many writers. He believes that it would be suicidal to the South in the maintenance of her true position toward her colored population. The diversity of the Black and White races was never admitted by the fathers of the country. They always recognized the colored race which had been providentially among them for two centuries and a half as fellow-beings with the same original attributes, the same essential character, and the same immortal destiny. The introduction of a novel theory on the subject, Dr. Smyth maintains, would be in the highest degree impolitic and dangerous, removing from both master and servant the strongest bonds which now unite them, and by which they are restrained from licentious, immoral, and cruel purposes.

Without reference to many statements, which will produce the widest latitude of opinion in regard both to their soundness and their accuracy, the work of Dr. Smyth may be commended as a treatise of the highest importance in the scientific discussion to which it is devoted, abounding in materials of inestimable value to the student, filled with the proofs of rare cultivation and scholar-like refinement, and every way creditable to the attainments and the ability of the author and to the literature of the South.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE OF THE SLAVIC NATIONS; WITH A SKETCH OF THEIR POPULAR POETRY. By Talvi. With a preface by Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D. New York: George P. Putnam. 12mo., pp. 412.

IT is rarely that a subject is treated with the profound investigation, vigorous analysis, and intelligent comprehensiveness which are exhibited in the discussion of the interesting literary topics to which the present work is devoted. The authoress, whose name is concealed in the mystic word Talvi, is understood to be the lady of Rev. Professor Robinson, and her rare accomplishments in various departments of learning have long since established her intellectual reputation in the most cultivated European circles. Usually written in her native German language, her productions are perhaps not so extensively known in this country, although few of our educated scholars are ignorant of her researches in a province of literature with which her name has become, to a great degree, identified.

The volume now published is characterized by the extent and thoroughness of its investigations, its acute and judicious criticisms, its warm-hearted recognition of true poetry, even in an humble garb, and the force and facility of its style. The last trait is quite remarkable, considering the writer is using a foreign language. There is little, either in the translations or the original portion of the work, to remind us that it is the production of one to whom the language is not native.

After describing the old, ecclesiastical Slavic Literature, the authoress proceeds to the literary monuments of the Eastern and Western Slavi, giving an elaborate account of the Russian, Servian, Bohemian, and Polish literatures, with glances at the achievements of several less important branches of the great Slavic race. In the course of this discussion, a great variety of rare and curious information is presented, of high importance to the student of ethnography and history, and accompanied with complete and lucid references to the original sources. The most attractive feature of the work to the general reader will doubtless be the sketch of the popular poetry of the Slavic nations, illustrated with abundant specimens of songs and ballads, many of which are marked with a strong natural pathos and tenderness, and all of them possessing a certain rustic simplicity, which is usually of a very pleasing character, and seldom offensive.

HINTS TOWARD REFORMS, in Lectures, Addresses, and other Writings. By Horace Greeley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo, pp. 400.

A HANDSOME volume, consisting principally of Lectures delivered before popular Lyceums and Young Men's Associations, with several brief Essays on subjects of popular interest. The distinguished author presents his views on the various topics which come under discussion with inimitable frankness and good humor, and in the fresh, flowing, unaffected style, which gives such a charm to the productions of his pen, even with readers who most strongly dissent from his conclusions. Among the questions considered in this volume are The Emancipation of Labor, The Ideal and the Actual of Life, The Formation of Character, The Social Architects, Alcoholic Liquors, Tobacco, The Trade Reform, The Church and the Age, Humanity, and several others of perhaps still more general interest. The admirers of the author, as well as all who are interested in the question of Social Reform, whether ranking themselves among the Conservatives or Progressives, will welcome this work as the only compact and systematic expression of his peculiar theories, now before the public, and as a valuable manual for reference on many points which engage a large share of attention at the present day.

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ANTONINA; OR, THE FALL OF ROME. A Romance of the Fifth Century. By W. Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo, pp. 160.

IT is long since the English press has sent forth a more truly classical and magnificent romance, than the present narrative of some of the thrilling scenes which attended the downfall of the Roman Empire. The author has been known heretofore by the biography of his father, the celebrated historical and landscape painter, the friend of Coleridge and Allston; but that work gives no promise of the splendor of imagination, and the rare constructive power which are shown in the composition of Antonina. It is one of those rich and gorgeous portraitures, glowing with life and radiant with beauty, which make a profound impression on their first exhibition, and long continue to haunt the memory with their images of mingled loveliness and terror.

D. and J. Sadlier have issued a translation of the Abbe Martinet's celebrated *Solution of Great Problems placed within the Reach of every Mind*, with a preface by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of New York, Dr. Hughes. This work holds a high rank in modern Catholic literature, and is brought before the American public by Bishop Hughes in a warm introductory encomium. It discusses many of the leading religious questions of the day in a racy and pointed style, and while opposing what the author deems the errors of Protestantism in general, reserves its hottest fire for modern Pantheism, Socialism, Rationalism, and other kindred innovations, which he regards as gaseous exhalations from the bottomless pit, taking a visible form in these latter days. From the well-known ability of the author, and the spicy relish of his pen, the work is adapted to make a sensation beyond the pale of the Catholic Church, without taking in account the high-toned sarcasm of the preface, in which department of composition the talents of Bishop Hughes are unquestionable.

Harper and Brothers have issued the second number of Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*, a work, which from the novelty of its plan and the ability of its execution, has already proved a general favorite with the reading public. It combines the authenticity of history with the freshness of personal narrative, and in the richness and beauty of its embellishments is hardly surpassed by any of the serials of the day.

The same house have published an original translation of Lamartine's *Past, Present, and Future of the French Republic*, which will be read with interest on account of the character of the author, and the light it throws on the practical workings of Democracy in France, though it has little of the fiery rhetoric of most of his former writings.

Harper and Brothers have issued a reprint of Dr. Lardner's *Railway Economy in Europe and America*, a work overflowing with scientific, statistical, and practical details, and which will be considered as essential to all who wish to comprehend the subject, in its various bearings whether engineers, stockholders, or travelers, as fire and water to the locomotive. Dr. Lardner has brought together the results of long and laborious research, and many portions of his descriptive narrative are as entertaining as a novel, and more so.

D. Appleton & Co. have published *The Lone Dove*, an Indian story of the revolutionary period, redolent of sentimentality and romance run wild, betraying a great waste of power on the part of the anonymous writer, who has evidently more talent than is made use of to advantage in the present work.

Mezzofanti's Method applied to the Study of the French Language, by J. Romer, published by the same house, is a work of great philological interest, on account of the curious analogies which it describes, and contains an excellent collection of specimens from French poets and prose writers, but its value as a practical manual for the teacher can be determined only by use.

The *Ojibway Conquest*, by Kah-ge-gah-gah-bowh, or George Copway, issued by G. Putnam, will find a place among the curiosities of literature as the production of a native Indian Chief, whose muse has been inspired by the forest and stream of his original haunts, without having incurred a large debt to the influence of civilization. Copway is an exemplary Christian and an intelligent man, but he will get less fame from his poetry than from his descent.

Six Months in the Gold Mines, by E. Gould Buffum, from the press of Lea and Blanchard, is one of the most readable books which have sprung up under the California excitement, the author having been familiar with the country before the gold fever had broken out. His style is straight-forward and pleasant, showing more of the soldier and adventurer than the scholar, but none the worse for that. His information appears to have been collected with great care, when it was not gained by personal observation, and has the outward and inward signs of authenticity, to a very satisfactory degree. The book can not fail to be acceptable to all who have one foot in California, as well as to the few readers who are not in that condition.

Crocker and Brewster, Boston, have published an admirable treatise, entitled *Astronomy, or the World as It Is and as It Appears*, understood to be from the pen of a highly intelligent lady of that city. It is equally excellent for the chaste beauty of its style, the clearness of its scientific expositions, and the completeness and accuracy of the information which it presents.

W. B. Smith and Co., Cincinnati, have published a large *Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America*, by Daniel Drake, M.D., which discusses the subject with great learning, and in a popular style. It can hardly fail to take the rank of a standard authority in the important department which it treats.

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Summer Fashions.

FIG. 1. CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of bright apple-green silk; the skirt with three deep flounces pinked at the edges. The corsage high and plain. Mantelet of very pale lilac silk, trimmed with two rows of lace de laine of the same color, and each row of lace surmounted by passementerie. The lace extends merely round the back part of the mantelet, and the fronts are trimmed with passementerie only. Bonnet of white crinoline, with rows of lilac ribbon set on in bouillonnées. The bonnet is lined with white crape, and the under-trimming consists of bouquets of lilac and white flowers. Straw-colored kid gloves. White silk parasol.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2. BRIDAL DRESS FOR THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—Robe of white poult de soie. The skirt very full, and ornamented in front with five rows of lace, finished at each end with bows of white satin. The rows of lace are of graduated lengths, the lower row being about a quarter and a half long, and the upper one not more than five or six inches. The corsage is high at the back, but open in front nearly as low as the waist, and edged round with a fall of lace, narrowing to a point in front. Within the corsage is worn a chemisette, composed of rows of lace falling downward, and finished at the throat by a band of insertion and an edging standing up. The sleeves are demi-long and loose at the lower part, and the under-sleeves are composed of three broad rows of lace. The hair in waved bandeaux on the forehead, and the back hair partly plaited and partly curled, two long ringlets dropping on each side of the neck. Wreath of orange blossom, jasmine, and white roses. Long bridal vail of Brussels net.

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FIG. 3.—The revival of an old fashion has recently excited the attention of the *haut ton* abroad. A specimen of the style is given in the Engraving, *fig.* 3. It is designed chiefly for a rich riding-dress, it being too long in the skirt for the promenade, and not convenient for the drawing-room. It is called the Moldavian Style; a *petite veste* of dark green cloth entirely covered with an embroidery of lace imitating *guipure* royal, and displaying the shape to the greatest perfection. The skirt is very ample and cut in a novel manner so as to fall in long folds like an antique drapery. The front is ornamented with an apron-trimming of deep lace. The sleeves are demi-long; the hands and wrists covered by long white gloves. When in full dress for the saddle, a gray beaver hat is worn, the brim



FIG. 2.

low in front, and turned up at the sides, and ornamented with a long, twisted ostrich feather; cambric collar and *manchettes* (ruffles) each closed by a double button of rubies or other precious stones.



FIG. 3.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. III.—AUGUST, 1850.—Vol. I.



Sir Thomas More.

[From the Art-Journal.]

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOME OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.



WHILE living in the neighborhood of Chelsea, we determined to look upon the few broken walls that once inclosed the residence of Sir Thomas More, a man who, despite the bitterness inseparable from a persecuting age, was of most wonderful goodness as well as intellectual power. We first read over the memories of him preserved by Erasmus, Hoddesdon, Roper, Aubrey, his own namesake, and others. It is pleasant to muse over the past; pleasant to know that much of malice and bigotry has departed, to return no more, that the prevalence of a spirit which could render even Sir Thomas More unjust and, to seeming, cruel, is passing away. Though we do implicitly believe there would be no lack of great hearts, and brave hearts, at the present day, if it were necessary to bring them to the test, still there have been few men like unto him. It is a pleasant and a profitable task, so to sift through past ages, so to separate the wheat from the chaff, to see, when the feelings of party and prejudice sink to their proper insignificance, how the morally great stands forth in its own dignity, bright, glorious, and everlasting. St. Evremond sets forth the firmness and constancy of Petronius Arbiter in his last

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moments, and imagines he discovers in them a softer nobility of mind and resolution, than in the deaths of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates himself; but Addison says, and we can not but think truly, "that if he was so well pleased with gayety of humor in a dying man, he might have found a much more noble instance of it in Sir Thomas More, who died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered." What was pious philosophy in this extraordinary man, might seem frenzy in any one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

Oh, that some such man as he were to sit upon our woolsack now; what would the world think, if when the mighty oracle commanded the next cause to come on, the reply should be, "*Please your good lordship, there is no other!*" Well might the smart epigrammatist write:

> When MORE some time had chancellor been,
> No MORE suits did remain;
> The same shall never MORE be seen,
> Till MORE be there again!

We mused over the history of his time until we slept, and dreamed: and first in our dream we saw a fair meadow, and it was sprinkled over with white daisies, and a bull was feeding therein; and as we looked upon him he grew fatter and fatter, and roared in the wantonness of power and strength, so that the earth trembled; and he plucked the branches off the trees, and trampled on the ancient inclosures of the meadow, and as he stormed, and bellowed, and destroyed, the daisies became human heads, and the creature flung them about, and warmed his hoofs in the hot blood that flowed from them; and we grew sick and sorry at heart, and thought, is there no one to slay the destroyer? And when we looked again, the Eighth Harry was alone in the meadow; and, while many heads were lying upon the grass, some kept perpetually bowing before him, while others sung his praises as wise, just, and merciful. Then we heard a trumpet ringing its scarlet music through the air, and we stood in the old tilt-yard at Whitehall, and the pompous Wolsey, the bloated king, the still living Holbein, the picturesque Surrey, the Aragonian Catharine, the gentle Jane, the butterfly Anne Bullen, the coarse-seeming but wise-thinking Ann of Cleves, the precise Catherine Howard, and the stout-hearted Catherine Parr, passed us so closely by, that we could have touched their garments; then a bowing troop of court gallants came on; others whose names and actions you may read of in history; and then the hero of our thoughts, Sir Thomas More—well dressed, for it was a time of pageants—was talking somewhat apart to his pale-faced friend Erasmus, while "Son Roper," as the chancellor loved to call his son-in-law, stood watchfully and respectfully a little on one side. Even if we had never seen the pictures Holbein painted of his first patron, we should have known him by the bright benevolence of his aspect, the singular purity of his complexion, his penetrating yet gentle eyes, and the incomparable grandeur with which virtue and independence dignified even an indifferent figure. His smile was so catching that the most broken-hearted were won by it to forget their sorrows; and his voice, low and sweet though it was, was so distinct, that we heard it above all the coarse jests, loud music, and trumpet calls of the vain and idle crowd. And while we listened, we awoke; resolved next day to make our pilgrimage, perfectly satisfied at the outset, that though no fewer than four houses in Chelsea contend for the honor of his residence, Doctor King's arguments in favor of the site being the same as that of Beaufort House—upon the greater part of which now stands Beaufort-row—are the most conclusive; those who are curious in the matter can go and see his manuscripts in the British Museum. Passing Beaufort-row, we proceeded straight on to the turn leading to the Chelsea *Clock-house*.



CLOCK HOUSE.

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It is an old, patched-up, rickety dwelling, containing, perhaps, but few of the original stones, yet interesting as being the lodge-entrance to the offices of Beaufort-House; remarkable, also, as the dwelling of a family of the name of Howard, who have occupied it for more than a hundred years, the first possessor being gardener to Sir Hans Sloane, into whose possession, after a lapse of years, and many changes, a portion of Sir Thomas More's property had passed. This Howard had skill in the distilling of herbs and perfumes, which his descendant carries on to this day. We lifted the heavy brass knocker, and were admitted into the "old clock-house." The interior shows evident marks of extreme age, the flooring being ridgy and seamed, bearing their marks with a discontented creaking, like the secret murmurs of a faded beauty against her wrinkles! On the counter stood a few frost-bitten geraniums, and drawers, containing various roots and seeds, were ranged round the walls, while above them were placed good stout quart and pint bottles of distilled waters. The man would have it that the "clock-house" was the "real original" lodge-entrance to "Beaufort House;" and so we agreed it might have been, but not, "*perhaps*," built during Sir Thomas More's lifetime. To this insinuation he turned a deaf ear, assuring us that his family, having lived there so long, must know all about it, and that the brother of Sir Hans Sloane's gardener had made the great clock in old Chelsea Church, as the church books could prove. "You can, if you please," he said, "go under the archway at the side of this house, leading into the Moravian chapel and burying-ground, where the notice, that 'within are the Park-chapel Schools,' is put up." And that is quite true; the Moravians now only use the chapel which was erected in their burying-ground to perform an occasional funeral service in, and so they "let it" to the infant school. The burying-ground is very pretty in the summer time. Its space occupies only a small portion of the chancellor's garden; part of its walls are very old, and the south one certainly belonged to Beaufort House. There have been some who trace out a Tudor arch and one or two Gothic windows as having been filled up with more modern mason-work: but that may be fancy. There seems no doubt that the Moravian chapel stands on the site of the old stables.

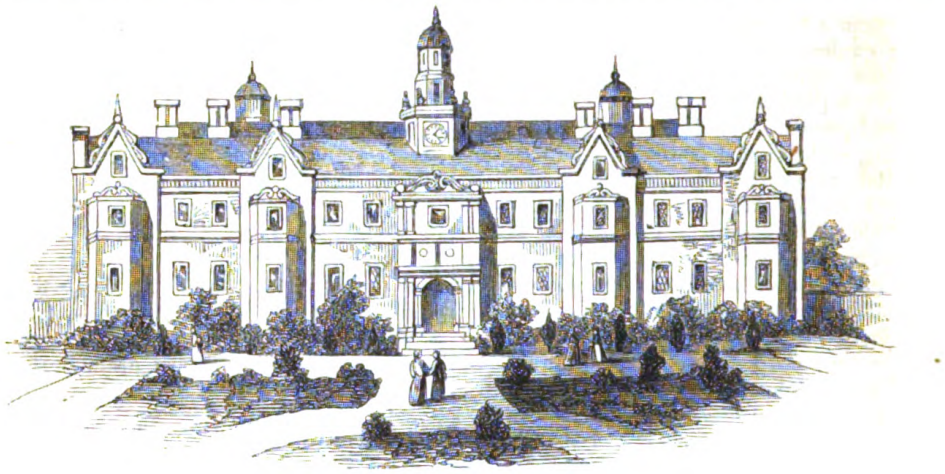
"Then," we said, "the clock-house could only have been at the entrance to the offices." The man looked for a moment a little hurt at this observation, as derogatory to the dignity of his dwelling, but he smiled, and said, "Perhaps so;" and very good-naturedly showed us the cemetery of this interesting people. Indeed, their original settlement in Chelsea is quite a romance. The chapel stands to the left of the burying-ground, which is entered by a primitive wicket-gate; it forms a square of thick grass, crossed by broad gravel walks, kept with the greatest neatness. The tombstones are all flat, and the graves not raised above the level of the sward. They are of two sizes only: the larger for grown persons, the smaller for children. The inscriptions on the grave-stones, in general, seldom record more than the names and ages of the persons interred. The men are buried in one division, the women in another. We read one or two of the names, and they were quaint and strange: "Anne Rypheria Hurloch;" "Anna Benigna La Trobe;" and one was especially interesting, James Gillray, forty years sexton to this simple cemetery, and father of Gillray, the H. B. of the past century. One thing pleased us mightily, the extreme old age to which the dwellers in this house seemed to have attained.

A line of ancient trees runs along the back of the narrow gardens of Milman's-row, which is parallel with, but further from town than Beaufort-row, and affords a grateful shade in the summer time. We resolved to walk quietly round, and then enter the chapel. How strange the changes of the world! The graves of a simple, peace-loving, unambitious people were lying around us, and yet it was the place which Erasmus describes as "Sir Thomas More's estate, purchased at Chelsey," and where "he built him a house, neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough." How dearly he loved this place, and how much care he bestowed upon it, can be gathered from the various documents still extant.* The bravery with which, soon after he was elected a burgess to parliament, he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry the Seventh, with so much power that he won the parliament to his opin-

* After the death of More, this favorite home of his, where he had so frequently gathered "a choice company of men distinguished by their genius and learning," passed into the rapacious hands of his bad sovereign, and by him was presented to Sir William Pawlet, ultimately Lord High Treasurer and Marquis of Winchester; from his hands it passed into Lord Dacre's, to whom succeeded Lord Burghley; then followed his son, the Earl of Salisbury, as its master; from him it passed successively to the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Arthur Gorges, the Earl of Middlesex, Villiers duke of Buckingham, Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, the second Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Bristol, the Duke of Beaufort, and ultimately to Sir Hans Sloane, who obtained it in 1738, and after keeping it for two years razed it to the ground; an unhappy want of reverence on the part of the great naturalist for the home of so many great men. There is a print of it by J. Knyff, in 1699, which is copied (p. 292); it shows some old features, but it had then been enlarged and altered. Erasmus has well described it as it was in More's lifetime. It had "a chapel, a library, and a gallery, called the New Buildings, a good distance from his main house, wherein his custom was to busy himself in prayer and meditation, whensoever he was at leisure." Heywood, in his *Il Moro* (Florence, 1556), describes "the garden as wonderfully charming, both from the advantages of its site, for from one part almost the whole of the noble city of London was visible, and from the other the beautiful Thames, with green meadows by woody eminences all around, and also for its own beauty, for it was crowned with an almost perpetual verdure." At one side was a small green eminence to command the prospect.

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ion, and incensed the king so greatly, that, out of revenge, he committed the young barrister's father to the Tower, and fined him in the fine of a hundred pounds! That bravery remained with him to the last, and with it was mingled the simplicity which so frequently and so beautifully blends with the intellectuality that seems to belong to a higher world than this. When he "took to marrying," he fancied the second daughter of a Mr. Colt, a gentleman of Essex;



MORE'S HOUSE.

yet when he considered the pain it must give the eldest to see her sister preferred before her, he gave up his first love, and framed his fancy to the elder. This lady died, after having brought him four children; but his second choice, Dame Alice, has always seemed to us a punishment and a sore trial. And yet how beautifully does Erasmus describe his mode of living in this very place: "He converseth with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not a man living so affectionate to his children as he. He loveth his old wife as if she were a young maid; he persuadeth her to play on the lute, and so with the like gentleness he ordereth his family. Such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth, as if nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there was in that place Plato's academy: but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion; for, though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue."*

The king was used to visit his "beloved chancellor" here for days together to admire his terrace overhanging the Thames, to row in his state barge, to ask opinions upon divers matters, and it is said that the royal answer to Luther was composed under the chancellor's revising eye. Still, the penetrating vision of Sir Thomas was in no degree obscured by this glitter. One day the king came unexpectedly to Chelsea, and having dined, walked with Sir Thomas for the space of an hour, in the garden, having his arm about his neck. We pleased ourselves with the notion that they walked where then we stood! Well might such condescension cause his son Roper—for whom he entertained so warm an affection—to congratulate his father upon such condescension, and to remind him that he had never seen his majesty approach such familiarity with any one, save once, when he was seen to walk arm in arm with Cardinal Wolsey. "I thank our Lord," answered Sir Thomas, "I find his grace my very good lord, indeed; and I do believe, he

* The conduct of this great man's house was a model to all, and as near an approach to his own Utopia as might well be. Erasmus says, "I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarreling or intemperate words heard; none seen idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern, but with all kind and courteous benevolence." The servant-men abode on one side of the house, the women on another, and met at prayer-time, or on church festivals, when More would read and expound to them. He suffered no cards or dice, but gave each one his garden-plot for relaxation, or set them to sing or play music. He had an affection for all who truly served him, and his daughters' nurse is as affectionately remembered in his letters when from home as are they themselves. "Thomas More sendeth greeting to his most dear daughters Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecily; and to Margaret Giggs, as dear to him as if she were his own," are his words in one letter; and his valued and trustworthy domestics appear in the family pictures of the family by Holbein. They requited his attachment by truest fidelity and love; and his daughter Margaret, in her last passionate interview with her father on his way to the Tower, was succeeded by Margaret Giggs and a maid-servant, who embraced and kissed their condemned master, "of whom, he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done." Of these and other of his servants, Erasmus remarks, "after Sir Thomas More's death, none ever was touched with the least suspicion of any evil fame."

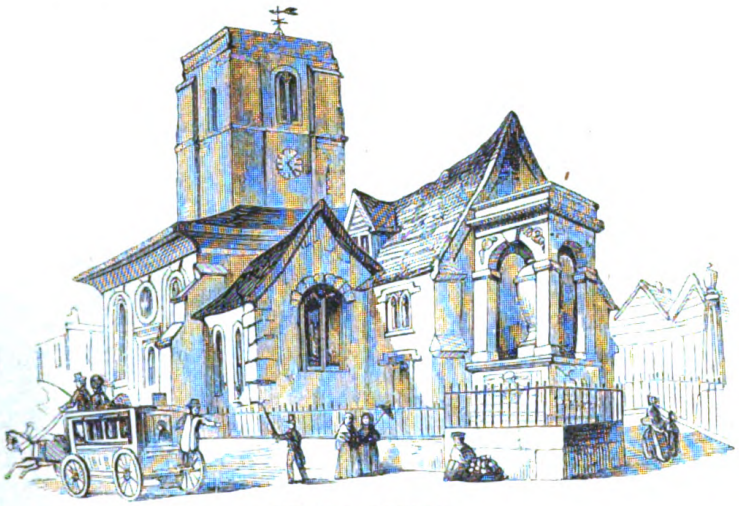
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doth as singularly love me as any subject within the realm; however, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head should win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go off."

With the exception of his own family (and his wife formed an exception here), there are few indeed of his contemporaries, notwithstanding the eulogiums they are prone to heap upon him, who understood the elevated and unworldly character of this extraordinary man.

The Duke of Norfolk, coming one day to dine with him, found him in Chelsea Church, singing in the choir, with his surplice on. "What! what!" exclaimed the duke, "what, what, my Lord Chancellor a parish clerk! a parish clerk! you dishonor the king and his office." And how exquisite his reply, "Nay, you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby count his office dishonored." Another reply to the same abject noble, is well graven on our memory. He expostulated with him, like many of his other friends, for braving the king's displeasure. "By the mass, Master More," he said, "it is perilous striving with princes; therefore, I wish you somewhat to incline to the king's pleasure, for '*indignatio Principis mors est.*'" "And is that all, my lord?" replied this man, so much above all paltry considerations; "then in good faith the difference between your grace and me is but this—that I may die to-day, and you to-morrow."

He took great delight in beautifying Chelsea Church, although he had a private chapel of his own; and when last there they told us the painted window had been his gift. It must have been a rare sight to see the chancellor of England sitting with the choir; and yet there was a fair share of pomp in the manner of his servitor bowing at his lady's pew, when the service of the mass was ended, and saying, "My lord is gone *before*." But the day after



CHELSEA CHURCH.

he resigned the great seal of England (of which his wife knew nothing), Sir Thomas presented himself at the pew-door, and, after the fashion of his servitor, quaintly said, "Madam, my lord is *gone*." The vain woman could not comprehend his meaning, which, when, during their short walk home, he fully explained, she was greatly pained thereby, lamenting it with exceeding bitterness of spirit.

We fancied we could trace a gothic door or window in the wall; but our great desire would have been to discover the water-gate from which he took his departure the morning he was summoned to Lambeth to take the oath of supremacy. True to what he believed right, he offered up his prayers and confessions in Chelsea Church, and then, returning to his own house, took an affectionate farewell of his wife and children, forbidding them to accompany him to the water-gate, as was their custom, fearing, doubtless, that his mighty heart could not sustain a prolonged interview. Who could paint the silent parting between him and all he loved so well—the boat waiting at the foot of the stairs—the rowers in their rich liveries, while their hearts, heavy with apprehension for the fate of him they served, still trusted that nothing could be found to harm so good a master—the pale and earnest countenance of "son Roper," wondering at the calmness, at such a time, which more than all other things, bespeaks the master mind. For a moment his hand lingered on the gate, and in fastening the simple latch his fingers trembled, and then he took his seat by his son's side; and in another moment the boat was flying through the waters. For some time he spoke no word, but communed with and strengthened his great heart by holy thoughts; then looking straight into his son Roper's eyes, while his own brightened with a glorious triumph, he exclaimed in the fullness of his rich-toned voice, "I thank our Lord the field is

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won." It was no wonder that, overwhelmed with apprehension, his son-in-law could not apprehend his meaning then, but afterward bethought him that he signified how he had conquered the world.

The abbot of Westminster took him that same day into custody, on his refusal to "take the king as head of his Church;" and upon his repeating this refusal four days afterward, he was committed to the Tower. Then, indeed, these heretofore bowers of bliss echoed to the weak and wavering complaints of his proud wife, who disturbed him also in his prison by her desires, so vain and so worldly, when compared with the elevated feelings of his dear daughter Margaret.

How did the fond, foolish woman seek to shake his purpose! "Seeing," she said, "you have a house at Chelsea, a right fair house, your library, your gallery, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I marvel that you who have been always taken for so wise a man, can be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, and, too, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favor and good-will both of the king and his council, if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned men of the realm have done."

And then not even angered by her folly, seeing how little was given her to understand, he asked her if the house in Chelsea was any nearer Heaven than the gloomy one he then occupied? ending his pleasant yet wise parleying with a simple question:

"Tell me," he said, "good Mistress Alice, how long do you think might we live and enjoy that same house?"

She answered, "Some twenty years."

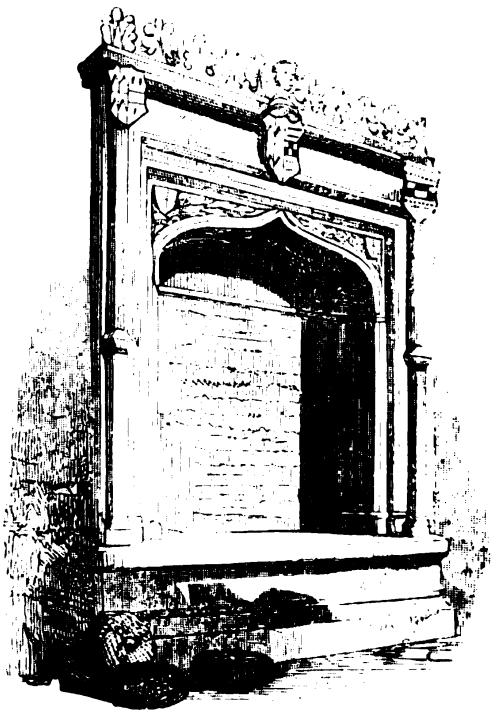
"Truly," he replied, "if you had said some thousand years, it might have been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant who would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years. How much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?"

It is for the glory of women that his daughter Margaret, while she loved and honored him past all telling, strengthened his noble nature; for, writing him during his fifteen months' imprisonment in the Tower, she asks, in words not to be forgotten, "What do you think, most dear father, doth comfort us at Chelsey, in this your absence? Surely, the remembrance of your manner of life passed among us—your holy conversation—your wholesome counsels—your examples of virtue, of which there is hope that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are, by God's grace, much more increased."

After the endurance of fifteen months' imprisonment, he was arraigned, tried, and found guilty of denying the king's supremacy.

Alack! is there no painter of English history bold enough to immortalize himself by painting this trial? Sir Thomas More was beheaded on Tower Hill, in the bright sunshine of the month of July, on its fifth day, 1535, the king remitting the disgusting quartering of the quivering flesh, because of his "high office." When told of the king's "mercy," "Now, God forbid," he said, "the king should use any more such to any of my friends; and God bless all my posterity from such pardons."

One man of all the crowd who wept at his death, reproached him with a decision he had given in Chancery. More, nothing discomposed, replied, that if it were still to do, he would give the same decision. This happened twelve months before. And, while the last scene was enacting on Tower-Hill, the king, who had walked in this very garden with his arm round the neck, which, by his command, the ax had severed, was playing at Tables in Whitehall, Queen Anne Bullen looking on; and when told that Sir Thomas More was dead, casting his eyes upon the pretty fool that had glittered in his pageants, he said, "Thou art the cause of this man's death." The COWARD! to seek to turn upon a thing so weak as that, the heavy sin which clung to his own soul!



TOMB.

Some say the body lies in Chelsea Church, beneath the tomb we have sketched—the epitaph having been written by himself before he anticipated the manner of his death.* It is too

* Wood and Weaver both affirm that the body of More was first deposited in the Tower Chapel, but was subsequently obtained by his devoted and accomplished daughter, Margaret Roper, and re-interred in Chelsea Church, in the tomb he had finished in 1532, the year in which he had surrendered the chancellorship, and resolved to abide the issue of his conscientious opposition to the king's wishes, as if he felt that the tomb should then be prepared.

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long to insert; but the lines at the conclusion are very like the man. The epitaph and poetry are in Latin: we give the translation:

"For Alice and for Thomas More's remains
Prepared, this tomb Johanna's form contains
One, married young; with mutual ardor blest,
A boy and three fair girls our joy confest.
The other (no small praise) of these appear'd
As fond as if by her own pangs endeared.
One lived with me, one lives in such sweet strife,
Slight preference could I give to either wife.
Oh! had it met Heaven's sanction and decree,
One hallowed bond might have united three;
Yet still be ours one grave, one lot on high!
Thus death, what life denied us, shall supply."

Others tell that his remains were interred in the Tower,* and some record that the head



ROPER'S HOUSE.

was sought and preserved by that same daughter Margaret, who caused it to be buried in the family vault of the Ropers in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury;† and they add a pretty legend how that, when his head was upon London Bridge, Margaret would be rowed beneath it, and, nothing horrified at the sight, say aloud, "That head has layde many a time in my lappe; would to God, would to God, it would fall into my lappe as I pass under now," and the head did so fall, and she carried it in her "lappe" until she placed it in her husband's, "son Roper's" vault, at Canterbury.

The king took possession of these fair grounds at Chelsea, and all the chancellor's other property, namely, Dunkington, Trenkford, and Benley Park, in Oxfordshire, allowing the widow he had made, twenty pounds per year for her life, and indulging his petty tyranny still more, by imprisoning Sir Thomas's daughter, Margaret, "both because she kept her father's head for a relic, and that she meant to set her father's works in print."

We were calling to mind more minute particulars of the charities and good deeds of this great man, when, standing at the moment opposite a grave where some loving hand had planted two standard rose-trees, we suddenly heard a chant of children's voices, the infant scholars singing their little hymn; the tune, too, was a well-known and popular melody, and very sweet, yet sad of sound; it was just such music, as for its simplicity, would have been welcome to the mighty dead; and, as we entered among the little songsters, the past faded away, and we found ourselves speculating on the hopeful present.

We close Mrs. Hall's pleasant sketches of Sir Thomas More and his localities, with a brief description of a scene in his prison, which the pencil of Mr. Herbert, of the Royal Academy, has beautifully depicted. It must be remembered that More was a zealous Roman Catholic. He was committed to the Tower in 1534, by the licentious Henry VIII., partly to punish him for refusing to assist that mon-

* Faulkner, in his history of Chelsea, adheres to this opinion, and says that the tomb in that church is but "an empty cenotaph." His grandson, in his Life, says, "his body was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, in the Tower, in the belfry, or, as some say, as one entereth into the vestry;" and he does not notice the story of his daughter's re-interment of it elsewhere.

† The Ropers lived at Canterbury, in St. Dunstan's-street. The house is destroyed, and a brewery occupies its site; but the picturesque old gateway, of red brick, still remains, and is engraved above. Margaret Roper, the noble-hearted, learned, and favorite daughter of More, resided here with her husband, until her death, in 1544, nine years after the execution of her father, when she was buried in the family vault at St. Dunstan's, where she had reverently placed the head of her father. The story of her piety is thus told by Cresacre More, in his life of his grandfather, Sir Thomas: "His head having remained about a month upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames, because room should be made for divers others, who, in plentiful sort, suffered martyrdom for the same supremacy, shortly after, it was bought by his daughter Margaret, lest, as she stoutly affirmed before the council, being called before them after for the matter, it should be food for fishes; which she buried, where she thought fittest." Anthony-a-Wood says, that she preserved it in a leaden box, and placed it in her tomb "with great devotion;" and in 1715, Dr. Rawlinson told Hearne the antiquary, that he had seen it there "inclosed in an iron grate." This was fully confirmed in 1835, when the chancel of the church being repaired, the Roper vault was opened, and several persons descended into it, and saw the skull in a leaden box, something like a bee-hive, open in the front, and which was placed in a square recess, in the wall, with an iron-grating before it. A drawing was made, which was engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of May, 1837, which we have copied in our initial letter; Summerly, in his Handbook to Canterbury, says: "In the print there, however, the opening in the leaden box, inclosing the head, is made oval, whereas it should be in the form of a triangle." We have therefore so corrected our copy.

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arch in his marriage with Anne Boleyn, "the pretty fool," as Mrs. Hall calls her; but particularly because he declined to acknowledge the king's ecclesiastical supremacy as head of the Reformed Church. There he remained until his execution the following year. "During his imprisonment," says his son-in-law and biographer, Roper, who married his favorite daughter Margaret, "one day, looking from his window, he saw four monks (who also had refused the oath of supremacy) going to their execution, and regretting that he could not bear them company, said: 'Look, Megge, dost thou not see that these blessed fathers be now going as cheerful to their death, as bridegrooms to their marriage? By which thou may'st see, myne own good daughter, what a great difference there is between such as have spent all their days in a religious, hard, and penitential life, and such as have (as thy poore father hath done) consumed all their time in pleasure and ease;' "



SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

and so he proceeded to enlarge on their merits and martyrdom. His grandson, Cresacre More, referring to this scene, says, "By which most humble and heavenly meditation, we may easily guess what a spirit of charity he had gotten by often meditation, that every sight brought him new matter to practice most heroical resolutions."

[From Hunting Adventures in South Africa.]

A BUFFALO CHASE.

EARLY on the 4th we inspanned and continued our march for Booby, a large party of savages still following the wagons. Before proceeding far I was tempted by the beautiful appearance of the country to saddle horses, to hunt in the mountains westward of my course. I directed the wagons to proceed a few miles under guidance of the natives, and there await my arrival. I was accompanied by Isaac, who was mounted on the Old Gray, and carried my clumsy Dutch rifle of six to the pound. Two Bechuanas followed us, leading four of my dogs. Having crossed a well wooded strath, we reached a little crystal river, whose margin was trampled down with the spoor of a great variety of heavy game, but especially of buffalo and rhinoceros. We took up the spoor of a troop of buffaloes, which we followed along a path made by the heavy beasts of the forest through a neck in the hills; and emerging from the thicket, we beheld, on the other side of a valley, which had opened upon us, a herd of about ten huge bull buffaloes. These I attempted to stalk, but was defeated by a large herd of zebras, which, getting our wind, charged past and started the buffaloes. I ordered the Bechuanas to release the dogs; and spurring Colesberg, which I rode for the first time since the affair with the lioness, I gave chase. The buffaloes crossed the valley in front of me, and made for a succession of dense thickets in the hills to the northward. As they crossed the valley by riding hard I obtained a broadside shot at the last bull, and fired both barrels into him. He, however, continued his course, but I presently separated him, along with two other bulls, from the troop. My rifle being a two-grooved, which is hard to load, I was unable to do so on horseback, and followed with it empty, in the hope of bringing them to bay. In passing through a grove of thorny trees I lost sight of the wounded buffalo; he had turned short and doubled back, a common practice with them when wounded. After following the other two at a hard gallop for about two miles, I was riding within five yards of their huge broad sterns. They exhaled a strong bovine smell, which came hot in my face. I expected every minute that they would come to bay, and give me time to load; but this they did not seem disposed to do. At length, finding I had the speed of them, I increased my pace; and going ahead, I placed myself right before the finest bull, thus expecting to force him to stand at bay; upon which he instantly charged me with a low roar, very similar to the voice of a lion. Colesberg neatly avoided the charge, and the bull resumed his northward course. We now entered on rocky ground, and the forest became more dense as we proceeded. The buffaloes were evidently making for some strong retreat. I, however, managed with much difficulty to hold them in view, following as best I could through thorny

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thickets. Isaac rode some hundred yards behind, and kept shouting to me to drop the pursuit, or I should be killed. At last the buffaloes suddenly pulled up, and stood at bay in a thicket, within twenty yards of me. Springing from my horse, I hastily loaded my two-grooved rifle, which I had scarcely completed when Isaac rode up and inquired what had become of the buffaloes, little dreaming that they were standing within twenty yards of him. I answered by pointing my rifle across his horse's nose, and letting fly sharp right and left at the two buffaloes. A headlong charge, accompanied by a muffled roar, was the result. In an instant I was round a clump of tangled thorn-trees; but Isaac, by the violence of his efforts to get his horse in motion, lost his balance, and at the same instant, his girths giving way, himself, his saddle, and big Dutch rifle, all came to the ground together, with a heavy crash right in the path of the infuriated buffaloes. Two of the dogs, which had fortunately that moment joined us, met them in their charge, and, by diverting their attention, probably saved Isaac from instant destruction. The buffaloes now took up another position in an adjoining thicket. They were both badly wounded, blotches and pools of blood marking the ground where they had stood. The dogs rendered me assistance by taking up their attention, and in a few minutes these two noble bulls breathed their last beneath the shade of a mimosa grove. Each of them in dying repeatedly uttered a very striking, low, deep moan. This I subsequently ascertained the buffalo invariably utters when in the act of expiring.

On going up to them I was astonished to behold their size and powerful appearance. Their horns reminded me of the rugged trunk of an oak-tree. Each horn was upward of a foot in breadth at the base, and together they effectually protected the skull with a massive and impenetrable shield. The horns, descending and spreading out horizontally, completely overshadowed the animal's eyes, imparting to him a look the most ferocious and sinister that can be imagined. On my way to the wagons I shot a stag sassayby, and while I was engaged in removing his head a troop of about thirty doe pallahs cantered past me, followed by one princely old buck. Snatching up my rifle, I made a fine shot, and rolled him over in the grass.

Early in the afternoon I dispatched men with a pack-horse to bring the finer of the two buffalo-heads. It was so ponderous that two powerful men could with difficulty raise it from the ground. The Bechuanas who had accompanied me, on hearing of my success, snatched up their shields and assagais, and hastened to secure the flesh, nor did I see any more of them, with the exception of the two Baquaines, who remained with me, being engaged in a plot with my interpreter to prevent my penetrating to Bamangwato. Isaac did not soon forget his adventure with the buffaloes; and at night over the fire he informed my men that I was mad, and that any man who followed me was going headlong to his own destruction. At an early hour on the 5th, I continued my march through a glorious country of hill and dale, throughout which water was abundant.

[From Household Words.]

EARTH'S HARVESTS.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than War."
MILTON'S *Sonnet to Cromwell.*

TWO hundred years ago,* the moon
Shone on a battle plain;
Cold through that glowing night of June
Lay steeds and riders slain;
And daisies, bending 'neath strange dew,
Wept in the silver light;
The very turf a regal hue
Assumed that fatal night.

Time past—but long, to tell the tale,
Some battle-ax or shield,
Or cloven skull, or shattered mail,
Were found upon the field;
The grass grew thickest on the spot
Where high were heaped the dead,
And well it marked, had men forgot,
Where the great charge was made.

To-day—the sun looks laughing down
Upon the harvest plain,
The little gleaners, rosy-brown,
The merry reapers' train;
The rich sheaves heaped together stand,
And resting in their shade,
A mother, working close at hand,
Her sleeping babe hath laid.

A battle-field it was, and is,
For serried spears are there,
And against mighty foes upreared—
Gaunt hunger, pale despair.
We'll thank God for the hearts of old,
Their strife our freedom sealed;
We'll praise Him for the sheaves of gold
Now on the battle-field.

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* Naseby, June 14, 1646.

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Z. Taylor.

[From a Daguerreotype by BRADY.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE PRESIDENT.

WHO has not heard of the opening words with which the court preacher Massilon startled the titled throng who had gathered in Notre Dame to do the last honors to that monarch whose reign was the longest and most splendid in French annals, "*God only is great!*" How often does the knell of vanished power repeat the lesson! How constantly does the fleeting away of our own men of might teach us that

The paths of glory lead but to the grave!

Death has again asserted his supremacy by striking down the most exalted ruler of the land. The last sad cadence, dust to dust, has just been faltered over one who was our country's pride, and joy, and strength. The love, the gratitude, and the veneration of a nation could not save him. The crying need of an imperiled republic could not reprieve him. His mortal strife over, his appointed task finished, he went down into the cold embrace of the grave, and there, like a warrior taking his rest, he lies and will lie forever. But he has left behind him what can not die, the memory of noble aims and heroic deeds. The plain story of his life is his best eulogy.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange County Virginia, in November, 1784. He was the second son of Col. Richard Taylor, whose ancestors emigrated from England about two centuries ago, and settled in Eastern Virginia. The father, distinguished alike for patriotism and valor, served as colonel in the revolutionary war, and took part in many important engagements. About 1790 he left his Virginian farm, and emigrated with his family to Kentucky. He

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settled in the "dark and bloody ground," and for years encountered all the trials then incident to border life. The earliest impressions of young Zachary were the sudden foray of the savage foe, the piercing warwhoop, the answering cry of defiance, the gleam of the tomahawk, the crack of the rifle, the homestead saved by his father's daring, the neighboring cottage wrapped in flames, or its hearth-stone red with blood. Such scenes bound his young nerves with iron, and fired his fresh soul with martial ardor; working upon his superior nature they made arms his delight, and heroism his destiny. Zachary was placed in school at an early age, and his teacher, who now resides in Preston, Connecticut, still loves to dwell on the studiousness of his habits, the quickness of his apprehension, the modesty of his demeanor, the firmness and decision of his character, and a general thoughtfulness, sagacity, and stability, that made him a leader to his mates and a pride to his master.

After leaving school, the military spirit of young Taylor was constantly fanned by the popular excitement against the continual encroachments of England; and soon after the murderous attack of the British ship Leopard upon the Chesapeake, in 1808, he entered the army as first lieutenant in the 7th regiment of infantry. He soon gained distinction in border skirmishes with the Indians, and the declaration of war with England found him promoted to the rank of captain. Within sixty days after the commencement of hostilities in 1812, the imbecility of Hull lost to the country its Michigan territory, and fearfully jeoparded the whole northwestern region. It was of the utmost importance to intrust the few and feeble forts of that great dominion to men of established valor and discretion. Captain Taylor was at once invested with the command of Fort Harrison, situated on the Wabash, in the very heart of the Indian country. The defenses of this post were in a miserable condition, and its garrison consisted of only fifty men, of whom thirty were disabled by sickness. With this little handful of soldiers, the young commander immediately set about repairing the fortifications. He had hardly completed his work, when, on the night of the 4th of September, an alarm shot from one of his sentinels aroused him from a bed of fever, to meet the attack of a large force of Miami Indians. Every man was at once ordered to his post. A contiguous blockhouse was fired by the enemy, and a thick discharge of bullets and arrows was opened upon the fort. The darkness of the night, the howlings of the savages, the shrieks of the women and children, the fast approaching flames, and the panic of the debilitated soldiers, made up a scene of terror, but could not shake the determination nor the judgment of the young chieftain. He inspired his men with his own courage and energy. The flames were extinguished, the consumed breastworks were renewed, and volley answered volley for six long hours till day break enabled the Americans to aim with a deadly precision that soon dispersed their foes. This gallant repulse, at odds so unfavorable, prompted a report from Major General Hopkins to Governor Shelby that "the firm and almost unparalleled defense of Fort Harrison had raised for Captain Zachary Taylor a fabric of character not to be affected by eulogy;" and forthwith procured from President Madison a preferment to the rank of brevet major, the first brevet, it is said, ever conferred in the American army.

Major Taylor continued actively engaged throughout the war; but, being without a separate command, he had no opportunity to again signalize himself by any remarkable achievement. After the treaty of peace, he remained at the West, faithfully performing his duties at different military posts, and preparing himself for any future call to more active service. In 1832, he was promoted to the rank of colonel; and soon after the opening of the Florida war, he was ordered to that territory. Here he was in constant service, and distinguished himself for his discretion and gallantry in circumstances of the most trying difficulty and peril. His entire career won for him universal esteem and confidence.

The greatest achievement of Colonel Taylor in Florida was his victory of Okee-Chobee, which was gained on the 25th of December, 1837. The action was very severe, and continued nearly four hours. The Indians, under the command of Alligator and Sam Jones, numbered about 700 warriors, and were posted in a dense hammock, with their front covered by a small stream, almost impassable on account of quicksands, and with their flanks secured by swamps that prevented all access. Colonel Taylor's force amounted to about 500 men, a portion of whom were inexperienced volunteers. By an extraordinary effort, the stream in front was crossed, under a most galling fire of the enemy, by our soldiers, who sunk to the middle in the mire. A close and desperate fight ensued, during which the five companies of the sixth infantry, who bore the brunt of the fray, lost every officer but one, and one of these companies saved only four privates unharmed. The enemy's line was at last broken, and their right flank turned. They were soon scattered in all directions, and were pursued till near night. The American loss was 26 killed and 112 wounded; that of the Indians was very large, but never definitely ascertained. Throughout the whole engagement, Colonel Taylor was passing on his horse from point to point within the sweep of the Indian rifles, emboldening and directing his men, without the least apparent regard for his own personal safety. This victory had a decisive influence upon the turn of the war; and the government immediately testified their sense of its importance by conferring upon its gallant winner the rank of brigadier-general by brevet.

In the following May, General Taylor succeeded General Jesup in the command of the

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Florida army, and in this capacity, during two years, he rendered vast services to the country by quelling the atrocities of Indian warfare, and restoring peace and security to the southern frontier. In 1840, at his own request, he was relieved by Brigadier-general Armistead, and was ordered to the southwestern department. Here he remained at various head-quarters until government had occasion for his services in Texas.

The project for the annexation of Texas, which was first officially broached in the last year of President Tyler's administration, acquired more and more weight and influence, until finally, in March, 1845, an act to that effect was passed by both Houses of Congress, and was soon after ratified by the Texian government. Mexico, although the independence of Texas had been long before *de facto* secured, stoutly protested against the annexation. The special American envoy sent to the Mexican capital to attempt an adjustment of this and other difficulties, was refused a hearing, and great preparations were carried on by the Mexican government for another invasion of Texas. In June, General Taylor received orders to advance with his troops over the Sabine, and protect all of the territory east of the Rio Grande, over which Texas exercised jurisdiction. He accordingly marched into Texas, and in August concentrated his forces, amounting to about 3000 men, at Corpus Christi. Receiving orders from Washington to proceed to the Rio Grande, the general, with his little army, moved westward in March, 1846; and after considerable suffering from the heat and the want of food and water, reached the banks of the river opposite Matamoras on the 28th of the month. Colonel Twiggs, with a detachment of dragoons, in the mean time took possession of Point Isabel, situated on an arm of the Gulf, about 25 miles east. General Taylor took every means to assure the Mexicans that his purpose was not war, nor violence in any shape, but solely the occupation of the Texian territory to the Rio Grande, until the boundary should be definitively settled by the two republics.

After encamping opposite Matamoras, the American general prepared with great activity for Mexican aggression, by erecting fortifications, and planting batteries. The Mexicans speedily evinced hostile intentions. General Ampudia arrived at Matamoras with 1000 cavalry and 1500 infantry, and made overtures to our foreign soldiers to "separate from the Yankee bandits, and array themselves under the tri-colored flag!" Such solicitations were of course spurned with contempt. The American general was summoned to withdraw his forces at the penalty of being treated as an enemy; he replied that, while avoiding all occasion for hostilities, he should faithfully execute the will of his government. General Arista soon arrived at Matamoras, and, superseding Ampudia, issued a proclamation to the American soldiers, begging them not to be the "blind instruments of unholy and mad ambition, and rush on to certain death." He immediately threw a large body of troops over the river, in order to cut off all communication between General Taylor and his dépôt at Point Isabel. A detachment of 61 soldiers, under Captain Thornton, was waylaid by a Mexican force of ten times their number, and after a bloody conflict and the loss of many lives, was obliged to surrender. With but eight days' rations, and the country to the east fast filling up with the Mexican troops, the position of General Taylor became very critical. He at once resolved, at every hazard, to procure additional supplies; and, leaving the fort under the command of Major Brown, he set out with a large portion of his army, on the 1st of May, for Point Isabel. He reached that place the next day without molestation. Soon after his departure, the Mexicans opened their batteries upon Fort Brown. The fire was steadily returned with two long eighteen and sixteen brass six pounders by the garrison, which numbered about 900 men. The bombardment of the fort was kept up at intervals from batteries in its rear, as well as from the town, for six days. The Americans, though possessed of little ammunition, and having to mourn the fall of their gallant commander, sustained the cannonade with unyielding firmness until the afternoon of the 8th, when their hearts were thrilled with exultation by the answering peals of General Taylor at Palo Alto.

On the evening of the 7th, the American general, with about 2000 men and 250 wagons left Point Isabel for the relief of Fort Brown, and after advancing seven miles encamped. The next morning he resumed his march, and at noon met 6000 Mexican troops under Arista, with 800 cavalry, and seven field-pieces, in line of battle, on a plain flanked at both sides by small pools, and partly covered in front by thickets of chaparral and Palo Alto. General Taylor at once halted, refreshed his men, advanced to within a quarter of a mile of the Mexican line, and gave battle. The conflict first commenced between the artillery, and for two hours Ringgold's, and Duncan's, and Churchill's batteries mowed down rank after rank of the enemy. The infantry remained idle spectators until General Torrejon, with a body of lancers, made a sally upon our train. The advancing columns were received with a tremendous fire, and faltered, broke, and fled. The battle now became general, and for a time raged with terrific grandeur, amid a lurid cloud of smoke from the artillery, and the burning grass of the prairie. It rested for an hour, and then again moved on. The American batteries opened with more tremendous effect than ever; yet the ranks of the enemy were broken only to be refilled by fresh men courting destruction. Captain May charged upon the left, but with too few men to be successful. The chivalrous Ringgold fell. The cavalry of the enemy advanced upon our artillery of the right to within close range, when a storm of cannister swept

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them back like a tornado. Their infantry made a desperate onset upon our infantry, but recoiled before their terrible reception. Again they rallied, and again were they repulsed. Panic seized the baffled foe, and soon squadron and column were in full retreat. The conflict had lasted five hours, with a loss to the Americans of 7 killed and 37 wounded, and to the Mexicans of at least 250 killed and wounded.

In the evening, a council of war was held upon the propriety of persisting to advance upon Fort Brown in spite of the vastly superior force of the enemy. Of the thirteen officers present some were for retreating to Point Isabel, others for intrenching upon the spot, and only four for pushing ahead. The general, after hearing all opinions, settled the question by the laconic declaration, "I will be at Fort Brown before to-morrow night if I live." In the morning the army again marched.

The enemy were again met most advantageously posted in the ravine of RESACA DE LA PALMA within three miles of Fort Brown. About 4 P. M. the battle commenced with great fury. The artillery on both sides did terrible execution. By order of General Taylor, May, with his dragoons, charged the enemy's batteries. The Mexicans reserved their fire until the horses were near the cannons' mouth, and then poured out a broadside which laid many a proud fellow low. Those of the dragoons not disabled rushed on, overleaped the batteries, and seized the guns. The enemy recoiled, again rallied, and with fixed bayonets returned to the onset. Again they were repulsed. The "Tampico veterans" came to the rescue, were met by the dragoons now reinforced with infantry, and all but seventeen fell sword in hand after fighting with the most desperate bravery. This decided the battle. The flanks of the enemy were turned, and soon the rout became general. The Mexicans fled to the flat boats of the river, and the shouts of the pursuers and the shrieks of the drowning closed the scene. A great number of prisoners including 14 officers, eight-pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of camp equipage fell into the hands of the victors. The American loss was 39 killed and 71 wounded; that of the enemy in the two actions was at least 1000 killed and wounded. Fort Brown was relieved, and the next day Barita on the Mexican bank was taken by Colonel Wilson without resistance.

The victories of the 8th and 9th filled our country with exultation. Government acknowledged the distinguished services of General Taylor by making him Major-general by brevet; Congress passed resolutions of high approval; Louisiana presented him with a sword, and the press every where teemed with his praise.

As soon as means could be procured, General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande, took Matamoras without opposition, and made Colonel Twiggs its governor. The army soon received large volunteer reinforcements, and on the 5th of August the American general left Matamoras for Camargo, and thence proceeded through Seralos to MONTEREY, where he arrived the 19th of September. The Mexicans, under General Ampudia had placed this strongly fortified town in a complete state of defense. Not only were the walls and parapets lined with cannons, but the streets and houses were barricaded and planted with artillery. The bishop's palace on a hill at a short distance west of the city was converted into a perfect fortress. The town was well supplied with ammunition, and manned with 7000 troops of the line, and from 2000 to 3000 irregulars. The attack commenced on the 21st, and two important redoubts without the city, and an important work within, were carried with a loss to the Americans in killed and wounded of not less than 394. At three the next morning, a considerable force under General Worth dragged their howitzers by main strength up the hill, and assaulted the palace. The enemy made a desperate sortie, but were driven back in confusion, and the fortification was soon taken by the Americans with a loss of only 7 killed and 12 wounded. The next night, the Mexicans evacuated nearly all their defenses in the lower part of the city. The Americans entered the succeeding day, and by the severest fighting slowly worked their way from street to street and square to square, until they reached the heart of the town. General Ampudia saw that further resistance was useless, and, on the morning of the 24th, proposed to evacuate the city on condition that he might take with him the personel and materiel of his army. This condition was refused by the American general. A personal interview between the two commanders ensued, which resulted in a capitulation of the city, allowing the Mexicans to retire with their forces and a certain portion of their materiel beyond the line formed by the pass of the Rinconada and San Fernando de Presas and engaging the Americans not to pass beyond that line for eight weeks. Our entire loss during the operations was 12 officers and 108 men killed, 31 officers and 337 men wounded; that of the enemy is not known, but was much larger. The terms accorded by the conqueror were liberal, and dictated by a regard to the interests of peace; they crowned a gallant conquest of arms with a more sublime victory of magnanimity.

General Taylor could not long remain inactive, and with a bold design to seek out the enemy and fight him on his own ground, he marched as far as Victoria. But by the transfer of the seat of the war to Vera Cruz, he was deprived of the greater portion of his army, and was obliged to fall back on Monterey. Here he remained until February, when, having received large reinforcements of volunteers, he marched at the head of 4,500 men, to meet Santa Anna; and on the 20th, took up a position at BUENA VISTA, the great advantages of which had previously struck his notice. On the 22d, a Mexican army of 20,000 made its appearance, and Santa Anna summoned the American commander to surrender. General Taylor, with Spartan brevity, "declined acceding to the re-

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quest." The next morning the ten-hour's conflict began. We shall not attempt to rehearse the history of that fearful battle: it is written forever on the memory of the nation. The advance of the hostile host with muskets and swords, and bayonets gleaming in the morning sun; the shouts of the marshaled foemen; the opening roar of the artillery; the sheeted fire of the musketry; the unchecked approach of the enemy; the outflanking by their cavalry and its concentration in our rear; the immovable fortitude of the Illinoians; the flight of the panic-stricken Indianians; the fall of Lincoln; the wild shouts of Mexican triumph; the deadly and successful charge upon the battery of O'Brien; the timely arrival of General Taylor from Saltillo, and his composed survey, amid the iron hail, of the scene of battle; the terrible onset of the Kentuckians and Illinoians; the simultaneous opening of the batteries upon the Mexican masses in the front and the rear; the impetuous but ill-fated charge of their cavalry upon the rifles of Mississippi; the hemming-in of that cavalry, and the errand of Lieutenant Crittenden to demand of Santa Anna its surrender; the response of the confident chieftain by a similar demand; the immortal rejoinder, "General Taylor never surrenders!" the escape of the cavalry to a less exposed position; its baffled charge upon the Saltillo train; its attack upon the hacienda, and its repulse by the horse of Kentucky and Arkansas; the fall of Yell and Vaughan; the insolent mission, under a white flag, to inquire what General Taylor was waiting for; the curt reply "for General Santa Anna to surrender;" the junction, by this ruse, of the Mexican cavalry in our rear with their main army; the concentrated charge upon the American line; the overpowering of the battery of O'Brien; the fearful crisis; the reinforcement of Captain Bragg "by Major Bliss and I;" the "little more grape, Captain Bragg;" the terrific carnage; the pause, the advance, the disorder, and the retreat; the too eager pursuit of the Kentuckians and Illinoians down the ravines; the sudden wheeling around of the retiring mass; the desperate struggle, and the fall of Harden, McKee, and Clay; the imminent destruction, and the rescuing artillery; the last breaking and scattering of the Mexican squadrons and battalions; the joyous embrace of Taylor and Wool; and Old Rough and Ready's "'Tis impossible to whip us when we all pull together;" the arrival of cold nightfall; the fireless, anxious, weary bivouac; the general's calm repose for another day's work; the retreat of the enemy under the cover of darkness—are not all these things familiar to every American schoolboy? The American loss was 267 killed, 456 wounded, and 23 missing. The Mexicans left 500 dead on the field, and the whole number of their killed and wounded was probably near 2000. History tells not of a battle more bravely contested and more nobly won: and well did the greatest warrior of the age, in learning it exclaim, "General Taylor's a general indeed!"

The victory of Buena Vista was the last and crowning achievement of General Taylor's military life. His department in Mexico was entirely reduced by it to subjection, and the subsequent operations of his army were few and unimportant. At the close of the war he retired from Mexico, carrying with him not only the adoration of his soldiers, but even the respect and attachment of the very people he had vanquished. Louisiana welcomed him with an ovation of the most fervent enthusiasm. Thrilling eloquence from her most gifted sons, blessings, and smiles, and wreaths from her fairest daughters, overwhelming huzzas from her warm-hearted multitudes, triumphal arches, splendid processions, costly banners, sumptuous festivals, and, in short, every mode of testifying love and homage was employed; but modesty kept her wonted place in his heart, and counsels of peace were, as ever, on his tongue. His prowess in conflict was no more admirable than his self-forgetfulness in triumph.

His last great deed had hardly ceased to echo over the land, before the people began to mark him out for their highest gift. He coveted no such distinction, and constantly expressed a wish that Henry Clay might be the chosen one. But the popular purpose grew stronger and stronger, and General Taylor was named for the Presidency by one of the great political parties of the country. During the political contest he remained steadfastly true to himself. He neither stooped nor swerved, neither sought nor shunned. He was borne by a triumphant majority to the Presidential chair, and in a way that has impelled the most majestic intellect of the nation to declare, that "no case ever happened in the very best days of the Roman Republic, where any man found himself clothed with the highest authority of the State, under circumstances more repelling all suspicion of personal application, all suspicion of pursuing any crooked path in politics, or all suspicion of having been actuated by sinister views and purposes."

The Inaugural Address of President Taylor was redolent with old-fashioned patriotism, and breathed the very spirit of Washington. And his subsequent administration, though beset by sectional strifes of fearful violence, was conducted with wisdom, firmness, equanimity, and moderation, on great national principles, and for great national ends. Owing to his profound deference to the co-ordinate branches of government, and his inability to either dictate or assume, his policy in reference to some of the exciting questions of the day was not, during the short period of his administration, fully proclaimed to Congress, and pressed upon its adoption; but, though a southern man and a slaveholder, he had deliberately and explicitly declared himself in favor of the prompt and untrammeled admission of California into the Union. He was taken away in the midst of the controversy, just as he was about to submit his views upon the subject to the representatives of the people. His last public appearance was in doing homage to

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Washington, on the birthday of our liberties, and his last official act was adding a new guaranty to the peace of the world, by signing the convention recently concluded between our country and Great Britain respecting Central America. Disease soon did its work. Confronting Death with the fearless declaration, "I AM PREPARED—I HAVE ENDEAVORED TO DO MY DUTY," the old hero succumbed—his first and last surrender.

General Taylor married in early life a lady of Virginia, and was connected either by affinity or blood with many of the most noted families of the Old Dominion. His excellent consort, a son, and a daughter, survive him. In person, General Taylor was about five feet eight inches in height, and like most of our revolutionary generals, was inclined to corpulency. His hair was gray, his brow ample, his eye vivid, and his features plain, but full of firmness, intelligence, and benevolence. His manners were easy and cordial, his dress, habits, and tastes simple, and his style of living temperate in the extreme. His speeches and his official papers, both military and civil, are alike famed for their propriety of feeling and their chastity of diction. His private life was unblemished, and the loveliness of his disposition made him the idol of his own household and the favorite of all who knew him. His martial courage was only equaled by his Spartan simplicity, his unaffected modesty, his ever wakeful humanity, his inflexible integrity, his uncompromising truthfulness, his lofty magnanimity, his unbounded patriotism, and his unfaltering loyalty to duty. His mind was of an original and solid cast, admirably balanced, and combining the comprehensiveness of reason with the penetration of instinct. Its controlling element was a strong, sterling sense, that of itself rendered him a wise counselor and a safe leader. All of his personal attributes and antecedents made him pre-eminently a man of the people, and remarkably qualified him to be the stay and surety of his country in this its day of danger.

A braver soldier never wielded sword—
A gentler heart did never sway in council.
But he is dead—and millions weep his loss.

[From "Hunting Adventures in South Africa."]

ENCOUNTER WITH A LIONESS.

SUDDENLY I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blesblok which she had killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, "I see the lion;" to which they replied, "Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;" and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do. To which they answered, "We have not yet placed caps on our rifles." This was true; but while this short conversation was passing the lioness had observed us. Raising her full, round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter toward a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die.

The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her, upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back toward me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is after?" Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run toward us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their rheims, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofulus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixor should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness, and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them.

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Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely.

When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and, slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse. In the struggles of death she half turned on her back, and stretched her neck and fore arms convulsively, when she fell back to her former position; her mighty arms hung powerless by her side, her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the three horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain, on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me standing alone and unarmed within a few paces of the lioness, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief.

Such is ever the case with these worthies, and with nearly all the natives of South Africa. No reliance can be placed on them. They will to a certainty forsake their master in the most dastardly manner in the hour of peril, and leave him in the lurch. A stranger, however, hearing these fellows recounting their own gallant adventures, when sitting in the evening along with their comrades round a blazing fire, or under the influence of their adored "Cape smoke" or native brandy, might fancy them to be the bravest of the brave. Having skinned the lioness and cut off her head, we placed her trophies upon Beauty and held for camp. Before we had proceeded a hundred yards from the carcass, upward of sixty vultures, whom the lioness had often fed, were feasting on her remains.

[From Dickens's "Household Words."]

THE YOUNG ADVOCATE.

ANTOINE DE CHAULIEU was the son of a poor gentleman of Normandy, with a long genealogy, a short rent-roll, and a large family. Jacques Rollet was the son of a brewer, who did not know who his grandfather was; but he had a long purse and only two children. As these youths flourished in the early days of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and were near neighbors, they naturally hated each other. Their enmity commenced at school, where the delicate and refined De Chaulieu being the only gentilhomme among the scholars, was the favorite of the master (who was a bit of an aristocrat in his heart) although he was about the worst dressed boy in the establishment, and never had a sou to spend; while Jacques Rollet, sturdy and rough, with smart clothes and plenty of money, got flogged six days in the week, ostensibly for being stupid and not learning his lessons—which, indeed, he did not—but, in reality, for constantly quarreling with and insulting De Chaulieu, who had not strength to cope with him. When they left the academy, the feud continued in all its vigor, and was fostered by a thousand little circumstances arising out of the state of the times, till a separation ensued in consequence of an aunt of Antoine de Chaulieu's undertaking the expense of sending him to Paris to study the law, and of maintaining him there during the necessary period.

With the progress of events came some degree of reaction in favor of birth and nobility, and then Antoine, who had passed for the bar, began to hold up his head and endeavored to push his fortunes; but fate seemed against him. He felt certain that if he possessed any gift in the world it was that of eloquence, but he could get no cause to plead; and his aunt dying inopportunely, first his resources failed, and then his health. He had no sooner returned to his home, than, to complicate his difficulties completely, he fell in love with Mademoiselle Natalie de Bellefonds, who had just returned from Paris, where she had been completing her education. To expatiate on the perfections of Mademoiselle Natalie, would be a waste of ink and paper; it is sufficient to say that she really was a very charming girl, with a fortune which, though not large, would have been a most desirable acquisition to De Chaulieu, who had nothing. Neither was the fair Natalie indisposed to listen to his addresses; but her father could not be expected to countenance the suit of a gentleman, however well-born, who had not a ten-sous piece in the world, and whose prospects were a blank.

While the ambitious and love-sick young barrister was thus pining in unwelcome obscurity, his old acquaintance, Jacques Rollet, had been acquiring an undesirable notoriety. There was nothing really bad in Jacques' disposition, but having been bred up a democrat, with a hatred of the nobility, he could not easily

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accommodate his rough humor to treat them with civility when it was no longer safe to insult them. The liberties he allowed himself whenever circumstances brought him into contact with the higher classes of society, had led him into many scrapes, out of which his father's money had one way or another released him; but that source of safety had now failed. Old Rollet having been too busy with the affairs of the nation to attend to his business, had died insolvent, leaving his son with nothing but his own wits to help him out of future difficulties, and it was not long before their exercise was called for. Claudine Rollet, his sister, who was a very pretty girl, had attracted the attention of Mademoiselle de Bellefonds' brother, Alphonso; and as he paid her more attention than from such a quarter was agreeable to Jacques, the young men had had more than one quarrel on the subject, on which occasions they had each, characteristically, given vent to their enmity, the one in contemptuous monosyllables, and the other in a volley of insulting words. But Claudine had another lover more nearly of her own condition of life; this was Claperon, the deputy governor of the Rouen jail, with whom she had made acquaintance during one or two compulsory visits paid by her brother to that functionary; but Claudine, who was a bit of a coquette, though she did not altogether reject his suit, gave him little encouragement, so that betwixt hopes, and fears, and doubts, and jealousies, poor Claperon led a very uneasy kind of life.

Affairs had been for some time in this position, when, one fine morning, Alphonse de Bellefonds was not to be found in his chamber when his servant went to call him; neither had his bed been slept in. He had been observed to go out rather late on the preceding evening, but whether or not he had returned, nobody could tell. He had not appeared at supper, but that was too ordinary an event to awaken suspicion; and little alarm was excited till several hours had elapsed, when inquiries were instituted and a search commenced, which terminated in the discovery of his body, a good deal mangled, lying at the bottom of a pond which had belonged to the old brewery. Before any investigations had been made, every person had jumped to the conclusion that the young man had been murdered, and that Jacques Rollet was the assassin. There was a strong presumption in favor of that opinion, which further perquisitions tended to confirm. Only the day before, Jacques had been heard to threaten Mons. de Bellefonds with speedy vengeance. On the fatal evening, Alphonse and Claudine had been seen together in the neighborhood of the now dismantled brewery; and as Jacques, betwixt poverty and democracy, was in bad odor with the prudent and respectable part of society, it was not easy for him to bring witnesses to character, or prove an unexceptionable alibi. As for the Bellefonds and De Chaulieus, and the aristocracy in general, they entertained no doubt of his guilt, and, finally, the magistrates coming to the same opinion, Jacques Rollet was committed for trial, and as a testimony of good will, Antoine de Chaulieu was selected by the injured family to conduct the prosecution.

Here, at last, was the opportunity he had sighed for! So interesting a case, too, furnishing such ample occasion for passion, pathos, indignation! And how eminently fortunate that the speech which he set himself with ardor to prepare, would be delivered in the presence of the father and brother of his mistress, and, perhaps, of the lady herself! The evidence against Jacques, it is true, was altogether presumptive; there was no proof whatever that he had committed the crime; and for his own part, he stoutly denied it. But Antoine de Chaulieu entertained no doubt of his guilt, and his speech was certainly well calculated to carry that conviction into the bosom of others. It was of the highest importance to his own reputation that he should procure a verdict, and he confidently assured the afflicted and enraged family of the victim that their vengeance should be satisfied. Under these circumstances could any thing be more unwelcome than a piece of intelligence that was privately conveyed to him late on the evening before the trial was to come on, which tended strongly to exculpate the prisoner, without indicating any other person as the criminal. Here was an opportunity lost. The first step of the ladder on which he was to rise to fame, fortune, and a wife, was slipping from under his feet.

Of course, so interesting a trial was anticipated with great eagerness by the public, and the court was crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Rouen. Though Jacques Rollet persisted in asserting his innocence, founding his defense chiefly on circumstances which were strongly corroborated by the information that had reached De Chaulieu the preceding evening —he was convicted.

In spite of the very strong doubts he privately entertained respecting the justice of the verdict, even De Chaulieu himself, in the first flush of success, amid a crowd of congratulating friends, and the approving smiles of his mistress, felt gratified and happy; his speech had, for the time being, not only convinced others, but himself; warmed with his own eloquence, he believed what he said. But when the glow was over, and he found himself alone, he did not feel so comfortable. A latent doubt of Rollet's guilt now burst strongly on his mind, and he felt that the blood of the innocent would be on his head. It is true there was yet time to save the life of the prisoner, but to admit Jacques innocent, was to take the glory out of his own speech, and turn the sting of his argument against himself. Besides, if he produced the witness who had secretly given him the information, he should be self-condemned, for he could not conceal that he had been aware of the circumstance before the trial.

Matters having gone so far, therefore, it was necessary that Jacques Rollet should die; so the

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affair took its course; and early one morning the guillotine was erected in the court-yard of the jail, three criminals ascended the scaffold, and three heads fell into the basket, which were presently afterward, with the trunks that had been attached to them, buried in a corner of the cemetery.

Antoine de Chaulieu was now fairly started in his career, and his success was as rapid as the first step toward it had been tardy. He took a pretty apartment in the Hôtel Marbœuf, Rue Grange-Batelière, and in a short time was looked upon as one of the most rising young advocates in Paris. His success in one line brought him success in another; he was soon a favorite in society, and an object of interest to speculating mothers; but his affections still adhered to his old love Natalie de Bellefonds, whose family now gave their assent to the match—at least, prospectively—a circumstance which furnished such an additional incentive to his exertions, that in about two years from the date of his first brilliant speech, he was in a sufficiently flourishing condition to offer the young lady a suitable home. In anticipation of the happy event, he engaged and furnished a suite of apartments in the Rue du Helder; and as it was necessary that the bride should come to Paris to provide her trousseau, it was agreed that the wedding should take place there, instead of at Bellefonds, as had been first projected; an arrangement the more desirable, that a press of business rendered Mons. de Chaulieu's absence from Paris inconvenient.

Brides and bridegrooms in France, except of the very high classes, are not much in the habit of making those honeymoon excursions so universal in this country. A day spent in visiting Versailles, or St. Cloud, or even the public places of the city, is generally all that precedes the settling down into the habits of daily life. In the present instance St. Denis was selected, from the circumstance of Natalie's having a younger sister at school there; and also because she had a particular desire to see the Abbey.

The wedding was to take place on a Thursday; and on the Wednesday evening, having spent some hours most agreeably with Natalie, Antoine de Chaulieu returned to spend his last night in his bachelor apartments. His wardrobe and other small possessions, had already been packed up and sent to his future home; and there was nothing left in his room now, but his new wedding suit, which he inspected with considerable satisfaction before he undressed and lay down to sleep. Sleep, however, was somewhat slow to visit him; and the clock had struck *one*, before he closed his eyes. When he opened them again it was broad daylight; and his first thought was, had he overslept himself? He sat up in bed to look at the clock which was exactly opposite, and as he did so, in the large mirror over the fire-place, he perceived a figure standing behind him. As the dilated eyes met his own, he saw it was the face of Jacques Rollet. Overcome with horror he sunk back on his pillow, and it was some minutes before he ventured to look again in that direction; when he did so, the figure had disappeared.

The sudden revulsion of feeling such a vision was calculated to occasion in a man elate with joy, may be conceived! For some time after the death of his former foe, he had been visited by not unfrequent twinges of conscience; but of late, borne along by success, and the hurry of Parisian life, these unpleasant remembrancers had grown rarer, till at length they had faded away altogether. Nothing had been further from his thoughts than Jacques Rollet, when he closed his eyes on the preceding night, nor when he opened them to that sun which was to shine on what he expected to be the happiest day of his life! Where were the high-strung nerves now? The elastic frame? The bounding heart?

Heavily and slowly he arose from his bed, for it was time to do so; and with a trembling hand and quivering knees, he went through the processes of the toilet, gashing his cheek with the razor, and spilling the water over his well-polished boots. When he was dressed, scarcely venturing to cast a glance in the mirror as he passed it, he quitted the room and descended the stairs, taking the key of the door with him for the purpose of leaving it with the porter; the man, however, being absent, he laid it on the table in his lodge, and with a relaxed and languid step proceeded on his way to the church, where presently arrived the fair Natalie and her friends. How difficult it was now to look happy, with that pallid face and extinguished eye!

"How pale you are! Has any thing happened? You are surely ill?" were the exclamations that met him on all sides. He tried to carry it off as well as he could, but felt that the movements he would have wished to appear alert, were only convulsive; and that the smiles with which he attempted to relax his features, were but distorted grimaces. However, the church was not the place for further inquiries; and while Natalie gently pressed his hand in token of sympathy, they advanced to the altar, and the ceremony was performed; after which they stepped into the carriage waiting at the door, and drove to the apartments of Madme. de Bellefonds, where an elegant *déjeuner* was prepared.

"What ails you, my dear husband?" inquired Natalie, as soon as they were alone.

"Nothing, love," he replied; "nothing, I assure you, but a restless night and a little overwork, in order that I might have to-day free to enjoy my happiness!"

"Are you quite sure? Is there nothing else?"

"Nothing, indeed; and pray don't take notice of it, it only makes me worse!"

Natalie was not deceived, but she saw that what he said was true; notice made him worse; so she contented herself with observing him quietly, and saying nothing; but, as he *felt* she was observing him, she might almost better

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have spoken; words are often less embarrassing things than too curious eyes.

When they reached Madame de Bellefonds' he had the same sort of questioning and scrutiny to undergo, till he grew quite impatient under it, and betrayed a degree of temper altogether unusual with him. Then every body looked astonished; some whispered their remarks, and others expressed them by their wondering eyes, till his brow knit, and his pallid cheeks became flushed with anger. Neither could he divert attention by eating; his parched mouth would not allow him to swallow any thing but liquids, of which, however, he indulged in copious libations; and it was an exceeding relief to him when the carriage, which was to convey them to St. Denis, being announced, furnished an excuse for hastily leaving the table. Looking at his watch, he declared it was late; and Natalie, who saw how eager he was to be gone, threw her shawl over her shoulders, and bidding her friends *good morning*, they hurried away.

It was a fine sunny day in June; and as they drove along the crowded boulevards, and through the Porte St. Denis, the young bride and bridegroom, to avoid each other's eyes, affected to be gazing out of the windows; but when they reached that part of the road where there was nothing but trees on each side, they felt it necessary to draw in their heads, and make an attempt at conversation. De Chaulieu put his arm round his wife's waist, and tried to rouse himself from his depression; but it had by this time so reacted upon her, that she could not respond to his efforts, and thus the conversation languished, till both felt glad when they reached their destination, which would at all events furnish them something to talk about.

Having quitted the carriage, and ordered a dinner at the Hôtel de l'Abbaye, the young couple proceeded to visit Mademoiselle Hortense de Bellefonds, who was overjoyed to see her sister and new brother-in-law, and doubly so when she found that they had obtained permission to take her out to spend the afternoon with them. As there is little to be seen at St. Denis but the Abbey, on quitting that part of it devoted to education, they proceeded to visit the church, with its various objects of interest; and as De Chaulieu's thoughts were now forced into another direction, his cheerfulness began insensibly to return. Natalie looked so beautiful, too, and the affection betwixt the two young sisters was so pleasant to behold! And they spent a couple of hours wandering about with Hortense, who was almost as well informed as the Suisse, till the brazen doors were open which admitted them to the royal vault. Satisfied, at length, with what they had seen, they began to think of returning to the inn, the more especially as De Chaulieu, who had not eaten a morsel of food since the previous evening, owned to being hungry; so they directed their steps to the door, lingering here and there as they went, to inspect a monument or a painting, when, happening to turn his head aside to see if his wife, who had stopped to take a last look at the tomb of King Dagobert, was following, he beheld with horror the face of Jacques Rollett appearing from behind a column! At the same instant, his wife joined him, and took his arm, inquiring if he was not very much delighted with what he had seen He attempted to say yes, but the word would not be forced out; and staggering out of the door, he alleged that a sudden faintness had overcome him.

They conducted him to the Hôtel, but Natalie now became seriously alarmed; and well she might. His complexion looked ghastly, his limbs shook, and his features bore an expression of indiscribable horror and anguish. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary a change in the gay, witty, prosperous De Chaulieu, who, till that morning, seemed not to have a care in the world? For, plead illness as he might, she felt certain, from the expression of his features, that his sufferings were not of the body but of the mind; and, unable to imagine any reason for such extraordinary manifestations, of which she had never before seen a symptom, but a sudden aversion to herself, and regret for the step he had taken, her pride took the alarm, and, concealing the distress, she really felt, she began to assume a haughty and reserved manner toward him, which he naturally interpreted into an evidence of anger and contempt. The dinner was placed upon the table, but De Chaulieu's appetite, of which he had lately boasted, was quite gone, nor was his wife better able to eat. The young sister alone did justice to the repast; but although the bridegroom could not eat, he could swallow Champagne in such copious draughts, that ere long the terror and remorse that the apparition of Jacques Rollet had awakened in his breast were drowned in intoxication. Amazed and indignant, poor Natalie sat silently observing this elect of her heart, till overcome with disappointment and grief, she quitted the room with her sister, and retired to another apartment, where she gave free vent to her feelings in tears.

After passing a couple of hours in confidences and lamentations, they recollected that the hours of liberty granted, as an especial favor, to Mademoiselle Hortense, had expired: but ashamed to exhibit her husband in his present condition to the eyes of strangers, Natalie prepared to re-conduct her to the *Maison Royale* herself. Looking into the dining-room as they passed, they saw De Chaulieu lying on a sofa fast asleep, in which state he continued when his wife returned. At length, however, the driver of their carriage begged to know if Monsieur and Madame were ready to return to Paris, and it became necessary to arouse him. The transitory effects of the Champagne had now subsided; but when De Chaulieu recollected what had happened, nothing could exceed his shame and mortification. So engrossing indeed were these sensations that they quite overpowered his previous ones, and, in his present vexation, he, for the moment, forgot his fears. He knelt at his wife's

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feet, begged her pardon a thousand times, swore that he adored her, and declared that the illness and the effect of the wine had been purely the consequences of fasting and over-work. It was not the easiest thing in the world to re-assure a woman whose pride, affection, and taste, had been so severely wounded; but Natalie tried to believe, or to appear to do so, and a sort of reconciliation ensued, not quite sincere on the part of the wife, and very humbling on the part of the husband. Under these circumstances it was impossible that he should recover his spirits or facility of manner; his gayety was forced, his tenderness constrained; his heart was heavy within him; and ever and anon the source whence all this disappointment and woe had sprung would recur to his perplexed and tortured mind.

Thus mutually pained and distrustful, they returned to Paris, which they reached about nine o'clock. In spite of her depression, Natalie, who had not seen her new apartments, felt some curiosity about them, while De Chaulieu anticipated a triumph in exhibiting the elegant home he had prepared for her. With some alacrity, therefore, they stepped out of the carraige, the gates of the Hôtel were thrown open, the *concierge* rang the bell which announced to the servants that their master and mistress had arrived, and while these domestics appeared above, holding lights over the balusters, Natalie, followed by her husband, ascended the stairs. But when they reached the landing-place of the first flight, they saw the figure of a man standing in a corner as if to make way for them; the flash from above fell upon his face, and again Antoine de Chaulieu recognized the feature of Jacques Rollet!

From the circumstance of his wife's preceding him, the figure was not observed by De Chaulieu till he was lifting his foot to place it on the top stair: the sudden shock caused him to miss the step, and, without uttering a sound, he fell back, and never stopped till he reached the stones at the bottom. The screams of Natalie brought the concierge from below and the maids from above, and an attempt was made to raise the unfortunate man from the ground; but with cries of anguish he besought them to desist.

"Let me," he said, "die here! What a fearful vengeance is thine! Oh, Natalie, Natalie!" he exclaimed to his wife, who was kneeling beside him, "to win fame, and fortune, and yourself, I committed a dreadful crime! With lying words I argued away the life of a fellow-creature, whom, while I uttered them, I half believed to be innocent; and now, when I have attained all I desired, and reached the summit of my hopes, the Almighty has sent him back upon the earth to blast me with the sight. Three times this day—three times this day! Again! again!"—and, as he spoke, his wild and dilated eyes fixed themselves on one of the individuals that surrounded him.

"He is delirous," said they.

"No," said the stranger! "What he says is true enough—at least in part;" and bending over the expiring man, he added, "May Heaven forgive you, Antoine de Chaulieu! I was not executed; one who well knew my innocence saved my life. I may name him, for he is beyond the reach of the law now—it was Claperon, the jailor, who loved Claudine, and had himself killed Alphonse de Bellefonds from jealousy. An unfortunate wretch had been several years in the jail for a murder committed during the frenzy of a fit of insanity. Long confinement had reduced him to idiocy. To save my life Claperon substituted the senseless being for me, on the scaffold, and he was executed in my stead. He has quitted the country, and I have been a vagabond on the face of the earth ever since that time. At length I obtained, through the assistance of my sister, the situation of concierge in the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Rue Grange-Batelière. I entered on my new place yesterday evening, and was desired to awaken the gentleman on the third floor at seven o'clock. When I entered the room to do so, you were asleep, but before I had time to speak you awoke, and I recognized your features in the glass. Knowing that I could not vindicate my innocence if you chose to seize me, I fled, and seeing an omnibus starting for St. Denis, I got on it with a vague idea of getting on to Calais, and crossing the Channel to England. But having only a franc or two in my pocket, or indeed in the world, I did not know how to procure the means of going forward; and while I was lounging about the place, forming first one plan and then another, I saw you in the church, and concluding you were in pursuit of me, I thought the best way of eluding your vigilance was to make my way back to Paris as fast as I could; so I set off instantly, and walked all the way; but having no money to pay my night's lodging, I came here to borrow a couple of livres of my sister Claudine, who lives in the fifth story."

"Thank Heaven! exclaimed the dying man; "that sin is off my soul! Natalie, dear wife, farewell! Forgive! forgive all!"

These were the last words he uttered; the priest, who had been summoned in haste, held up the cross before his failing sight; a few strong convulsions shook the poor bruised and mangled frame; and then all was still.

And thus ended the Young Advocate's Wedding Day.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

THE REVOLUTIONISM OF MIRABEAU.

THE moral is evolved out of the physical, and the extraordinary in animal structure has a kinship to the portentous in human action.

Mirabeau, the infamous, born in an age, of a family, in a rank the most vicious in the annals of vice, of parents whose depravity had contaminated even their blood, was ushered with infinite difficulty into the breathing scene he was so much to trouble, and offered, at the outset of his disorderly career, misfortune and

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singularity in a twisted foot, a tied tongue, and two molar teeth.

Maltreated by fortune, which, at the age of three, turned him by disease into the ugliest of children—"a tiger marked by the small-pox"—caressed and neglected by his dissolute mother, disowned and persecuted as a spurious graft in his house and home by the celebrated "Economist," his father—his very childhood presaged the disorders of his youth and manhood; and his father, mysteriously reverting to early crimes and calamities as the blight of his life, made it matter of complaint that Honoré Gabriel, as a boy, had more cleverness "than all the devils in h—l," and seemed destined from his childhood "to disturb the monarchy, as a second Cardinal de Retz."

He was indeed *born* a Revolutionist; and if he had not found the elements of a *bouleversement*, was competent to have created them. But just as nature gave the instinct, fortune supplied the breeding and the occasion. The heir, pupil, and victim of a second family of Atreus and Thyestes, the child was *trained* into demoralization, vicissitude, and daring. Believed himself to have been the favorite lover of the most lovely of his sisters, he describes her as the "Atrocious memoir-writer," a "Messalina, boasting of the purity of her morals, and an absconding wife, bragging of her love for her husband." The Vicomte, his brother, "would have been a *roué* and a wit," he tells us, "in any family but his own," and *was*, of a dissolute noblesse, its most dissolute member. His mother, driven with contumely from her home and the bosom of her family, under accusations the most revolting a wife may hear from one who is her husband and a father, addressed the world in public recriminations for her persecutor, not less disgusting or condemnatory. The son himself, the most infamous man of his time, completes the picture in the boast he made to the National Assembly, that among the tragic woes of his family he had been the witness of fifty-four lettres-de-cachet, seventeen of them on his own account!

As in Eastern climates the abundance of degenerate man will, at some spot and moment, reach a point where it breeds the plague which diminishes by depopulation the evil it can not remove by more merciful agencies, so would it seem that in France the demoralization which necessitated a revolution, concentrating itself in one family, produced the man who was to begin the catastrophe.

At seventeen, leaving a military academy, he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant, knowing, as he tells us, a little Latin, and no Greek, but possessing, with very tolerable acquirements in the mathematics, a fair share of the scattered erudition won by readings more desultory than diligent.

Presented at court, admitted to the rare aristocratic privilege of riding in the king's carriages at Versailles, laughed at as the Princess Elizabeth's living specimen of inoculation, the incipient courtier and embryo revolutionist was awakened from his delightful vision to find himself suddenly transferred from his regal residence and gayeties, to the sombre solitude of a country jail. He had been guilty of a passionate attachment to a young lady of disproportionate expectations.

The young victim of parental wrong, thus severely taught that the splendors of a court were but a veneer under which lay the terrible springs of a wayward tyranny, killed time in brooding over the ideas and studies which subsequently formed his "*Essai*," no less than his character—"*sur le despotisme*." But before completing the work, the father's monomania had been temporarily mitigated by the vengeance of a year's imprisonment; and the son, instead of being sent to Surinam, the Dutch Sierra Leone of that day, was graciously permitted, under the *bourgeois* name of "Buffiere," to enter as a gentleman volunteer the French army that was about to crush the Corsicans in their noble struggle against Genoese oppression.

In this liberticidal war, the liberty-loving Mirabeau performed his first manly act, won his first public distinction, and initiated that series of paradox, and moral revolutionism, that was hence to follow him as lover, *litterateur*, and politician, to the grave. As his sword was against Corsica and freedom, his pen was for them. He wrote over the ruins of both a boyish philippic, admired by his victims, and burnt by his father!

And while the brain that was to rule France as a tribune-king, was thus evolving its idle progeny, the womb of a Corsican woman near him was travailing with him who was to be Napoleon! At the instant France, by the sword of her future liberator, was mowing down the new-born liberties of Corsica—Corsica was breathing the breath of life into a child, whose sword was to cleave down the fresh-won freedom of France! As a Cæsar and a Marius sprung from the blood of the Gracchi, there would have been no Corsican exterminator for France, had there been no French exterminators for Corsica.* There are surely times when fate plays with mortals, making of the murder of a generation or the revolution of an empire a nursery game of coincidences!

Of the twenty years that followed, bringing Mirabeau to the footsteps of the revolution, and within two years of his death, it was the odd fate of this gay and gifted noble, guilty of no offense against the state, nor in a legal sense against society, to pass more than the moiety of his time in the sad rôle of a state prisoner; and the main incidents in the unhappy sequence of wrong and suffering, the inevitable but unrecognized logic of Providence, were briefly, and in succession, a profitless marriage with the most distinguished heiress of his province, carried off

* It was this invasion that made Corsica a French island, and consequently Napoleon Bonaparte a French citizen.

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from twenty more eligible rivals by the superior strategy of seduction and defamation, pecuniary extravagance, dissipation, debts, sequestration of property, marital separation, successive imprisonments by paternal intervention, deadly hate with the father, permanent alienation from his adulterous wife and only child, licentious connection with a friend's wife, with whom he abandoned his country, exile in Switzerland, Holland, and England, successive litigations self-conducted, a ministerial spyship in Prussia, and a career more or less stormy, as a *litterateur*, in France.

Entombed in one of the horrid dungeons of Vincennes, solitary, hopeless, almost without a sympathy, though in the very spring-tide of his rich youth and activity, the angel of consolation, never far from us in our darkest hour, came down, and in the genial guise of literature, visited in his dungeon this man of infamies and suffering. It must, however, be confessed against him that, maddened by the severity of a despotism without appeal, in the wrong—and from that hand, too, whence he might fairly have hoped a kinder gift, even the wholesomeness of books became poisoned under his diseased digestion, and it became his wretched pleasure through months to avenge himself on the virtue in whose injured name he suffered, by licentious compilations, in which the man degenerates into the satyr, and the distinctions of right and decency are lost in the beastly excesses of a maniac imagination.

But so morbid a vice in a mind like his can be protected by no madness of the passions or vindictiveness of misanthropy from the healing influence of time; and if the leisure of his tedious incarcerations gave us four or five books in the worst of services, they gave us also those extensive studies of history and its philosophy to which we owe, among much else that is great in literature or in event, the three works on "Despotism," "State Prisons," and "Lettres-de-Cachet."

To our present purpose it would be of little use to indulge in any lengthened analysis or literary estimate of these performances. Gratifying his need of money, his love of fame, and, above all, a vengeance warmly nursed, which even virtue can not censure, their publication formed, probably, the happiest incidents of his life. The first published in his twenty-fifth year, bears all the characteristics of the young man of genius, roughened, no less than strengthened by the asperities of the experience out of whose ireful plenitude he writes. Rough and disorderly in arrangement, it is lofty, striking, eloquent in style—cogent, daring, powerful in matter.

The last, the result of his long, final imprisonment, and published in his thirty-first year, possesses similar attributes, aggrandized, or improved. A great work, involving an inquiry into the first principles of government, and, therefore, of infinite practical utility in the career reserved for him, it wants too obviously the elevation of a Montesquieu, the philosophy of a Bolingbroke, or the comprehensive profundity of a Burke. It is a work of genius, but by a partisan, an advocate, a man of powerful emotion and vivid conception, having a strong will, a high purpose, and an enduring conviction. With a great, sometimes an inapt parade of erudition, and an occasional loss of time in inflated and declamatory commonplaces, there is yet, as a general rule, work, rather than literature, in his sentences, and the just, the practical, the statesman-like are the dominating qualities. We must not look for the artist in Mirabeau as a writer: he is above that: nor, whatever the range of thought we may justly concede him, may we, therefore, expect the sublime; he is below that. With the eloquence of an impassioned imagination, united to the unornamented vigor of a ready, versatile, and comprehensive reason, he reminds one of some colossal engine in forceful, though not always in graceful action.

In Holland, occupied in literature and the society of literary men, and subsequently in England, in commerce with Franklin, Dr. Price, Samuel Romilly, and Wilkes—among whom be it said, *en passant*, he acquired the reputation of an habitual liar—a thousand circumstances must have presented themselves, not more in his own studies than in the freedom, seriousness, and activity he saw around him, to prepare and stimulate his ambition for the lofty career of political action that awaited him at home. In truth, if we may judge from the letters written during his English residence, or the biographical fragments that occur in his other correspondence, he seems, beyond his personal indigence, to have had no other enduring interest but that of public affairs. His mind broods over the tragic epochs of English history with a fascinating and curious sympathy: there is an evident faith in a coming drama of popular action for France, in which he is to play a leading part—a faith so early ripened that, in 1782, meeting at Neufchatel certain State Deputies of Geneva, he based on the inevitable meeting of the States General the prediction, or rather the promise, that he would become a deputy, and in that character restore their country to freedom.

Returning to Paris at a moment when the increasing and unmanageable *deficit* brought national bankruptcy and confusion to the very door of the state, a course of angry and mercenary pamphleteering on Finance, while connecting him with discontented men of wealth and influence, willing, jointly with the police, to hire or use his ready pen, forced on him education in another important, if unattractive, department of the great question of the times.

His ministerial spyship in Prussia, which, subsequently divulged by his own audacious publication of his secret correspondence, won from M. de Montesquieu the remark, that "the infamy of the person might be estimated by the infamy of the thing," was not without its compensations in the political experience he extract-

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ed from it. It brought before him the main interests of European diplomacy: won him access to the principal intrigues and intriguers of a Court in transitionship, by the death of Frederick, from eccentric greatness to orderly mediocrity; habituated him to ministerial correspondence and reports, which, if disgustingly mean, were, at all events, systematic and prescient, and secured him—I could wish to say honestly—those historic and statistical *data* which, published in his elaborate work on the Prussian monarchy, countenanced some serious claims to statesmanship.

Misfortune, passion, solitude, suffering, travel, extraordinary adventures, extensive readings, varied studies, innumerable writings thus admirably endowing his mind, so disposed, too, by nature, for the daring and stormy struggles of the revolution, the only resource that could surely be wanting to so enormous a compound of intellectual strength, I mean the power of oratory, he was fated to acquire in his lengthened trials for the recovery of his wife and legal rights.

Opposed by Alps of difficulties, the moral greater than the legal, for the suits ploughed deeply into all the crimes or errors that had dishonored his career, and would necessarily turn up masses of documentary evidence, which on no less authority than that of his father, must carry the tale of his infamy to every eye; yet his audacity dared, as his genius surmounted, every disadvantage, and after fixing the admiration of a province—to him a sufficient compensation—by the ingenuity, the power, and the extraordinary resources of his eloquence in a path so new to him, he succeeded in re-establishing his civil rights, and but failed in the second, and, perhaps, less important suit, by the accident of a technicality.

Passing by his double election as Deputy, at Aix and Marseilles, marked by excitement, insurrection, and all the stirring incidents that, in a moment of great public agitation, might be expected to accompany the *début* of a daring and accomplished demagogue, we are now brought to the greatest epoch of France, and, therefore, of Mirabeau—the meeting of the States General; and the observation is naturally suggested that, if this extraordinary succession of circumstances, marvelous as *incidents*, but still more marvelous as *coincidents*, had not specially moulded the man for his work, it might well be doubted that the French revolution could have happened, or at all events, in such gigantic proportions. Mirabeau's life was, as we have seen, a pupilage, as it is now to become a mastership, in revolution. His Saturn of a father had trained him, from his youth upward, into the executionership of his order; and Heaven itself, as if seconding some such inscrutable design, seems to have stooped to lead by the hand this servant of Nemesis, through paths the most devious and unfrequented, but, of all others, the most fitted to form and conduct him to the emergency.

A change, it is true, of some kind in French Government, accompanied by more or less confusion and bloodshed, had been long inevitable. Genius, good sense, suffering, luxury, oppression, contumely, unprincipledness, and folly, each boon of nature, each wrong of man, had concurred, after more than a century of struggle, in necessitating a consummation.

In my opinion, the popular horrors that darkened the end of the eighteenth century, though pointed in their way by the finger of Mirabeau, legitimately trace their pedigree to the royal grandeurs that closed the preceding one. The French Revolution was born of Louis the Fourteenth. His policy—his achievements—his failures, and, still more, his personal character and court deportment, killed monarchy in the hearts of the French people. The prominent ruling characteristic of himself and reign was an all-absorbing egotism. A maelström of selfishness, and unconscious of any law of reciprocity to arise from his relations to a common humanity, this chief and example of a numerous aristocracy was the grand centre to which was to be directed every affection and service, from which was to be circulated every volition and ordinance. And need I say that no eminence of intellectual power—no prudence of personal deportment—no brilliancy of external achievement, can or ought to have any effect on spectators so keen-witted and impressionable as the French, save to make additionally insupportable a character which, even on the smallest scale, is, of all others, the most odious and repulsive. The stern unity and perfection of order in which he was enabled to present political power—that necessary evil of human existence—but added intensity to the hate, as it added grandeur to the idea of his despotism. In the eyes of his suffering subjects it brought him face to face with the catastrophes no less than with the glories of his reign, and without the merit of the avowal—*adsum qui feci!* gave him all its dread responsibilities. An old despot surviving his greatness while retaining the stinging irony of its title—a saint amid the standing reminiscences of his adulteries, expiating his pleasures by annihilating those of others, and tormenting consciences to save his own—his suffering and downcast people became at length disabused but too utterly of the base apotheosis of his person and character, so long maintained by him in the name of a false glory and debased religion. They even publicly rejoiced at a death-bed made pitiable by the absence of his mistress, confessor, and family; and meeting in mobs that, encountering his corpse on its way through by-lanes to hugger-mugger interment at St. Denis, they might tear it into shreds, gave early and portentous evidence that the germ of an envenomed and bloody democracy had been elicited in the very perfection of his stern and heartless tyranny. The unblushing excesses of the Regent and of Louis the Fifteenth, who gratuitously withdrew the last vail that concealed the utter rottenness of all that claimed popular obedience, under the names of religion and

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authority, sufficed, though scarcely needed, to *complete* the discredit of the French monarchy; and, ascending his throne, surrounded by a dissolute clergy, an overbearing aristocracy, and a discontented and impoverished people, the robed Louis the Sixteenth seemed but the calf of atonement of the Scriptures decked for sacrifice, and doomed to expiate a century of court gayeties and crimes in which he had had no part!

Mirabeau began the revolution with a thousand vague hopes and expectations, and the conviction, communicated to his friend Mauvillon, that "it was not given to human sagacity to devise where *all this* would end." A living conflict of passions and principles, of low needs and high ambitions, of lofty genius and infamous repute, a demagogue by policy, an aristocrat by vanity, a constitutionalist by conviction, his public conduct anxiously and perpetually brought in evidence one or other of these conflicting agencies; but beyond the personal aim of recovering his rank, and winning some sort of greatness at any price, he was without one pervading or dominant public purpose, save that of extinguishing the despotism that had injured him. Above all policies, *abstractedly* considered, this was the one dear to his heart. "I come here to grant, not to ask pardon," was his reply, in a voice of angry defiance, to some oratorical assurance that a life of usefulness might secure the pardon of his earlier delinquencies. A horrid, but too natural vindictiveness had interwoven the hate of arbitrary power into every fibre of his brain. It was a passion or sentiment that he never abandoned: it may be even doubted if he could have been purchased out of it. Despite all the evils and mischances of life, there stood erect in his soul this one small altar to virtue, or something that resembled it, which he would have thrown down but under the direst necessity.

But of all the circumstances glanced at as furnishing the key to many of the paradoxes of his public conduct, one of the most important, though perhaps the least appreciated, is the dishonor of his repute. It is difficult, with his present position in history, especially when taken in relation to the now well-certified worthlessness of his contemporaries, to realize to the imagination the full extent of his infamy. "You dare," said his former friend Rulhiere, in a pamphlet that had a wide circulation, "*You* dare to speak of a country, Count Mirabeau! If your brow were not trebly bronzed, how must you have blushed at its very name! Have you one quality of father, friend, brother, husband, or relative? An honorable vocation? Any one attribute that constitutes the citizen? Not one! You are without a refuge, without a relative. I seek your most ordinary domiciles, and I find them but in the prison of Vincennes, the Chateau d'If, the fortress of Ioux, the jail of Pontarlier!" *

Dumont, coming over to Paris, was so moved by the discredit attached, in respectable circles, to his acquaintance, that he visited him with repugnance and as a duty, but records the characteristic incident, that on his first call he was so won by the magic of his host's conversation, as to depart resolved on retaining, at all hazards, so agreeable a friendship. The mention of his name, with the sight of his person, at the opening of the States General, elicited groans and hisses on all sides. The *Tiers-Etat*—whom he had honored by his aristocratic adoption—were unanimous in refusing him a hearing the two or three occasions on which he first sought to address them. The queen, whose life, family, and regal heritage were at stake, received the assurance, that such a person was willing to assist the views of the court, with "the contempt due to vice;" * and "assassin!" "robber!" "slanderer!" were the epithets almost daily applied to him in the senate of the nation! Society, expiring under the weight of its own vices, saw in him that well-defined excess that entitled it to the merits of purgation in his extruism, of atonement in his martyrdom, and to place the hand of menace and malediction on his head, as the scape-goat of its redemption!

Thus detested by all parties, his low character keeping him low, Mirabeau, with all his marvelous power, found himself placed, by public contempt, more even than by private need, at the mercy of circumstances. Befoulment had so far eaten into his name, that, with occasionally the best of desires, and always the greatest of energies, there stood a blight over both. He felt that a moral leprosy incrusted him, which repelled the good, and kept aloof the prudent. The contemned inferior, in moral standing, of those that surrounded him, it was difficult to be honest, and impossible to be independent. By a sort of law of nature, too, his tarred repute attracted to it every floating feather of suspicion, no less than of guilt, as to its natural seat; and thus it happened that the lofty genius of Mirabeau, under the "grand hests" of a hateful necessity, like the "too delicate spirit," Ariel, tasked to the "strong biddings" of the "foul witch Sycorax," was condemned for a while to pander rather than teach, to follow rather than lead, to please rather than patronize, and to halloo others' opinions rather than vindicate his own!

No man could appreciate the misfortune more fully or sensitively than himself. Dumont tells us that, taught by events that a good character would have placed France at his feet, "he would have passed seven times through the fiery furnace to purify his name;" and that, "weeping and sobbing, he was accustomed to exclaim, 'Cruelly do I expiate the errors of my youth!'" And, indeed, the more sensible his heart, the more rich and elevated his soul, the more must his torments have been bitter and redoubled; for the very preciousness of the gifts of nature, the charms of society, even the friend-

* He had also been confined in two prisons, in the Ile de Rue, and the Castle of Dijon.

* Madame Campan's Memoirs.

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ship of those that surrounded him, must have turned but to the increase of his wretchedness!

It is easy to understand, then, that the tactics of Mirabeau, in the first days of the revolution, were those of a man outside "a swelling scene,"

> "A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
> And monarchs to behold,"

which he could only occupy by rudely breaking through a thousand circumvallations of usage, propriety, and public opinion. As it was the boast of Luther, that he, an obscure monk, stood alone for some time against respectable Europe, so Mirabeau, on the eve of his public greatness, was the most isolated politician of his age. "Mean men, in their rising," says Lord Bacon, most adhere; but great men, that have strength in themselves, were better to maintain themselves indifferent and neutral." Instinctively feeling that this was the policy of his position, when repelled by both sides, he haughtily repelled them in return, and the more he was despised the more inevitable did he make the establishment of his importance. As, without a party, he became one himself, so without a plan he took that of events, and without a policy was content with that of display. In these early days, indeed, his whole plan, system, and policy was to make his individualism tell, to demonstrate, to all parties, what he was worth in journalism as a writer, in the Assembly as an orator, in every thing as a statesman. As he had nothing but himself, it became his business to make the most of the commodity, which, so valueless in the beginning, ended in outworthing all that was opposed to it.

But if this policy of display, no less than his education, sympathies, and hates, bore him to the opposition, there were in his pecuniary wants, and his ambitious dreams of a statesmanship, *à la Richelieu*, circumstances that at times resistlessly brought him within the influence of court power. Uncertain how far he could overpower the disadvantages of his personal position, wounded that the movement party were little inclined to value his co-operation, and still less to accept his leadership, he early felt, or feigned alarm at the fermentation in the public mind, and its possible evolution in great national calamities; and before one act of legislation was accomplished, or he had had a month's experience of the fanatical impracticability of one side, I use his own words, and the intolerant spirit of resistance on the other, he personally proposed to his enemy, Necker, and through him to the queen, "the only *man*," he said, "connected with the court," to concur, at the price of an embassadorship to Constantinople, in supporting the court system of policy.

He appears to have fancied for some days that his proposals were accepted; but before he could enter on any of the Eastern arrangements his active mind had already suggested, he learned that the overture was rejected "with a contempt which," as Madame Campan sagaciously admits, "the court would doubtless have concealed, if they could have foreseen the future." Contenting himself with the angry menace, "They shall soon hear some of my news," within a month he became the author of successive defeats, the most insulting a monarch could receive from his parliament, and which were fated to exercise an active influence in the overturn of that royalty he was afterward to defend.

The king, anxious to arrange the differences which kept the three orders aloof from each other, and from legislation, had sent to the *Tiers-Etat* a message, wise in its suggestions, and conciliatory in its tone. Under the eloquence of Mirabeau, the house passed to the order of the day.

Irritated by insult, and complaining that the antagonism of the three orders prevented any progress in the public business for which they were convened, the king summoned a general meeting of all the deputies, and after an address, in which he expressed his royal pleasure that the three orders should form separate chambers, he commanded the assembly to disperse, that they might meet under the ordinances his prerogative had prescribed. The clergy, the nobles obey; the commons remain uncertain, hesitating, and almost in consternation. The royal command is again communicated to them, with the intimation, that having heard the king's intentions they had now only to obey. The crisis of the royal prerogative, obedience, hung but on the turn of a feather: the repulsed Mirabeau arose, and turned it against the king. "We *have*," said he, in a voice of thunder, "we *have* heard the intentions *attributed* to the king; and you, sir, who have no place, nor voice, nor right of speech here, are not competent to remind us of them. Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we are not to be expelled but by the power of bayonets!"

Cheered and supported by the now reassured *Tiers-Etat*, he next, in imitation of the English parliament, carried, that the persons of the deputies were inviolate, that any one infringing that right should be pursued as an enemy of the country, and that the payment of taxes, till further legislation, should be obligatory only during the existence of the legislative corps.

Added to the bold title of "National Assembly," newly adopted, these votes were the assumption of a kingship by the *Tiers-Etat;* and as public opinion enthusiastically backed the innovation, the divided peers and ecclesiastics were compelled at length to join, and be submerged in the mass of popular deputies.

A civil war could alone stand between royal power and its destruction. For some weeks the court prepared for even such an eventuality. "Ministers play high stakes," writes Mirabeau, on the 5th of July; "they are compromising the king, for in menacing Paris and the Assembly they are menacing France. All reaction is equal to action: the more the pressure now, the more terrible do I foresee will be the reaction. Paris will not suffer itself to be muzzled by a bevy of nobles thrown into despair by their own stupidity; but they shall pay the penalty of the

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attempt. . . . . The storm must soon break out. It is arranged that I ask the withdrawal of the troops; but be you ready (at Paris) to help the step!"

The demand was evaded by the king; the soldiery were largely increased and concentrated; the arrests of the more revolutionary deputies, including, of course, Mirabeau, were decided on; Necker was summarily dismissed: but on the other side able and active emissaries roused Paris by statements the most exciting, and taking all characters, with the costumes of either sex, caressed, fêted, and partially won over the soldiery, and before the court could take one step toward its purposes, Paris was in full insurrection, the troops corrupted or overpowered, the Bastile taken, and under the plea of anarchical excuse, the whole *bourgeoisie* of Paris placed in a few hours under arms as National Guards.

The king, taught that it was not revolt but revolution, preferred, as every body foresaw, submission to civil war, recalled Necker, and visited triumphant Paris, at once the hostage and conquest of a popular triumph.

Mirabeau, more or less connected with the Orleanists, had speculated with them on the chances of confusion; for to him it was a small thing, provided he had bread, that it was baked in an oven warmed with the conflagration of an empire. Looking forward with complacency to every contingency of revolutionary crises, assured that a common danger, flinging aside, as unimportant, questions of personal character, would make power the prey of genius and audacity, he was correspondingly annoyed by a re-arrangement that promised for a time a well-grounded tranquillity.

The destruction of the Bastile securing that of "The Syllas of thought," he now transformed into a full political newspaper, his weekly "Letter to his Constituents," under which title he had evaded, from the first assembly of the States-General, the censorship on the press. Aware, from a knowledge of Wilkes and his history, of the power of journalism to a politician, and above all, to a demagogue in a free country, he was, in the full sense of the term, the first newspaper editor of France, and owed to the vigorous use of this novel agency, not only useful additions to his pecuniary resources, but a great portion of that popular idolatry that followed him to the grave.

The court which, in calling together the States, had no higher aim than to regenerate the finances of the country, and, as one step, to obtain the help of the people in stripping a numerous aristocracy of their baneful exemption from state-burdens, had already found out its own share in the peril of the experiment, and now sought, by a close alliance with the *noblesse*, to avert the ruin that too evidently menaced both. But the torrent had but accumulated at each irresistible concession, and every day's work added to the democratic elements of a constitution that had already made royalty a cipher, and annihilated, as political institutions, the church and aristocracy.

Of course new schemes of regal antagonism again raised their heads, and again a popular manifestation, bringing Paris into the very boudoir of the queen, at Versailles, demonstrated the impuissance of all that took the name of French royalism. The October insurrection was fomented by Mirabeau and his Orleanist friends, for the same purpose as that of July, to secure personal safety, and obtain a new scene of action, by terrifying the court into exile, or the acceptance of Orleans' protection. Had the duke been raised to the "lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom," Mirabeau counted on a premiership, in which he purposed to become the Chatham or Pitt of France. Had Louis the Sixteenth fled the kingdom after the example of the Comte D'Artois, he purposed to proclaim a republic, and become its "first consul;" and should the doom be that France should be divided by civil war, and cut up into its old kingdoms, he speculated on a sovereignty in his ancestral country, Provence, which had already greeted him with so encouraging an enthusiasm.

Strangeness of event! While the monarchy, so short-lived, still survived the insatiate Mirabeau, two of the extraordinary contingencies he speculated on have already happened, to the profit of other actors, and the existing republic, in its mutinous armies, intolerant factions, and insane dynasties, offers no very improbable portent that, even after half a century of a centralized and well-fixed nationality, the old repartition of kingdoms may again present itself!

The great consummation of the confusion, however, failed for the overmuch of means. "A bottle of brandy was given," said the orator, "instead of a glass!" and the mob's capricious *impromptu* of carrying the king back with them to Paris, still more than the cowardice of the Duke of Orleans, defeated this deep-laid Machiavelian combination.

Whatever the character, however, of the people's success, it could not but be an additional success for their leader. The revolution, of which he stood recognized the unquestioned head, was now beyond all danger of royal aggression, except by his own treacherous agency. In a campaign of unimaginable brevity, he had not only vindicated the first place as an orator in a senate now omnipotent, and become out of it the most potent demagogue of his time, but as *un homme d'état*, surrounded by a brilliant staff of the most active spirits and practical thinkers of the day, Camille Desmoulins, Danton, Volney, Champfort, Lamourette, Cabanis, Reybaz, Dumont, Duroverai, Claviere, Servan, De Caseaux, Panchaud, Pellenc, Brissot, and others, was understood by every party to hold the future destinies of France in his hand. Emerging from two insurrections, possessing by his power, all their profits, and by his adroitness, none of their responsibility, he found it now worth his while to break terms with the Duke of Orleans, by a public expression of his

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contempt for him as a scoundrel not worth the trouble that might be taken for him; and excluded from the ministry, that lay open to him, by a self-denying ordonnance of the Assembly, directly leveled at his pretensions, he accepted a large subsidy from the king's brother—the Comte de Provence—and formed with him, for the restoration or upholding a monarchical authority, a mysterious and ineffective conspiracy, the character and extent of which may be conjectured from its involving the assassination of the Marquess de Lafayette.

The hate of Mirabeau for this worthy but feeble nobleman—his diligent colleague in the struggle for liberty—was as intense as, at first sight, it seems incredible. He was his Mordecai at the king's gate, for whom he could neither sleep nor eat. Remembering that Mirabeau's passion for complicated intrigue and daring adventure, even in politics, was extravagant to disease, it seems possible that, as he advanced in his rapid greatness, he secretly nursed projects or hopes as incompatible with a constitutional monarchy, and an organized public force, in respectable hands, as with the despotism with which he had originally battled; and that, in his successive conspiracies, now with the Republicans and Orleanists, now with the Count de Provence and the queen, he had no fixed intention of ultimately benefiting those he professed to serve, but proposed to use them as ladders to that exalted position of a Sylla or a Cæsar, which, as Bonaparte subsequently proved, was no more, perhaps, beyond his grasp than his ambition; influenced by the insidious suggestions and doubts he carefully spread abroad, the queen, as he saw with pleasure, looked on the new commander of the National Guards as a "Grandison-Cromwell" (Mirabeau's damaging epithet), whose concealed ambition aimed at the constableship of France, as a step to that dread of French sovereigns, the "Mayorship of the Palace;" and hence the court systematically declined the aids it might so often have derived from the honesty, the popularity, and sometimes the good sense of the American volunteer. At all events, we know that the assassination of Lafayette—twice it seems plotted—would have left the National Guards in the hands of some less popular and more pliant chief; and that, when the general specifically accused his rival of the horrid project, naming time, place, and means, he won no better defense than the reply, "You were sure of it, and I am alive! How good of you! And you aspire to play a leading part in a revolution!" The compact with the Comte de Provence was of short duration: the queen began to distrust the personal views of her brother-in-law, who threatened to become the Duke D'Orleans of a philosophical party, and Mirabeau, to whom popularity was the only capital, probably found that he could not afford the sacrifices his employers demanded.

To preserve the *status quo*, and wait events, became now, for some weeks or months, as much his policy as his accessibility to passion and sudden influences would permit. He seemed to feel that he should give time to the molten lava of his volcanic greatness to settle, harden, and assume its individualism among things received. Holding aloof, therefore, from indentification with either party—leaning now on one side, now on the other; his speeches more with the movement, his policy more with the court; forcing both parties into explanations, while keeping himself, however, disengaged—he constituted himself their arbitrator and moderator, overawing both extremes; and while maintaining his pre-eminence of political influence, held himself ready to take advantage, at the least cost of consistency, of any fundamental change in the position of affairs.

In the month of May or June, however, a private interview with the queen, in the Royal Garden of St. Cloud, followed by others, to the renewed scandal of her fame, laid the foundation of a new compact with the court, and a more decided policy. The chivalry of Mirabeau revived under the enthusiasm won by "Earth's loveliest vision"—a queen in distress and a suppliant—and he pledged himself, as the Hungarians to her royal mother, to die in the service of saving her throne. But the highest endeavors of Mirabeau have always at their base, like the monuments of his country, the filthy and the repulsive; and the chivalry of this new saviour of the monarchy received sustentation in a bribe—higgled for through months—of twenty thousand pounds, and a pension of more than that per annum.

About the end of the year, three or four months before his death, he opened systematically his great campaign for what professedly was the restoration of regal authority. He was to out-Herod in patriotism the Herods of the Jacobin club: the court was to dare every thing short of civil war—perhaps even that; and the existing confusion, whatever it might be, was to be cured by another of greater extent, artificially induced by the charlatanism of art political. His scheme, in some points, it must be allowed, successfully imitated in our own days in Prussia, was:

First—To reorganize the party of Order in the Assembly; and while, as far as possible, winning for it the sympathy of the country, to excite, by all available agencies, distrust and discontent with the opposing majority.

Secondly—To inundate the provinces with publications against the Assembly; and by commissioners, sent nominally for other purposes, to obtain remonstrances from the departments against its further continuance.

Thirdly—At a proper opportunity, to dissolve the Assembly, and order fresh elections; at the same time canceling the constitution as illegal and granting another by royal charter, formed on a popular basis, and on the written instructions which (on a system unknown to England) had originally been drawn up for each deputy by his electors.

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I shall not descend to discuss the oft-mooted point, how far the wholesale venality that based the project is justified or palliated by the object it is supposed to have had in view, because I know that with Mirabeau money was not *a means* to his defense of constitutional monarchy, but his defense of constitutional monarchy a means to money. If we except his relentless hate to French despotism in any hands not his own, the principles, moral or political, of this leader of a nation had no other tenure but the interest of his personal aggrandizement.

On another debate, whether with a longer life he could have carried his counter-revolution to success, I will only remark, that, conceding that in robust health he would have had it at heart as sincerely as in the recorded hours of his sickness and despondency, it may be admitted, that a struggle which, under every imprudence, seemed long to hang in doubt, with the aid of his energetic and masterly polity might, perhaps, have poised for royalty. But it is not to be concealed that the difficulty of arresting and unmaking were even greater than those of creating and consolidating the revolution. The king's aversion to decisive measures, and well-known horror of civil war, made him the worst of colleagues for the only policy his tool could wield with effect; and the great demagogue himself, when obliged to discard the mask of democratic hypocrisy that still partly hid the subtle and venal traitor of his party, would have lost, like Strafford, many of the elements of his potency; and despoiled, especially, of the miraculous resources of his eloquence, must have contented himself with that lucid, common-sense, consecutive daring, and power of strategic combination, which his new friends were so ill-fitted to support.

Fortunately, perhaps, for his future fame, he died ere the structure his arts had undermined tested his powers of reparation, and before that wonderful magic of popularity which had so long survived, as it had, indeed, so long anticipated, his deserts, had time to vanish under the cock-crow of truth. His death was as well-timed as his political advent, and has been praised by French wit as the best evidence of his tact; for the expectations which the unparalleled rapidity, no less than the innate marvelousness of his achievements had raised, no future activity and fortune, scarcely those of a Napoleon, could have realized.

But if the retrospect of his career must convince us that one man in so short a period never accomplished so much before, against such disadvantages, so also must we admit that probably never before did any one rest so wholly for his amazing achievements on the sole power of intrinsic genius. It was intellect that did all with Mirabeau; and made his head, according to his own boast, a power among European states. It united almost every possible capacity and attainment. His rare and penetrating powers of observation were sustained by the equal depth and justness of his discrimination, and the rapidity and accuracy of his judgment. Uniting, to his admirable natural capacity, an activity and habitual power of application, more marvelous almost in their extent than even in their rare combination, he possessed an understanding full, beyond precedent, both of the recorded knowledge of books, and of that priceless experience of men and things, without which all else is naught; and as the complement of these amazing and unparalleled advantages, he had the still rarer advantage of a felicity and power of diction every way worthy of so incomparable a genius.

Looking with contempt at the stiff, ornamental, and childishly antithetical style of his day and nation, he welded the flimsy elements of the French language into instruments of strength akin to his own conceptions, and wrought out of them a style for himself in which a Demosthenic simplicity and severity of language is sustained by an earnest and straightforward power which vivifies and amplifies all that it touches. Startled by an innovation far beyond the conceptions of the French academy, the writer was smiled at and neglected by the critics; and it was not till they heard him launching from the tribune the thunders of justice, disposing at pleasure of the inclinations of the multitude, and subjugating even the captious by the imperious power of his eloquence, that they began to discover that there was a "power of life"* in his rude and singular language; that "things, commonplace, in his hand became of electric power;"† and that, standing "like a giant among pigmies,"‡ his style, albeit "savage,"§ dominated the assembly, stupefying, and thundering down all opposition.

It is the affliction of history, that, while raising her monuments to gigantic genius, she is compelled so often to record an immorality of parallel proportions. It is right that the infamy of Mirabeau should be as eternal as his greatness. He was a man who, in his political, as in his private life, had no sense of right for its own sake, and from whom conscience never won a sacrifice. With great and glorious aims at times, he never had a disinterested one. His ambition, vanity, or passions, were his only standard of conduct—a standard, be it added, which, despite the wonderful justness of his judgments, the depravity of a sunken nature kept always below even his needs. Policy with him was often but a campaign of vengeance or market of venality, and the glorious exercises of literature but a relaxation of indecency or business of wrong. In the study, in the tribune, or in the council-chamber, glory was the only element that remained to counterpoise, often with a feather's weight, the smallest influence of gold or spleen; and in the most critical epoch of an empire, the poising of his tremendous influence —the influence of so much earnestness and magical power—was the accident of an accident. We admit for him, in palliation, the demoralizing

* Madame de Stael.
† Bertrand de Moleville.
‡ De Levis.
§ De Ferrieres.

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influence of terrific example, and of maddening oppression; but where is the worth of a morality that, in a man of heroic mould, will not stand assay? and what is virtue but a name, if she may be betrayed whenever she demands an effort?

But however much a moral wreck was the heart of Mirabeau, nature, true to the harmony, no less than the magnificence, of her great creations, had essentially formed it of noble and gentle elements. Touched to the core by the contaminating influence of "time and tide," its instincts were yet to the kindly, the generous, and elevated; and those about him who knew him best—attached to him more by his affections than his glory—eagerly attested that in the bosom of this depraved citizen resided most of the qualities which, under happier agencies, would have made him a dutiful son, a devoted husband, an attached friend, and truly noble character!

In fine, with an eye to see at a glance, a mind to devise, a tongue to persuade, a hand to execute, this great man was circumspect in recklessness, poised and vigorous in violence, cool and calculating to a minutia in audacity and passion. As a friend, affectionate and volatile—as an enemy, fierce and placable—as a politician, patriotic and venal. Proud of his patricianship, whose *status* and manners he has lost, he is humble about a statesmanship that makes the first of his glories. The best of writers, his works are written for him; the greatest of orators, his speeches are made for him! Has he the most unerring of judgments? He prefers another's! Is he a popular tribune? He is also a royalist parasite! Is he earnest? He is then insincere! Does he evidence great principles? He seeks bribes! Does he enforce moderation? He awaits vengeance! Does he cause confusion? He is seeking order! Would he save the nation? He is selling its liberties! Wonderful man! great with enormous weaknesses, bad with many excellencies, immortal by the expedients of an hour, his genius is a combination of almost impossible perfections, as his political life the colossal result of a thousand contradictions. United, they yield a deathless character, whose Titanic proportions shall, age after age, be huger, as the mighty shadows that cover it shall grow darker!

[From Hogg's Instructor.]

THE "COMMUNIST" SPARROW—AN ANECDOTE OF CUVIER.

WE have been struck with the following anecdote of the great Cuvier, which is recorded in the "Courrier de l'Europe" for February, 1850, and trust the following translation will prove as interesting to our readers as it has been to us. It forms an amusing chapter in natural history, and forcibly illustrates that close observation which so frequently characterizes eminent men.

Poverty in youth has a purifying tendency, like the "live coal" of old which the ange passed over the lips of Isaiah. It inures the soul to struggling, and the mind to persevering labor and self-confidence: it keeps the imagination away from the temptations of luxury, and the still more fatal one of idleness, that parent of vice. It, moreover, becomes one of the most fruitful sources of happiness to the man whom God permits to come out of the crowd and take his place at the head of science and art. It is with ineffable delight that he looks behind, and says, in thinking of his cold and comfortless garret, "I came out of that place, single and unknown." George Cuvier, that pupil of poverty, loved to relate one of his first observations of natural history, which he had made while tutor to the children of Count d'Henry.

Cuvier and his scholars inhabited an old mansion in the county of Caux à Fiquanville; the teacher's room overlooked the garden, and every morning, at break of day, he opened the window to inhale the refreshing air, before commencing his arduous duties to his indifferently-trained pupils. One morning he observed, not without pleasure, that two swallows had begun to build their nest in the very corner of his little chamber window. The birds labored with the ardor of two young lovers who are in haste to start in housekeeping. The male bird brought the moistened clay in his beak, which the female kneaded, and with the addition of some chips of straw and hay, she built her little lodging with wonderful skill. As soon as the outside was finished, the betrothed gathered feathers, hair, and soft dry leaves for the inside, and then departed to hide themselves in a neighboring wood, there to enjoy the sweets of repose after their labor, and amid the thick foliage of the trees the mysterious joys of the honeymoon. However that may be, they did not think of returning to take possession of their nest till the end of twelve or fifteen days.

Alas! changes had taken place during their absence. While the swallows were laboring with such assiduity in building a house, Cuvier had observed two sparrows, that perched at a short distance, watching the industry of the two birds, not without interchanging between themselves some cries that appeared to Cuvier rather ironical. When the swallows departed for their country excursion, the sparrows took no pains to conceal their odious schemes; they impudently took possession of the nest, which was empty and without an owner to defend it, and established themselves there as though they had been its veritable builders. Cuvier observed that the cunning sparrows were never both out of the nest at the same time. One of the usurpers always remained as sentinel, with his head placed at the opening, which served for a door, and with his large beak interdicted the entrance of any other bird, except his companion, or rather, to call things by their right names, his brother robber. The swallows returned in due time to their nest, the male full of joy, which showed itself in the brightness of his eye, and

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in the nervous kind of motion in his flight; the female rather languid, and heavy with the approach of laying. You can imagine their surprise at finding the nest, on which they had bestowed so much care, occupied. The male, moved with indignation and anger, rushed upon the nest to chase away the usurpers, but he found himself face to face with the formidable beak of the sparrow who, at that moment, guarded the stolen property. What could the slim beak of the swallow do against the redoubtable pincers of the sparrow, armed with a double and sharpened point? Very soon, the poor proprietor, dispossessed and beaten back, retreated with his head covered with blood, and his neck nearly stripped of its feathers. He returned with flashing eye, and trembling with rage, to the side of his wife, with whom he appeared for some minutes to hold counsel, after which they flew away into the air, and quickly disappeared. The female sparrow came back soon after; the male recounted all that had passed—the arrival, the attack, and flight of the swallows—not without accompanying the recital with what seemed to Cuvier to be roars of laughter. Be this as it may, the housekeeper did not rest satisfied with making only a hullah-balloo, for the female went forth again, and collected in haste a much larger quantity of provisions than usual. As soon as she returned, after having completed the supplies for a siege, two pointed beaks, instead of one, defended the entrance to the nest. Cries, however, began to fill the air, and an assemblage of swallows gathered together on a neighboring roof. Cuvier recognized distinctly the dispossessed couple, who related to each new comer the impudent robbery of the sparrow. The male, with blood-stained head and bared neck, distinguished himself by the earnestness of his protestations and appeals of vengeance. In a little while two hundred swallows had arrived at the scene of conflict. While the little army was forming and deliberating, all at once a cry of distress came from an adjacent window. A young swallow, doubtless inexperienced, instead of taking part in the counsels of his brethren, was chasing some flies which were buzzing about a bunch of neglected or castaway flowers before the window. The pupils of Cuvier had stretched a net there to catch sparrows; one of the claws of the swallow was caught by the perfidious net. At the cry which this hair-brained swallow made, a score of his brethren flew to the rescue: but all their efforts were in vain; the desperate struggles which the prisoner made to free himself from the fatal trap only drew the ends tighter, and confined his foot more firmly. Suddenly a detachment took wing, and, retiring about a hundred paces, returned rapidly, and, one by one, gave a peck at the snare, which each time, owing to the determined manner of the attack, received a sharp twitch. Not one of the swallows missed its aim, so that, after half an hour of this persevering and ingenious labor, the chafed string broke, and the captive, rescued from the snare, went joyously to mingle with his companions. Throughout this scene, which took place twenty feet from Cuvier, and at almost as many from the usurped nest, the observer kept perfectly still, and the sparrows made not the slightest movement with their two large beaks, which, formidable and threatening, kept its narrow entrance. The council of swallows, while a certain number of them were succoring their companion, had continued to deliberate gravely. As soon as all were united, the liberated prisoner included, they took flight, and Cuvier felt convinced they had given up the field, or rather the nest, to the robbers, who had so fraudulently possessed themselves of it. Judge of his surprise when, in the course of a few seconds, he beheld a cloud of two or three hundred swallows arrive, with the rapidity of thought throw themselves before the nest, discharge at it some mud which they had brought in their bills, and retire to give place to another battalion, which repeated the same manœuvre. They fired at two or three inches from the nest, thus preventing the sparrows from giving them any blows with their beaks. Besides, the mud, shot with such perfidious precision, had so blinded the sparrows, after the first discharge, that they very soon knew not in what manner to defend themselves. Still the mud continued to thicken more and more on the nest, whose original shape was soon obliterated: the opening would have almost entirely disappeared, had not the sparrows, by their desperate efforts at defense, broken away some portions of it. But the implacable swallows, by a strategic movement, as rapidly as it was cleverly executed, rushed upon the nest, beat down with their beaks and claws the clay over the opening already half stopped up, and finished the attack by hermetically closing it. Then there arose a thousand cries of vengeance and victory. Nevertheless, the swallows ceased not the work of destruction. They continued to carry up moistened clay till they had built a second nest over the very opening of the besieged one. It was raised by a hundred beaks at once, and, an hour after the execution of the sparrows, the nest was occupied by the dispossessed swallows. The drama was complete and terrible; the vengeance inexorable and fatal. The unfortunate sparrows not only expiated their theft in the nest they had taken possession of, whence they could not escape, and where suffocation and hunger were gradually killing them, but they heard the songs of love from the two swallows, who thus so cruelly made them wipe out the crime of their theft. During the fight the female remained alone, languishing and motionless, on an angle of the roof. It was with difficulty, and with a heavy flight, that she left this spot to take up her abode in her new house; and, doubtless, while the agony of the sparrows was being filled up, she laid her eggs, for she did not stir out for two days; the male, during that time, taking upon himself to search for insects and hunt for flies. He brought

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them alive in his beak, and gave them to his companion. Entirely devoted to the duties of incubation and maternity, she was only seen now and then to put out her head to breathe the pure air. Fifteen days after, the male flew away at daybreak. He appeared more gay and joyful than usual; during the whole day he ceased not to bring to the nest a countless number of insects, and Cuvier, by standing on tiptoe at his window, could distinctly see six little yellow and hungry beaks, crying out, and swallowing with avidity all the food brought by their father. The female did not leave her family till the morrow; confinement and fatigue had made her very thin. Her plumage had lost its lustre; but in seeing her contemplate her little ones, you might conceive the maternal joy which filled her, and by what ineffable compensations she felt herself indemnified for all her privations and sufferings. After a short time the little creatures had advanced in figure; their large yellow bills were transformed into little black and charming ones; their naked bodies, covered here and there with ugly tufts, were now clothed with elegant feathers, on which the light played in brilliant flashes. They began to fly about the nest, and even to accompany their mother when she hunted for flies in the neighborhood.

Cuvier could not refrain from feelings of admiration, and was somewhat affected when he saw the mother, with indefatigable patience and grace, show her children how they should set about catching flies, which darted about in the air—to suck in an incautious one, or carry away a spider which had imprudently made his net between the branches of two trees. Often she would hold out to them at a distance in her beak a booty which excited their appetite; then she would go away by degrees, and gradually draw them unconsciously off to a shorter or a longer distance from the nest. The swallow taught her children to fly high when the air was calm, for then the insects kept in a more elevated part of the air; or to skim along the ground at the approach of a storm, as then the same insects would direct their course toward the earth, where they might find shelter under the stones at the fall of the first drop of rain. Then the little ones, more experienced, began, under the guidance of their father, to undertake longer flights. The mother, standing at the entrance of the nest, seemed to give her instructions before they departed: she awaited their return with anxiety, and when that was delayed, took a flight high, very high in the air, and there flew to and fro till she saw them. Then, full of a mother's joy, she would utter cries of emotion, scud before them, bring them back to the nest, happy and palpitating, and seemed to demand an account of the causes of their delay.

The autumn arrived. Some groups of swallows collected together on the very roof of the mansion of Fiquanville. After grave deliberation, and a vote being taken (whether by ballot or otherwise, Cuvier does not mention), the young ones of the nest, along with the other young swallows of the same age, were all placed in the middle of the troop; and one morning a living cloud rose above the chateau, and flew away swiftly due east.

The following spring two swallows, worn down by fatigue, came to take possession of the nest. Cuvier recognized them immediately; they were the very same—those whose manners and habits he had studied the preceding year. They proceeded to restore the nest, cracked and injured in some places by the frost: they garnished anew the inside with fresh feathers and choice moss, then, as last year, made an excursion of some days. On the very morrow after their return, while they were darting to and fro close to Cuvier's window, to whose presence they had become accustomed, and which did not in the least incommode them, a screech-owl, that seemed to fall from above, pounced upon the male, seized him in his talons, and was already bearing him away, when Cuvier took down his gun, which was within reach, primed and cocked it, and fired at the owl; the fellow, mortally wounded, fell head over heels into the garden, and Cuvier hastened to deliver the swallow from the claws of the dead owl, who still held him with his formidable nails. The poor swallow had received some deep wounds; the nails of the owl had penetrated deeply into his side, and one of the drops of shot had broken his leg. Cuvier dressed the wounds as well as he could, and, by the aid of a ladder, replaced the invalid in his nest, while the female flew sadly around it, uttering cries of despair. For three or four days she never left the nest but to go in search of food, which she offered the male. Cuvier saw his sickly head come out with difficulty, and try in vain to take the food offered by his companion; every day he appeared to get weaker. At length, one morning, Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the female, who with her wings beat against the panes of his window. He ran to the nest—alas! it contained only a dead body. From that fatal moment the female never left her nest. Overwhelmed with grief, she, five days after, died of despair, on the dead body of her companion.

Some months after this, the Abbé Tessier, whom the revolutionary persecution had compelled to flee to Normandy, where he disguised himself under the dress of a military physician of the hospital of Fécamp, fell in with the obscure tutor, who recounted to him the history of the swallows. The abbé engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils of that hospital, of which he was the head, and wrote to Jussieu and Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, to inform them of the individual he had become acquainted with. Cuvier entered into a correspondence with these two learned men, and a short time after he was elected to the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. His subsequent career is well known.

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[From Hunting Adventures in South Africa.]

A GIRAFFE CHASE.

THIS day was to me rather a memorable one, as the first on which I saw and slew the lofty, graceful-looking giraffe or camelopard, with which, during many years of my life, I had longed to form an acquaintance. These gigantic and exquisitely beautiful animals, which are admirably formed by nature to adorn the fair forests that clothe the boundless plains of the interior, are widely distributed throughout the interior of Southern Africa, but are nowhere to be met with in great numbers. In countries unmolested by the intrusive foot of man, the giraffe is found generally in herds varying from twelve to sixteen; but I have not unfrequently met with herds containing thirty individuals, and on one occasion I counted forty together; this, however, was owing to chance, and about sixteen may be reckoned as the average number of a herd. These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of nine or ten feet in height, to the dark, chestnut-colored old bull of the herd, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining to a height of upward of eighteen feet. The females are of lower stature and more delicately formed than the males, their height averaging from sixteen to seventeen feet. Some writers have discovered ugliness and a want of grace in the giraffe, but I consider that he is one of the most strikingly beautiful animals in the creation; and when a herd of them is seen scattered through a grove of the picturesque parasol-topped acacias which adorn their native plains, and on whose uppermost shoots they are enabled to browse by the colossal height with which nature has so admirably endowed them, he must, indeed, be slow of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements. There can be no doubt that every animal is seen to the greatest advantage in the haunts which nature destined him to adorn; and among the various living creatures which beautify this fair creation I have often traced a remarkable resemblance between the animal and the general appearance of the locality in which it is found. This I first remarked at an early period of my life, when entomology occupied a part of my attention No person following this interesting pursuit can fail to observe the extraordinary likeness which insects bear to the various abodes in which they are met with. Thus, among the long green grass we find a variety of long green insects, whose legs and antennæ so resemble the shoots emanating from the stalks of the grass that it requires a practiced eye to distinguish them. Throughout sandy districts varieties of insects are met with of a color similar to the sand which they inhabit. Among the green leaves of the various trees of the forest innumerable leaf-colored insects are to be found; while, closely adhering to the rough gray bark of these forest-trees, we observe beautifully-colored, gray-looking moths of various patterns, yet altogether so resembling the bark as to be invisible to the passing observer. In like manner among quadrupeds I have traced a corresponding analogy, for, even in the case of the stupendous elephant, the ashy color of his hide so corresponds with the general appearance of the gray thorny jungles which he frequents throughout the day, that a person unaccustomed to hunting elephants, standing on a commanding situation, might look down upon a herd and fail to detect their presence. And further, in the case of the giraffe, which is invariably met with among venerable forests, where innumerable blasted and weather-beaten trunks and stems occur, I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of a troop of them until I had recourse to my spy-glass; and on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail, at one time mistaking these dilapidated trunks for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with these aged veterans of the forest.

Although we had now been traveling many days through the country of the giraffe, and had marched through forests in which their spoor was abundant, our eyes had not yet been gifted with a sight of "Tootla" himself; it was therefore with indescribable pleasure that, on the evening of the 11th, I beheld a troop of these interesting animals.

Our breakfast being finished, I resumed my journey through an endless gray forest of cameeldorn and other trees, the country slightly undulating and grass abunndant. A little before the sun went down my driver remarked to me, "I was just going to say, sir, that that old tree was a camelopard." On looking where he pointed, I saw that the old tree was indeed a camelopard. and, on casting my eyes a little to the right, I beheld a troop of them standing looking at us, their heads actually towering above the trees of the forest. It was imprudent to commence a chase at such a late hour, especially in a country of so level a character, where the chances were against my being able to regain my wagons that night. I, however, resolved to chance every thing; and directing my men to catch and saddle Colesberg, I proceeded in haste to buckle on my shooting-belt and spurs, and in two minutes I was in the saddle. The giraffes stood looking at the wagons until I was within sixty yards of them, when, galloping round a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had ridden, I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a troop of ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs, making a loud switching noise with them, and cantered along at an easy pace, which. however, obliged Colesberg to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them.

The sensations which I felt on this occasion were different from any thing that I had before experienced during a long sporting career. My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and

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beautiful sight before me that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favorable for riding. At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and after a short burst at a swinging gallop I was in the middle of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound; while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewing them in my path. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, I fired my second shot behind the shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. Before this was accomplished she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a water-course, where I fired at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle toward the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it, she reared high on her hind legs, and fell backward with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired.

[From Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey.]

ADVENTURE IN A TURKISH HAREM.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

A SHORT time before leaving Constantinople I enjoyed a piece of good fortune which I believe has fallen to the lot of few men. Often as I passed by the garden walls of some rich Pacha, I felt, as every one who visits Constantinople feels, no small desire to penetrate into that mysterious region—his harem—and see something more than the mere exterior of Turkish life. "The traveler landing at Stamboul complains," I used to say to myself, "of the contrast between its external aspect and the interior of the city; but the real interior, that is the inside of the houses, the guarded retreats of those vailed forms which one passes in gilded caiques—of these he sees nothing." Fortune favored my aspirations. I happened to make acquaintance with a young Frenchman, lively, spirited, and confident, who had sojourned at Constantinople for a considerable time, and who bore there the character of prophet, magician, and I know not what beside. The fact is, that he was a very clever fellow, living on his wits, ever ready to turn his hand to any thing, and numbering among his other accomplishments, a skill in conjuring feats extraordinary even in the East. He used to exhibit frequently before the Sultan, who always sent him away laden with presents, and who would, probably, had he professed the Mohammedan Faith, have made him his Prime Minister or his Lord High Admiral.

There was nothing which this conjuror could not do. He told me that on one occasion, dining in a numerous company, he had contrived to pick the pocket of every one present, depriving one of his watch, another of his purse, and a third of his pocket-handkerchief. As soon as the guests discovered their losses, to which he managed to direct their attention, a scene of violent excitement ensued, every one accusing his neighbor of theft; and at last it was agreed that the police should be sent for to search the pockets of all present. The police arrived, and the search was duly made, but without any effect. "I think," said the young magician, "it would be but fair that the police should themselves undergo the same scrutiny to which we have all submitted." The suggestion was immediately acted on; and to the amazement of all present, and especially of the supposed culprits, in the pockets of the police all the missing articles were found.

The life of this man had been strange and eventful. Having quarreled with his family in early youth he had assumed an incognito, and enlisted as a private soldier, I forget in what service. On one occasion, in his first campaign, he was left for dead on the field of battle. In the evening some peasants visited the field for the sake of plunder. He was badly wounded, but had his wits sufficiently about him to know that, if he wished not to have his throat cut, he had better lie still and feign to be dead. In his turn he was visited by the marauders; but, as fame goes, it turned out that while they were hunting after the few pence he possessed, he contrived to lighten their pockets of their accumulated spoil. He had grown tired of war, however, and had settled in Constantinople, where he embarked in all manner of speculations, being bent, among other things, upon establishing a theatre at Pera. In all reverses he came down, like a cat, on his feet: he was sanguine and good-humored, always disposed to shuffle the cards till the right one came up; and, trusting a good deal to Fortune, while he improved what she gave, he was of course rich in her good graces.

One day this youth called on me, and mentioned that a chance had befallen him which he should be glad to turn to account—particularly

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if sure of not making too intimate an acquaintance with the Bosphorus in the attempt. A certain wealthy Turk had applied to him for assistance under very trying domestic circumstances. His favorite wife had lost a precious ring, which had doubtless been stolen either by one of his other wives, under the influence of jealousy, or by a female slave. Would the magician pay a visit to his house, recover the ring, and expose the delinquent? "Now," said he, "if I once get within the walls, I shall be sure to force my way into the female apartments on some pretense. If I find the ring, all is well: but if not, this Turk will discover that I have been making a fool of him. However, as he is a favorite at court, and can not but know in what flattering estimation I am held there, he will probably treat me with the distinction I deserve. In fine, I will try it. Will you come, too? you can help me in my incantations, which will serve as an excuse." The proposal was too tempting to be rejected, and at the hour agreed on we set off in such state as we could command (in the East, state is essential to respect), jogging over the rough streets, in one of those hearse-like carriages without springs, which bring one's bones upon terms of far too intimate a mutual acquaintance.

We reached at last a gate, which promised little; but ere long we found ourselves in one of those "high-walled gardens, green and old," which are among the glories of the East. Passing between rows of orange and lemon-trees, we reached the house, where we were received by a goodly retinue of slaves, and conducted, accompanied by our dragoman, through a long suite of apartments. In the last of them stood a tall, handsome, and rather youthful man, in splendid attire, who welcomed us with a grave courtesy. We took our seats, and were presented in due form with long pipes, and with coffee, to me far more acceptable. After a sufficient interval of time had passed for the most meditative and abstracted of men to remember his purpose, our host, reminded of what he had apparently forgotten by my companion's conjuring robes, an electrical machine, and other instruments of incantation, which the slaves carried from our carriage, civilly inquired when we intended to commence operations. "What operations?" demanded my companion, with much apparent unconcern. "The discovery of the ring." "Whenever his highness pleased, and it suited the female part of his household to make their appearance," was the answer.

At this startling proposition even the Oriental sedateness of our majestic host gave way, and he allowed his astonishment and displeasure to become visible. "Who ever heard," he demanded, "of the wives of a true believer being shown to a stranger, and that stranger an Infidel and a Frank?" As much astonished in our turn, we demanded, "When a magician had ever been heard of, who could discover a stolen treasure without being confronted either with the person who had lost or the person who had appropriated it?" For at least two hours, though relieved by intervals of silence, the battle was carried on with much occasional vehemence on his part, and on ours with an assumption of perfect indifference. Our host at last, perceiving that our obstinacy was equal to the decrees of Fate, retired, as we were informed, to consult his mother on the subject. In a few minutes he returned, and assured us that our proposition was ridiculous; upon which we rose with much dignified displeasure, and moved toward the door, stating that our beards had been made little of. A grave-looking man who belonged to the household of our host, and occupied apparently a sort of semi-ecclesiastical position, now interposed, and after some consultation it was agreed that as we were not mere men, but prophets, and infidel saints, an exception might be made in our favor without violation of the Mussulman law; not, indeed, to the extent of allowing us to profane the inner sanctuary of the harem with our presence, but so far as to admit us into an apartment adjoining it, where the women would be summoned to attend us.

Accordingly, we passed through a long suite of rooms, and at last found ourselves in a chamber lofty and large, fanned by a breeze from the Bosphorus, over which its lattices were suspended, skirted by a low divan, covered with carpets and cushions, and "invested with purpureal gleams" by the splendid hangings through which the light feebly strove. Among a confused heap of crimson pillows and orange drapery, at the remote end of the apartment, sat, or rather reclined, the mother of our reluctant host. I could observe only that she was aged, and lay there as still as if she had belonged to the vegetable, not the human world. Usually she was half-vailed by the smoke of her long pipe; but when its wreaths chanced to float aside or grow thin, her dark eyes were fixed upon us with an expression half indifferent and half averse.

Presently a murmur of light feet was heard in an adjoining chamber: on it moved along the floor of the gallery; and in trooped the company of wives and female slaves. They laughed softly and musically as they entered, but seemed frightened also; and at once raising their shawls and drawing down their vails, they glided simultaneously into a semicircle, and stood there with hands folded on their breasts. I sat opposite to them, drinking coffee and smoking, or pretending to smoke a pipe eight feet long: at one side stood the Mollah and some male members of the household: at the other stood the handsome husband, apparently but little contented with the course matters had taken; and my friend, the magician, moved about among the implements of his art clad in a black gown spangled with flame-colored devices, strange enough to strike a bold heart with awe. Beyond the semicircle stood two children, a boy and a girl, holding in their hands twisted rods of barley-sugar about a yard long each, which they sucked assiduously the whole time of our visit. There they stood, mute and still as statues, with dark eyes fixed, now

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on us, and now on the extremity of their sugar wands.

My companion commenced operations by displaying a number of conjuring tricks intended to impress all present with the loftiest opinion of his powers, and stopped every now and then to make his dragoman explain that it would prove in vain to endeavor to deceive a being endowed with such gifts. To these expositions the women apparently paid but little attention; but the conjuring feats delighted them; and again and again they laughed until, literally, the head of each dropped on her neighbor's shoulder. After a time the husband, who alone had never appeared the least entertained, interposed, and asked the conjuror whether he had yet discovered the guilty party. With the utmost coolness, my friend replied, "Certainly not: how could he while His Highness's wives continued vailed?" This new demand created new confusion and a long debate: I thought, however, that the women seemed rather to advocate our cause. The husband, the Mollah, and the mother again consulted; and in another moment the vails had dropped, and the beauty of many an Eastern nation stood before us revealed.

Four of those unvailed Orientals were, as we were informed, wives, and six were slaves. The former were beautiful indeed, though beautiful in different degrees and in various styles of beauty: of the latter two only. They were, all of them, tall, slender, and dark-eyed, "shadowing high beauty in their airy brows," and uniting a mystical with a luxurious expression, like that of Sibyls who had been feasting with Cleopatra. There was something to me strange as well as lovely in their aspect—as strange as their condition, which seems a state half-way between marriage and widowhood. They see no man except their husband; and a visit from him (except in the case of the favorite) is a rare and marvelous occurrence, like an eclipse of the sun. Their bearing toward each other was that of sisters: in their movements I remarked an extraordinary sympathy, which was the more striking on account of their rapid transitions from the extreme of alarm to childlike wonder, and again to boundless mirth.

The favorite wife was a Circassian, and a fairer vision it would not be easy to see. Intellectual in expression she could hardly be called; yet she was full of dignity, as well as of pliant grace and of sweetness. Her large black eyes, beaming with a soft and stealthy radiance, seemed as if they would have yielded light in the darkness; and the heavy waves of her hair, which, in the excitement of the tumultuous scene, she carelessly flung over her shoulders, gleamed like a mirror. Her complexion was the most exquisite I have ever seen, its smooth and pearly purity being tinged with a color, unlike that of flower or of fruit, of bud or of berry, but which reminded me of the vivid and delicate tints which sometimes streak the inside of a shell. Though tall she seemed as light as if she had been an embodied cloud, hovering over the rich carpets like a child that does not feel the weight of its body; and though stately in the intervals of rest, her mirth was a sort of rapture. She, too, had that peculiar luxuriousness of aspect, in no degree opposed to modesty, which belongs to the East: around her lips was wreathed, in their stillness, an expression at once pleasurable and pathetic, which seemed ever ready to break forth into a smile: her hands seemed to leave with regret whatever they had rested on, and in parting to leave something behind; and in all her soft and witching beauty she reminded me of Browning's lines—

> "No swan-soft woman, rubbed in lucid oils,
> The gift of an enamored god, more fair."

As feat succeeded to feat, and enchantment to enchantment, all remnant of reserve was discarded, and no trace remained of that commingled alarm and pleased expectation which had characterized those beaming countenances when first they emerged from their vails. Those fair women floated around us, and tossed their hands in the air, wholly forgetting that their husband was by. Still, however, we had made but little progress in our inquiry; and when the magician informed them that they had better not try to conceal any thing from him, their only answer was a look that said, "You came here to give us pleasure, not to cross-question us." Resolved to use more formidable weapons, he began to arrange an electrical machine, when the Mollah, after glancing at it two or three times, approached and asked him whether that instrument also was supernatural. The quick-witted Frenchman replied at once, "By no means; it is a mere scientific toy." Then, turning to me, he added, in a low voice, "He has seen it before—probably, he has traveled." In a few minutes, the women were ranged in a ring, and linked hand-in-hand. He then informed them, through our interpreter, that if a discovery was not immediately made, each person should receive, at the same moment, a blow from an invisible hand; that, the second time, the admonition would be yet severer; and that, the third time, if his warning was still despised, the culprit would drop down dead. This announcement was heard with much gravity, but no confession followed it: the shock was given, and the lovely circle was speedily dislinked, "with shrieks and laughter." Again the shock was given, and with the same effect; but this time the laughter was more subdued. Before making his last essay, the magician addressed them in a long speech, telling them that he had already discovered the secret, that if the culprit confessed, he would make intercession for her, but that, if she did not, she must take the consequences. Still no confession was made. For the first time, my confident friend looked downcast. "It will not do," he said to me; "the ring can not be recovered: they know nothing about it: probably it was lost. We can not fulfill our engagement; and, indeed, I wish," he added, "that we were well out of all this."

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I confess I wished the same, especially when I glanced at the master of the household, who stood apart, gloomy as a thunder-cloud, and with the look of a man who thinks himself in a decidedly false position. The Easterns do not understand a jest, especially in a harem; and not being addicted to irony (that great safety-valve for enthusiasm), they pass rapidly from immovability to very significant and sometimes disagreeable action. Speaking little, they deliver their souls by acting. I should have been glad to hear our host talk, even though in a stormy voice: on the whole, however, I trusted much to the self-possession and address of my associate. Nor was I deceived. "Do as you see me do," he said to me and the dragoman; and then, immediately after giving the third shock, which was as ineffectual as those that preceded it, he advanced to our grim host with a face radiant with satisfaction, and congratulated him vehemently. "You are a happy man," he said. "Your household has not a flaw in it. Fortunate it was that you sent for the wise man: I have discovered the matter." "What have you discovered?" "The fate of the ring. It has never been stolen: if it had, I would have restored it to you. Fear nothing; your household is trustworthy and virtuous. I know where the ring is; but I should deceive you if I bade you hope ever to find it again. This is a great mystery, and the happy consummation surpasses even my hopes. Adieu. The matter has turned out just as you see. You were born under a lucky star. Happy is the man whose household is trustworthy, and who, when his faith is tried, finds a faithful counselor. I forbid you, henceforth and forever, to distrust any one of your wives."

It would be impossible to describe the countenance of our Mussulman friend during this harangue. There he stood, like a tree half in sunshine and half in shade; gratification struggling with displeasure in his countenance, and wonder eclipsing both. It was not by any means our policy to wait until he had adjusted the balance, and made up his mind as to the exact degree of gratitude he owed his guests. On, accordingly, we passed to the door. In a moment the instinct of courtesy prevailed, and our host made a sign to one of his retinue. His slaves preceded us with torches (it had grown late); and, accompanied by half the household, as a guard of honor, we again traversed the large and straggling house, passed through the garden, and entered the carriage which waited for us beyond the wall. Our evening passed rapidly away as we discussed our adventure; and I have more than once thought, with pleasure, how amusing an incident the visit of the strangers must have been to the secluded beauties. No doubt the baths of Constantinople have rung with many a merry laugh occasioned by this invasion of the Franks. Never, perhaps, have the inmates of a harem seen so much of the infidel before, and conversed with him so familiarly, in the presence of their husband.

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

THE WIFE OF KONG TOLV.*

A FAIRY TALE OF SCANDINAVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR "COLA MONTI."

HYLDREDA KALM stood at the door of her cottage, and looked abroad into the quietness of the Sabbath morn. The village of Skjelskör lay at a little distance down the vale, lighted by the sunshine of a Zealand summer, which, though brief, is glowing and lovely even as that of the south. Hyldreda had looked for seventeen years upon this beautiful scene, the place where she was born. Sunday after Sunday she had stood thus and listened for the distant tinkle of the church bell. A stranger, passing by, might have said, how lovely were her face and form; but the widowed mother, whose sole stay she was, and the little delicate sister, who had been her darling from the cradle, would have answered, that if none were so fair, none were likewise so good as Hyldreda; and that all the village knew. If she did love to bestow greater taste and care on her Sunday garments than most young damsels of her class, she had a right—for was she not beautiful as any lady? And did not the eyes of Esbern Lynge say so, when, week after week, he came up the hilly road, and descended again to the little chapel, supporting the feeble mother's slow steps, and watching his betrothed as she bounded on before, with little Resa in her hand?

"Is Esbern coming?" said the mother's voice within.

"I know not—I did not look," answered Hyldreda, with a girlish willfulness. "I saw only the sun shining on the river, and the oak-wood waving in the breeze."

"Look down the road, child; the time passes. Go quickly."

"She is gone already," said Resa, laughing merrily. "She is standing under the great elder-tree to wait for Esbern Lynge."

"Call her back—call her back!" cried the mother, anxiously. "To stand beneath an elder-tree, and this night will be St. John's Eve! On Sunday, too, and she a Sunday child! Call her quickly, Resa."

The little child lifted up her voice, "Hyld—"

"Not her name—utter not her name!" And the widow Kalm went on muttering to herself, "Perhaps the Hyldemoer† will not have heard. Alas the day! when my child was born under an elder-tree, and I, poor desolate mother! was terrified into giving my babe that name. Great Hyldemoer, be propitiated! Holy Virgin!" and the widow's prayer became a curious mingling of superstition and piety, "Blessed Mary! let not the elves have power over my child! Have

* The idea of this story is partly taken from a Danish *Visa*, or legendary ballad, entitled "Proud Margaret."

† *Hyldemoer*, elder-mother, is the name of a Danish elf inhabiting the elder-tree. *Eda* signifies a grandmother or female ancestor. Children born on Sundays were especially under the power of the elves.

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I not kept her heart from evil? does not the holy cross lie on her pure breast day and night? Do I not lead her every Sunday, winter and summer, in storm, sunshine, or snow, to the chapel in the valley? And this day I will say for her a double prayer."

The mother's counted beads had scarce come to an end when Hyldreda stood by her side, and, following the light-footed damsel, came Esbern Lynge.

"Child, why didst thou linger under the tree?" said the widow. "It does not become a young maiden to stand flaunting outside her door. Who wert thou watching so eagerly?"

"Not thee, Esbern," laughed the girl, shaking her head at her betrothed, who interposed with a happy conscious face; "I was looking at a grand train that wound along the road, and thinking how pleasant it would be to dress on a Sunday like the lady of the castle, and recline idly behind four prancing horses instead of trudging on in these clumsy shoes."

The mother frowned, and Esbern Lynge looked sorrowful.

"I wish I could give her all she longs for," sighed the young man, as they proceeded on their way, his duteous arm supporting the widow, while Hyldreda and Resa went bounding onward before them; "She is as beautiful as a queen—I would that I could make her one."

"Wish rather, Esbern, that Heaven may make her a pious, lowly-hearted maid, and, in good time, a wife; that she may live in humility and content, and die in peace among her own people."

Esbern said nothing—he could not think of death and *her* together. So he and the widow Kalm walked on silently—and so slowly that they soon lost sight of the two blithe sisters.

Hyldreda was talking merrily of the grand sight she had just seen, and describing to little Resa the gilded coach, the prancing horses, with glittering harness. "Oh! but it was a goodly train, as it swept down toward the river. Who knows? Perhaps it may have been the king and queen themselves."

"No," said little Resa, rather fearfully, "you know Kong Tolv* never lets any mortal king pass the bridge of Skjelskör."

"*Kong Tolv!* what, more stories about Kong Tolv!" laughed the merry maiden; "I never saw him; I wish I could see him, for then I might believe in thy tales, little one."

"Hush, hush!—But mother told me never to speak of these things to thee," answered Resa; "unsay the wish, or some harm may come."

"I care not! who would heed these elfin tales on such a lovely day? Look, Resa, down that sunny meadow, where there is a cloud shadow dancing on the grass; a strange cloud it is too, for it almost resembles a human form."

"It is Kong Tolv rolling himself in the sunshine," cried the trembling child; "look away, my sister, lest he should hear us."

Again Hyldreda's fearless laugh made music through the still air, and she kept looking back until they passed from the open road into the gloom of the oak wood.

"It is strange that thou shouldst be so brave," said Resa once more. "I tremble at the very thought of the Elle-people of whom our villagers tell, while thou hast not a single fear. Why is it, sister?"

"I know not, save that I never yet feared any thing," answered Hyldreda, carelessly. "As for Kong Tolv, let him come, I care not."

While she spoke, a breeze swept through the oak wood, the trees began to bend their tops, and the under branches were stirred with leafy murmurings, as the young girl passed beneath. She lifted her fair face to meet them. "Ah. 'tis delicious, this soft scented wind; it touches my face like airy kisses; it makes the leaves seem to talk to me in musical whispers. Dost thou not hear them too, little Resa? and dost thou not—?"

Hyldreda suddenly stopped, and gazed eagerly down the road.

"Well, sister," said Resa, "what art dreaming of now? Come, we shall be late at church, and mother will scold." But the elder sister stood motionless. "How strange thine eyes look; what dost thou see, Hyldreda."

"Look—what is there!"

"Nothing, but a cloud of dust that the wind sweeps forward. Stand back, sister, or it will blind thee."

Still Hyldreda bent forward with admiring eyes, muttering, "Oh! the grand golden chariot, with its four beautiful white horses! And therein sits a man—surely it is the king! and the lady beside him is the queen. See, she turns—"

Hyldreda paused, dumb with wonder, for despite the gorgeous show of jeweled attire, she recognized that face. It was the same she had looked at an hour before in the little cracked mirror. The lady in the carriage was the exact counterpart of herself!

The pageant came and vanished. Little Resa turned round and wiped her eyes—she, innocent child, had seen nothing but a cloud of dust. Her elder sister answered not her questionings, but remained silent, oppressed by a nameless awe It passed not, even when the chapel was reached, and Hyldreda knelt to pray. Above the sound of the hymn she heard the ravishing music of the leaves in the oak wood, and instead of the priest she seemed to behold the two dazzling forms which had sat side by side in the golden chariot.

When service was ended, and all went homewards, she lingered under the trees where the vision, or reality, whichever it was, had met her sight, half longing for its reappearance. But her mother whispered something to Esbern, and they hurried Hyldreda away.

She laid aside her Sunday mantle, the scarlet woof which to spin, weave, and fashion, had cost

* Kong Tolv, or *King Twelve*, is one of the Elle-kings who divide the fairy sovereignty of Zealand.

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her a world of pains. How coarse and ugly it seemed! She threw it contemptuously aside, and thought how beautiful looked the purple-robed lady, who was so like herself.

"And why should I not be as fair as she? I should, if I were only dressed as fine. Heaven might as well have made me a lady, instead of a poor peasant girl."

These repinings entered the young heart hitherto so pure and happy. They haunted her even when she rejoined her mother, Resa, and Esbern Lynge. She prepared the noonday meal, but her step was heavy and her hand unwilling. The fare seemed coarse, the cottage looked dark and poor. She wondered what sort of a palace home was that owned by the beautiful lady; and whether the king, if king the stranger were, presided at his banquet table as awkwardly as did Esbern Lynge at the mean board here.

At the twilight, Hyldreda did not steal out as usual to talk with her lover beneath the rose-porch. She went and hid herself out of his sight, under the branches of the great elder-tree, which to her had always a strange charm, perhaps because it was the spot of all others where she was forbidden to stay. However, this day Hyldreda began to feel herself to be no longer a child, but a woman whose will was free.

She sat under the dreamy darkness of the heavy foliage. Its faint sickly odor overpowered her like a spell. Even the white bunches of elder flowers seemed to grow alive in the twilight, and to change into faces, looking at her whithersoever she turned. She shut her eyes, and tried to summon back the phantom of the golden chariot, and especially of the king-like man who sat inside. Scarce had she seen him clearly, but she felt he looked a king. If wishing could bring to her so glorious a fortune, she would almost like to have, in addition to the splendors of rich dress and grand palaces, such a noble-looking man for her lord and husband.

And the poor maiden was rudely awakened from her dream, by feeling on her delicate shoulders the two heavy hands of Esbern Lynge.

Haughtily she took them off. Alas! he, loving her so much, had ever been lightly loved in return! to-day he was not loved at all. He came at an ill time, for the moment his hand put aside the elder branches, all the dazzling fancies of his betrothed vanished in air. He came, too, with an ill-wooing, for he implored her to trifle no more, but to fulfill her mother's hope and his, and enter as mistress at the little blacksmith's forge. She, who had just been dreaming of a palace home! Not a word she answered at first, and then cold, cruel words, worse than silence. So Esbern, who, though a lover, was a manly-hearted youth, and thought it shame to be mocked by a girl's light tongue, left her there and went away, not angry, but very sorrowful.

Little Resa came to summon her sister. But Hyldreda trembled before the gathering storm, for widow Kalm, though a tender mother, was one who well knew how to rule. Her loud, severe voice already warned the girl of the reproof that was coming. To avoid it only for a little, until her own proud spirit was calmed. Hyldreda told Resa she would not come in until after she had taken a little walk down the moonlight road. As she passed from under the elder-tree, she heard a voice, like her mother's, and yet not her mother's—no, it could never be, for it shouted after her,

"Come now, or come no more!"

Some evil impulse goaded the haughty girl to assert her womanly right of free action, and she passed from her home, flying with swift steps. A little, only a little absence, to show her indignant pride, and she would be back again, to heal all strife. Nevertheless, ere she was aware, Hyldreda had reached the oak-wood, beneath which she had seen the morning's bewildering sight.

And there again, brighter in the moonlight than it had ever seemed in the day, came sweeping by the stately pageant. Its torches flung red shadows on the trees, its wheels resounded through the night's quiet with a music as of silver bells. And sitting in his state alone, grand but smiling, was the lord of all this splendor.

The chariot stopped, and he dismounted. Then the whole train vanished, and, shorn of all his glories, except a certain brightness which his very presence seemed to shed, the king, if he were indeed such, stood beside the trembling peasant maid.

He did not address her, but looked in her face inquiringly, until Hyldreda felt herself forced to be the first to speak.

"My lord, who art thou, and what is thy will with me?"

He smiled. "Thanks, gentle maiden, for thy question has taken off the spell. Otherwise it could not be broken, even by Kong Tolv."

Hyldreda shuddered with fear. Her fingers tried to seize the cross which always lay on her breast, but no! she had thrown aside the coarse black wooden crucifix, while dreaming of ornaments of gold. And it was St. John's Eve, and she stood beneath the haunted oak-wood. No power had she to fly, and her prayers died on her lips, for she knew herself in the Hill-king's power.

Kong Tolv began to woo, after the elfin fashion, brief and bold. "Fair maiden, the Dronningstolen* is empty, and 'tis thou must fill it. Come and enter my palace under the hill."

But the maiden sobbed out that she was too lowly to sit on a queen's chair, and that none of mortals, save the dead, made their home underground. And she prayed the Elle-king to let her go back to her mother and little Resa.

He only laughed. "Wouldst be content, then, with the poor cottage, and the black bread, and the labor from morn till eve. Didst thou not

* Dronningstolen, or Queen's Chair.

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of thyself wish for a palace and a lord like me? And did not the Hyldemoer waft me the wish, so that I came to meet and welcome thee under the hill?"

Hyldreda made one despairing effort to escape, but she heard again Kong Tolv's proud laugh, and looking up, she saw that the thick oak-wood had changed to an army. In place of every tree stood a fierce warrior, ready to guard every step. She thought it must be all a delirious dream that would vanish with the the morning. Suddenly she heard the far village clock strike the hour. Mechanically she counted—one—two—three—four—up to *twelve*.

As she pronounced the last word, Kong Tolv caught her in his arms, saying, "Thou hast named me and art mine."

Instantly all the scene vanished, and Hyldreda found herself standing on the bleak side of a little hill, alone in the moonlight. But very soon the clear night darkened, and a heavy storm arose. Trembling, she looked around for shelter, and saw in the hill-side a tiny door, which seemed to invite her to enter. She did so! In a moment she stood dazzled by a blaze of light—a mortal amidst the festival of the elves. She heard the voice of Kong Tolv, half-speaking, half-singing,

> "Welcome, maiden, fair and free,
> Thou hast come of thyself in the hill to me;
> Stay thou here, nor thy fate deplore;
> Thou hast come of thyself in at my door."

And bewildered by the music, the dance, and the splendor, Hyldreda remembered no more the cottage, with its one empty chair, nor the miserable mother, nor the little sister straining her weeping eyes along the lonely road.

The mortal maiden became the Elle-king's bride, and lived in the hill for seven long years; at least, so they seemed in Elfinland, where time passes like the passing of a strain of music, that dies but to be again renewed. Little thought had she of the world above ground, for in the hill-palace was continual pleasure, and magnificence without end. No remembrance of lost kindred troubled her, for she sat in the Dronningstolen, and all the elfin people bowed down before the wife of the mighty Kong Tolv.

She might have lived so always, with no desire ever to go back to earth, save that one day she saw trickling down through the palace roof a pearly stream. The elves fled away, for they said it was some mortal weeping on the grassy hill overhead. But Hyldreda staid and looked on until the stream settled into a clear, pellucid pool. A sweet mirror it made, and the Hill-king's bride ever loved to see her own beauty. So she went and gazed down into the shining water.

There she beheld—not the image of the elfin-queen, but of the peasant maid, with her mantle of crimson wool, her coarse dress, and her black crucifix. She turned away in disgust, but soon her people brought her elfin mirrors, wherein she could see her present self, gorgeously clad, and a thousand times more fair. It kindled in her heart a proud desire.

She said to her lord, "Let me go back for a little while to my native village, and my ancient home, that I may show them all my splendor, and my greatness. Let me enter, sitting in my gilded chariot, with the four white horses, and feel myself as queen-like as the lady I once saw beneath the oak-wood."

Kong Tolv laughed, and assented. "But," he said, "keep thy own proud self the while. The first sigh, the first tear, and I carry thee back into the hill with shame."

So Hyldreda left the fairy-palace, sweeping through the village, with a pageant worthy a queen. Thus in her haughtiness, after seven years had gone by, she came to her mother's door.

Seven years, none of which had cast one shadow on the daughter's beauty. But time and grief together had bowed the mother almost to the verge of the grave. The one knew not the other, until little Resa came between; little Resa, who looked her sister's olden self, blooming in the sweetness of seventeen. Nothing to her was the magnificence of the beautiful guest; she only saw Hyldreda, the lost and found.

"Where hast thou been?" said the mother, doubtfully, when in answer to all their caresses, the stately lady only looked on them with a proud smile; "Who gave thee those grand dresses, and put the matron's vail upon thy hair?"

"I am the Hill-king's wife," said Hyldreda. "I dwell in a gorgeous palace, and sit on a queen's throne."

"God preserve thee!" answered the mother. But Hyldreda turned away, for Kong Tolv had commanded her never to hear or utter the holy Name. She began to inquire about her long-forgotten home, but half-carelessly, as if she had no interest in it now.

"And who was it," she asked, "that wept on the hill-side until the tears dropped through, staining my palace walls?"

"I," answered Resa, blushing; and then Hyldreda perceived that, young as she was, the girl wore the matron's head-tire. "I, sitting there with my babe, wept to think of my poor sister who died long ago, and never knew the sweetness of wifehood and motherhood. And almost it grieved me, to think that my love had blotted out the bitterness of her memory even from the heart of Esbern Lynge."

At the name, proudly laughed the elder sister, "Take thy husband, and be happy, girl; I envy thee not; I am the wife of the great Hill-king."

"And does thy lord love thee? Does he sit beside thee at eve, and let thee lean thy tired head on his breast, as Esbern does with me? And hast thou young children dancing about thy feet, and a little blue-eyed one to creep dove-like to thy heart at nights, as mine does? Say, dear sister, art thou as happy as I?"

Hyldreda paused. Earth's sweet ties arose

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before her, and the grandeur of her lot seemed only loneliness. Forgetting her lord's command, she sighed, she even wept one regretful tear; and that moment in her presence stood Kong Tolv.

"Kill me, but save my mother, my sister," cried the wife, with a broken heart. The prayer was needless; *they* saw not the Elle-king, and he marked not them—he only bore away Hyldreda, singing mockingly in her ear something of the same rhyme which had bound her his:

"Complainest thou here all drearily—
Camest thou not of thyself in the hill to me?
And stayest thou here thy lot to deplore?
Camest thou not of thyself in at my door?"

When the mother and sister of Hyldreda lifted up their eyes, they saw nothing but a cloud of dust sweeping past the cottage-door, they heard nothing but the ancient elder-tree howling aloud as its branches were tossed about in a gust of wintry wind.

Kong Tolv took back to the hill his mortal bride. There he set her in a golden chair, and brought to her to drink a silver horn of elfin-wine, in the which he had dropped an ear of wheat. At the first draught, she forgot the village where she had dwelt—at the second, she forgot the sister who had been her darling—at the third, she forgot the mother who bore her. Again she rejoiced in the glories of the fairy-palace, and in the life of never-ceasing pleasure.

Month after month rolled by—by her scarce counted, or counted only in jest, as she would number a handful of roses, all held so fast and sure, that none could fall or fade; or as she would mark one by one the little waves of a rivulet whose source was eternally flowing.

Hyldreda thought no more of any earthly thing, until there came, added to her own, a young, new life. When her beautiful babe, half-elf, half-mortal, nestled in her woman's breast, it wakened there the fountain of human love, and of long-forgotten memories.

"Oh! let me go home once—once more," she implored of her lord. "Let me go to ask my mother's forgiveness, and above all, to crave the church's blessing on this my innocent babe."

Kong Tolv frowned, and then looked sad. For it is the one great sorrow of the Elle-people, that they, with all others of the elfin race, are shut out from Heaven's mercy. Therefore do they often steal mortal wives, and strive to have their children christened according to holy rite, in order to participate in the blessings granted to the offspring of Adam.

"Do as thou wilt," the Hill-king answered; "but know, there awaits a penalty. In exchange for a soul, must be given a life."

His dark saying fell coldly on the heart of the young mother. It terrified her for a time, but soon the sweet strange wiles of her elfin-babe beguiled her into renewed happiness; so that her longing faded away.

The child grew not like a mortal child. An unearthly beauty was in its face; wondrous precocious signs marked it from its birth. Its baby-speech was very wisdom. Its baby-smile was full of thought. The mother read her olden soul—the pure soul that was hers of yore—in her infant's eyes.

One day when Hyldreda was following the child in its play, she noticed it disappear through what seemed the outlet of the fairy-palace, which outlet she herself had never been able to find. She forgot that her boy was of elfin as well as of mortal race. Out it passed, the mother eagerly pursuing, until she found herself with the child in a meadow near the village of Skjelskör, where years ago she had often played. It was on a Sunday morning, and cheerfully yet solemnly rang out the chapel-bells. All the sounds and sights of earth came back upon her, with a longing that would not be restrained.

In the white frozen grass, for it was winter-time, knelt the wife of Kong Tolv, holding fast to her bosom the elfin babe, who shivered at every blast of wind, yet, shivering, seemed to smile. Hyldreda knelt, until the chapel-bells ceased at service-time. And then there came bursting from her lips the long-sealed prayers, the prayers of her childhood. While she breathed them, the rich fairy garments crumbled from her, and she remained clad in the coarse dress she wore when Kong Tolv carried her away; save that it hung in miserable tatters, as if worn for years, and through its rents the icy wind pierced her bosom, so that the heart within might have sunk and died, but for the ever-abiding warmth of maternal love.

That told her how in one other mother's heart there must be warmth still.

"I will go home," she murmured, "I will say, 'Mother, take me in and save me, or else I die!'" And so, when the night closed, and all the villagers were safe at home, and none could mock at her and her misery, the poor desolate one crept to her mother's door.

It had been open to her even when she came in her pride; how would it be closed against her sorrow and humility? And was there ever a true mother's breast, that while life yet throbbed there, was not a refuge for a repentant child?

Hyldreda found shelter and rest. But the little elfin babe, unused to the air of earth, uttered continual moanings. At night, the strange eyes never closed, but looked at her with a dumb entreaty. And tenfold returned the mother's first desire, that her darling should become a "christened child."

Much the old grandame gloried in this, looking with distrust on the pining, withered babe. But keenly upon Hyldreda's memory came back the saying of Kong Tolv, that for a soul would be exchanged a life. It must be *hers*. That, doubtless, was the purchase; and thus had Heaven ordained the expiation of her sin. If so, meekly she would offer it, so that Heaven would admit into its mercy her beloved child.

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It was in the night—in the cold white night, that the widow Kalm, with her daughter and the mysterious babe, came to the chapel of Skjelskör. All the way thither they had been followed by strange, unearthly noises; and as they passed beneath the oak-wood, it seemed as if the overhanging branches were transformed into giant hands, that evermore snatched at the child. But in vain; for the mother held it fast, and on its little breast she had laid the wooden cross which she herself used to wear when a girl. Bitterly the infant had wailed, but when they crossed the threshold of the chapel, it ceased, and a smile broke over its face—a smile pure and saintly, such as little children wear, lying in a sleep so beautiful that the bier seems like the cradle.

The mother beheld it, and thought, What if her foreboding should be true; that the moment which opened the gate of Heaven's mercy unto her babe, should close upon herself life and life's sweetnesses? But she felt no fear.

"Let me kiss thee once again, my babe, my darling!" she murmured; "perhaps I may never kiss thee more. Even now, I feel as if my eyes were growing dark, and thy little face were gliding from my sight. But I can let thee go, my sweet! God will take care of thee, and keep thee safe, even amidst this bitter world."

She clasped and kissed the child once more, and, kneeling, calm, but very pale, she awaited whatever might be her doom.

The priest, performing by stealth what he almost deemed a desecration of the hallowed rite, began to read the ceremony over the fairy babe. All the while, it looked at him with those mysterious eyes, so lately opened to the world, yet which seemed to express the emotions of a whole existence. But when the sprinkled water touched them, they closed, softly, slowly, like a blue flower at night.

The mother, still living, and full of thankful wonder that she did live, took from the priest's arms her recovered treasure, her Christian child. It lay all smiling, but it lifted not its eyes: the color was fading on its lips, and its little hands were growing cold. For it—not for her, had been the warning. It had rendered up its little life, and received an immortal soul.

For years after this, there abode in the village of Skjelskör a woman whom some people thought was an utter stranger, for none so grave, and at the same time so good, was ever known among the light-hearted people of Zealand. Others said that if any one could come back alive from fairy land, the woman must be Hyldreda Kalm. But as later generations arose, they mocked at the story of Kong Tolv and the palace under the hill, and considered the whole legend but an allegory, the moral of which they did not fail to preach to their fair young daughters continually.

Nevertheless, this woman had surely once lived, for her memory, embalmed by its own rich virtues, long lingered in the place where she had dwelt. She must have died there, too, for they pointed out her grave, and a smaller one beside it, though whose that was, none knew. There was a tradition that when she died—it was on a winter night, and the clock was just striking *twelve*—there arose a stormy wind which swept through the neighboring oak-wood, laying every tree prostrate on the ground. And from that hour there was no record of the Elle-people or the mighty Kong Tolv having been ever again seen in Zealand.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

[*Continued from Page* 233.]

CHAPTER VI.

"THE ARMY SIXTY YEARS SINCE."

I FOLLOWED the soldiers as they marched beyond the outer boulevard, and gained the open country. Many of the idlers dropped off here; others accompanied us a little further; but at length, when the drums ceased to beat, and were slung in marching order on the backs of the drummers, when the men broke into the open order that French soldiers instinctively assume on a march, the curiosity of the gazers appeared to have nothing more to feed upon, and one by one they returned to the capital, leaving me the only lingerer.

To any one accustomed to military display, there was little to attract notice in the column, which consisted of detachments from various corps, horse, foot, and artillery; some were returning to their regiments after a furlough; some had just issued from the hospitals, and were seated in charettes, or country-cars; and, others, again, were peasant boys only a few days before drawn in the conscription. There was every variety of uniform, and, I may add, of raggedness, too—a coarse blouse and a pair of worn shoes, with a red or blue handkerchief on the head, being the dress of many among them. The republic was not rich in those days, and cared little for the costume in which her victories were won. The artillery alone seemed to preserve any thing like uniformity in dress. They wore a plain uniform of blue, with long white gaiters coming half way up the thigh; a low cocked hat, without feather, but with the tricolored cockade in front. They were mostly men middle-aged, or past the prime of life, bronzed, weather-beaten, hardy-looking fellows, whose white mustaches contrasted well with their sunburned faces. All their weapons and equipments were of a superior kind, and showed the care bestowed upon an arm whose efficiency was the first discovery of the republican generals. The greater number of these were Bretons, and several of them had served in the fleet, still bearing in their looks and carriage something of that air which seems inherent in the seaman. They were grave, serious, and almost stern in manner, and very unlike the young cavalry soldiers, who, mostly recruited from the south

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of France, many of them Gascons, had all the high-hearted gayety and reckless levity of their own peculiar land. A campaign to these fellows seemed a pleasant excursion; they made a jest of every thing, from the wan faces of the invalids, to the black bread of the "Commissary;" they quizzed the new "Tourleroux," as the recruits were styled, and the old "Grumblers," as it was the fashion to call the veterans of the army; they passed their jokes on the republic, and even their own officers came in for a share of their ridicule. The grenadiers, however, were those who especially were made the subject of their sarcasm. They were generally from the north of France, and the frontier country toward Flanders, whence they probably imbibed a portion of that phlegm and moroseness so very unlike the general gayety of French nature; and when assailed by such adversaries, were perfectly incapable of reply or retaliation.

They all belonged to the army of the "Sambre et Meuse," which, although at the beginning of the campaign highly distinguished for its successes, had been latterly eclipsed by the extraordinary victories on the Upper Rhine and in Western Germany; and it was curious to hear with what intelligence and interest the greatest questions of strategy were discussed by those who carried their packs as common soldiers in the ranks. Movements and manœuvres were criticised, attacked, defended, ridiculed, and condemned, with a degree of acuteness and knowledge that showed the enormous progress the nation had made in military science, and with what ease the republic could recruit her officers from the ranks of her armies.

At noon the column halted in the wood of Belleville; and while the men were resting, an express arrived announcing that a fresh body of troops would soon arrive, and ordering the others to delay their march till they came up. The orderly who brought the tidings could only say that he believed some hurried news had come from Germany, for before he left Paris the rappel was beating in different quarters, and the rumor ran that reinforcements were to set out for Strasbourg with the utmost dispatch.

"And what troops are coming to join us?" said an old artillery sergeant, in evident disbelief of the tidings.

"Two batteries of artillery and the voltigeurs of the 4th, I know for certain are coming," said the orderly, "and they spoke of a battalion of grenadiers."

"What! do these Germans need another lesson," said the cannonier, "I thought Fleurus had taught them what our troops were made of?"

"How you talk of Fleurus," interrupted a young hussar from the south; "I have just come from the army of Italy, and, ma foi! we should never have mentioned such a battle as Fleurus in a dispatch. Campaigning among dykes and hedges—fighting with a river on one flank and a fortress on the t'other—parade manœuvres—where, at the first check, the enemy retreats, and leaves you free, for the whole afternoon, to write off your successes to the Directory. Had you seen our fellows scaling the Alps, with avalanches of snow descending at every fire of the great guns—forcing pass after pass against an enemy, posted on every cliff and crag above us—cutting our way to victory by roads the hardiest hunter had seldom trod; I call that war."

"And I call it the skirmish of an outpost!" said the gruff veteran, as he smoked away, in thorough contempt for the enthusiasm of the other. "I have served under Kleber, Hoche, and Moreau, and I believe they are the first generals of France."

"There is a name greater than them all," cried the hussar with eagerness.

"Let us hear it, then—you mean Pichegru, perhaps, or Massena?"

"No, I mean Bonaparte!" said the hussar, triumphantly.

"A good officer, and one of us," said the artilleryman, touching his belt to intimate the arm of the service the general belonged to "He commanded the seige-train at Toulon."

"He belongs to all," said the other. "He is a dragoon, a voltigeur, an artillerist, a pontonièr—what you will—he knows every thing, as I know my horse's saddle, and cloak-bag."

Both parties now grew warm; and as each was not only an eager partisan, but well acquainted with the leading events of the two campaigns they undertook to defend, the dispute attracted a large circle of listeners, who, either seated on the greensward, or lying at full length, formed a picturesque group under the shadow of the spreading oak trees. Meanwhile the cooking went speedily forward, and the camp-kettles smoked with a steam whose savory odor was not a little tantalizing to one who, like myself, felt that he did not belong to the company.

"What's thy mess, boy?" said an old grenadier to me, as I sat at a little distance off, and affecting—but I fear very ill—a total indifference to what went forward.

"He is asking to what corps thou belong'st?" said another, seeing that the question puzzled me.

"Unfortunately I have none," said I. "I merely followed the march for curiosity."

"And thy father and mother, child—what will they say to thee on thy return home?"

"I have neither father, nor mother, nor home," said I, promptly.

"Just like myself," said an old red-whiskered sapeur; "or if I ever had parents, they never had the grace to own me. Come over here child, and take share of my dinner."

"No, parbleu! I'll have him for *my* comrade." cried the young hussar. "I was made a corporal yesterday, and have a large ration. Sit here, my boy, and tell us how art called."

"Maurice Tierney."

"Maurice will do; few of us care for more than one name, except in the dead muster they

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like to have it in full. Help thyself, my lad, and here's the wine-flask beside thee."

"How comes it thou hast this old uniform, boy," said he, pointing to my sleeve.

"It was one they gave me in the Temple," said I. "I was a 'rat du prison' for some time."

"Thunder of war!" exclaimed the cannonier, "I had rather stand a whole platoon fire than see what thou must have seen, child."

"And hast heart to go back there, boy," said the corporal, "and live the same life again?"

"No, I'll never go back," said I. "I'll be a soldier."

"Well said, mon brave—thou'lt be a hussar, I know."

"If nature has given thee a good head, and a quick eye, my boy, thou might even do better; and in time, perhaps, wear a coat like mine," said the cannonier.

"Sacre bleu!" cried a little fellow, whose age might have been any thing from boyhood to manhood—for while small of stature, he was shriveled and wrinkled like a mummy—"why not be satisfied with the coat he wears?"

"And be a drummer, like thee," said the cannonier.

"Just so, like me, and like Massena—he was a drummer, too."

"No, no!" cried a dozen voices together, "that's not true."

"He's right; Massena *was* a drummer in the Eighth," said the cannonier; "I remember him when he was like that boy yonder."

"To be sure," said the little fellow, who, I now perceived, wore the dress of a "tambour;" and is it a disgrace to be the first to face the enemy?"

"And the first to turn his back to him, comrade," cried another.

"Not always—not always"—said the little fellow, regardless of the laugh against him. "Had it been so, I had not gained the battle of Grandrengs on the Sambre."

"Thou gain a battle!" shouted half-a-dozen, in derisive laughter.

"What, Petit Pièrre gained the day at Grandrengs!" said the cannonier; "why, I was there myself, and never heard of that till now."

"I can believe it well," replied Pièrre; "many a man's merits go unacknowledged: and Kleber got all the credit that belonged to Pièrre Canot."

"Let us hear about it, Pièrre, for even thy victory is unknown by name to us, poor devils of the army of Italy. How call'st thou the place?"

"Grandrengs," said Pièrre, proudly. "It's a name will live as long, perhaps, as many of those high-sounding ones you have favored us with. Mayhap, thou hast heard of Cambray?"

"Never!" said the hussar, shaking his head.

"Nor of 'Mons,' either, I'll be sworn?" continued Pièrre.

"Quite true, I never heard of it before."

"Voila!" exclaimed Pièrre, in contemptuous triumph. "And these are the fellows who pretend to feel their country's glory, and take pride in her conquests. Where hast thou been, lad, not to hear of places that every child syllables nowadays?"

"I will tell you where I've been," said the hussar, haughtily, and dropping at the same time the familiar "thee" and "thou" of soldier intercourse—"I've been at Montenotte, at Millesimo, at Mondove—"

"Allons, donc! with your disputes," broke in an old grenadier; "as if France was not victorious whether the enemies were English or German. Let us hear how Pièrre won his battle—at—at—"

"At Grandrengs," said Pièrre. "They call it in the dispatch the 'action of the Sambre,' because Kleber came up there—and Kleber being a great man, and Pièrre Canot a little one, you understand, the glory attaches to the place where the bullion epaulets are found—just as the old King of Prussia used to say, 'Dieu est toujours a coté de gros bataillons.'"

"I see we'll never come to this same victory of Grandrengs, with all these turnings and twistings," muttered the artillery sergeant.

"Thou art very near it now, comrade, if thou'lt listen," said Pièrre, as he wiped his mouth after a long draught of the wine-flask. "I'll not weary the honorable company with any description of the battle generally, but just confine myself to that part of it, in which I was myself in action. It is well known, that though we claimed the victory of the 10th May, we did little more than keep our own, and were obliged to cross the Sambre, and be satisfied with such a position as enabled us to nold the two bridges over the river—and there we remained for four days: some said preparing for a fresh attack upon Kaunitz, who commanded the allies; some, and I believe they were right, alleging that our generals were squabbling all day, and all night, too, with two commissaries that the government had sent down to teach us how to win battles. Ma foi! we had had some experience in that way ourselves, without learning the art from two citizens with tricolored scarfs round their waists, and yellow tops to their boots! However that might be, early on the morning of the 20th we received orders to cross the river in two strong columns and form on the opposite side; at the same time that a division was to pass the stream by boat two miles higher up, and, concealing themselves in a pine wood, be ready to take the enemy in flank, when they believed that all the force was in the front.

"Sacre tonnerre! I believe that our armies of the Sambre and the Rhine never have any other notion of battles than that eternal flank movement!" cried a young sergeant of the voltigeurs, who had just come up from the army of Italy. "Our general used to split the enemy by the centre, cut him piecemeal by attack in columns, and then head him down with artillery at short range—not leaving him time for a retreat in heavy masses—"

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"Silence, silence, and let us hear Petit Pièrre," shouted a dozen voices, who cared far more for an incident, than a scientific discussion about manœuvres.

"The plan I speak of was General Moreau's," continued Pièrre; "and I fancy that your Bonaparte has something to learn ere he be *his* equal!"

This rebuke seeming to have engaged the suffrages of the company, he went on: "The boat division consisted of four battalions of infantry, two batteries of light-artillery, and a voltigeur company of the "Regiment de Marbœuf"—to which I was then, for the time, attached as "Tambour en chef." What fellows they were—the greatest devils in the whole army! They came from the Faubourg St. Antoine, and were as reckless and undisciplined as when they strutted the streets of Paris. When they were thrown out to skirmish, they used to play as many tricks as school-boys: sometimes they'd run up to the roof of a cabin or a hut—and they could climb like cats—and, sitting down on the chimney, begin firing away at the enemy, as coolly as from a battery; sometimes they'd capture half-a-dozen asses, and ride forward as if to charge, and then, affecting to tumble off, the fellows would pick down any of the enemy's officers that were fools enough to come near—scampering back to the cover of the line, laughing and joking as if the whole were sport. I saw one—when his wrist was shattered by a shot, and he couldn't fire—take a comrade on his back and caper away like a horse, just to tempt the Germans to come out of their lines. It was with these blessed youths I was now to serve, for the Tambour of the Marbœuf was drowned in crossing the Sambre a few days before. Well, we passed the river safely, and, unperceived by the enemy, gained the pine wood, where we formed in two columns, one of attack, and the other of support, the voltigeurs about five hundred paces in advance of the leading files. The morning was dull and hazy, for a heavy rain had fallen during the night, and the country is flat, and so much intersected with drains, and dykes, and ditches, that, after rain, the vapor is too thick to see twenty yards on any side. Our business was to make a counter-march to the right, and, guided by the noise of the cannonade, to come down upon the enemy's flank in the thickest of the engagement. As we advanced, we found ourselves in a kind of marshy plain, planted with willows, and so thick, that it was often difficult for three men to march abreast. This extended for a considerable distance, and, on escaping from it, we saw that we were not above a mile from the enemy's left, which rested on a little village."

"I know it well," broke in the cannonier; "it's called Huyningen."

"Just so. There was a formidable battery in position there; and part of the place was stockaded, as if they expected an attack. Still there were no videttes, nor any look-out party, so far as we could see; and our commanding officer didn't well know what to make of it, whether it was a point of concealed strength, or a position they were about to withdraw from. At all events, it required caution; and, although the battle had already begun on the right—as a loud cannonade and a heavy smoke told us—he halted the brigade in the wood, and held a council of his officers to see what was to be done. The resolution come to was, that the voltigeurs should advance alone to explore the way, the rest of the force remaining in ambush. We were to go out in sections of companies, and, spreading over a wide surface, see what we could of the place.

"Scarcely was the order given, when away we went; and it was now a race who should be earliest up, and exchange first shot with the enemy. Some dashed forward over the open field in front; others skulked along by dykes and ditches; some, again, dodged here and there, as cover offered its shelter; but about a dozen, of whom I was one, kept the track of a little cart-road, which, half-concealed by high banks and furze, ran in a zig-zag line toward the village. I was always smart of foot; and now, having newly joined the 'voltigeurs,' was naturally eager to show myself not unworthy of my new associates. I went on at my best pace, and being lightly equipped—neither musket nor ball-cartridge to carry—I soon out stripped them all; and, after about twenty minutes' brisk running, saw in front of me a long, low farm-house, the walls all pierced for musketry, and two small eight-pounders in battery at the gate. I looked back for my companions, but they were not up, not a man of them to be seen. 'No matter,' thought I, 'they'll be here soon; meanwhile, I'll make for that little copse of brushwood;' for a small clump of low furze and broom was standing at a little distance in front of the farm. All this time, I ought to say, not a man of the enemy was to be seen, although I, from where I stood, could see the crenelated walls, and the guns, as they were pointed: at a distance all would seem like an ordinary peasant-house.

"As I crossed the open space to gain the copse, piff! came a bullet, whizzing past me; and just as I reached the cover, piff! came another. I ducked my head, and made for the thicket, but just as I did so, my foot caught in a branch. I stumbled, and pitched forward; and, trying to save myself, I grasped a bough above me. It smashed suddenly, and down I went. Ay! down sure enough, for I went right through the furze, and into a well—one of those old, walled wells they have in these countries, with a huge bucket that fills up the whole space, and is worked by a chain. Luckily the bucket was linked up near the top, and caught me, or I should have gone where there would have been no more heard of Pièrre Canot; as it was, I was sorely bruised by the fall, and didn't recover myself for full ten minutes after. Then I discovered that I was sitting in a large wooden

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trough, hooped with iron, and supported by two heavy chains that passed over a windlass, about ten feet above my head.

"I was safe enough, for the matter of that; at least none were likely to discover me, as I could easily see, by the rust of the chain and the grass-grown edges, that the well had been long disused. Now the position was far from being pleasant. There stood the farm-house, full of soldiers, the muskets ranging over every approach to where I lay. Of my comrades, there was nothing to be seen, they had either missed the way or retreated: and so time crept on, and I pondered on what might be going forward elsewhere, and whether it would ever be my own fortune to see my comrades again.

"It might be an hour—it seemed three or four to me—after this, as I looked over the plain, I saw the caps of our infantry just issuing over the brushwood, and a glancing lustre of their bayonets, as the sun tipped them. They were advancing, but, as it seemed, slowly—halting at times, and then moving forward again, just like a force waiting for others to come up. At last they debouched into the plain; but, to my surprise, they wheeled about to the right, leaving the farm-house on their flank, as if to march beyond it. This was to lose their way totally: nothing would be easier than to carry the position of the farm, for the Germans were evidently few, had no videttes, and thought themselves in perfect security. I crept out from my ambush, and holding my cap on a stick, tried to attract notice from our fellows, but none saw me. I ventured at last to shout aloud, but with no better success; so that, driven to the end of my resources, I set to and beat a 'roulade' on the drum, thundering away with all my might, and not caring what might come of it, for I was half mad with vexation as well as despair. They heard me now; I saw a staff officer gallop up to the head of the leading division, and halt them: a volley came peppering from behind me, but without doing me any injury, for I was safe once more in my bucket. Then came another pause, and again I repeated my manœuvre, and to my delight perceived that our fellows were advancing at quick march. I beat harder, and the drums of the grenadiers answered me. All right now, thought I, as, springing forward, I called out, 'This way, boys; the wall of the orchard has scarcely a man to defend it;' and I rattled out the 'pas-de-charge' with all my force. One crashing fire of guns and small arms answered me from the farm-house; and then away went the Germans as hard as they could; such running never was seen! One of the guns they carried off with them; the tackle of the other broke, and the drivers, jumping off their saddles, took to their legs at once. Our lads were over the walls, through the windows, between the stockades, every where, in fact, in a minute, and once inside, they carried all before them. The village was taken at the point of the bayonet, and in less than an hour the whole force of the brigade was advancing in full march on the enemy's flank. There was little resistance made after that, and Kaunitz only saved his artillery by leaving his rear guard to be cut to pieces."

The cannonier nodded, as if in full assent, and Pièrre looked around him with the air of a man who has vindicated his claim to greatness.

"Of course," said he, "the dispatch said little about Pièrre Canot, but a great deal about Moreau, and Kleber, and the rest of them."

While some were well satisfied that Pièrre had well established his merits as the conqueror of "Grandrengs," others quizzed him about the heroism of lying hid in a well, and owing all his glory to a skin of parchment.

"An' thou went with the army of Italy, Pièrre," said the hussar, "thou'd have seen men march boldly to victory, and not skulk under ground like a mole."

"I am tired of your song about this army of Italy," broke in the cannonier; "we who have served in La Vendee and the North know what fighting means, as well, mayhap, as men whose boldest feats are scaling rocks and clambering up precipices. Your Bonaparte, is more like one of these guerilla chiefs they have in the 'Basque,' than the general of a French army."

"The man who insults the army of Italy, or its chief, insults *me!*" said the corporal, springing up, and casting a sort of haughty defiance around him.

"And then?" asked the other.

"And then—if he be a French soldier—he knows what should follow."

"Parbleu!" said the cannonier, coolly, "there would be little glory in cutting you down, and even less in being wounded by you; but if you will have it so, it's not an old soldier of the artillery will balk your humor."

As he spoke, he slowly arose from the ground, and tightening his waist-belt, seemed prepared to follow the other. The rest sprung to their feet at the same time, but not, as I anticipated, to offer a friendly mediation between the angry parties, but in full approval of their readiness to decide by the sword a matter too trivial to be called a quarrel.

In the midst of the whispering conferences as to place and weapons—for the short, straight sword of the artillery was very unlike the curved sabre of the hussar—the quick tramp of horses was heard, and suddenly the head of a squadron was seen, as, with glancing helmets and glittering equipments, they turned off the high-road, and entered the wood.

"Here they come; here come the troops!" was now heard on every side, and all question of the duel was forgotten in the greater interest inspired by the arrival of the others. The sight was strikingly picturesque, for, as they rode up, the order to dismount was given, and in an instant the whole squadron was at work, picketing and unsaddling their horses; forage was shaken out before the weary and hungry beasts; kits were unpacked, cooking utensils produced, and every

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one busy in preparing for the bivouac. An infantry column followed close upon the others, which was again succeeded by two batteries of field-artillery, and some squadrons of heavy dragoons; and now the whole wood, far and near, was crammed with soldiers, wagons, caissons, and camp-equipage. To me the interest of the scene was never-ending; life, bustle, and gayety on every side. The reckless pleasantry of the camp, too, seemed elevated by the warlike accompaniments of the picture; the caparisoned horses, the brass guns blackened on many a battle-field, the weather-seamed faces of the hardy soldiers themselves, all conspiring to excite a high enthusiasm for the career.

Most of the equipments were new and strange to my eyes. I had never before seen the grenadiers of the Republican Guard, with their enormous shakos, and their long-flapped vests descending to the middle of the thigh; neither had I seen the "Hussars de la mort," in their richly braided uniform of black, and their long hair curled in ringlets at either side of the face. The cuirassiers, too, with their low cocked hats, and straight, black feathers, as well as the "Portes Drapeaux," whose brilliant uniforms, all slashed with gold, seemed scarcely in keeping with yellow-topped boots: all were now seen by me for the first time. But of all the figures which amused me most by its singularity, was that of a woman, who, in a short frock-coat and a low-crowned hat, carried a little barrel at her side, and led an ass loaded with two similar, but rather larger casks. Her air and gait were perfectly soldier-like; and as she passed the different posts and sentries, she saluted them in true military fashion. I was not long to remain in ignorance of her vocation nor her name; for scarcely did she pass a group without stopping to dispense a wonderful cordial that she carried; and then I heard the familiar title of "La Mère Madou," uttered in every form of panegyric.

She was a short, stoutly-built figure, somewhat past the middle of life, but without any impairment of activity in her movements. A pleasing countenance, with good teeth and black eyes, a merry voice, and a ready tongue, were qualities more than sufficient to make her a favorite with the soldiers, whom I found she had followed to more than one battle field.

"Peste!" cried an old grenadier, as he spat out the liquor on the ground. "This is one of those sweet things they make in Holland; it smacks of treacle and bad lemons."

"Ah, Grognard!" said she, laughing, "thou art more used to corn-brandy, with a clove of garlic in't, than to good curaçoa."

"What, curaçoa! Mère Madou, hast got curaçoa there?" cried a gray-whiskered captain, as he turned on his saddle at the word.

"Yes, mon capitaine, and such as no burgomaster ever drank better;" and she filled out a little glass, and presented it gracefully to him.

"Encore, ma bonne Mère," said he, as he wiped his thick mustache; "that liquor is another reason for extending the blessings of liberty to the brave Dutch."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said she, refilling the glass: "but, holloa, there goes Gregoire at full speed. Ah, scoundrels that ye are, I see what ye've done." And so was it: some of the wild young voltigeur fellows had fastened a lighted furze-bush to the beast's tail, and had set him, at a gallop, through the very middle of the encampment, upsetting tents, scattering cooking-pans, and tumbling the groups, as they sat, in every direction.

The confusion was tremendous; for the pick eted horses jumped about, and some, breaking loose, galloped here and there, while others set off with half-unpacked wagons, scattering their loading as they went.

It was only when the blazing furze had dropped off, that the cause of the whole mischance would suffer himself to be captured, and led quietly back to his mistress. Half crying with joy, and still wild with anger, she kissed the beast, and abused her tormentors by turns.

"Cannoniers that ye are," she cried, "ma foi! you'll have little face for the fire when the day comes that ye should face it! Pauvre Gregoire, they've left thee a tail like a tirailleur's feather! Plagues light on the thieves that did it! Come here, boy," said she, addressing me, "hold the bridle: what's thy corps, lad?"

"I have none now; I only followed the soldiers from Paris."

"Away with thee, street-runner; away with thee, then!" said she, contemptuously; "there are no pockets to pick here, and if there were, thou'd lose thy ears for the doing it. Be off, then; back with thee to Paris and all its villainies. There are twenty thousand of thy trade there, but there's work for ye all!"

"Nay, Mère, don't be harsh with the boy," said a soldier; "you can see by his coat that his heart is with us."

"And he stole that, I'll be sworn," said she, pulling me round by the arm, full in front of her. "Answer me, 'Gamin,' where didst find that old tawdry jacket?"

"I got it in a place where, if they had hold of thee and thy bad tongue, it would fare worse with thee than thou thinkest!" said I, maddened by the imputed theft and insolence together.

"And where may that be, young slip of the galleys?" cried she, angrily.

"In the 'Prison du Temple.'"

"Is that their livery, then?" said she laughing, and pointing at me with ridicule, "or is it a family dress made after thy father's?"

"My father wore a soldier's coat, and bravely, too," said I, with difficulty restraining the tears that rose to my eyes.

"In what regiment, boy?" asked the soldier who spoke before.

"In one that exists no longer," said I, sadly, and not wishing to allude to a service that would find but slight favor in republican ears.

"That must be the 24th of the Line; they were cut to pieces at 'Tongres.'"

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"No—no, he's thinking of the 9th, that got so roughly handled at Fontenoy," said another.

"Of neither," said I; "I am speaking of those who have left nothing but a name behind them, the 'Garde du Corps' of the king."

"Voila!" cried Madou, clapping her hands in astonishment at my impertinence; "there's an aristocrat for you! Look at him, mes braves! it's not every day we have the grand seigneurs condescending to come among us! You can learn something of courtly manners from the polished descendant of our nobility. Say, boy, art a count, or a baron, or perhaps a duke."

"Make way there—out of the road, Mère Madou," cried a dragoon, curveting his horse in such a fashion as almost to upset ass and "cantiniére" together, "the staff is coming."

The mere mention of the word sent numbers off in full speed to their quarters; and now, all was haste and bustle to prepare for the coming inspection. The Mère's endeavors to drag her beast along were not very successful; for, with the peculiar instinct of his species, the more necessity there was of speed, the lazier he became; and as every one had his own concerns to look after, she was left to her own unaided efforts to drive him forward.

"Thou'lt have a day in prison if thou'rt found here, Mère Madou," said a dragoon, as he struck the ass with the flat of his sabre.

"I know it well," cried she, passionately; "but I have none to help me. Come here, lad; be good-natured, and forget what passed. Take his bridle while I whip him on."

I was at first disposed to refuse, but her pitiful face and sad plight made me think better of it; and I seized the bridle at once; but just as I had done so, the escort galloped forward, and the dragoons coming on the flank of the miserable beast, over he went, barrels and all, crushing me beneath him as he fell.

"Is the boy hurt?" were the last words I heard, for I fainted; but a few minutes after I found myself seated on the grass, while a soldier was stanching the blood that ran freely from a cut in my forehead.

"It is a trifle, general—a mere scratch," said a young officer to an old man on horseback beside him, "and the leg is not broken."

"Glad of it," said the old officer; "casualties are insufferable, except before an enemy. Send the lad to his regiment."

"He's only a camp-follower, general. He does not belong to us."

"There, my lad, take this, then, and make thy way back to Paris," said the old general, as he threw me a small piece of money.

I looked up, and there, straight before me, saw the same officer who had given me the assignat the night before.

"General La Coste!" cried I, in delight, for I thought him already a friend.

"How is this—have I an acquaintance here?" said he, smiling; "on my life! it's the young rogue I met this morning. Eh! art not thou the artillery-driver I spoke to at the barrack?"

"Yes, general, the same."

"Diantre! It seems fated, then, that we are not to part company so easily; for hadst thou remained in Paris, lad, we had most probably never met again."

"Ainsi je suis bien tombé," general, said I, punning upon my accident.

He laughed heartily, less I suppose at the jest, which was a poor one, than at the cool impudence with which I uttered it; and then turning to one of the staff, said—

"I spoke to Berthollet about this boy already—see that they take him in the 9th. I say, my lad, what's thy name?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"Ay, to be sure, Tiernay. Well, Tiernay, thou shalt be a hussar, my man. See that I get no disgrace by the appointment."

I kissed his hand fervently, and the staff rode forward, leaving me the happiest heart that beat in all that crowded host.

CHAPTER VII.

A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE.

If the guide who is to lead us on a long and devious track, stops at every by-way, following out each path that seems to invite a ramble or suggest a halt, we naturally might feel distrustful of his safe conduct, and uneasy at the prospect of the road before us. In the same way may the reader be disposed to fear that he who descends to slight and trivial circumstances, will scarcely have time for events which ought to occupy a wider space in his reminiscences; and for this reason I am bound to apologize for the seeming transgression of my last chapter. Most true it is, that were I to relate the entire of my life with a similar diffuseness, my memoir would extend to a length far beyond what I intend it to occupy. Such, however, is very remote from my thoughts. I have dwelt with, perhaps, something of prolixity upon the soldier-life and characteristics of a past day, because I shall yet have to speak of changes, without which the contrast would be inappreciable; but I have also laid stress upon an incident trivial in itself, because it formed an event in my own fortunes. It was thus, in fact, that I became a soldier.

Now, the man who carries a musket in the ranks, may very reasonably be deemed but a small ingredient of the mass that forms an army; and in our day his thoughts, hopes, fears, and ambitions are probably as unknown and uncared for, as the precise spot of earth that yielded the ore from which his own weapon was smelted. This is not only reasonable, but it is right. In the time of which I am now speaking it was far otherwise. The Republic, in extinguishing a class had elevated the individual; and now each, in whatever station he occupied, felt himself qualified to entertain opinions and express sentiments, which, because they were his own, he

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presumed them to be national. The idlers of the streets discussed the deepest questions of politics; the soldiers talked of war with all the presumption of consummate generalship. The great operations of a campaign, and the various qualities of different commanders, were the daily subjects of dispute in the camp. Upon one topic only were all agreed; and there, indeed, our unanimity repaid all previous discordance. We deemed France the only civilized nation of the globe, and reckoned that people thrice happy who, by any contingency of fortune, engaged our sympathy, or procured the distinction of our presence in arms. We were the heaven-born disseminators of freedom throughout Europe; the sworn enemies of kingly domination; and the missionaries of a political creed, which was not alone to ennoble mankind, but to render its condition eminently happy and prosperous.

There could not be an easier lesson to learn than this, and particularly when dinned into your ears all day, and from every rank and grade around you. It was the programme of every message from the Directory; it was the opening of every general order from the general; it was the table-talk at your mess. The burden of every song, the title of every military march performed by the regimental band, recalled it, even the riding-master, as he followed the recruit around the weary circle, whip in hand, mingled the orders he uttered with apposite axioms upon republican grandeur. How I think I hear it still, as the grim old quartermaster-sergeant, with his Alsatian accent and deep-toned voice, would call out.

"Elbows back! wrist lower and free from the side; free, I say, as every citizen of a great Republic! head erect, as a Frenchman has a right to carry it! chest full out, like one who can breathe the air of Heaven, and ask no leave from king or despot! down with your heel, sir; think that you crush a tyrant beneath it!"

Such and such like were the running commentaries on equitation, till often I forgot whether the lesson had more concern with a seat on horseback or the great cause of monarchy throughout Europe. I suppose, to use a popular phrase of our own day, "the system worked well;" certainly the spirit of the army was unquestionable. From the grim old veteran, with snow-white mustache, to the beardless boy, there was but one hope and wish—the glory of France. How they understood that glory, or in what it essentially consisted, is another and a very different question.

Enrolled as a soldier in the ninth regiment of Hussars, I accompanied that corps to Nancy, where, at that time, a large cavalry school was formed, and where the recruits from the different regiments were trained and managed before being sent forward to their destination.

A taste for equitation, and a certain aptitude for catching up the peculiar character of the different horses, at once distinguished me in the riding school, and I was at last adopted by the riding-master of the regiment as a kind of *aide* to him in his walk. When I thus became a bold and skillful horseman, my proficiency interfered with my promotion, for instead of accompanying my regiment, I was detained at Nancy, and attached to the permanent staff of the cavalry school there.

At first I asked for nothing better. It was a life of continued pleasure and excitement, and while I daily acquired knowledge of a subject which interested me deeply, I grew tall and strong of limb, and with that readiness in danger, and that cool collectedness in moments of difficulty, that are so admirably taught by the accidents and mischances of a cavalry riding-school.

The most vicious and unmanageable beasts from the Limousin were often sent to us; and when any one of these was deemed peculiarly untractable, "Give him to Tiernay," was the last appeal, before abandoning him as hopeless I'm certain I owe much of the formation of my character to my life at this period, and that my love of adventure, my taste for excitement, my obstinate resolution to conquer a difficulty, my inflexible perseverance when thwarted, and my eager anxiety for praise, were all picked up amid the sawdust and tan of the riding-school How long I might have continued satisfied with such triumphs, and content to be the wonder of the freshly-joined conscripts, I know not, when accident, or something very like it, decided the question.

It was a calm, delicious evening in April, in the year after I had entered the school, that I was strolling alone on the old fortified wall, which, once a strong redoubt, was the favorite walk of the good citizens of Nancy. I was somewhat tired with the fatigues of the day, and sat down to rest under one of the acacia trees, whose delicious blossom was already scenting the air. The night was still and noiseless; not a man moved along the wall; the hum of the city was gradually subsiding, and the lights in the cottages over the plain told that the laborer was turning homeward from his toil. It was an hour to invite calm thoughts, and so I fell a-dreaming over the tranquil pleasures of a peasant's life, and the unruffled peace of an existence passed amid scenes that were endeared by years of intimacy. "How happily," thought I, "time must steal on in these quiet spots, where the strife and struggle of war are unknown, and even the sounds of conflict never reach." Suddenly my musings were broken in upon by hearing the measured tramp of cavalry, as at a walk, a long column wound their way along the zig-zag approaches, which by many a redoubt and fosse, over many a draw bridge, and beneath many a strong arch, led to the gates of Nancy. The loud, sharp call of a trumpet was soon heard, and, after a brief parley, the massive gates of the fortress were opened for the troops to enter. From the position I occupied exactly over the gate, I could not only see the long, dark line of armed men as they passed, but also hear the colloquy which took place as they entered.

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"What regiment?"

"Detachments of the 12th Dragoons and the 22d Chasseurs-à-Cheval."

"Where from?"

"Valence."

"Where to?"

"The army of the Rhine."

"Pass on!"

And with the words the ringing sound of the iron-shod horses was heard beneath the vaulted entrance. As they issued from beneath the long, deep arch, the men were formed in line along two sides of a wide "Place" inside the walls, where, with that dispatch that habit teaches, the billets were speedily distributed, and the parties "told off" in squads for different parts of the city. The force seemed a considerable one, and with all the celerity they could employ, the billeting occupied a long time. As I watched the groups moving off, I heard the direction given to one party, "Cavalry School—Rue de Lorraine." The young officer who commanded the group took a direction exactly the reverse of the right one; and hastening down from the rampart, I at once overtook them, and explained the mistake. I offered them my guidance to the place, which being willingly accepted, I walked along at their side.

Chatting as we went, I heard that the dragoons were hastily withdrawn from the La Vendée to form part of the force under General Hoche. The young sous-lieutenant, a mere boy of my own age, had already served in two campaigns in Holland and the south of France; had been wounded in the Loire, and received his grade of officer at the hands of Hoche himself on the field of battle.

He could speak of no other name—Hoche was the hero of all his thoughts—his gallantry, his daring, his military knowledge, his coolness in danger, his impetuosity in attack, his personal amiability, the mild gentleness of his manner, were themes the young soldier loved to dwell on; and however pressed by me to talk of war and its chances, he inevitably came back to the one loved theme—his general.

When the men were safely housed for the night, I invited my new friend to my own quarters, where, having provided the best entertainment I could afford, we passed more than half the night in chatting. There was nothing above mediocrity in the look or manner of the youth; his descriptions of what he had seen were unmarked by any thing glowing or picturesque; his observations did not evince either a quick or a reflective mind, and yet, over this mass of commonplace, enthusiasm for his leader had shed a rich glow, like a gorgeous sunlight on a landscape, that made all beneath it seem brilliant and splendid.

"And now," said he, after an account of the last action he had seen, "and now, enough of myself; let's talk of thee. Where hast thou been?"

"Here!" said I, with a sigh, and in a voice that shame had almost made inaudible; "Here, here, at Nancy."

"Not always here?"

"Just so. Always here."

"And what doing, mon cher. Thou art not one of the Municipal Guard, surely?"

"No," said I, smiling sadly; "I belong to the 'Ecole d'Equitation.'"

"Ah, that's it," said he, in somewhat of confusion; "I always thought they selected old sergeants en retraite, worn out veterans, and wounded fellows, for riding-school duty."

"Most of ours are such," said I, my shame increasing at every word—"but somehow they chose me also, and I had no will in the matter—"

"No will in the matter, parbleu! and why not? Every man in France has a right to meet the enemy in the field. Thou art a soldier, a hussar of the 9th, a brave and gallant corps, and art to be told, that thy comrades have the road to fame and honor open to them; while thou art to mope away life like an invalided drummer? It is too gross an indignity, my boy, and must not be borne. Away with you to-morrow at day-break to the 'Etat Major,' ask to see the commandant. You're in luck, too, for our colonel is with him now, and he is sure to back your request. Say that you served in the school to oblige your superiors; but that you can not see all chances of distinction lost to you forever, by remaining there. They've given you no grade yet, I see," continued he, looking at my arm.

"None: I am still a private."

"And *I* a sous-lieutenant, just because I have been where powder was flashing! You can ride well, of course?"

"I defy the wildest Limousin to shake me in my saddle."

"And as a swordsman, what are you?"

"Gros Jean calls me his best pupil."

"Ah, true! you have Gros Jean here; the best 'sabreur' in France! And here you are—a horseman, and one of Gros Jean's 'eléves'—rotting away life in Nancy! Have you any friends in the service?"

"Not one."

"Not one! Nor relations, nor connections?"

"None. I am Irish by descent. My family are only French by one generation."

"Irish? Ah! that's lucky too," said he. "Our colonel is an Irishman. His name is Mahon. You're certain of getting your leave now. I'll present you to him to-morrow. We are to halt two days here, and before that is over, I hope you'll have made your last caracole in the riding-school of Nancy."

"But remember," cried I, "that although Irish by family, I have never been there. I know nothing of either the people or the language; and do not present me to the general as his countryman."

"I'll call you by your name, as a soldier of the 9th Hussars; and leave you to make out your claim as countrymen, if you please, together.

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This course was now agreed upon, and after some further talking, my friend, refusing all my offers of a bed, coolly wrapped his cloak about him, and, with his head on the table, fell fast asleep, long before I had ceased thinking over his stories and his adventures in camp and battle-field.

CHAPTER VIII.

"TRONCHON."

My duties in the riding-school were always over before mid-day, and as noon was the hour appointed by the young lieutenant to present me to his colonel, I was ready by that time, and anxiously awaiting his arrival. I had done my best to smarten up my uniform, and make all my accoutrements bright and glistening. My scabbard was polished like silver, the steel front on my shako shone like a mirror, and the tinsel lace of my jacket had undergone a process of scrubbing and cleaning that threatened its very existence. My smooth chin and beardless upper lip, however, gave me a degree of distress, that all other deficiencies failed to inflict: I can dare to say, that no mediæval gentleman's bald spot ever cost *him* one half the misery, as did my lack of mustache occasion *me*. "A hussar without beard, as well without spurs or sabretasche;" a tambour major without his staff, a cavalry charger without a tail, couldn't be more ridiculous: and there was that old sergeant of the riding-school, "Tronchon," with a beard that might have made a mattress! How the goods of this world are unequally distributed! thought I; still why might he not spare me a little—a very little would suffice—just enough to give the "air hussar" to my countenance. He's an excellent creature; the kindest old fellow in the world. I'm certain he'd not refuse me; to be sure the beard is a red one, and pretty much like bell-wire in consistence; no matter, better that than this girlish smooth chin I now wear.

Tronchon was spelling out the *Monitcur's* account of the Italian campaign as I entered his room, and found it excessively difficult to get back from the Alps and Apennines to the humble request I preferred.

"Poor fellows," muttered he, "four battles in seven days, without stores of any kind, or rations—almost without bread; and here comest thou, whining because thou hasn't a beard."

"If I were not a hussar—"

"Bah!" said he, interrupting, "what of that? Where should'st thou have had thy baptism of blood, boy? Art a child, nothing more."

"I shared my quarters last night with one, not older, Tronchon, and *he* was an officer, and had seen many a battle-field."

"I know that, too," said the veteran, with an expression of impatience, "that General Bonaparte will give every boy his epaulets, before an old and tried soldier."

"It was not Bonaparte. It was—"

"I care not who promoted the lad; the system is just the same with them all. It is no longer, 'Where have you served? what have you seen?' but, 'Can you read glibly? can you write faster than speak? have you learned to take towns upon paper, and attack a breast-work with a rule and a pair of compasses!' This is what they called 'la génie,' 'la génie!' ha! ha! ha!" cried he, laughing heartily; "that's the name old women used to give the devil when I was a boy."

It was with the greatest difficulty I could get him back from these disagreeable reminiscences to the object of my visit, and, even then, I could hardly persuade him that I was serious in asking the loan of a beard. The prayer of my petition being once understood, he discussed the project gravely enough; but to my surprise he was far more struck by the absurd figure he should cut with his diminished mane, than I with my mock mustache.

"There's not a child in Nancy won't laugh at me—they'll cry, 'There goes old Tronchon—he's like Klaber's charger, which the German cut the tail off to make a shako plume!'"

I assured him that he might as well pretend to miss one tree in the forest of "Fontainebleau"—that after furnishing a squadron like myself, his would be still the first beard in the Republic; and at last he yielded, and gave in.

Never did a little damsel of the nursery array her doll with more delighted looks, and gaze upon her handiwork with more self-satisfaction, than did old Tronchon survey me, as, with the aid of a little gum, he decorated my lip with a stiff line of his iron red beard.

"Diantre!" cried he, in ecstasy, "if thou ben't something like a man, after all. Who would have thought it would have made such a change? Thou might pass for one that saw real smoke and real fire, any day, lad. Ay! thou hast another look in thine eye, and another way to carry thy head, now! Trust me, thou'lt look a different fellow on the left of the squadron."

I began to think so, too, as I looked at myself in the small triangle of a looking-glass, which decorated Tronchon's wall, under a picture of Kellerman, his first captain. I fancied that the improvement was most decided. I thought that, bating a little over-ferocity, a something verging upon the cruel, I was about as perfect a type of the hussar as need be. My jacket seemed to fit tighter—my pelisse hung more jauntily—my shako sat more saucily on one side of my head—my sabre banged more proudly against my boot—my very spurs jangled with a pleasanter music—and all because a little hair bristled over my lip, and curled in two spiral flourishes across my cheek! I longed to see the effect of my changed appearance, as I walked down the "Place Carrière," or sauntered into the café where my comrades used to assemble. What will Mademoiselle Josephine say, thought I, as I ask for my "petit vèrre," caressing my mustache thus! Not a doubt of it, what a fan is to a woman, a beard is to a soldier! a something to fill up the pauses in conversation, by

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blandly smoothing with the finger, or fiercely curling at the point!

"And so thou art going to ask for thy grade, Maurice?" broke in Tronchon, after a long silence.

"Not at all. I am about to petition for employment upon active service. I don't seek promotion till I have deserved it."

"Better still, lad. I was eight years myself in the ranks before they gave me the stripe on my arm. Parbleu! the Germans had given me some three or four with the sabre before that time."

"Do you think they'll refuse me, Tronchon?"

"Not if thou go the right way about it, lad. Thou mustn't fancy it's like asking leave from the captain to spend the evening in a guinguette, or to go to the play with thy sweetheart. No, no, boy. It must be done 'en regle.' Thou'lt have to wait on the general at his quarters at four o'clock, when he 'receives,' as they call it. Thou'lt be there, mayhap, an hour, ay, two, or three belike, and after all, perhaps, won't see him that day at all! I was a week trying to catch Kellerman, and, at last, he only spoke to me going down stairs with his staff.

"'Eh, Tronchon, another bullet in thy old carcass; want a furlough to get strong again, eh?'

"'No, colonel; all sound this time. I want to be a sergeant—I'm twelve years and four months corporal.'

"'Slow work, too,' said he, laughing, 'ain't it, Charles?' and he pinched one of his young officers by the cheek. 'Let old Tronchon have his grade; and I say, my good fellow,' said he to me, 'don't come plaguing me any more about promotion, till I'm General of Division. You hear that?'

"Well, he's got his step since; but I never teased him after."

"And why so, Tronchon?" said I.

"I'll tell thee, lad," whispered he, in a low, confidential tone, as if imparting a secret well worth the hearing. "They can find fellows every day fit for lieutenants and chefs d'escadron. Parbleu! they meet with them in every café, in every 'billiard' you enter; but a sergeant, Maurice, one that drills his men on parade—can dress them like a wall—see that every kit is well packed, and every cartouch well filled—who knows every soul in his company as he knows the buckles of his own sword-belt—that's what one should not chance upon, in haste. It's easy enough to manœuvre the men, Maurice; but to make them, boy, to fashion the fellows so that they be like the pieces of a great machine, that's the real labor—that's soldiering, indeed."

"And you say I must write a petition, Tronchon?" said I, more anxious to bring him back to my own affairs, than listen to these speculations of his. How shall I do it?"

"Sit down there, lad, and I'll tell thee. I've done the thing some scores of times, and know the words as well as I once knew my 'Pater.' Parbleu, I often wish I could remember that now, just to keep me from gloomy thoughts when I sit alone of an evening."

It was not a little to his astonishment, but still more to his delight, that I told the poor fellow I could help to refresh his memory, knowing, as I did, every word of the litanies by heart; and, accordingly, it was agreed on that I should impart religious instruction, in exchange for the secular knowledge he was conferring upon me.

"As for the petition," said Tronchon, seating himself opposite to me at the table, "it is soon done; for, mark me, lad, these things must always be short; if thou be long-winded, they put thee away, and tell some of the clerks to look after thee—and there's an end of it. Be brief, therefore, and next—be legible—write in a good, large round hand; just as, if thou wert speaking, thou wouldst talk with a fine, clear, distinct voice. Well, then, begin thus, 'Republic of France, one and indivisible!' Make a flourish round that, lad, as if it came freely from the pen. When a man writes 'FRANCE!' he should do it as he whirls his sabre round his head in a charge! Ay, just so."

"I'm ready, Tronchon, go on."

"'Mon General!' Nay, nay—General mustn t be as large as France—yes, that's better. 'The undersigned, whose certificates of service and conduct are herewith inclosed.'" "Stay, stop a moment, Tronchon; don't forget that I have got neither one or t'other." "No matter; I'll make thee out both. Where was I? Ay, 'herewith inclosed; and whose wounds, as the accompanying report will show—'"

"Wounds! I never received one."

"No matter, I'll—eh—what? Feu d'enfer! how stupid I am! What have I been thinking of? Why, boy, it was a sick-furlough I was about to ask for; the only kind of petition I have ever had to write in a life long."

"And *I* am asking for active service."

"Ha! That came without asking for in my case."

"Then, what's to be done, Tronchon? clearly, this won't do!"

He nodded sententiously an assent, and, after a moment's rumination, said,

"It strikes me, lad, there can be no need of begging for that which usually comes unlooked for; but if thou don't choose to wait for thy billet for t'other world, but must go and seek it, the best way will be to up and tell the general as much."

"That was exactly my intention."

"If he asks thee 'Canst ride?' just say, 'Old Tronchon taught me;' he'll be one of the young hands, indeed, if he don't know that name! And mind, lad, have no whims or caprices about whatever service he names thee for, even were't the infantry itself! It's a hard word, that! I know it well! but a man must make up his mind for any thing and every thing. Wear any coat, go any where, face any enemy thou'rt ordered, and have none of those new-fangled notions about this general, or that army. Be a

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good soldier, and a good comrade. Share thy kit and thy purse to the last sous, for it will not only be generous in thee, but that so long as thou hoardest not, thou'lt never be over eager for pillage. Mind these things, and with a stout heart and a sharp sabre, Maurice, 'tu ira loin.' Yes, I tell thee again, lad, 'tu ira loin.'"

I give these three words as he said them, for they have rung in my ears throughout all my life long. In moments of gratified ambition, in the glorious triumph of success, they have sounded to me like the confirmed predictions of one who foresaw my elevation, in less prosperous hours. When fortune has looked dark and louring, they have been my comforter and support, telling me not to be downcast or depressed, that the season of sadness would soon pass away, and the road to fame and honor again open before me.

"You really think so, Tronchon? You think that I shall be something yet?"

"'Tu ira loin,' I say," repeated he emphatically, and with the air of an oracle who would not suffer further interrogation. I therefore shook his hand cordially, and set out to pay my visit to the general.

(*To be continued.*)

[From the London Eclectic Review.]

HAVE GREAT POETS BECOME IMPOSSIBLE?*

"POETRY is declining—poetry is being extinguished—poetry is extinct. To talk of poetry now is eccentricity—to write it is absurdity—to publish it is moonstruck madness." So the changes are rung. Now, it is impossible to deny that what is called poetry has become a drug, a bore, and nuisance, and that the name "Poet," as commonly applied, is at present about the shabbiest in the literary calendar. But we are far from believing that poetry is extinct. We entertain, on the contrary, sanguine hopes of its near and glorious resurrection. Soon do we hope to hear those tones of high melody, which are now like the echoes of forgotten thunder:

> "From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
> Till silence become music."

We expect, about the very time, when the presumption against the revivication of poetry shall have attained the appearance of absolute certainty, to witness a Tenth Avatar of Genius—and to witness its effect, too, upon the sapient personages who had been predicting that it was forever departed.

But this, it seems, is "not a poetical age." For our parts, we know not what age has not been poetical—in what age have not existed all the elements of poetry, been developed all its passions, and been heard many of its tones. "Were the dark ages poetical?" it will be asked. Yes, for then, as now, there was pathos—there was passion—there were hatred, revenge, love, grief, despair, religion. Wherever there is the fear of death and of judgment, there is, and must be poetry—and when was that feeling more intensely developed than during that dim period? The victims of a spell are objects of poetical interest. Here was a strong spell, embracing a world. Was no arm during the dark ages bared aloft in defense of outraged innocence? Or was no head then covered with the snows of a hundred winters, through one midnight despair? Was the voice of prayer then stifled throughout Europe's hundred lands? Was the mighty heart of man—the throbbing of which is just poetry, then utterly silent? But it was not expressed! We maintain, on the contrary, that it was—expressed at the time, in part by monks, and scalds, and orators, and expressed afterward in the glad energy of the spring which human nature made from its trance, into new life and motion. The elements of poetry had been accumulating in secret. The renovation of letters merely opened a passage for what had been struggling for vent. What is Dante's work but a beautiful incarnation of the spirit of the Middle Ages? His passion is that of a sublimated Inquisitor. His "Inferno" is such a dream as might have been dreamed by a poet monk, whose body had been macerated by austerities, and whose spirit had been darkened by long broodings on the fate of the victims of perdition. It is the poetical part of the passion of those ages of darkness finding a full voice—an eternal echo. And it was not in vain that so deep had been the slumber, when such had been its visions. There is a grandeur about any passion when carried to excess. Superstition, therefore, became the inspiration of one of the greatest productions of the universe. Dante was needed precisely when he appeared. The precise quantity of poetical material to answer the ends of a great original poet was accumulated; and the mighty Florentine, when he rose, became the mouth-piece and oracle of his age and of its cognate ages past—the exact index of all that redeemed, animated, excited, or adorned them.

The crusades, too, were another proof that the slumber in which Europe had been buried was not absolutely and altogether that of stupor or death. They occurred after the noon of that period we usually denominate dark. But they were the realization of a dream which had often passed through the monkish heart—the embodiment of a wish which had often brought tears into the eyes of genuine enthusiasts. There was, surely, as much sublimity in the first conception as in the execution. What indeed were the crusades, but the means of bringing to light, feelings, desires, passions, a lofty disinterested heroism, which the very depth of the former darkness had tended to foster and fire?

If the dark ages had thus their poetical ten-

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* The Roman: a Dramatic Poem. By Sydney Yendys. London: Bentley. 1850.

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dencies, climbing toward a full poetic expression, surely no age need or can be destitute of theirs —need or can be called unpoetical. But the misfortune is, that men will not look at the essential poetry which is lying around them, and under their feet. They suppose their age to be unpoetical, merely because they grapple not with its great excitements, nor will venture to sail upon its "mighty stream of tendency." They overlook the volcano in the next mountain—while admiring or deploring those which have been extinct for centuries, or which are a thousand miles away. They are afraid that if they catch the spirit of their age in verse, they will give it a temporary stamp; and therefore they either abstain from writing, and take to abusing the age on which they have unluckily fallen, or else come to the same resolution after an unsuccessful attempt to revive faded stimulants. Dante embodied, for instance, his countrymen's rude conception of future punishment—and he did well. But our modern religious poets have never ventured to meddle with those moral aspects of the subject which have now so generally supplanted the material. They talk instead, with Pollok, of the "rocks of dark damnation," or outrage common sense by such barbarous mis-creations as he has sculptured on the gate of hell, and think they have written an "Inferno," or that, if they have failed, it is because their age is not poetical.

Indeed, the least poetry is sometimes written in the most poetical ages. Men, when acting poetry, have little time either to write or to read it. There was less poetry written in the age of Charles I., than in that which preceded it, and more poetry enacted. But the majority of men only listen to the reverberations of emotion in song. They sympathize not with poetry, but with poets. And, therefore, when a cluster of poets die, or are buried before they be dead, they chant dirges over the death of poetry—as if it ever did or ever could die! as if its roots, which are just the roots of the human soul, were perishable—as if, especially when a strong current of excitement was flowing, it were not plain, that there was a poetry which should, in due time, develop its own masters to record and prolong it forever. Surely, as long as the grass is green and the sky is blue, as long as man's heart is warm and woman's face is fair, poetry, like seed-time and harvest, like summer and winter shall not cease.

There was little poetry, some people think, about England's civil war, because the leader of one party was a red-nosed fanatic. They, for their part, can not extract poetry from a red nose; but they are in raptures with Milton. Fools! but for that civil war, its high and solemn excitement, the deeds and daring of that red-nosed fanatic, would the "Paradise Lost" ever have been written, or written as it has been? That stupendous edifice of genius seems cemented by the blood of Naseby and of Marston Moor.

Such persons, too, see little that is poetical in the American struggle—no mighty romance in tumbling a few chests of tea into the Atlantic. Washington they think insipid; and because America has produced hitherto no great poet, its whole history they regard as a gigantic commonplace—thus ignoring the innumerable deeds of derring-do which distinguished that immortal contest—blinding their eyes to the "lines of empire" in the "infant face of the cradled Hercules," and the tremendous sprawlings of his nascent strength—and seeking to degrade those forests into whose depths a path for the sunbeams must be hewn, and where lightning appears to enter trembling, and to withdraw in haste; forests which must one day drop down a poet, whose genius shall be worthy of their age, their vastitude, the beauty which they inclose, and the load of grandeur below which they bend.

Nor, to the vulgar eye, does there seem much poetry in the French Revolution, though it was the mightiest tide of human passion which ever boiled and raved: a great deal, doubtless, in Burke's "Reflections"—but none in the cry of a liberated people, which was heard in heaven—none in the fall of the Bastile—none in Danton's giant figure, nor in Charlotte Corday's homicide—nor in Madame Roland's scaffold speeches, immortal though they be as the stars of heaven—nor in the wild song of the six hundred Marseillese, marching northward "to die." The age of the French Revolution was proved to be a grand and spirit-stirring age by its after results—by bringing forth its genuine poet-children—its Byrons and Shelleys—but needed not this late demonstration of its power and tendencies.

Surely our age, too, abounds in the elements of poetical excitement, awaiting only fit utterance. The harvest is rich and ripe—and nothing now is wanting but laborers to put in the sickle.

Special objections might indeed, and have been taken, to the poetical character of our time, which we may briefly dispose of before enumerating the qualities which a new and great poet, aspiring to be the Poet of the Age, must possess, and inquiring how far Mr. S. Yendys exhibits those qualities in this very remarkable first effort, "The Roman."

"It is a mechanical age," say some. To use Shakspeare's words, "he is a mechanical salt-butter rogue who says so." Men use more machines than formerly, but are not one whit more machines themselves. Was James Watt an automaton? Has the press become less an object of wonder or terror since it was worked by steam? How sublime was the stoppage of a mail as the index of rebellion. Luther's Bible was printed by a machine. The organ is a machine—and not the roar of a lion in a midnight forest is more sublime, or a fitter reply from earth to the thunder. The railway carriages of this mechanical age are the conductors of the fire of intellect and passion—and its steamboats may be loaded with thunderbolts, as well as with bullocks or yarn. The great

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American ship is but a machine; and yet how poetical it becomes, as it walks the waters of the summer sea, or wrestles, like a demon of kindred power, with the angry billows. Mechanism, indeed, may be called the short-hand of poetry, concentrating its force and facilitating its operations.

But this is an "age too late." So doubted Milton, while the shadow of Shakspeare had scarce left the earth, and while he himself was writing the greatest epic the world ever saw. And so any one may say, provided he does not mutilate or restrain his genius in consequence. We have reason to bless Providence that Milton did not act upon his hasty peradventure. But some will attempt to prove its truth, by saying that the field of poetry is limited—that the first cultivators will probably exhaust it, and that, in fact, a decline in poetry has been observed—the first poets being uniformly the best. But we deny that the field of poetry is limited. That is nature and the deep heart of man; or, more correctly, the field of poetry is human nature, and the external universe, multiplied indefinitely by the imagination. This, surely, is a wide enough territory. Where shall poetry, if sent forth like Noah's dove, fail to find a resting-place? Each new fact in the history of man and nature is a fact for *it*—suited to its purposes, and awaiting its consecration.

"The great writers have exhausted it." True, they have exhausted, speaking generally, the topics they have handled. Few will think of attempting the "Fall of Man" after Milton—and Dryden and Galt, alone, have dared, to their own disgrace, to burst within Shakspeare's magic circle. But the great poets have not verily occupied the entire field of poetry—have not counted all the beatings of the human heart—have not lighted on all those places whence poetry, like water from the smitten rock, rushes at the touch of genius—have not exhausted all the "riches fineless" which garnish the universe—nay, they have multiplied them infinitely, and shed on them a deeper radiance. The more poetry there is, the more there must be. A good criticism on a great poem becomes a poem itself. It is the essence of poetry to increase and multiply—to create an echo and shadow of its own power, even as the voice of the cataract summons the spirits of the wilderness to return it in thunder. As truly say that storms can exhaust the sky, as that poems can exhaust the blue dome of poesy. We doubt, too, the dictum that the earliest poets are uniformly the best. Who knows not that many prefer Eschylus to Homer; and many, Virgil to Lucretius; and many, Milton to Shakspeare; and that a nation sets Goethe above all men, save Shakspeare; and has not the toast been actually given, "To the two greatest of poets—Shakspeare and *Byron?*" To settle the endless questions connected with such a topic by any dogmatical assertion of the superiority of early poets, is obviously impossible.

But "the age will not now read poetry." True, it will not read whatever bears the name it will not read nursery themes; nor tenth-rate imitations of tenth-rate imitations of Byron, Scott, or Wordsworth; nor the effusions either of mystical cant, or of respectable commonplace; nor yet very willingly the study-sweepings of reputed men, who deem, in their complacency, that the world is gaping for the rinsings of their intellect. But it will read genuine poetry, if it be accommodated to the wants of the age, and if it be fairly brought before it. "Vain to cast pearls before swine!" Cast down the pearls before you call the men of the age swine. In truth, seldom had a true and new poet a fairer field, or the prospect of a wider favor, than at this very time. The age remembers that many of those poets it now delights to honor, were at first received with obloquy or neglect. It is not so likely to renew the disgraceful sin, since it recollects the disgraceful repentance. It is becoming wide awake, and is ready to recognize every symptom of original power. The reviews and literary journals are still, indeed, comparatively an unfair medium; but, by their multitude and their contradictions, have neutralized each other's power, and rendered the public less willing and less apt to be bullied or blackguarded out of its senses. Were Hazlitt alive now, and called, by any miserable scribbler in the "Athenæum" or "Spectator," a dunce, he could laugh in his face; instead of retiring as he did perhaps hunger-bitten, to bleed out his heart's blood in secret. Were Shelley now called in "Blackwood" a madman, and Keats a mannikin, they would be as much disturbed by it as the moon at the baying of a Lapland wolf. The good old art, in short, of writing an author up or down, is dying hard, but dying fast; and the public is beginning to follow the strange, new fashion of discarding its timid, or truculent, or too-much-seasoned tasters, and judging for itself. We have often imaged to ourselves the rapture with which a poet, of proper proportions and due culture, if writing in his age's spirit, would be received in an age when the works of Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Keats, are so widely read and thoroughly appreciated. He would find it "all ear."

Great things, however, must be done by the man who cherishes this high ambition. He must not only be at once a genius and an artist, but his art and his genius must be proportioned, with chemical exactness, to each other. He must not only be a poet, but have a distinct mission and message, savoring of the prophetic—he must say as well as sing. He must use his poetic powers as wonders attesting the purpose for which he speaks—not as mere bravados of ostentatious power. He must, while feeling the beauty, the charm, and the meaning of mysticism, stand above it, on a clear and sunlighted peak, and incline *rather* to the classical and masculine, than to the abstract and transcendental. His genius should be less epic and didactic, than lyrical and popular. He should

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be not so much the Homer as the Tyrtæus of this strange time. He should have sung over to himself the deep controversies of his age, and sought to reduce them into an unique and intelligible harmony. Into scales of doubt, equally balanced, he should be ready to throw his lyre, as a makeweight. Not a partisan either of the old or the new, he should seek to set in song the numerous points in which they agree, and strive to produce a glorious synthesis between them. He should stand (as on a broad platform) on the identity and eternity of all that is good and true —on the fact that "faiths never die, but are only translated"—on the fact that beauty physical and beauty moral are in heart the same; and that Christianity, as rightly understood, is at once the root and the flower of all truth—and, standing on this, should sing his fearless strains to the world. He should have a high idea of his art—counting it a lower inspiration, a sacred trust, a minor grace—a plant from a seed originally dropped out of the paradise of God! He should find in it a work, and not a recreation—an affair of life, not of moments of leisure. And while appealing, by his earnestness, his faith, his holiness, his genius, to the imagination, the heart, and the conscience of man, he should possess, or attain to, the mechanical ingenuity that can satisfy man's constructive understanding, the elegance that can please his sensuous taste, the fluency that can blend ease with instruction, and the music that can touch through the ear the inner springs of his being. Heart and genius, art and nature, sympathy with man and God, love of the beautiful apparition of the universe, and of that divine halo of Christianity which surrounds its head, must be united in our poet. He should conjoin Byron's energy—better controlled; Shelley's earnestness—better instructed; Keats's sensibility—guarded and armed; Wordsworth's Christianized love of Nature; and Coleridge's Christianized view of philosophy—to his own fancy, language, melody, and purpose; a lofty ideal of man the spirit, to a deep sympathy with man the worm, toiling, eating, drinking, struggling, falling, rising, and progressing, amidst his actual environments; and become the Magnus Apollo of our present age.

Perhaps we have fixed the standard too high, and forced a renewal of the exclamation in Rasselas, "Thou hast convinced me that no man can ever be a poet"—or, at least, the poet thus described. But nothing, we are persuaded, is in the imagination which may not be in the fact. Had we defined a Shakspeare ere he arose, "impossible" had been the cry. It must, too, be conceded that hitherto we have no rising, or nearly-risen poet, who answers fully to our ideal. Macaulay and Aytoun are content with being brilliant ballad-singers—they never seek to touch the deeper spiritual chords of our being. Tennyson's exquisite genius is neutralized, whether by fastidiousness of taste or by morbidity of temperament—neutralized, we mean, so far as great future achievements are concerned. Emerson's undisguised Pantheism casts a cold shade over his genius and his poetry. There is something odd, mystical, and shall we say affected, about both the Brownings, which mars their general effect—the wine is good, but the shape of the cyathus is deliberately *queer*. Samuel Brown is devoted to other pursuits. Marston's very elegant, refined, and accomplished mind, lacks, perhaps, enough of the manly, the forceful, and the profound. Bailey of "Festus," and Yendys of the poem before us, are the most likely candidates for the vacant laurel.

That Bailey's *genius* is all that need be desired in the "coming poet," will be contested by few who have read and wondered at "Festus"—at its fire of speech, its force of sentiment, its music of sound, its Californian wealth of golden imagery; the infinite variety of its scenes, speeches, and songs; the spirit of reverence which underlies all its liberties, errors, and extravagances; and the originality which, like the air of a mountain summit, renders its perusal at first difficult, and almost deadly, but at last excites and elevates to absolute intoxication. It has, however, been objected to it, that it seems an exhaustion of the author's mind—that its purposeless, planless shape betrays a lack of constructive power—that it becomes almost polemical in its religious aspect, and gives up to party what was meant for mankind—that it betrays a tendency toward obscure, mystical raptures and allegorizings, scarcely consistent with healthy manhood of mind, and which seems *growing*, as is testified by the "Angel World"—that there is a great gulf between the powers it indicates, and the task of leading the age—and that, on the whole, it is rather a prodigious comet in the poetical heavens, than either a still, calm luminary, or even the curdling of a future fair creation.

Admitting the force of much of this criticism, and that Bailey's art and aptitude to teach are unequal to his native power and richness of mind, we are still willing to wait for a production more matured than "Festus," and less fragmentary and dim than the "Angel World;" and till then, must waive our judgment as to whether on his head the laurel crown is transcendently to flourish

But meanwhile a young voice has suddenly been uplifted from a provincial town in England, crying, "Hear me—I also am a poet; I aspire, too, to prove myself worthy of being a teacher. I aim at no middle flight, but commit myself at once to high, difficult, and daring song, and that, too, of varied kinds." Nor has the voice been despised or disregarded. Some of the most fastidious of critical journals have already waxed enthusiastic in his praise. Many fine spirits, both young and old, have welcomed him with acclamation, as his own hero was admitted, for the sake of one song, into the society of a band of experienced bards. Even the few who deny —unjustly and captiously, as it appears to us— the artistic, admit the poetical merit of his work And we have now before us, not the miserable drudgery of weighing a would-be poet, but the nobler duty of inquiring how far a man of un-

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loubted genius, and great artistic skill, is likely to fulfill the high-raised expectations of the period. The scene of the "Roman" is in Italy. The hero is a patriot, filled and devoured by a love for the liberation of Italy, and for the re-establishment of the ancient Roman Republic—"One, entire, and indivisible." To promote this purpose, he assumes the disguise of a monk; and the history of his progress—addressing now little groups, now single individuals, and now large multitudes of men—at one time captivating, unwittingly, a young and enthusiastic lady, by the fervor of his eloquence, who delivers him from death by suicide—and at another, shaking the walls of his dungeon, through the power and grandeur of his predictions and dreams—till at last, as, after the mockery of a trial, he is led forth to death, he hears the shout of his country, rising *en masse*—is the whole story of the piece. But around this slender thread, the author has strung some of the largest, richest, and most resplendent gems of poetry we have seen for years.

Let us present our readers with a few passages, selected almost at random. Take the "Song of the Dancers" for its music:

"*Dancers.* Sing lowly, foot slowly, oh, why should we chase
The hour that gives heaven to this earthly embrace?
To-morrow, to-morrow, is dreary and lonely;
Then love as they love who would live to love only!
Closer yet, eyes of jet—breasts fair and sweet!
No eyes flash like those eyes that flash as they meet!
Weave brightly, wear lightly, the warm-woven chain,
Love on for to-night if we ne'er love again.
Fond youths! happy maidens! we are not alone!
Bright steps and sweet voices keep pace with our own,
Love-lorn Lusignuolo, the soft-sighing breeze,
The rose with the zephyr, the wind with the trees.
While heaven blushing pleasure, is full of love-notes,
Soft down the sweet measure the fairy world floats."
P. 1, 2.

Take the Monk's Appeal to his "Mother, Italy," for its eloquence:

"By thine eternal youth,
And cocternal utterless dishonor—
Past, present, future, life and death, all oaths
Which may bind earth and heaven, mother, I swear it.
We know we have dishonored thee. We know
All thou canst tell the angels. At thy feet,
The feet where kings have trembled, we confess,
And weep; and only bid thee live, my mother,
To see how we can die. Thou shalt be free!
By all our sins, and all thy wrongs, we swear it.
We swear it, mother, by the thousand omens
That heave this pregnant time. Tempests for whom
The Alps lack wombs—quick earthquakes—hurricanes
That moan and chafe, and thunder for the light,
And must be native here. Hark, hark, the angel!
I see the birthday in the imminent skies!
Clouds break in fire. Earth yawns. The exulting thunder
Shouts havoc to the whirlwinds. And men hear,
Amid the terrors of consenting storms,
Floods, rocking worlds, mad seas, and rending mountains,
Above the infinite clash, one long great cry,
THOU SHALT BE FREE!" P. 14, 15.

Take the few lines about "Truth," for their depth:

"Truth is the equal sun,
Ripening no less the hemlock than the vine.
Truth is the flash that turns aside no more
For castle than for cot. Truth is a spear
Thrown by the blind. Truth is a Nemesis
Which leadeth her beloved by the hand
Through all things; giving him no task to break
A bruised reed, but bidding him stand firm
Though she crush worlds." P. 21, 22.

Take, for its harrowing power, blended with beauty, the description of a "Lost Female," symbolizing the degradation of Italy, and addressed to the heroine of the tale:

"Or, oh, prince's daughter, if
In some proud street, leaning 'twixt night and day
From out thy palace balcony to meet
The breeze—that tempted by the hush of eve,
Steals from the fields about a city's shows,
And like a lost child, scared with wondering, flies,
From side to side in touching trust and terror,
Crying sweet country names and dropping flowers—
Leaning to meet that breeze, and looking down
To the so silent city, if below,
With dress disordered, and disheveled passions
Streaming from desperate eyes that flash and flicker
Like corpse-lights (eyes that once were known on high
Morning and night, as welcome there as thine),
And brow of trodden snow, and form majestic
That might have walked unchallenged through the skies,
And reckless feet, fitful with wine and woe,
And songs of revel that fall dead about
Her ruined beauty—sadder than a wail—
(As if the sweet maternal eve for pity
Took out the joy, and, with a blush of twilight,
Uncrowned the Bacchanal)—some outraged sister
Passeth, be patient, think upon yon heaven,
Where angels hail the Magdalen, look down
Upon that life in death, and say, 'My country!'" P. 36.

Take, for its wondrous pathos and truth, the description of "Infancy:"

"Thou little child,
Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright
Pure dwelling where two fond hearts keep their gladness—
Thou little potentate of love, who comest
With solemn sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee—thou vindication
Of God—thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes—thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps—thou portrait of our nature,
Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship."
P. 71, 72.

But time would fail us to quote, or even indicate, a tithe of the beautiful, melting, and magnificent passages in this noble "Roman." We would merely request the reader's attention to the whole of the sixth scene; to the ballad, a most exquisite and pathetic one, entitled the "Winter's Night;" to the "Vision of Quirinus," a piece of powerful and condensed imagination; and, best of all, to the "Dream of the Coliseum," in scene viii.—a dream which will not suffer by comparison with that of Sardanapalus.

But it is not the brilliance of occasional parts and passages alone, which justifies us in pronouncing the "Roman" an extraordinary production. We look at it as a whole, and thus regarding it, we find—first, a wondrous freedom from faults, major or minor, juvenile or non-juvenile; wondrous, inasmuch as the author is

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still very young, not many years, indeed, in advance of his majority. There is exaggeration, we grant, in passages, but it is exaggeration as essential to the circumstances and the characters as Lear's insane language is to his madness, or Othello's turbid tide of figures to his jealousy. The hero—an enthusiast—speaks always in enthusiastic terms; but of extravagance we find little, and of absurdity or affectation none. Diffusion there is, but it is often the beautiful diffusion of one who dallies with beloved thoughts, and will not let them go till they have told him all that is in their heart. And ever and anon we meet with strong single lines and separate sentences, containing truth and fancy concentrated as "lion's marrow."

Take a few specimens. Of Italy he says:

"She wraps the purple round her outraged breast,
And even in fetters can not be a slave."

Again, she

"Stands menacled before the world, and bears
Two hemispheres—innumerable wrongs,
Illimitable glories."

"The soul never
Can twice be virgin—the eye that strikes
Upon the hidden path to the unseen
Is henceforth for two worlds."

"To both worlds
—The inner and the outer—we come naked,
The very noblest heart on earth, hath oft
No better lot than *to deserve*."

Before every man the world of beauty,
Like a great artist, standeth night and day
With patient hand retouching in the heart
God's defaced image."

"Rude heaps that had been cities clad the ground
With history."

"Strange fragments
Of forms once held divine, and still, *like angels, Immortal every where*."

"The poet,
In some rapt moment of intense attendance,
The skies being genial, and the earthly air
Propitious, catches on the inward ear
The awful and unutterable meanings
Of a divine soliloquy."

The very stars themselves are nearer to us than to-morrow."

"The great man . . . . . is set
Among us pigmies, with a heavenlier stature,
And brighter face than ours, that we must *leap Even to smite it*."

"Great merchants, men
Who dealt in kingdoms; ruddy aruspex,
And pale philosopher, who bent beneath
The keys of wisdom."

"The Coliseum . . . . . stood out a rk
With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his deathbed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of Psalm and Creed
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods."

Our readers must perceive from such extracts, that our author belongs more to the masculine than to the mystic school. Deep in thought, he is clear in language and in purpose. Since Byron's dramas, we have seldom had such fiery and vigorous verse. He blends the strong with the tender, in natural and sweet proportions. His genius, too, vaults into the lyric motion with very great ease and mastery. He is a minstrel as well as a bard, and has shown power over almost every form of lyrical composition. His sentiment is clear without being commonplace, original, yet not extravagant, and betokens, as well as his style, a masculine health, maturity, and completeness, rarely to be met with in a first attempt. Above all, his tone of mind, while sympathizing to rapture with the liberal progress of the age, is that of one who feels the eternal divinity and paramount power of the Christian religion; that what God has once pronounced true can never become a lie; that what was once really alive may change, but can never die; that Christianity is a fact, great, real, and permanent, as birth or death; and that its seeming decay is only the symptom that it is putting off the old skin, and about to renew its mighty youth.

We have thus found many, if not all, the qualities of our ideal poet united in the author of the "Roman," and are not ashamed to say that we expect more from him than from any other of our rising "Sons of the Morning." But he must work and walk worthy of his high vocation, and of the hopes which now lie upon him—hopes which must either be the ribbons of his crown or the cords of his sacrifice. He must discard his tendency to diffusion, and break in that demon-steed of eloquence, who sometimes is apt to run away with him. He must give us next, not scattered scenes, but a whole epic, the middle of which shall be as obvious as the beginning or the end. He should, in his next work, seek less to please, startle, or gain an audience, than to tell them in thunder and in music what they ought to believe and to do. Thus acting, he may "fill his crescent-sphere;" revive the power and glory of song; give voice to a great dumb struggle in the mind of the age; rescue the lyre from the camp of the Philistines, where it has been but too long detained; and render possible the hope, that the day shall come when again, as formerly, the names "of poet and of prophet are the same."

[From Sharpe's London Magazine.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN his intercourse with society, Campbell was a shrewd observer of those often contradictory elements of which it is composed. Adverting to the absurd and ludicrous, he had the art or talent of heightening their effect by touches peculiarly his own; while the quiet gravity with which he related his personal anecdotes or adventures, added greatly to the charm, and often threw his unsuspecting hearers into uncontrollable fits of laughter. Nor was

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the *pathos* with which he dilated on some tale of human misery less captivating; it runs through all his poetry, and in hearing or relating a story of human wrongs or suffering, we have often seen him affected to tears, which he vainly strove to conceal by an abrupt transition to some ludicrous incident in his own personal history. As an example, which has not yet found its way to the public, we may relate the following, which he told one evening in our little domestic circle where he was a frequent visitor, and where the conversation had taken, as he thought, a somewhat too serious turn:

"In my early life, when I resided in the island of Mull, most of those old feudal customs which civilization had almost banished from the Lowlands, were still religiously observed in the Hebrides—more especially those of a social and festive character, which it was thought had the effect of keeping up old acquaintance, and of tightening the bonds of good fellowship. Rural weddings and "roaring wakes" were then occasions for social rendezvous, which were not to be overlooked. Both these ceremonies were accompanied by feasting, music, dancing, and that liberal enjoyment of the native *browst* which was too often carried to excess. I was in general a willing and a welcome guest at these doings; for, smitten as I often was with melancholy in this dreary solitude, I was glad to avail myself of any occasion that promised even temporary exhilaration. Well, the first of these meetings at which I was present one evening, happened to be a *dredgee*, a term which I need only explain, by saying that it was got up for the sake of a young widow, who had just put on her weeds, and stood much in need of friendly sympathy, and consolation. At first it was rather a dull affair, for the widow looked very disconsolate, and every look of her fair face was contagious. But as the *quaigh* was active, and the whisky went its frequent round, the circle became more lively; until at last, to my utter astonishment, the bagpipes were introduced; and after a *coronach* or so—just to quiet the spirit of their departed host—up started a couple of dancers, and began jigging it over the floor with all the grace and agility peculiar to my Hebridean friends. This movement was infectious: another and another couple started up—reel followed upon reel, until the only parties who had resisted the infection," continued the poet, "were the widow and myself, she, oppressed with her own private sorrow, and I, restrained by feelings of courtesy from quitting her side. I observed, however, that she 'kept time' with her hand—all unconsciously, no doubt—against the bench where we sat, while her thoughts were wandering about the moorland *Cairn*, which had that very morning received her husband's remains. I pitied her from my very heart. But, behold, just as I was addressing to her one of my most sympathizing looks, up came a brisk Highlander, whose step and figure in the dance had excited both admiration and envy; and, making a low bow to the widow, followed by a few words of condolence, he craved the honor of her hand for the next reel. The widow, as you may well suppose, was shocked beyond measure! while I starting to my feet, made a show as if I meant to resent the insult. But she, pulling me gently back, rebuked the kilted stranger with a look, at which he instantly withdrew. In a few minutes, however, the young chieftain returned to the charge. The widow frowned, and wept, and declared that nothing on earth should ever tempt her to such a breach of decorum. But the more she frowned, the more he smiled, and pressed his suit: 'Just one reel,' he repeated, 'only one! Allan of Mull, the best piper in the Isles, was only waiting her bidding to strike up.' The plea was irresistible. 'Weel, weel,' sighed the widow, rising, and giving him her hand, 'what maun be, maun be! But, hech, sirs, let it be a lightsome spring, for I hae a heavy, heavy heart!' The next minute the widow was capering away to a most 'lightsome' air—hands across—cast off—down the middle, and up again. And a merrier dredgee," concluded the poet, "was never seen in Mull."

On another occasion, when he presented a copy of some verses, which he had just finished, to a lady of our family, he described their origin as follows: "Many long years ago, while I was sealed up in the Hebrides, I became intimate with a family who had a beautiful parrot, which a young mariner had brought from South America, as a present to his sweetheart. This happened long before my arrival in Mull; and Poll for many years had been a much-prized and petted favorite in the household. He was a captive, to be sure, but allowed at times to be outside his cage on *parole;* and, always observing good faith and gratitude for such indulgences, they were repeated as often as appeared consistent with safe custody. The few words of Gaelic which he had picked up in his voyage to the north, were just sufficient, on his arrival, to bespeak the good-will of the family, and recommend himself to their hospitality; but his vocabulary was soon increased—he became a great mimic—he could imitate the cries of every domestic animal—the voices of the servants: he could laugh, whistle, and scold, like any other biped around him. He was, in short, a match even for Kelly's renowned parrot: for although he could not, or would not, sing 'God save the King,' he was a proficient in 'Charlie is my Darling,' and other Jacobite airs, with which he never failed to regale the company, when properly introduced.

"Poll was indeed a remarkable specimen of his tribe, and the daily wonder of the whole neighborhood. Years flew by: and although kind treatment had quite reconciled him to his cage, it could not ward off the usual effects of old age, particularly in a climate where the sun rarely penetrated within the bars of his prison. When I first saw him, his memory had greatly failed him; while his bright green plumage was vast verging into a silvery gray.

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He had but little left of that triumphant chuckle which used to provoke such laughter among the younkers; and day after day he would sit mute and moping on his perch, seldom answering the numerous questions that were put to him regarding the cause of his malady. Had any child of the family been sick, it could hardly have been treated with greater tenderness than Poll.

"At last, one fine morning, just as the vernal equinox had blown a few ships into harbor, a stranger was announced, and immediately recognized by the master of the house as a 'Don' something—a Spanish merchant, whose kindness to a young member of the family had been often mentioned in his letters from Mexico. One of his own ships, a brig, in which he had made the voyage, was then in the bay, driven in by stress of weather, for Mull was no market for Spanish goods. But that was not my business; he would most likely pay a visit to Greenock, where, in the present day at least, Spanish cargoes are rife enough.

"No sooner had their visitor exchanged salutations with the master of the house and his family, than the parrot caught his eye; and, going up to the cage, he addressed the aged bird in familiar Spanish. The effect was electric: the poor blind captive seemed as if suddenly awakened to a new existence; he fluttered his wings in ecstasy—opened his eyes, fixed them, dim and sightless as they were, intently on the stranger; then answered him in the same speech—not an accent of which he had ever heard for twenty years. His joy was excessive—but it was very short; for in the midst of his screams and antics, poor Poll dropped dead from his perch."

Such was the incident upon which Campbell composed the little ballad entitled "The Parrot." It had taken strong hold of his memory, and, after the lapse of forty years,* found its way into the pages of the "New Monthly," and is now incorporated with his acknowledged poems.

[From Sharpe's London Magazine.]

GALILEO AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY ✝ B.

I HAD been walking in a grove of lime-trees, arched above me, like the stately roofing of a cathedral. As I entered, the daylight was yet strong; but when I left my temporary retreat, the heavens were clustered over with stars, and one of them, high above the old gray tower of the ancient monastery of St. Augustine, almost cast a shadow across the landscape—it was the planet Jupiter: and I have never observed it—at least, thus eminent among its brethren—without being more or less reminded of,

"The starry Galileo, and his woes."

To this planet did the philosopher direct the then newly-invented telescope, the result being the discovery of four attendant moons: while the analogy derived from the motions of these little stars, performing their revolutions round the primary planet in perfect order and concord, afforded an argument that had a powerful influence in confirming Galileo's own views in favor of the Copernican system of the universe, and ultimately converting the scientific world to the same opinion.

Yet little more than two centuries since, on the 14th February, 1633, the astronomer, cited before the Inquisition, arrived at Rome, to answer the charge of heresy and blasphemy; while, a few months ago, in the brief but glorious day-burst of Roman liberty, that very Inquisition was invaded by an exultant populace, and among its archives, full memorials of martyred worth and of heroic endurance, most eagerly, but in vain, was sought the record of the process against the great philosopher.

Galileo, on a former occasion, in reference to some of his scientific discoveries, had heard rumors of papal persecution, and as a cautious friend whispered to him the unpleasing tidings, he had exclaimed, "Never will I barter the freedom of my intellect to one as liable to err as myself!"

The time quickly arrived to test his courage and his resolution.

For a little while, we are informed, he was allowed to remain secluded in the palace of his friend Nicolini. In a few months, however, he was removed to an apartment in the Exchequer of the Inquisition, still being permitted the attendance of his own servant, and many indulgences of which they had not decided to deprive him. On the twenty-first of June, of the same year, he appeared before the Holy Office. Through its gloomy halls and passages he passed to the tribunal. There was little here, as in the other ecclesiastical buildings of Rome, to captivate the senses. The dark walls were unadorned with the creations of art; state and ceremony were the gloomy ushers to the chamber of intolerance. In silence and in mystery commenced the preparations. The familiars of the office advanced to the astronomer, and arrayed him in the penitential garment; and as he approached, with a slow and measured step, the tribunal, cardinals, and prelates noiselessly assembled, and a dark circle of officers and priests closed in, while, as if conscious that the battle had commenced in earnest between mind and power, all the pomp and splendor of the hierarchy of Rome—that system which had hitherto possessed a sway unlimited over the fears and opinions of mankind—was summoned up to increase the solemnity and significance of the judgment about to be pronounced against him.

To the tedious succession of technical proceedings, mocking justice by their very assumption of formality, it would be needless to refer. Solemnly, however, and by an authority which it was fatal to resist, Galileo was called on to

* See "Life and Letters of Campbell." Vol. I. Residence in Mull.

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renounce a truth which his whole life had been consecrated to reveal and to maintain, "The motion through space of the Earth and Planets round the Sun."

Then, immediately, assuming he had nothing to allege, would attempt no resistance, and offer no defense, came the sentence of the tribunal, banning and anathematizing all who held the doctrine, that the sun is the centre of the system, as a tenet "philosophically false, and formally heretical."

And then they sentenced the old and infirm philosopher—this band of infallibles!—they bade him abjure and detest the said errors and heresies. They decreed his book to the flames, and they condemned him for life to the dungeons of the Inquisition, bidding him recite, "once a week, seven penitential psalms for the good of his soul!"

Did Galileo yield? Did he renounce that theory now affording such ample proof of the beauty and order of the universe; to whose very laws Kepler, the friend and contemporary of the philosopher, was even then, though unconsciously, bearing evidence, by his wonderful theorem of velocities and distances, a problem which Newton afterward confirmed and illustrated?

Did Galileo yield? He did. Broken by age and infirmity, importuned by friends more alarmed than himself, perhaps, at the terrors of that merciless tribunal, he signed his abjuration; yielded all his judges demanded; echoed their curse and ban, as their superstition or their hate required. There is a darker tale dimly hinted by those familiar with the technicalities of the Holy Office, that the terms, "Il rigoroso esame," during which Galileo is reported to have answered like a good Christian, officially announce the application of the torture.

Then occurred, perhaps scarcely an hour afterward, that remarkable episode in this man's history. As he arose from the ground on which, all kneeling, he had pronounced his abjuration, he gave a significant stamp, and whispered to a friend, "*E pur si muove!*" "Yet it does move"—ay, and in spite of Inquisitions, has gone round—nay, the whole world of thought itself has moved, and having received an impulse from such minds, will revolve for ages in a glorious cycle for mankind! But the most touching incident of Galileo's story is yet to come.

After several years of confinement at Arcetri, the great astronomer was permitted to retire to Florence, upon the conditions that he should neither quit his house, nor receive the visits of his friends. They removed him from a prison, to make a prison of his home. Alas! it was even worse than this.

Much as the greatest minds love fame, and struggle to obtain it, the proudest triumphs of genius and of science, the applause of the world itself, ever loud and obtrusive, is not to be compared to the low and gentle murmurs of pleasure and of pride from those we love. There was one being from whom Galileo had been accustomed to hear those consolations—his child his gentle Maria Galilei. He had been otherwise a solitary indeed, and now more than ever so, when he was cut off from the communion of the greatest minds. To his lovely girl, his daughter, his heart clung with more than fondness. No wife of Pliny, perhaps, ever wafted to her husband with sweeter devotion the echoes of the applauding world without, greeting him she loved, than she did—his Maria Galilei. As he returned from prison, the way seemed tedious, the fleetest traveling all too slow, till he should once more fold her to his heart; and she, too, she anticipated meeting her father with a pleasure greater than ever before enjoyed, since he had now become a victim, sainted in her eyes, by the persecution he had suffered.

Short, indeed, was this happiness, if enjoyed at all. Within the month, she died, and the home of Galileo was more than a prison—it was a desolate altar, on which the last and most precious of his household gods was shivered. And he died too, a few years afterward, that good old man!

But he had yielded—he was no martyr! Yes, indeed! But be it remembered, that if he possessed not the moral courage of a Huss, a Savonarola, or a Luther, he was not called to exercise it in so high a cause. The assertion and support of a religious truth is impressed with far deeper obligations than the advocacy of a scientific one, however well maintained by analogy, and confirmed by reason.

Still there was a deep devotional sentiment that pervaded the character of Galileo. Before he died, he became totally blind; yet he did not despair. Like Milton, he labored on for mankind—nay, pursued his scientific studies, inventing mechanical substitutes for his loss of vision, to enable him still to pursue his arduous researches

It is true he was shut out, like the elder Herschel, from the view of that glorious company, toward which his spirit had so often soared Well might his friend Castelli say, in allusion to his infirmity, "that the noblest eyes were darkened which nature had ever made—eyes so privileged, and gifted with such rare qualities, that they might be said to have seen more than all those who had gone before him, and to have opened the eyes of all who were to come." Galileo himself bore noble tribute to his friend, when he exclaimed,

"Never, never will I cease to use the senses which God has left me; and though this heaven, this earth, this universe, be henceforth shrunk for me into the narrow space which I myself fill, so it please God, it shall content me."

The malice of his enemies long survived his death. The partisans of Rome disputed his right to make a will. They denied him a monument for which large sums had been subscribed.

A hundred years afterward, when a splendid memorial was about to be erected to his memory, the President of the Florentine Academy descended into his grave, and desecrated his remains, by bearing off, as *relics for a museum*,

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the thumb of his right hand, and one of his vertebræ! So the victims of the religious fury of one age become the martyrs of science in another!

And what is the moral of what we have written concerning Galileo? Is there no teaching that may instruct our own times, especially when we see how, through scorn and persecution, and this world's contumely, and through the gloom and shadows of ignorance and fear, the form and substance of mighty Truth rises, slowly and dimly, perchance, at first, but grandly and majestically ere long? Little more than two hundred years have passed since the death of Galileo, but ample justice has been done to his memory. His name will be a watchword through all time, to urge men forward in the great cause of moral and intellectual progress; and the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruits were once on earth, plucked, perhaps, ere they were matured, has shot up with its golden branches into the skies, over which has radiated the smiles of a beneficent Providence to cheer man onward in the career of virtue and intelligence.

"There is something," as a profound writer has observed,* "in the spirit of the present age, greater than the age itself. It is, the appearance of a new power in the world, the multitude of minds now pressing forward in the great task of the moral and intellectual regeneration of mankind."

And this cause must ultimately triumph. The energies and discoveries of men like Galileo, remote as their history becomes, have an undying influence.

The power of a great mind is like the attraction of a sun. It appears in the infinite bounds of space, far, far away, as a grain among other gold dust at the feet of the Eternal, or, at most, but as a luminous spot; and yet we know that its influence controls, and is necessary for, the order and arrangement of the nearest, as well as the remotest system. So in the moral and intellectual universe, from world to world, from star to star, the influence of one great mind extends, and we are drawn toward it by an unseen, but all-pervading affinity. Thus has the cause of moral and intellectual progress a sure guarantee of success. It has become a necessity, interwoven with the spirit of the age—a necessity impressed by every revelation of social evil, as well as proclaimed by every scientific discovery—gaining increased energy and power from the manifestation of every new wonder and mystery of nature—nay, from the building of every steam-ship, the laying down of every new line of railway.

* Channing.

[From Dickens's "Household Words."]

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE name of Ebenezer Elliott is associated with one of the greatest and most important political changes of modern times; with events not yet sufficiently removed from us, to allow of their being canvassed in this place with that freedom which would serve the more fully to illustrate his real merits. Elliott would have been a poet, in all that constitutes true poetry, had the corn laws never existed.

He was born on 25th March, 1781, at the New Foundry, Masborough, in the parish of Rotherham, where his father was a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Walker, with a salary of £60 or £70 per annum. His father was a man of strong political tendencies, possessed of humorous and satiric power, that might have qualified him for a comic actor. Such was the character he bore for political sagacity that he was popularly known as "Devil Elliott." The mother of the poet seems to have been a woman of an extreme nervous temperament, constantly suffering from ill health, and constitutionally awkward and diffident.

Ebenezer commenced his early training at a dame's school; but shy, awkward, and desultory, he made little progress; nor did he thrive much better at the school in which he was afterward placed. Here he employed his comrades to do his tasks for him, and of course laid no foundation for his future education. His parents, disheartened by the lad's apparent stolidity, sent him next to Dalton's school, two miles distant; and here he certainly acquired something, for he retained, to old age, the memory of some of the scenes through which he used to pass on his way to and from this school. For want of the necessary preliminary training, he could do little or nothing with letters: he rather preferred playing truant and roaming the meadows in listless idleness, wherever his fancy led him. This could not last. His father soon set him to work in the foundry; and with this advantage, that the lad stood on better terms with himself than he had been for a considerable period, for he discovered that he could compete with others in work—sheer hand-labor—if he could not in the school. One disadvantage, however, arose, as he tells us, from his foundry life; for he acquired a relish for vulgar pursuits, and the village alehouse divided his attentions with the woods and fields. Still a deep impression of the charms of nature had been made upon him by his boyish rambles, which the debasing influences and associations into which he was thrown could not wholly wipe out. He would still wander away in his accustomed haunts, and purify his soul from her alehouse defilements, by copious draughts of the fresh nectar of natural beauty imbibed from the sylvan scenery around him.

The childhood and youth of the future poet presented a strange medley of opposites and antitheses. Without the ordinary measure of adaptation for scholastic pursuits, he inhaled the vivid influences of external things, delighting intensely in natural objects, and yet feeling an infinite chagrin and remorse at his own idleness and ignorance. We find him highly imaginative; making miniature lakes by sinking an iron vessel filled with water in a heap of stones, and gazing therein with wondrous enjoyment at the reflection of the sun and skies over-

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head; and exhibiting a strange passion for looking on the faces of those who had died violent deaths, although these dead men's features would haunt his imagination for weeks afterward.

He did not, indeed, at this period, possess the elements of an ordinary education. A very simple circumstance sufficed to apply the spark which fired his latent energies, and nascent poetical tendencies: and he henceforward became a different being, elevated far above his former self. He called one evening, after a drinking bout on the previous night, on a maiden aunt, named Robinson, a widow possessed of about £30 a year, by whom he was shown a number of "Sowerby's English Botany," which her son was then purchasing in monthly parts. The plates made a considerable impression on the awkward youth, and he assayed to copy them by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. When he found he could trace their forms by these means his delight was unbounded, and every spare hour was devoted to the agreeable task. Here commenced that intimate acquaintance with flowers, which seems to pervade all his works. This aunt of Ebenezer's, (good soul! would that every shy, gawky Ebenezer had such an aunt!) bent on completing the charm she had so happily begun, displayed to him still further her son's book of dried specimens; and this elated him beyond measure. He forthwith commenced a similar collection for himself, for which purpose he would roam the fields still more than ever, on Sundays as well as week days, to the interruption of his attendances at chapel. This book he called his "Dry Flora," (*Hortus Siccus*) and none so proud as he when neighbors noticed his plants and pictures. He was not a little pleased to feel himself a sort of wonder, as he passed through the village with his plants; and, greedy of praise, he allowed his acquaintance to believe that his drawings were at first hand, and made by himself from nature. "Thomson's Seasons," read to him about this time by his brother Giles, gave him a glimpse of the union of poetry with natural beauty; and lit up in his mind an ambition which finally transformed the illiterate, rugged, half-tutored youth into the man who wrote "The Village Patriarch," and the "Corn Law Rhymes."

From this time he set himself resolutely to the work of self-education. His knowledge of the English language was meagre in the extreme; and he succeeded at last only by making for himself a kind of grammar by reading and observation. He then tried French, but his native indolence prevailed, and he gave it up in despair. He read with avidity whatever books came in his way; and a small legacy of books to his father came in just at the right time. He says he could never read through a second-rate book, and he therefore read masterpieces only; "after Milton, then Shakspeare; then Ossian; then Junius; Paine's 'Common Sense;' Swift's 'Tale of a Tub;' 'Joan of Arc;' Schiller's 'Robbers;' Bürger's 'Lenora;' Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall;' and long afterward, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the '*Westminster Review*.'" Reading of this character might have been expected to lead to something; and was well calculated to make an extraordinary impression on such a mind as Elliott's; and we have the fruit of this course of study in the poetry which from this time he began to throw off.

He remained with his father from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year, working laboriously without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money. He afterward tried business on his own account. He made two efforts at Sheffield; the last commencing at the age of forty, and with a borrowed capital of £150. He describes in his nervous language the trials and difficulties he had to contend with; and all these his imagination embodied for him in one grim and terrible form, which he christened "Bread Tax." With this demon he grappled in desperate energy, and assailed it vigorously with his caustic rhyme This training, these mortifications, these misfortunes, and the demon "Bread Tax" above all, made Elliott successively despised, hated, feared, and admired, as public opinion changed toward him.

Mr. Howitt describes his warehouse as a dingy, and not very extensive place, heaped with iron of all sorts, sizes, and forms, with barely a passage through the chaos of rusty bars into the inner sanctum, at once, study, counting-house, library, and general receptacle of odds and ends connected with his calling. Here and there, to complete the jumble, were plaster casts of Shakspeare, Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon, suggestive of the presidency of literature over the materialism of commerce which marked the career of this singular being. By dint of great industry he began to flourish in business, and, at one time, could make a profit of £20 a-day without moving from his seat. During this prosperous period he built a handsome villa-residence in the suburbs. He now had leisure to brood over the full force and effect of the Corn Laws. The subject was earnestly discussed then in all manufacturing circles of that district. Reverses now arrived. In 1837, he lost fully one-third of all his savings, getting out of the storm at last with about £6,000, which he wrote to Mr. Tait of Edinburgh, he intended, if possible, to retain. The palmy days of £20 profits had gone by for Sheffield, and instead, all was commercial disaster and distrust. Elliott did well to retire with what little he had remaining. In his retreat he was still vividly haunted by the demon "Bread Tax." This, then, was the period of the Corn-Law Rhymes, and these bitter experiences lent to them that tone of sincerity and earnestness—that fire and frenzy which they breathed, and which sent them, hot, burning words of denunciation and wrath, into the bosoms of the working classes—the toiling millions from whom Elliott sprang. "Bread Tax," indeed, to him was a thing of terrible import and bitter experi-

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ence: hence he uses no gentle terms or honeyed phrases when dealing with the obnoxious impost. Sometimes coarse invective and angry assertion take the place of convincing reason and calm philosophy. At others, there is a true vein of poetry and pathos running through the rather unpoetic theme, which touches us with its Wordsworthian feeling and gentleness. Then he would be found calling down thunders upon the devoted heads of the monopolists, with all a fanatic's hearty zeal, and in his fury he would even pursue them, not merely through the world, but beyond its dim frontiers and across the threshold of another state. Take them, however, as they stand—and more vigorous, effective, and startling political poetry has not graced the literature of the age.

It was not to be supposed but that this trumpet-blast of defiance, and shrill scream of "war to the knife," should bring down upon him much obloquy, much vituperation: but all this fell harmlessly upon him; he rather liked it. When people began to bear with the turbid humor and angry utterances of the "Corn Law Rhymer," and grew familiar with the stormy march of his verse, it was discovered that he was something more than a mere political party song-writer. He was a true poet, whose credentials, signed and sealed in the court of nature, attested the genuineness of his brotherhood with those children of song who make the world holier and happier by the mellifluous strains they bring to us, like fragments of a forgotten melody, from the far-off world of beauty and of love.

Elliott will not soon cease to be distinctively known as the "Corn Law Rhymer;" but it will be by his non-political poems that he will be chiefly remembered by posterity as the Poet of the People; for his name will still be, as it has long been, a "Household Word," in the homes of all such as love the pure influences of simple, sensuous, and natural poetry. As an author he did not make his way fast: he had written poetry for twenty years ere he had attracted much notice. A genial critique by Southey in the "Quarterly," another by Carlyle in the "Edinburgh," and favorable notices in the "Athenæum" and "New Monthly," brought him into notice; and he gradually made his way until a new and cheap edition of his works, in 1840, stamped him as a popular poet. His poetry is just such as, knowing his history, we might have expected; and such as, not knowing it, might have bodied forth to us the identical man as we find him.

As we have said, Nature was his school; but flowers were the especial vocation of his muse. A small ironmonger—a keen and successful tradesman—we should scarcely have given him credit for such an exquisite love of the beautiful in Nature, as we find in some of those lines written by him in the crowded counting-room of that dingy warehouse. The incident of the floral miscellany; the subsequent study of "The Seasons;" the long rambles in meadows and on hill-sides, specimen-hunting for his *Hortus Siccus*, sufficiently account for the exquisite sketches of scenery, and those vivid descriptions of natural phenomena, which showed that the coinage of his brain had been stamped in Nature's mint. The most casual reader would at once discover that, with Thomson, he has ever been the devoted lover and worshiper of Nature—at wanderer by babbling streams—a dreamer in the leafy wilderness—a worshiper of morning upon the golden hill-tops. He gives us pictures of rural scenery warm as the pencil of a Claude, and glowing as the sunsets of Italy.

A few sentences will complete our sketch, and bring us to the close of the poet's pilgrimage. He had come out of the general collapse of commercial affairs in 1837, with a small portion of the wealth he had realized by diligent and continuous labor. He took a walk, on one occasion, into the country, of about eighteen miles; reached Argilt Hill, liked the place, returned, and resolved to buy it. He laid out in house and land about one thousand guineas. His family consisted of Mrs. Elliott and two daughters; a servant-maid; an occasional helper; a Welch pony and small gig; "a dog almost as big as the mare, and much wiser than his master; a pony-cart; a wheel-barrow; and a grindstone—and," says he, "turn up your nose if you like!"

From his own papers we learn that he had one son a clergyman, at Lothedale, near Skipton; another in the steel trade, on Elliott's old premises at Sheffield; two others unmarried, living on their means; another "druggisting at Sheffield, in a sort of chimney called a shop;" and another, a clergyman, living in the West Indies. Of his thirteen children, five were dead, and of whom he says, 'They left behind them no memorial—but they are safe in the bosom of Mercy, and not quite forgotten even here!"

In this retirement he occasionally lectured and spoke at public meetings; but he began to suffer from a spasmodic affection of the nerves, which obliged him wholly to forego public speaking. This disease grew worse; and in December, 1839, he was warned that he could not continue to speak in public, except at the risk of sudden death. This disorder lingered about him for about six years; he then fell ill of a more serious disease, which threatened speedy termination. This was in May, 1849. In September, he writes, "I have been *very, very* ill." On the first of December, 1849, the event, which had so long been impending, occurred, and Elliott peacefully departed in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Thus, then, the sun set on one whose life was one continued heroic struggle with opposing influences—with ignorance first, then trade, then the corn laws, then literary fame, and, last of all, disease: and thus the world saw its last of the material breathing form of the rugged but kindly being who made himself loved, feared, hated, and famous, as the "Corn Law Rhymer."

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[From Cumming's Hunting Adventures in South Africa.]

CONFLICT WITH AN ELEPHANT.

IN a few minutes one of those who had gone off to our left came running breathless to say that he had seen the mighty game. I halted for a minute, and instructed Isaac, who carried the big Dutch rifle, to act independently of me, while Kleinboy was to assist me in the chase; but, as usual, when the row began, my followers thought only of number one. I bared my arms to the shoulder, and, having imbibed a draught of aqua pura from the calabash of one of the spoorers, I grasped my trusty two-grooved rifle, and told my guide to go ahead. We proceeded silently as might be for a few hundred yards, following the guide, when he suddenly pointed, exclaiming, "Klow!" and before us stood a herd of mighty bull elephants, packed together beneath a shady grove about a hundred and fifty yards in advance. I rode slowly toward them, and, as soon as they observed me, they made a loud rumbling noise, and, tossing their trunks, wheeled right about and made off in one direction, crashing through the forest and leaving a cloud of dust behind them. I was accompanied by a detachment of my dogs, who assisted me in the pursuit.

The distance I had come, and the difficulties I had undergone to behold these elephants, rose fresh before me. I determined that on this occasion at least I would do my duty, and, dashing my spurs into "Sunday's" ribs, I was very soon much too close in their rear for safety. The elephants now made an inclination to my left, whereby I obtained a good view of the ivory. The herd consisted of six bulls; four of them were full grown, first-rate elephants; the other two were fine fellows, but had not yet arrived at perfect stature. Of the four old fellows, two had much finer tusks than the rest, and for a few seconds I was undecided which of these two I would follow; when, suddenly, the one which I fancied had the stoutest tusks broke from his comrades, and I at once felt convinced that he was the patriarch of the herd, and followed him accordingly. Cantering alongside, I was about to fire, when he instantly turned, and, uttering a trumpet so strong and shrill that the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet, he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not altering his course in the slightest degree for the trees of the forest, which he snapped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career.

When he pulled up in his charge, I likewise halted; and as he slowly turned to retreat, I let fly at his shoulder, "Sunday" capering and prancing, and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball the elephant shrugged his shoulder, and made off at a free, majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to my assistance which had been following the other elephants, and on their coming up and barking another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet as before. In his charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice. I now determined not to fire again until I could make a steady shot; but, although the elephant turned repeatedly, "Sunday" invariably disappointed me, capering so that it was impossible to fire. At length, exasperated, I became reckless of the danger, and, springing from the saddle, approached the elephant under cover of a tree and gave him a bullet in the side of the head, when, trumpeting so shrilly that the forest trembled, he charged among the dogs, from whom he seemed to fancy that the blow had come; after which he took up a position in a grove of thorns, with his head toward me. I walked up very near, and, as he was in the act of charging (being in those days under wrong impressions as to the impracticability of bringing down an elephant with a shot in the forehead), stood coolly in his path until he was within fifteen paces of me, and let drive at the hollow of his forehead, in the vain expectation that by so doing I should end his career. The shot only served to increase his fury—an effect which, I had remarked, shots in the head invariably produced; and, continuing his charge with incredible quickness and impetuosity, he all but terminated my elephant-hunting forever. A large party of the Bechuanas who had come up, yelled out simultaneously, imagining I was killed, for the elephant was at one moment almost on the top of me: I, however, escaped by my activity, and by dodging round the bushy trees. As the elephant was charging, an enormous thorn ran deep into the sole of my foot, the old Badenoch brogues, which I that day sported, being worn through, and this caused me severe pain, laming me throughout the rest of the conflict.

The elephant held on through the forest at a sweeping pace; but he was hardly out of sight when I was loaded and in the saddle, and soon once more alongside. About this time I heard Isaac blazing away at another bull; but when the elephant charged, his cowardly heart failed him, and he very soon made his appearance at a safe distance in my rear. My elephant kept crashing along at a steady pace, with blood streaming from his wounds; the dogs, which were knocked up with fatigue and thirst, no longer barked around him, but had dropped astern. It was long before I again fired, for I was afraid to dismount, and "Sunday" was extremely troublesome. At length I fired sharp right and left from the saddle. he got both balls behind the shoulder, and made a long charge after me, rumbling and trumpeting as before. The whole body of the Bamangwato men had now come up, and were following a short distance behind me. Among these was Mollyeon, who volunteered to help; and being a very swift and active fellow, he rendered me important service by holding my fidgety horse's head while I fired and loaded

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I then fired six broadsides from the saddle, the elephant charging almost every time, and pursuing us back to the main body in our rear, who fled in all directions as he approached.

The sun had now sunk behind the tops of the trees; it would very soon be dark, and the elephant did not seem much distressed, notwithstanding all he had received. I recollected that my time was short, and therefore at once resolved to fire no more from the saddle, but to go close up to him and fire on foot. Riding up to him, I dismounted, and, approaching very near, I gave it him right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge after me; but I was now very reckless of his charges, for I saw that he could not overtake me, and in a twinkling I was loaded, and, again approaching, fired sharp right and left behind his shoulder. Again he charged with a terrific trumpet, which sent "Sunday" flying through the forest. This was his last charge. The wounds which he had received began to tell on his constitution, and he now stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking around him. These, refreshed by the evening breeze, and perceiving that it was nearly over with the elephant, had once more come to my assistance. Having loaded, I drew near and fired right and left at his forehead. On receiving these shots, instead of charging, he tossed his trunk up and down, and by various sounds and motions, most gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his demise was near. Again I loaded, and fired my last shot behind his shoulder: on receiving it, he turned round the bushy tree beside which he stood, and I ran round to give him the other barrel, but the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more; before I could clear the bushy tree he fell heavily on his side, and his spirit had fled. My feelings at this moment can only be understood by a few brother Nimrods who have had the good fortune to enjoy a similar encounter. I never felt so gratified on any former occasion as I did then.

By this time all the natives had come up; they were in the highest spirits, and flocked around the elephant, laughing and talking at a rapid pace. I climbed on to him, and sat enthroned upon his side, which was as high as my eyes when standing on the ground. In a few minutes night set in, when the natives, having illuminated the jungle with a score of fires, and formed a semicircle of bushes to windward, lay down to rest without partaking of a morsel of food. Mutchuisho would not allow a man to put an assagai into the elephant until the morrow, and placed two relays of sentries to keep watch on either side of him. My dinner consisted of a piece of flesh from the temple of the elephant, which I broiled on the hot embers. In the conflict I had lost my shirt, which was reduced to streamers by the wait-a-bit thorns, and all the clothing that remained was a pair of buckskin knee-breeches.

[From The Ladies' Companion.]

LETTICE ARNOLD.

By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Emilia Wyndham," &c.

[*Concluded from page* 178.]

CHAPTER VII.

Bless the Lord, oh my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name;

Who forgiveth all thy iniquities and healeth all thy diseases,

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

MRS. FISHER.

I MUST now introduce you to Mrs. Fisher. she is so great a favorite of mine, that before I relate what became of Myra, I must make you acquainted with this lady.

Mrs. Fisher was a respectable gentlewoman like personage of about fifty-four, of a grave, authoritative and somewhat severe aspect; but with the remains of very extraordinary personal beauty which she had once possessed in an eminent degree. She was somewhat above the middle size, of an erect, firm, full figure, her hair now gently turning gray, drawn over her finely proportioned forehead; her eyes large, and of a fine color and form—clear and steady; her mouth expressive of sense and temper; and her dress in character with the rest. Mrs. Fisher was always handsomely dressed in silks of the best description, but in slight mourning, which she always wore; and on her head, also, a cap rather plainer than the mode, but of the finest and most expensive materials: nothing could be more dignified and complete than her appearance.

When first Myra was introduced to her she was both daunted and disappointed; the gravity, amounting almost to sternness, with which Mrs. Fisher received her, and explained to her the duties she was expected to perform, awed in the first place, and mortified in the second. The establishment of this fashionable modiste, with which Myra had associated nothing but laces and ribbons, dresses and trimmings, embroidery and feathers, flattery and display, struck cold and dull upon her imagination. She was introduced into a handsomely but very plainly furnished sitting-room, where not one trace of any of those pretty things were to be seen, and heard of nothing but regularity of hours, persevering industry, quaker neatness, attention to health, and the strictest observance of the rules of what she thought quite a prudish propriety.

Mrs. Fisher's life had been one of vicissitude, and in its vicissitudes, she, a strong, earnest-minded woman, had learned much. She had known sorrow, privation, cruelly hard labor, and the loneliness of utter desolation of the heart She had, moreover, been extremely beautiful, and she had experienced those innumerable perils to which such a gift exposes an unprotected

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girl, struggling for her bread, under the cruelest circumstanees of oppressive labor. Every description of hardship, and every description of temptation belonging to perhaps the hardest and almost the most dangerous position of female life, Mrs. Fisher had gone through.

She had outlived its sufferings and escaped its snares.

The suffering, thanks to one of the finest constitutions in the world; the snares, thanks to what she always, with inexhaustible gratitude, acknowledged as the special mercy and providence of God.

An orphan at the dangerous age of seventeen, the lovely blooming young creature was placed by her friends in one of the most fashionable and largest milliners' establishments at that time in London, and had found herself at once miserable and excited, oppressed and flattered.

The mistress of this flourishing house, intent upon making a rapid fortune before the years in which she could enjoy it should come to a close, cared little—I might say nothing—for the welfare of the poor creatures whose labors were to construct that edifice. She, in fact, never thought about them. Want of thought may be pleaded as the excuse, wretched one as it is, for the cruelties of those days. People certainly had not the claim of common humanity sounded into their ears as it is into all ears now. A few admirable philanthropists talked of it, and preached it; but it was not to be heard calling in the streets, as it is the triumph of our day to acknowledge, till the hardest heart for very shame is forced to pay *some* attention to the call.

It never entered into Miss Lavington's head that she had any other business with her young women, but to get all the work she possibly could out of their hands, and as well done, and as speedily done as possible. If she objected to night-work in addition to day-work, it was not in the slightest degree out of compassion for the aching limbs and wearied eyes of the poor girls; but because wax candles were expensive, and tallow ones were apt to drip; and there was always double the duty required from the superintendent (her special favorite), to keep the young women at those times to their duty, and prevent fine materials from being injured.

Oh! those dreadful days and nights of the *season*, which the poor Lucy Miles at that place went through.

She—accustomed to the sweet fresh air of the country, to the cheerful variety of daily labor in her father's large farm, and under the care of a brisk, clever, but most kind and sensible mother—to be shut up twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, nay twenty hours before a birth-night, in the sickening atmosphere of the close work-room. The windows were rarely opened, if ever; for the poor young things were so unnaturally chilly for want of exercise and due circulation of the blood, that they said they should, and perhaps they might, have taken cold if fresh air were admitted. There was nothing they all dreaded so much as taking cold; those fatal coughs, which every season thinned the ranks, to be filled with fresh victims, were invariably attributed to some particular occasion when they had "taken cold." They did not know that they were rejecting the very cordial of life and inhaling poison when they kept the room so close.

Oh! for the dreadful weariness which proceeds from *in*-action of the limbs! so different from the wholesome fatigue of action. *In*-action where the blood is stagnating in every vein: *in*-action, after which rest is not rest, but a painful effort of the repressed currents to recover their circulating power—so different from the delightful sensation of wholesome rest after physical exertion.

At first she felt it almost insupportable. I have heard her say that it seemed at times as if she would have given years of her existence to be allowed to get up and walk up and down the room for a few minutes. The sensation was so insupportable. That craving desire of the body for what it is in want of—be it water, be it bread, be it rest, be it change of posture—is so dreadful in its urgency. The most abominable tortures men have in their wickedness invented are founded upon this fact—tortures that render the black history of inquisitors yet blacker: and here it was, in one at least of its numerous forms, daily inflicted upon a set of helpless young women, by a person who thought herself perfectly justifiable, and whose conscience never pricked her in the least.

Such is negligent moral habit.

Oh! the delight at meal-times—to spring up, I was going to say—I meant to *get* up—for there was no *spring* left in these poor stiffened frames. Oh! the delight when the eye of that superintendent was no longer watching the busy circle, and her voice calling to order any one who durst just to raise a head, and pause in the unintermitting toil. Oh! the delight to get up and come to breakfast, or dinner, or tea.

They had not much appetite when they came to their meals to be sure. There was only one thing they were always ready to enjoy, and that was their tea. That blessed and long abused tea; which has done more to sweeten private life with its gentle warmth and excitement, than any cordial that has ever been invented. It is but a cordial, however; it is not a nourishment; though a little sugar, and wretched blue milk, such as London milk used to be, may be added to it. Most of the young ladies, however, preferred it without these additions; they found it more stimulating so, I believe, poor things!

Such nourishment as they received, it is plain, would ill supply the rapid exhaustion of their employment. One by one in the course of the season they sickened and dropped off; some died out and out; some, alas! tempted by suffering and insupportable fatigue, or by that vanity and levity which seems to be too common a result with many girls living together, did worse. There would have been a heavy record against

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her every June, if Miss Lavington had taken the trouble to note down what had become of her missing young ladies.

I said they were relieved from their irksome continuance in one posture by going to their meals, and what a relief it was; but they did not always get that. When there was more than usual to be done, their tea would be brought to them where they sat, and there would be no intermission.

So things went on at Miss Lavington's in those days. I wonder in how many establishments of the same description, things go on so now! How many to which that voice of humanity which "calls in the streets" has not yet penetrated!

We shall by-and-by see what was the case in Mrs. Fisher's, but for the present we will go on with her history.

So beautiful a young creature as she was, could not long escape trials, yet more to be lamented than those of physical suffering.

In the first place, there was the conversation of the young ladies themselves; a whispering manner of conversation when at work; a busy chattering of emancipated tongues during the intervals. And what was it all about?

Why, what was it likely to be about?—love and lovers—beauty and its admirers—dress and its advantages—he and him—and, dear me, weren't you in the Park last Sunday? Where could you be? and did you not see the carriage go by? What had you on? Oh, that pink bonnet. I cribbed a bit of Mrs. M—'s blond for a voilette. If people will send their own materials they deserve as much. I've heard Mrs. Saunders (the superintendent) say so scores of times. Well, well, and I saw it, I'm certain of it. Well, did any thing come of it?

Alas! alas! and so on—and so on—and so on.

And Lucy was very soon taught to go on Sundays into the Park. At first, poor girl, merely to breathe the fresh air and inhale the delicious west wind, and look at trees and grass, and cows and deer once more, and listen to the birds singing. At first she thought the crowds of gayly dressed people quite spoiled the pleasure of the walk, and tried to coax her companions to leave the ring, and come and walk in the wood with her; but she soon learned better, and was rapidly becoming as bewitched with the excitement of gazing, and the still greater excitement of being gazed at, as any of them.

She was so uncommonly beautiful that she got her full—and more than her full share of this latter pleasure; and it was not long before she had those for whom she looked out amid the crowds upon the ring, and felt her heart beat with secret delight as she saw them.

Then, as her health began to decline, as dislike insupportable for her occupation and its confinement; as weariness not to be described, came on; as longings for little luxuries to be seen in every shop which she passed by, for fruit or confectionary, haunted her palled and diseased appetite as the vision of food haunts the wretch who is starving; as the desire of fine clothes, in which her companions managed to array themselves; as the more insidious, and more honorable longings of the heart, the desolate heart, beset her—cravings for affection and sympathy; when all these temptations were embodied together in the shape of one, but too gentle, and insinuating; oh, then it was perilous work indeed!

Her mother had tried to give her a good, honest, homely education; had made such a Christian of her, as going to church, reading a chapter in the Bible on a Sunday, and the catechism makes of a young girl. There was nothing very vital, or earnest about it; but such as it was, it was honest, and Lucy feared her God and reverenced her Saviour. Such sentiments were something of a defense, but it is to be feared that they were not firmly enough rooted in the character to have long resisted the force of overwhelming temptation.

This she was well aware of, and acknowledged to herself; and hence her deep, pervading, ineffable gratitude, for the Providence which she believed had saved her.

She was getting on very fast on the evil road upon which she had entered. Every Sunday the progress she made was fearful. A few more, at the pace at which she was advancing, and there would have been an end of it, when a most unexpected accident arrested her in the fatal career.

One remarkably fine Sunday, when all the members of the establishment had been enjoying their usual recreation in the Park—just as Lucy and some of her giddy friends were coming through Grosvenor Gate, they saw the superintendent before them.

"There's that old Saunders, I declare!" cried one. "Stand back a little, won't ye?—she'll see our bonnets else, and I'll be bound she'll know the rosettes, and where they come from."

There was time for no more. Mrs. Saunders, who was rather late, being in haste to get home, attempted to cross, as a curricle at full speed came driving down Park-lane, and before the gentleman within could draw up, the unfortunate woman was under the horses' heels. There was a terrible bustle. The young ladies with the rosettes managed to escape; but Lucy, who had at least preserved her integrity thus far, and had nothing about her dress not strictly her own, rushed forward, and helped to raise the poor woman, declaring she knew who she was, and was placed with her by the assistants in the hackney coach in which she was carried home.

Lucy was naturally of a very kind and humane disposition; and her care of the poor suffering woman during the transit to Miss Lavington's—united to the kindness and assiduity with which, every one else but the under-maid of all being absent, she tended and waited upon her—so engaged Mrs. Saunders's affection, that afterward, during the whole of the subsequent illness, which broken limbs and ribs occasioned.

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she made it her particular request to Miss Lavington that Lucy might be spared from the work-room to nurse and keep her company; adding for that lady's satisfaction, that though the best nurse, and nicest young girl of the lot, she certainly, being the youngest, was the least of a proficient in the peculiar art she followed.

The poor woman lay groaning piteously upon her bed, waiting the arrival of the surgeon. The surgeon, an elderly man, was out of town, and could not attend; a young man, appeared in his place. He had just joined himself to the old man in the quality of assistant and future partner; and hearing that the case was one of an accident, and urgent, he hurried to the house, resolving to send for more experienced assistance, if such should be found necessary.

He was shown up-stairs, and hastily entered the room in which the sufferer lay. She was very much bruised about the chest, and she drew her breath with difficulty; and though exceedingly weak and faint, was unable to lie down. She was resting in the arms of one who appeared to the young man like an angel.

The lovely girl, with a face of the tenderest pity, was holding the poor groaning woman upon one arm, bending over her with an air of almost divine kindness, and softly wiping the dew-drops which in the agony came starting upon the patient's brow.

The young man received an impression which death alone effaced, though the bright visionary glance was only momentary. He was instantly by the side of his patient, and soon with much skill and courage doing what was necessary for immediate relief, though at the very first moment when he had discovered the serious nature of the case, he had begged the young lady to tell Miss Lavington that it would be proper to send for some surgeon of more experience and eminence than himself to take the direction of it.

"Don't go away," said Mrs. Saunders feebly, as Lucy was rising to obey. "Don't send her away, mister—I can't do without her—Miss Lavington's not at home—one need not ask her for *me*. Who should be sent for?"

The young man named a gentleman high in his profession. Was it that able and benevolent man whom the world has so lately lost? That kind, frank, manly, couragous man of genius, whom no one approached but to find help and comfort? I don't know—but be he who he might, when he did at length arrive, he gave the most unqualified praise to the proceedings of our young gentleman, and called the color to the pale cheek of the young and serious-looking student by his approbation. He finished his visit by assuring Mrs. Saunders that she could not be in safer hands than those in which he had found her, and recommended her to put herself entirely under the charge of the young practitioner, adding an assurance that he would be ready at any instant to come if he should be wanted; and that he would, at all events, and in once or twice as a friend during the progress of the case.

Mrs. Saunders liked the looks of the young man much—and who did not? and was quite contented with this arrangement, to which as I told you, was added the comfort of retaining Lucy Miles as her nurse and companion during what threatened to be a very tedious confinement. Miss Lavington well knew the value of a Mrs. Saunders in such an establishment as hers, and was willing to make any sacrifice to forward her recovery.

So Lucy left the wearying work-room and the dangerous recreations of the Sunday, to sit and watch by the bed-side of a peevish, uncomfortable sort of an old woman, who was perpetually making demands upon her patience and good-nature, but who really suffered so greatly from her accident, that Lucy's pity and kindness were proof against every thing. The young surgeon went and came—went and came—and every time he came, this angel of beauty and goodness was ministering by the old woman's bed. And those eyes of his—eyes of such prevailing power in their almost enthusiastic expression of serious earnestness—were bent upon her; and sometimes her eyes, soft and melting as those of the dove, or bright and lustrous as twin stars, met his.

He could not but linger in the sick woman's room a little longer than was necessary, and the sick woman unwittingly favored this, for she took a great liking to him, and nothing seemed to refresh and amuse her amid her pains like a little chat with this nice young man. And then the young surgeon remarked that at such times Lucy was allowed to sit quietly down and amuse herself with a little needlework, and he thought this an excellent reason for making his visits as as long as he decently could.

The young nurse and the young doctor all this while had conversed very little with each other; but she listened and she gazed, and that was quite enough. The case proved a very serious one. Poor Mrs. Saunders, superintendent as she was, and not workwoman-driver, not slave—yet could no more than the rest escape the deleterious effects of the close work room. Her constitution was much impaired The wines and cordials she had accustomed herself to take to support nature, as she thought, under these fatigues, had increased the mischief the wounds would not heal as they ought; contusions would not disperse; the internal injury in the chest began to assume a very threatening appearance. Mr. L. came to the asistance of the young surgeon repeatedly—all that human skill could do was done, but Mrs. Saunders grew alarmingly worse.

For a long time she resisted the evidence which her own sensations might have afforded her, and avoided asking any questions which might enlighten her. She was determined not to die, and, even in a case so awfully serious and real as this, people seem to cling to the persuasion

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so prevailing in lighter circumstances, that because a thing *shan't* be, it won't be, and because they are determined it is not, it *is* not. So, for many days, Mrs. Saunders went on, exceedingly angry if every body did not say she was getting better, and half inclined to dismiss her young surgeon, much as she liked him, because he looked grave after he had visited her injuries.

He *did* look grave, very grave. He was exceedingly perplexed in his mind as to what he ought to do: young surgeon as he was, fresh from those schools which, alas! so many who are acquainted with them represent as the very nurseries of infidelity and license both in speech and action, he was a deeply, seriously pious man. Such young men there are, who, like those three, walking unscathed through the furnace of fire in the faith of the Lord their God, walk through a more terribly destructive furnace—the furnace of temptation—in the same faith, and "upon their bodies the fire hath no power, neither is a hair of the head singed."

In what tears, in what prayers, in what anguished hope, what fervent aspiration, this sole treasure of a widowed mother, steeped in poverty to the very lips, had been reared, it would be long to tell; but she had committed him to one *never* found faithless, and under that blessing she had found in her pure and disinterested love for the being intrusted to her charge, that which had given her an eloquence, and a power, and a strength, which had told upon the boy.

He proved one of those rare creatures who pass through every stage of existence, as child, as schoolboy, as youth; through nursery, school, college, marked as some bright peculiar being—peculiar only in this one thing, sincere unaffected goodness. His religion had been, indeed, with him a thing little professed, and rarely talked about, but it had been a holy panoply about his heart—a bright shield, which had quenched all the darts of evil: it shone around him like something of the radiance from a higher world. There was a sort of a glory round the young saint's head.

Such being the man, you will not be surprised to hear that his practice called forth most serious reflections—most melancholy and sad thoughts—and in no sick room where he had ever attended more than in the present one.

He could not frequent the house as much as his attendance rendered necessary without being pretty well aware of the spirit of the place; and while he grieved over the ruinous waste of health to which these young creatures were exposed, he was struck to the heart with horror at the idea of their moral ruin.

Mrs. Saunders talked openly and unreservedly, and betrayed the state of mind she was in: so completely, so entirely devoted to, wrapt up in, buried fathoms and fathoms deep in the things of this world: so totally lost to—so entirely to seek in every thing connected with another: that the large, mournful, serious eye, as it turned to the sweet young creature sitting beside her, and passing her daily life in an element such as this, gazed with an expression of sad and tender pity such as the minister of heaven might cast upon a perishing soul.

She did not quite understand all this. Those looks of interest, so inexpressibly sweet to her, she thought were excited by the view of her position as affected her health and comfort. She thought it was that consumption which, sooner or later, she believed must be her fate, which he was anticipating with so much compassion. She was blind to the far more dreadful dangers which surrounded her.

Poor Mrs. Saunders! At last it could no longer be concealed from her. She must die.

He broke the intelligence to her in the gentlest terms, as she, at last, in a paroxysm of terror, asked the question; giving her what hope he could, but still not denying that she stood in a fearful strait. It was a terrible scene that followed. Such a frightful agitation and hurry to accomplish in a few counted hours what ought to have been the business of a life. Such calling for psalms and prayers; such piteous beseechings for help; and, last of all, such an awful awakening of a slumbering conscience.

Like Richard's bed, on the eve of Bosworth fight, it seemed as if the spectral shadows of all those she had injured in the body or the soul, by her unerring demands upon one, and her negligence as to the other, rose a host of dismal spectres round. Their pale, exhausted, pleading looks, as she scolded and threatened, when the clock struck one, and the task was yet undone, and the head for a moment dropped, and the throbbing fingers were still. Those hollow coughs in which she would *not* believe—those hectic flushes that she would not see—and worse, those walks, those letters, at which she had connived, because the girls did so much better when they had some nonsense to amuse them.

What fearful revelations were made as she raved aloud, or sank into a drowsy, dreary delirium. The old clergyman, who attended her, consoled, and reasoned, and prayed in vain. The two young people—that lovely girl, and that feeling, interesting, young man—stood by the bed appalled: he, ghastly pale—pale with an agony of despairing pity—she, trembling in every limb.

The death agony, and then that poor woman went to her account. There was no one in the room but themselves; it was late in the night, the morning, indeed, began faintly to dawn. The maids were all gone to bed, glad enough to escape the scene. He stood silently watching the departing breath. It stopped. He gave a deep sigh, and, stooping down, piously closed the eyes. She had turned away in horror and in dread, but shedding some natural tears. He stood looking at her some time, as there she stood, weeping by the bed; at last he spoke.

"This may seem a strange time to choose, but I have something to say to you. Will you listen to me?"

She took her handkerchief from her eyes, and gazed at him with a wondering, grave sort of

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look, as a child might do. His voice had something so very remarkable in it.

He passed to the side where she was standing, and said, "I am a very, very poor man, and I have a helpless mother entirely dependent upon me for support, and, if it were my last morsel of bread, ay, and wife and children were perishing for want of it, it is *she* who should have it."

She only looked at him wondering like.

"This is a fearful precipice upon which you stand. That poor creature has sunk into the gulf which yawns beneath your feet. May God, in his mercy, look upon her! But you, beautiful as one of heaven's angels—as yet pure and sinless as a child—must you fall, sink, perish, in this mass of loathsome corruption? Better starve, better die—far, far better."

"Alas, alas!" she cried, with a scared and terrified look, "Alas! alas! ten hundred thousand times better. Oh, what must I do? what must I do?"

"Take up your cross: venture upon the hardships of a poor man's wife. Discard all the prides, and pomps, and vanities—the vain, vain delusions of flattery: trample upon the sin, triumph over the temptation. Put yourself under the protection of an honest man, who loves you from his soul. Starve, if it must be, but die the death of the righteous and pure."

She gazed at him, amazed; she did not yet understand him.

"Marry *me*. Come to my blessed, my excellent mother's roof. It is homely, but it is honest; and let us labor and suffer together, if need be. It is all I can offer you, but it will save you."

The arms, the beautiful arms were expanded, as it were, in a very agony of joy. The face! oh, was it not glorious in its beauty then! Did he ever forget it?

And so the contract was sealed, and so she was rescued from the pit of destruction into which she was rapidly sinking.

And this it was that had excited such impassioned, such lasting, such devoted feelings of gratitude to Him who rules the course of this world, in a heart which had only to be shown what was good to embrace it.

Fisher was all he had said; extremely poor. His salary, as assistant, was handsome, nevertheless. He received one hundred a year and his board from the gentleman with whom he was; but his dress, which was necessarily rather expensive, and his mother, who had only an annuity of twelve pounds a year, consumed it all. Still you see he was by no means actually starving; and he thought the young wife he was going to bring home would be no very great addition to his expenses, and he trusted, if children came, that he should, by his exertions, be able to provide for them. In two years his engagement with the present gentleman as his assistant would be at an end; and he had received from the old man, who was a sort of humorist in his way, several very strong hints about partnership, if he would be satisfied with a reasonable share. Partnership would, in the course of time, he knew, become sole proprietorship, at the death or retirement of his aged patron—one of which events could not be very far distant.

It was, therefore, with great satisfaction, after having summoned the necessary attendance, and sent his young betrothed to rest, that Fisher walked home on a fine fresh morning.

It was true he had taken a step most people would call very imprudent, thus to encumber himself with a young wife at the very outset of his career; certainly, he had never intended any such thing. He had always resolved to be patient, and have a little store of money by him, before he persuaded any one to begin the world with him. He could not bear the idea of all being dependent upon his own life, and risking the chance of leaving a widow and a young family destitute. But this was an exceptional case, for he could not, without trembling, contemplate the dangers which surrounded this young and innocent girl. His medical knowledge taught him but too well the perils to the health of one so fresh and blooming, from labors in close rooms to which she was so little accustomed—death stared her in the face, unless she escaped it by means at which he shuddered to think.

The only way in which he, young as he was, could possibly help her, was to withdraw her from the dangerous scene and make her his wife; and on that step he had been for some days resolving. The emotion she had shown, the timorous joy, the sweet confidence in his love and honor, had given a rapturous feeling of happiness to him quite new. He had intended benevolently and kindly; he had met with all the blessings of sincere attachment.

Instead of walking to Mrs. Stedman's to take some rest, which he very much needed, he went to his mother's house, or rather the house where he had taken a snug little apartment for his mother.

It lay somewhere out Brompton way; in which district neat rows of small houses are to be found looking backward upon pleasant greens and gardens. There he had found a modest little suite of apartments; one sitting-room and two bedrooms—a room for his mother and another sometimes occupied by himself.

The little hut, a tiny place it was, was clean to the greatest nicety, and though fitted up in the very simplest and cheapest manner, had an air of perfect comfort. The walls were stained green, the drugget upon the floor was pink and fawn; the chairs were covered with what used to be called Manchester stripe—very clean and pleasant-looking, and excellent for wash and wear. There was a pretty little table for tea and dinner, and a nice, round three-clawed one close by the mother's side—who was established in the only article of luxury in the room, a very comfortable arm-chair. There the old lady passed her life.

She had lost the use of her lower limbs for

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some years; but her health of body and mind in other respects was sound. The only thing for which the son had as yet *coveted* a little more money, had been that he might possess the means to give his mother the enjoyment of exercise and air; and when he passed young men, the very pictures of health and strength, lounging idly in their carriages, as one sometimes does in the Park, though not given to such nonsense, he could not help uttering a secret exclamation against the inequalities of fortune, and thinking the blindness of the goddess of the wheel no fable.

They were but passing thoughts these, such as the best have when they languish for the means of bestowing good.

Such indulgences, however, were rarely to be thought of, though now and then he managed to obtain them; but as the best compensation he could make, he paid a few guineas a year more for this pretty apartment, of which the back room, elongated into a little bow-window, formed the sitting-room—what would have been the front sitting-room being divided into the two bedrooms. This pleasant bow-window looked over a row of gardens belonging to the neighboring houses, and these to a considerable tract of nursery-ground filled with rows of fruit trees, and all the cheerful pleasant objects to be seen in such places. In summer the arm-chair was wheeled to the window, and the whole of the view was disclosed to the old lady; in winter it returned to the fire; but even there she did not lose her pretty view altogether, the room was so little that from her place she might easily command it. Miss Martineau, in a book of hers, has given us a most valuable and interesting account of the way in which, during a tedious and most trying illness, her active spirit confined to one place, she used to amuse herself, and while away the time by looking out of her window through her telescope and watching all that was going on. This old lady did much the same, minus the good telescope, which she had not. Her son, however, had presented her with an old-fashioned opera-glass, which he had picked up at some second-hand retailer or other, and as it was a good one, and, moreover, very light to the hand, it did as well for her and better.

In some things the old lady had a little resemblance to Miss Martineau. She had the same cheerful activity of mind, the same readiness of adapting herself to circumstances—things in a great measure constitutional. She was, moreover, a very shrewd, sensible woman, and deeply pious—pious in the most excellent way: really, vitally, seriously. She came of a good old puritan stock, where piety had been cherished from generation to generation. Some physiologists say, that even the *acquired* moral qualities and habits descend to the succeeding generation. It is possible an aptness for good or evil may be, and often is, inherited from those who have gone before. It would seem to have been so in this case. The pious father and mother, children of as pious parents, had left this pious daughter—and her excellencies had descended in accumulated measure to her son. This old lady had been sorely tried—death and poverty had done their worst—except in as far as the cruel ravager had spared her this one boy, one of many children, all followed the delicate, consumptive man who had been their father. She had borne it all. Strong in faith, she had surrendered her treasures to the Lord of Life, in trust that they should be found again when he maketh up his jewels. Cheerful as was her temper, life's course had been too rough with her, for her to value it very much, when those lovely, promising buds, but half disclosed, were one after the other gathered. But she had escaped that racking agony of the loving, but too faithless mother—when all the sweets of nature in its abundance flow around her, and *they* are not there to enjoy.

"When suns shine bright o'er heaven's blue vault serene,
Birds sing in trees, and sweet flowers deck the plain,
Weep I for thee, who in the cold, cold grave
Sleep, and all nature's harmony is vain.
But when dark clouds and threat'ning storms arise,
And doubt and fear my trembling soul invade;
My heart one comfort owns, *thou* art not here,
Safe slumbering, in the earth's kind bosom laid."

She was happier far than the author of these lines.

She looked upward; she almost saw those she had lost, the objects of a glorious resurrection—already living in the ineffable presence of the God whom they had so faithfully endeavored to serve.

I need not tell you, after this, that her spirits were subdued to a holy calmness and composure.

Her life had been one of the most active endeavors after usefulness. The good she had managed to do can scarcely be calculated. Grains of sand they might be, these hoarded minutes, but it was golden sand; the heap accumulated was large and precious, at the end of sixty-five years.

What money she had possessed she had expended courageously in giving a professional education to her son. Her little annuity of twelve pounds a year was all she had saved for herself. Upon that she believed with her own exertions, she could manage to exist till her son was able to support both; but she had been struck down earlier than she calculated upon. She had at this time lost the use of her lower limbs altogether, and was visited with such trembling in her hands, that she was obliged to close the task abruptly, and to sit down dependent upon her son before she had expected it.

It had been very trying work till he obtained his present situation, and he still felt very poor, because he was resolved every year to lay twenty pounds or so by, that, in case any thing should happen to him, his mother might have some little addition to her means provided. He was rather strangely provident for the case of his own death; so young man as he was; perhaps

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he felt the faltering spring of life within, which he had inherited from his father.

Three years the mother and son had thus lived together, and Fisher was master of sixty pounds.

He had never allowed himself to cast a thought upon marriage, though of a temper ardently to desire, and rapturously to enjoy, domestic felicity. He said to himself he must first provide for his mother's independence, and then think about his own happiness. But the accident which had brought him and Lucy together had produced other thoughts—thoughts which he had, but the very day before the nursing so suddenly closed, communicated to his mother, and she had said,

"I think you are quite right, John. Imprudent marriages are, in most cases, very wrong things—a mere tempting of Providence: and, that no blessing follows such tempting, we know from the best authority: but this is a most pious, benevolent, and very rational attempt to save a fellow-creature upon the brink of destruction, and I think it would be a want of faith, as well as a want of common humanity, in either of us to hesitate; I am very glad she seems such a sweet, innocent, pretty creature, for your sake, my darling John; I hope she will bring a blessing into your dwelling and repay you for your goodness to me; I am sorry she must come and live with your old mother, for young wives don't like that—but I promise you I will do my very best to be as amiable as an old woman can; and, moreover, I will neither be cross nor disappointed if she is not always as amiable as a young woman ought to be. Will that do? Yes, yes; fetch her away from that sink of iniquity, and we'll all get along somehow or other, never fear."

And so Lucy Miles, blushing like a rose, and, as her young and delighted husband thought, more beauteous than an angel of light, was in a few weeks married to John Fisher, and she went home to the old lady.

> "Amid the smoke of cities did you pass
> The time of early youth, and there you learnt
> From years of quiet industry to love
> The living beings of your own fire-side."

The eloquent tongue of Fisher had over and over again related with deep feeling the history of all he owed to his mother, and Lucy, far from feeling inclined to be jealous of the devoted affection he felt for her, like a good loving girl as she was, extended the ardent attachment she felt toward her husband to every thing that belonged to him.

She had lost her own parents, whom she had loved exceedingly, though they were quite ordinary people. She soon almost worshiped old Mrs. Fisher.

Lucy had been little improved by those who had the rearing of her; she was a girl of excellent dispositions, but her education had been commonplace. In the society of the old lady her good gifts, both of head and heart, expanded rapidly. The passionate desire she felt to render herself worthy of her husband, whom she adored almost as some superior being, made her an apt and docile pupil.

A few years thus spent, and you would scarcely have known her again. Her piety was deep, and had become a habit—a part of her very soul; her understanding naturally excellent, had been developed and strengthened; the most earnest desire to perform her part well—to do good and extend virtue and happiness, and to sweeten the lives of all with whom she had to do, had succeeded to thoughtless good nature, and a sort of instinctive kindness. Anxiety for her husband's health, which constantly oppressed her, a sort of trembling fear that she should be bereaved early of this transcendent being; this it was, perhaps, which enhanced the earnest, serious tone of one so young.

She was extremely industrious, in the hope of adding to her husband's means of rest and recreation, and the accidental acquaintance with a French *modiste*, who had fallen ill in London, was in great distress, and whom Fisher attended through charity, had put her into the way of improving herself in this art more than she could have done even in that eminent school, the work-room of Miss Lavington. The Frenchwoman was a very amiable, and pious person, too. She was a French Protestant; the connection ripened into friendship, and it ended by placing Mrs. Fisher in the state of life in which we find her. Fisher fell desperately ill in consequence of a fever brought on at a dissection, from which he narrowly escaped with life; the fever left him helpless and incapable of exertion. The poor mother was by this time dead; he succeeded to the vacant arm-chair. Then his wife resolved upon doing that openly which she had till now done covertly, merely working for the bazaars. She persuaded her husband, when a return to his profession appeared hopeless, to let her employ his savings in setting up business with Madame Noel, and from small beginnings had reached that high place in her profession which she now occupied.

No sooner had Mrs. Fisher established a working-room of her own, and engaged several young women to labor under her superintendence, than the attention of her husband was seriously turned to the subject of those evils from which he had rescued his wife.

She had suffered much, and experienced several of the evils consequent upon the manner such places were managed; but she would probably not have reflected upon the causes of these evils, nor interested herself so deeply as she afterward did in applying the remedies, if it had not been for the promptings of this excellent man.

His medical skill made him thoroughly aware of the injurious effect produced upon the health by the ill-regulated system of such establishments; and his thoughts, as he sat resigned to helplessness in his arm-chair, were seriously directed to that subject.

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In consequence of his suggestions it was that Mrs. Fisher began her life of business upon a plan of her own, to which she steadily adhered. At first she found considerable difficulty in carrying it out—there are always numerous obstructions to be met with in establishing any improvements; but where the object is rational and benevolent, perseverance and a determined will triumph over every difficulty.

The first thing Fisher insisted upon was ventilation; the second, warmth; the third, plenty of good, wholesome, and palatable food; the fourth, exercise. He determined upon a house being selected which was not closely built up behind, and that the room in which the young ladies worked should be large and commodious in proportion to the inmates. A portion of the little money he had saved was sacrificed to the additional expense thus incurred. He looked upon it, he told his wife, as given to charity, for which she must expect no return, and for which he should look for no interest. A good wide grate, which should be well supplied with a cheerful fire in winter, was to assist the ventilation proceeding from a scientific plan of his own, which kept the room constantly supplied with a change of air; and under the table at which the girls sat at work, there was in winter a sort of long, square, wooden pipe filled with hot water and covered with carpeting, upon which they could put their feet: the extreme coldness of the feet arising from want of circulation, being one of the causes to which Fisher attributed many of the maladies incident to this mode of life.

The next object of attention was the table. Fisher had been at school, at one or two different schools, resembling each other in one thing only—the scandalous—I must use the strong and offensive word—the scandalous neglect or worse than neglect—the infamous and base calculations upon the subject of food which pervaded the system of those schools, and which pervaded, I am sorry to say, so many of the schools with which he had chanced to be acquainted. In the course of his practice as a medical man, his opportunities for observation had been above the common.

In fine ladies' schools, I can not assert that the shameful economy of buying inferior provisions, and the shameful indifference as to how they were cooked, which prevail in so many boys' schools, were to be found—but a fault almost equally great prevailed too generally. There was not *enough*. These growing girls, stimulated to most unnatural exertions both of body and mind, peculiarly unnatural to growing girls who require so much care, fresh air, exercise, and rest, for their due development—these young things had very rarely nearly so much to eat as they could have eaten.

Sometimes enough was literally not set before them; at others, a sort of fashion in the school to consider a good appetite as a proof of coarseness, greediness, and vulgarity, worked but too effectually upon these sensitive creatures. A girl at that age would rather be starved than ridiculed or sneered at for eating.

But in boys' schools—expensive boys' schools too—where six times as much was paid for a boy's board as would have boarded him—either through scandalous parsimony, or the most inexcusable negligence, he had seen meat brought into the house not fit to eat; cheap and bad in itself, but rendered doubly unwholesome in summer by the most utter carelessness as to whether it was fresh. Boys are hardy things, and it is right they should not be accustomed to be too nice; but wholesome, plain roast and boiled is what they pay for and ought to have; and the defrauding them of what is so necessary to health, vigor, and even intellect, in this unprincipled manner, is almost the very worst form of robbery any man can be guilty of.

Fisher was resolved it should not be so in his wife's house. He and his wife had agreed that the young ladies she employed should be lodged and boarded under her roof, unless they had respectable parents who could and would be fully answerable for them; and they should have a plentiful and a pleasant table—that he was resolved upon. As he was competent to little else, he took this matter upon himself. He calculated what ought fairly to be laid out, and he laid it all out. He would not economize a penny. If he was able to make a good bargain with his butcher, the young ladies, not he, should have the benefit of it all. They should have a bit of fish, or a little poultry, or a little good fruit, poor girls, to vary a meal, to which they could not bring the sturdy appetite of much out-of-door exercise.

Then came the great chapter of that exercise. There was the difficulty—how much time could Mrs. Fisher possibly afford to lose?—to abandon to this object?—for the work must *pay*—or it could not continue to be done. But the difficulty diminished upon examination. Time may be counted by strength as well as by minutes. The same thing may, by two different hands, be accomplished in most unequal portions of time.

The dreadful feeling of weariness, which, as Lucy, she so well remembered—one consequence of sitting so long in an unchanged position, and at the same employment—that dreadful feeling could not be forgotten by her. Her horror at the recollection was so strong, that of this matter she thought more than even her benevolent husband.

He recollected to have heard that the Jesuits, those masters of human development, physical as well as intellectual, never suffered a pupil to be employed more than two hours upon the same thing without a change—to get up and turn round the chair—to pace five minutes up and down the room would in many cases suffice. Mr. Fisher laid down his plan.

Two hours the young ladies worked, and then for ten minutes they were allowed to lay down their needles; they might walk about the room, into the passage, up and down stairs, or sit still

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and lounge. That precious, useful *lounge*, so fatally denied to the wearied spine of many a growing girl, was here permitted. They might look about them, or close their eyes and be stupefied; in short, do just what they liked.

It was soon found by experience that the work done after this refreshing pause more than made up for the time thus expended.

Such were some of the plans of this kind-hearted and highly-principled man—and the blooming looks, the gay spirits, the bright eyes, of the happy little community did credit to the scheme.

Fisher lived but a few years to carry out the rule he had instituted; but to his wife it was as a sacred legacy from his hand, and during the whole course of her subsequent life she faithfully adhered to it.

Her house was like a convent in some things, but it was a very happy convent. Every thing proceeded with a clock-work order, and yet there was a liberty such as few girls thus employed, in spite of their intervals of license, could enjoy.

It was a happy party, over which this remarkably handsome, and now distinguishedly fashionable milliner, and dignified-looking lady presided. Nothing indiscreet or unseemly was ever permitted. The rule, perhaps, might be a little too grave, and the manner of the young ladies too sedate; but they were innocent and good; and they had their recreations, for Mrs. Fisher took them out, turn and turn about, upon a Sunday, in her carriage, and the others walked with the two superintendents—persons carefully selected for their good principles and good conduct.

Mrs. Fisher, too, was a little bit of a match-maker; and if she had a weakness, it was her fondness for settling her young ladies. Nothing pleased her better than when they were sought—and they were such nice, well-behaved girls, this often happened—by worthy young men in their own rank of life. Mrs. Fisher always gave the wedding-gown and bonnet, and the wedding dinner, and a white satin reticule or bag, drawn with rose-colored ribbons, with a pretty pink and white purse in it, with silver tassels and rings, and containing a nice little sum for the bride's pocket-money. You will easily understand how Mrs. Danvers had struck up quite a friendship with Mrs. Fisher. Once, indeed, in her days of youth and gayety, she had been one of her most valuable customers. She had long done with fine things, but the interest she took in the affairs of Mrs. Fisher's establishment had endeared her very much to that good lady, and hence she had, at her earnest request, consented to take Myra, though her own instinct, the moment she cast her eyes upon this beautiful, dawdling-looking being, had assured her that she was, to use her own phrase, not one of *her* sort.

Myra was grievously disappointed, upon her side. She was quite one to be blind to the solid advantages of her position, and to look with querulous regret upon all the flashy and brilliant part of such a business, in which she was not allowed to take the least share.

Precisely because she was so beautiful did Mrs. Fisher exclude her from the show-room—that theatre which was to have been the scene of her triumphs.

The beautiful things she was employed in manufacturing left her hands to be seen no more—and, alas! never by her to be tried on. It was tantalizing work to part with them, and forever, as soon as they left her hand.

Then she was obliged to be punctual to a moment in her hours; a grievous yoke to her who had never been educated to submit to any. To dress with the most careful attention to neatness, though there was "nothing but a pack of women to look at her"—to listen to "a prosy book"—a book, I forgot to say, was read aloud in the work-room—instead of gossiping and having a little fun; and to walk out on Sundays under the wing of that old, hideous harridan, Mrs. Sterling, instead of going with her companions where she pleased. In short, it was worse "than negro slavery," but there was no help for it—there she was, and there she was obliged to stay.

Well, and did she improve under this good discipline? Was she any the better for it? I am sorry to say very little

There are subjects that are almost unimprovable. She was, by nature, a poor, shallow, weedy thing; her education had been the worst possible for her. Evil habits, false views, low aims, had been imbibed, and not one fault corrected while young; and self-experience, which rectifies in most so much that is wrong, seemed to do nothing for her. There was no substance to work upon. Mrs. Fisher was soon heartily tired of her, and could have regretted her complaisance to Mrs. Danvers' wishes in receiving her against her judgment; but she was too good to send her away. She laughed, and accepted her as a penance for her sins, she said—as a thorn in the flesh—and she let the thorn rankle there. She remembered her honored Fisher, and the scene by the bed-side of poor Saunders. She looked upon the endurance of this plague as a fresh offering to the adored memory.

She bore this affliction like a martyr for a long time; at last a smart young tailor fell in love with Myra at church—a place where he had been better employed thinking of other things. And so I believe he thought after he had married her, in spite of the white dress and silk bonnet, and the reticule with pink ribbons, and the bride's pocket-money, which Mrs. Fisher bestowed with more pleasure and alacrity than even she had been known to do upon many a worthier subject.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Yet once more, oh, ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me—" MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

I MUST beg of you to slip over a portion of time, and to suppose about two years passed over our heads, and we return to Lettice, who has passed that period at General Melwyn's.

So useful, so cheerful, so thoroughly good, so sincerely pious, so generously disinterested she was; and the transformation she had accomplished was astonishing.

And was she as happy herself as she made others? Nobody at the Hazels thought of exactly asking that question. And yet they might have reflected a little, and inquired, whether to one, the source of so much comfort to others, the natural felicity of her age was not denied?

Could a young being like *her* be *very* happy, living with two old people, and without one single companion of her own age? Without prospect, without interest in that coming life, which the young imagination paints in such lovely colors?

One may boldly affirm she was *not* so happy as she deserved to be, and that it was quite impossible, with a heart formed for every tender affection as was hers, that she *should*.

She began to be visited by a troublesome guest, which in the days of hardship she had never known. The very ease which surrounded her, the exemption from all necessity for laborious industry actually increasing the evil, gradually seemed to grow upon her. There was a secret distaste for life—a void in the heart, not filled by natural affections—a something which asked for tenderer relations, more earnest duties—a home—a household—a family of her own!

She blamed herself very much when first this little secret feeling of dissatisfaction and discontent began to steal over her. How could she be so ungrateful? She had every comfort in the world—more, much more, than she had any title to expect; infinitely more than many far more deserving than herself were allowed to enjoy. Why could she not have the same light contented spirit within her breast, that had carried her triumphantly through so many hardships, and enlivened so many clouded days?

Poor Lettice! It was vain to find fault with herself. Life would seem flat. The mere routine of duties, unsweetened by natural affection, would weary the spirit at times. There was a sweetness wanting to existence—and existence, without that invigorating sweetness, is to the best of us a tedious and an exhausting thing.

So thought Catherine, when, about eighteen months or two years after her marriage, she came for the first time with Edgar to visit her father and mother.

The regimental duties of the young officer had carried him to the Ionian Islands very shortly after his marriage; promotion had brought him home, and he and his young and happy wife, with a sweet infant of about twelve months old, hastened down to the Hazels to visit Catherine's parents.

I pass over the joy of the meeting—I pass over the satisfaction felt by Catherine at the happy revolution which had taken place—at her father's improved temper, her mother's more tranquil spirits, the absence of Randall, and the general good behavior which pervaded the household.

She looked upon every member of it with satisfaction except one; and that was the very one who ought to have been the happiest; for she was the cause and the origin of all this happiness. But Lettice did not, she thought, look as she used to do; her eyes had lost something of their vivacity; and the good heart of Catherine was grieved.

"It pains me so, Edgar—you can not think," she said to her husband, as she walked, leaning upon his arm, through the pleasant groves and gardens of the Hazels. "I can scarcely enjoy my own happiness for thinking of her. Poor, dear, she blames herself so for not being perfectly happy—as if one could have effects without causes—as if the life she leads here could make any one perfectly happy. Not one thing to enjoy—for as to her comfortable room, and the good house, and the pretty place, and all that sort of thing, a person soon gets used to it, and it shuts out uneasiness, but it does not bring delight, at least to a young thing of that age. Child of the house as I was, and early days as they were with me when you were among us, Edgar—I never knew what true happiness was till then—that is, I should very soon have felt a want of some object of interest; though it *was* my own father and mother—"

"So I took the liberty to lay before you, my fair haranguer, if you recollect, when you made so many difficulties about carrying my knapsack."

"Ah! that was because it seemed so heartless, so cruel, to abandon my parents just when they wanted me so exceedingly. But what a debt of gratitude I owe to this dear Lettice for settling all these matters so admirably for me."

"I am glad you confess to a little of that debt, which I, on my part, feel to be enormous."

"I heartily wish there were any means of paying it. I wish I could make Lettice as happy as she has made all of us."

The young officer shook his handsome head.

"Mammas in our rank of life make such a point of endeavoring to settle their daughters—to start them in households of their own—where, if they are exposed to many troubles which they escape under their father's roof, they have many more interests and sources of happiness. But there is nobody to think of such matters as con-

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nected with this poor fatherless and motherless girl."

"Mothers, even in your rank, my love, don't always succeed in accomplishing this momentous object. I don't see what possible chance there is for one in Lettice's condition—except the grand one, the effective one—in my opinion almost the only one, namely, the chapter of accidents."

"Ah! that chapter of accidents! It is a poor dependence."

"Nay, Catherine, that is not said with your usual piety."

"True—I am sorry—and yet, where another's happiness is concerned, one feels as if it were wrong to trust too much—even to Providence; with great reverence be it said—I mean, that in no given event can we exactly tell how much we are expected to use our own exertions, how much diligence on our part is required of us, in order to produce a happy result."

"I agree with you quite and entirely; and if there is a thing that angers me beyond measure, it is to see a pious person fold his hands—sit down and trust the happiness of another to, as he says, Providence. If I have any just idea of Providence, an ample retribution will be in store for these sort of religionists."

"Well, that is just as I feel—but in a sort of confused way. You say those things so much better than I do, Edgar."

"Do I? Well, that is news to me."

"But to return. Can not we do something for this good creature?"

"I don't exactly see that we can do. Besides, there is your poor mother. Would you pull down all her little edifice of happiness, by taking Lettice away from her?"

"That is a terrible consideration; and yet what was true of me is doubly and trebly true of Lettice. My darling mother would not hear of me relinquishing my happiness upon her account—and ought Lettice to be allowed to make such a sacrifice?"

"Well, well, my dear, it is time enough to begin to deprecate such a sacrifice when the opportunity for it occurs, but I own I see little hope of a romance for your poor, dear Lettice, seeing that an important personage in such matters, namely, a hero, seems to me to be utterly out of the question. There is not a young gentleman within twenty miles, so far as I can see, that is in the least likely to think of the good girl."

"Alas, no! that is the worst of it."

But the romance of Lettice's life was nearer than they imagined.

The visit of Catherine at the Hazels cheered up Lettice very much; and in the delights of a little society with those of her own age, she soon forgot all her quarrels with herself; and brushed away the cobwebs which were gathering over her brain. She was enchanted, too, with the baby, and as she felt that, while Catherine was with her mother, she rather interfered with, than increased Mrs. Melwyn's enjoyment, she used to indulge herself with long walks through the beautiful surrounding country, accompanying the nurse and helping to carry the babe.

She visited several lonely places and remote cottages, where she had never been before; and began to feel a new interest given to existence, when she was privileged to assist others under the pressure of that want and misery which she understood but too well. One evening she and the nurse had strayed in a new direction, and did not exactly know where they were. Very far from the house she was aware it could not be, by the time she had been absent, but they had got into one of those deep, hollow lanes, from which it is impossible to catch a glimpse of the surrounding country: those lanes so still, and so beautiful, with their broken sandy banks, covered with tufts of feathering grass, with peeping primroses and violets, and barren strawberries between; the beech and ash of the copses casting their slender branches across, and checkering the way with innumerable broken lights! While, may be, as was here the case, a long pebbly stream runs sparkling and shining upon one side of the way, forming ten thousand little pools and waterfalls as it courses along.

Charmed with the scene, Lettice could not prevail upon herself to turn back till she had pursued her way a little farther. At last a turn in the lane brought her to a lowly and lonely cottage, which stood in a place where the bank had a little receded, and the ground formed a small grassy semicircle, with the steep banks rising all around it—here stood the cottage.

It was an ancient, picturesque looking thing, built one knows not when. I have seen one such near Stony Cross in Hampshire, which the tradition of the county affirms to be the very identical cottage into which the dying William Rufus was carried, and I am half inclined to believe it.

Their deep heavy roofs, huge roof-trees, little low walls and small windows, speak of habits of life very remote from our own—and look to me as if like a heap of earth—a tumulus—such edifices might stand unchanged for tens of ages.

The cottage before us was of this description, and had probably been a woodman's hut when the surrounding country was all one huge forest. The walls were not more than five feet high, over which hung the deep and heavy roof, covered with moss, and the thatch was overlaid with a heap of black mould, which afforded plentiful nourishment to stonecrops, and various tufts of beautifully feathered grass, which waved in fantastic plumes over it. The door, the frame of which was all aslant, seemed almost buried in, and pressed down by this roof, placed in which were two of those old windows which show that the roof itself formed the upper chamber of the dwelling. A white rose bush was banded up on one side of this door; a rosemary tree upon the other; a little border with marigolds, lemon thyme and such like pot-herbs, ran round the house, which lay in a tiny plot of ground carefully cultivated as a garden. Here

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a very aged man, bent almost double as it would seem with the weight of years, was very languidly digging or attempting it.

The nurse was tired, so was the babe, so was Lettice. They agreed to ask the old man's leave to enter the cottage, and sit down a little, before attempting to return home.

"May we go in, good man, and rest ourselves a little while?" asked Lettice.

"Anan—"

"Will you give us leave to go in and rest ourselves a little? We are both tired with carrying the baby."

"I don't know well what it is you're saying. How many miles to Brainford? Maybe two; but it's a weary while sin' I've been there."

"He can't understand us, nurse, at all. He seems almost stone deaf. Let us knock at the door, and see who's within, for you look ready to drop; and I am so excessively tired I can hardly help you. However, give me your sleeping babe at all events, for you really seem as if you could stand no longer."

She took the child, which had long been fast asleep, went to the cottage door, and knocked.

"Come in," said a voice.

Not such a voice as she expected to hear, but a sweet, well-modulated voice, that of a person of education. A man's voice, however, it was. She hesitated a little, upon which some one rose and opened the door, but started back upon seeing a young lady with a child in her arms, looking excessively tired, and as if she could hold up no longer.

"Pray, come in," he said, observing she hesitated, and, retreating back a little as he spoke, showed a small bed not far from the fire, standing in the chimney place, as it is called. In this bed lay a very aged woman. A large, but very, very ancient Bible lay open upon the bed, and a chair a little pushed back was standing near it. It would seem that the young gentleman had risen from the chair where he to all appearance had been reading the Bible to the bed-ridden old woman. "Pray, come in, and sit down," he repeated, holding the door to let Lettice enter. "You look exceedingly tired. The place is very humble but perfectly clean, and poor old Betty Rigby will be very happy to give you leave to enter."

The young man who spoke was dressed in deep black; but as there was a crape band round his hat which lay upon the table, it would seem that he was in mourning, and possibly, therefore, not a clergyman. He was something above the middle height; but his figure was spoiled by its extreme thinness, and a stoop in the shoulder which seemed to be the effect of weakness. His face was very thin, and his cheek perfectly pale; but his features were beautifully proportioned, and his large gray eyes beamed with a subdued and melancholy splendor. There was the fire of fever, and there was that of genius.

The expression of this face was soft and sweet in the extreme, but it was rendered almost painful by its cast of deep sadness. Lettice looked at him, and was struck by his appearance in a way she had never in her life been before. He was, I believe, as much struck with hers These unexpected meetings, in totally unexpected places, often produce such sudden and deep impressions. The happier being was moved and interested by the delicacy the attenuation, the profound sadness of the beautiful countenance before her; the other with the bloom of health, the cheerful, wholesome expression, the character and meaning of the face presented to him, as the young girl stood there holding the sleeping infant in her arms. Certainly though not regularly pretty, she was a very picturesque and pleasing looking object at that moment.

The old woman from her bed added her invitation to that of the young man.

"Please to walk in, miss. It's a poor place. Please take a chair. Oh, my poor limbs! I've been bed-ridden these half-score years; but pray, sit down and rest yourselves, and welcome Law! but that's a pretty bairn, ben't it."

Lettice took the offered chair and sat down, still holding the baby; the nurse occupied the other; the young man continued standing.

"I am afraid we have interrupted you," said Lettice, glancing at the book.

"Oh, pray don't think of it! I am in no hurry to be gone. My time," with a suppressed sigh, "is all my own. I will finish my lecture by-and-by."

"Ay, do—do—that's a good gentleman. Do you know, ma'am, he's been the kindest friend, young as he looks, that ever I or my good man met with. You see we lie here out of the way like—it's a big monstrous parish this, and our parson has a world of work to do. So we gets rather overlooked, though, poor man, I believe, he does what he can. I've lived here these ten years, crippled and bed-ridden as you see, but I got along pretty well for some time, for I was a bit of a schollard in my youth; but last winter my eyes took to being bad, and since then I've not been able to read a line. All gets dizzy like. And I was very dull and sore beset that I couldn't even see to read the word of God, and my poor husband, that's the old man as is delving in the garden there, why he has hardly any eyes left in his head. Enough just to potter about like, an' see his way, but he couldn't read a line, and it was never so; and so that blessed young gentleman—law! where is he? Why, I declare he's gone!"

The young gentleman had, indeed, quietly glided out of the cottage as soon as his *éloge* began.

"That young gentleman—I can say what I like now he is gone—has been *so* good to us. Many's the half-crown he's given me, and a warm winter coat of his own to my poor rheumatized old man. Oh! he's a blessed one—and then he comes and sits and reads to me of an afternoon for an hour together, because as how one day he called he found me a-crying;

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for why, I could no longer read the Holy Word —and he says 'Cheer up, Betty, be of good comfort, I'll read it to you daily'—and when I said 'daily, sir—that'll take up too much of your time, I fear'—he sighed a little, and said he'd nothing particular to do with his time."

"Who is he? Does he belong to this neighborhood?"

"No, miss, he's only been here maybe a half-year or so. He came down on a visit to Mr. Hickman the doctor out there, Brainwood way, and presently he went and lodged at a cottage hard by, to be near Hickman, who's a great name for such complaints as his'n—A-A—I don't know what's the name—but he's very bad, they say, and not able to do any thing in the world. Well, he's the best, kindest, Christian young man, you ever see or I ever see. The power of good he does among the poor—poor young fellow—is not to be told or counted—but he's so melancholy like, and so gentle, and so kind, it makes one a'most cry to look at him; that's the worst of it."

"He looks like a clergyman; I could fancy he was in holy orders. Do you know whether he is so or not?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have heard say that he is a parson, but nobody in these parts has ever seen him in a pulpit; but now it strikes me I've heard that he was to be curate to Mr. Thomas, of Briarwood parish, but he was ta'en bad of his chest or his throat, and never able to speak up like, so it would not do; he can not at present speak in a church, for his voice sounds so low, so low."

"I wonder we have never met with him, or heard of him before."

"Oh, miss! he's not been in this country very long, and he goes out nowhere but to visit the poor; and tired and weak as he looks, he seems never tired of doing good."

"He looks very pale and thin."

"Ay, doesn't he? I'm afraid he's but badly; I've heard some say he was in a galloping consumption, others a decline; I don't know, but he seems mighty weak like."

A little more talk went on in the same way, and then Lettice asked the nurse whether she felt rested, as it was time to be returning home, and, giving the poor bed-ridden patient a little money, which was received with abundance of thanks, Lettice left the house.

When she entered the little garden, she saw the young man was not gone; he was leaning pensively against the gate, watching the swinging branches of a magnificent ash tree, which grew upon a green plot by the side of the lane. Beautiful it was as it spread its mighty magnificent head against the deep blue summer sky, and a soft wind gently whispered among its forest of leaves.

Lettice could not help, as she observed the countenance of the young man, who seemed lost in thought, admiring the extraordinary beauty of its expression. Something of the sublime, something of the angelic, which we see in a few remarkable countenances, but usually in those which are spiritualized by mental sufferings, and great physical delicacy.

He started from his reverie as she and the nurse approached, and lifted the latchet of the little wicket to let them pass. And, as he did so, the large, melancholy eye was lighted up with something of a pleasurable expression, as he looked at Lettice, and said,

"A beautiful afternoon. May I venture to ask were you intending to visit that poor bed-ridden creature? I thought by the expression she used that you were not acquainted with her case, and probably had never been in the cottage before. Will you excuse me for saying she is in great necessity?"

"It is the first time I have ever been down this lane, sir, but I assure you it shall not be the last; I will come and see the poor woman again. There are few things I pity so much as the being bed-ridden."

She had walked into the lane. He had quitted the garden too, and continued to walk by her side talking as he went.

"I hope there is not so much suffering in that state as we are apt to imagine," he said; "at least, I have observed that very poor people are enabled to bear it with wonderful cheerfulness and patience. I believe, to those who have lived a life of hard labor, rest has something acceptable in it, which compensates for many privations—but these old creatures are also miserably poor. The parish can not allow much, and they are so anxious not to be forced into the house, that they contrive to make a very little do. The poor woman has been for years receiving relief as member of a sick-club; but lately the managers have come to a resolution, that she has been upon the list for such an unexampled length of time, that they can not afford to go on with the allowance any longer."

"How cruel and unjust!"

"Very sad, as it affects her comforts, poor creature, and certainly not just; yet, as she paid only about three years, and has been receiving an allowance for fifteen, it would be difficult, I fancy, to make the sort of people who manage such clubs see it quite in that light. At all events, we can get her no redress, for she does not belong to this parish, though her husband does; and the club of which she is a member is in a place at some distance, of which the living is sequestrated, and there is no one of authority there to whom we can apply. I only take the liberty of entering into these details, madam, in order to convince you that any charity you may extend in this quarter, will be particularly well applied."

"I shall be very happy, if I can be of any use," said Lettice, "but I am sorry to say, but little of my time is at my own disposal—it belongs to another—I can not call it my own—and my purse is not very ample. But I have more money than time," she added, cheerfully, "at all events. And, if you will be pleased to point out in what way I can best help this poor

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creature, I shall be very much obliged to you, for I am quite longing for the pleasure of doing a little among the poor. I have been very poor myself; and, besides, I used to visit them so much in my poor father's day."

"I have more time than money," he said, with a gentle but very melancholy smile; "and, therefore, if you will give me leave, I *would* take the liberty of pointing out to you how you could help this poor woman. If—if I knew . . . ."

"I live with General and Mrs. Melwyn—I am Mrs. Melwyn's *dame de compagnie*," said Lettice, with simplicity.

"And I am what ought to be Mr. Thomas's curate," answered he, "but that I am too inefficient to merit the name. General Melwyn's family never attends the parish church, I think."

"No; we go to the chapel of ease at Furnival's Green. It is five miles by the road to the parish church, and that road a very bad one. The general does not like his carriage to go there.

"So I have understood; and, therefore, Mr. Thomas is nearly a stranger, and I perfectly one, to the family, though they are Mr. Thomas's parishioners."

"It seems so strange to me—a clergyman's daughter belonging formerly to a small parish—that every individual in it should not be known to the vicar. It ought not to be so, I think."

"I entirely agree with you. But I believe Mr. Thomas and the general never exactly understood or suited each other."

"I don't know—I never heard."

"I am myself not utterly unknown to every member of the family. I was at school with the young gentleman who married Miss Melwyn . . . Yet why do I recall it? He has probably forgotten me altogether . . . . And yet, perhaps, not *alt*ogether. Possibly he might remember James St. Leger;" and he sighed.

It was a light, suppressed sigh. It seemed to escape him without his observing it.

Lettice felt unusually interested in this conversation, little as there may appear in it to interest any one; but there was something in the look and tone of the young man that exercised a great power over her imagination. His being of the *cloth*—a clergyman—may account for what may seem rather strange in her entering into conversation with him. She had been brought up to feel profound respect for every one in holy orders; and, moreover, the habits of her life at one time, when she had sunk to such depths of poverty, had, in a considerable degree, robbed her of the conventional reserve of general society. She had been so used at one time to be accosted and to accost without thinking of the ceremony of an introduction, that she probably forgot the absence of it in the present case, more than another equally discreet girl might have done.

The young man, on his part, seemed under the influence of a strange charm. He continued to walk by her side, but he had ceased to speak. He seemed lost in thought—melancholy thought. It certainly would seem as if the allusion to Edgar's home, and his own school life, had roused a host of painful recollections, in which he was for the time absorbed.

So they followed the windings of the deep hollow lane together. Necessarily it would seem, for this lane appeared to defy the proverb and have no turning. But that it had one we know—and to it the little party came at last. A gate led to some fields belonging to the estate of the Hazels—Lettice and the nurse prepared to open it and enter.

"Good morning, sir," said Lettice, "this is my way; I will strive to do something for the poor woman you recommended to me, and I will mention your recommendation to Mrs. Melwyn."

He started as if suddenly awakened when she spoke; but he only said, "Will you? It will be right and kind. Thank you, in her name." And, with a grave, abstracted sort of salute, he left her, and pursued his way.

Catherine was standing rather anxiously upon the hall-steps, looking round and wondering what had become of her nurse and her baby, when nurse, baby, and Lettice returned.

"Dear people," she cried, "I *am* glad you are come back."

She had been, if the truth were told, a good deal fidgeted and frightened, as young mothers are very apt to be, when the baby does not come home at the usual hour. She had suffered a good deal of uneasiness, and felt half inclined to be angry. A great many people with whom I am acquainted, would have burst out into a somewhat petulant scold, when the cause for anxiety was at an end, and baby and her party, all safe, appeared quietly walking up the road as if nothing in the world were amiss. The very quiet and tranquillity which proved that they were quite unconscious of having done any thing wrong would have irritated some people more than all the rest. I thought it was very nice of Catherine to be good-humored and content as soon as she saw all was safe, after the irritating anxiety she had just been going through. She, however, ran eagerly down the steps, and her eyes sparkling with impatience caught her little one in her arms and kissed it very fast and hard. That being the only sign of an impatient spirit which she showed, and, except crying out, "Oh! I am glad to see you safe back, all of you. Do you know, Lettice, I began to wonder what had become of you?"—not a syllable approaching to reproof passed her lips.

"Dear Mrs. D'Arcy! Dear Catherine! I am afraid we are late. We went too far—we partly lost ourselves. We got into a long, but oh! such a lovely lane—where I never was before, and then, we have had a little wee bit of an adventure."

"Adventure! Oh goodness! I *am* glad of that. Adventures are so excessively rare in

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this country. I never met with one in my life, but happening upon Edgar, as the people say, when he was coming from hunting; and the wind had blown off my hat. A wind that blew somebody good, that .... dear, beloved, Lettice, I wish to goodness, that I do—an adventure of the like of that, might have happened to you."

Lettice colored a little.

"Gracious!" cried Catherine, laughing merrily, and peeping at her under her bonnet—"I declare—you're blushing Lettice. Your adventure *is* something akin to my adventure. Have you stumbled upon an unparalleled youth—by mere accident as I did? and did he—did he pick up your hat?"

"If he had," said Lettice, "I am afraid my face with my hair all blown about it would not have looked quite so enchanting as yours must have done. No, I did not lose my bonnet."

"Any thing else? Your heart, perhaps?"

'Dear Catherine! How can you be so silly."

"Oh! it was such a blessed day when I lost mine," said Mrs. D'Arcy, gayly. "Such a gain of a loss! that I wish just the same misfortune to befall every one I love—and I love you dearly, Lettice."

"There must be more than one heart lost I fancy, to make adventures turn out as well as yours did, Catherine."

"Oh! that's a matter of course in such sort of things. There is always an exchange, where there is love at first sight. But now do tell me, that's a dear girl, what your adventure was."

"I only saw a clergyman reading to a poor woman—or rather I only saw a clergyman, a Bible, and a poor woman, and thence concluded that he *had* been reading to her."

"Oh! you tiresome creature. Poor, dear, old Mr. Hughes, I'll be bound. Good old fellow—but such a hum-drum. Nay, Lettice, my dear, don't look shocked and cross. A clergyman may be a very stupid, hum-drum, tiresome fellow, as well as any other man. Don't pretend to deny that."

"I would as lief not hear them called so—but this was not Mr. Hughes."

"Oh, no! I remember now you were not in his parish. If you went down Briarwood-lane far enough you would be in Briarwood parish. Mr. Thomas, perhaps."

"No."

"Mr. Thomas's curate. Oh! of course the curate. Only I don't think Mr. Thomas keeps one."

"No; I believe not Mr. Thomas's, or any one else's curate; but a gentleman who says he knew Captain D'Arcy at school."

"Nay, that is too charming. That really is like an adventure."

"Here, Edgar!"

He was crossing the paddock at some little distance.

"Come here for one instant. Do you recollect what I was talking to you about this very morning? Well, Lettice has met with an adventure, and has stumbled upon an old acquaintance of yours—reading the Bible to an old woman—he was at school with you.

"Well, as there were about five hundred people, more or less, who had that honor—if you mean to know any thing about him, Miss Arnold, you must go a little more into detail; and, first and foremost, what is the young gentleman's name?"

"James St. Leger," said Lettice.

A start for answer, and,

"Ha! Indeed! Poor fellow! *he* turned up again. I little thought our paths in life would ever cross more. How strange to unearth him in such a remote corner of the world as Briarwood. Poor fellow! Well, what is he like? and how does he look?"

"Ill and melancholy," said Lettice. "I should say very ill and very melancholy—and with reason I believe; for though he is in holy orders, something is the matter with his throat or his chest; which renders him useless in the pulpit."

"You don't say so. His chest! I hope not. And yet," continued Edgar, as if musing aloud, "I know not. He was one when I knew him, Miss Arnold, so marked out through the vices of others for misery in this world, that I used to think the sooner he went out of it the better for him."

"Ah!" cried Catherine, "there is an interesting history here. Do tell it us, Edgar. Of all your charming talks, what I like almost the best are your reminiscences. He has such a memory, Lettice; and so much penetration into the characters of persons: and the connection of things; that nothing is so delightful as when he *will* tell some old history of his earlier years. Do, dear Edgar, tell us all about this charming young curate of Briarwood."

"Flatterer! Coaxing flatterer! Don't believe a word she says, Miss Arnold. I am as empty-pated a rattle-skull, as ever was turned raw into one of her Majesty's regiments—and that's saying a good deal, I can tell you. But this dear creature here loves a bit of romance in her heart. What's o'clock?"

"Oh!" looking at the tiniest of watches, "a full two hours to dinner; and such a day too for a story—and just look at that spreading oak with the bench under it, and the deer lying crouching there so sweetly, and the wind just lulling the boughs as it were to rest. Here, nurse, bundle the baby away to her nursery. Now, *do*, there's a darling Edgar."

"Why, my love, you are making awful preparation. It is almost as terrible as reading a manuscript to begin a relation, all sitting solemnly upon a bench under a tree together. There is not much to tell, poor fellow; only I did pity him from my heart of hearts."

Catherine had her way, and they sat down under the green leafy canopy of this majestic oak; and she put her arm in her husband's, and her hand into that of Lettice, and thus sitting between them, loving and beloved, she listened.

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the happiest, as she was one of the honestest and best, of heaven's creatures.

"We we were both together at a large rough sort of preparatory school," began Edgar, "where there might be above a hundred boys or so. They were mostly, if not entirely, intended for the military profession, and came from parents of all sorts of positions and degrees, and of all sorts of principles, characters, and manners. A very omnium gatherum that school was, and the ways of it were as rough as in any school, I should think, they could possibly be. I was a tall, healthy rebel, when I was sent there, as strong as a little Hercules, and excessively proud of my force and prowess. A bold, daring, cheerful, merry lad, as ever left his mother's apron-string; very sorry to quit the dotingest of mothers, and the happiest of homes, and the pleasantest of fathers; but mighty proud to come out of the *Gynyseum*, and to be a man, as I thought it high time I should, in cloth trowsers and jacket, instead of a black velvet coatee. In I plunged, plump head-foremost amid the vortex, and was soon in a thousand scrapes and quarrels, battling my way with my fists, and my merry eye; for they used to tell me the merry eye did more for me even than my impudence in fighting every thing that would condescend to fight such a youngster. I was soon established, and then I breathed after my victories, and began to look round.

"So long as I had considered the throng about me but in the light of so many adversaries to be beaten by main force, and their rude and insulting ways only as provocatives to the fray, I had cared little for their manners or their proceedings, their coarseness and vulgarity, their brutality and their vices. But now, seated in peace upon the eminence to which I had fought my way, I had time to breathe and to observe. I can not describe to you how shocked, how sickened, how disgusted I became. *Par parenthèse*, I will say that it has always been an astonishment to me, how parents so tender as mine could send a frank, honest-hearted, well-meaning little fellow into such a place. But the school had a high reputation. I was then a fourth son, and had to make my way as best I could in the profession chosen for me. So here I came. I was about ten or eleven years old, I must add, in excuse for my parents, though I called myself so young, I felt younger, because this was my first school. To resume. When I had vanquished them, it is not in words to describe how I despised and detested the majority of my schoolfellows—for their vulgar pleasures, their offensive habits—their hard, rough, brutal manners—their vicious principles, and their vile, blasphemous impiety. I was a warm lover and a still more ardent hater, and my hatred to most of them exceeded all bounds of reason; but it was just such as a straightforward, warm-tempered fellow, is certain to entertain without mitigation in such a case.

"It is a bad element for a boy to be living in. However, I was saved from becoming an utter young monster, by the presence in the school of this very boy, James St. Leger.

"In the bustle and hurry of my early wars, I had taken little heed of, scarcely observed this boy at all. But when the pause came, I noticed him. I noticed him for many reasons. He was tall for his age, slender, and of extremely delicate make, but with limbs of a symmetry and beauty that reminded one of a fine antique statue. His face, too, was extremely beautiful; and there was something in his large, thoughtful, melancholy eyes, that it was impossible ever to look upon and to forget.

"I no sooner observed him at all, than my whole boyish soul seemed knit to him.

"His manner was extremely serious; the expression of his countenance sad to a degree—deeply, intensely sad, I might say; yet through that deep sadness there was a tender sweetness which was to me most interesting. I never shall forget his smile—for laugh he never was heard to do.

"I soon discovered two things, that made me feel more for him than all the rest. One, that he was an extremely well-informed boy, and had received a home education of a very superior order; and the other, that he was most unfortunate, and that his misfortunes had one peculiar ingredient of bitterness in them, namely, that they were of a nature to excite the scorn and contempt of the vulgar herd that surrounded him, rather than to move their rude hearts to sympathy and pity.

"The propensity to good in rough, vulgar, thoughtless human beings, is very apt to show itself in this way—in a sort of contemptuous disgust against vice and folly, and an alienation from those connected with it, however innocent. We must accept it, upon reflection, I suppose, as a rude form of good inclination; but I was too young for reflection—too young to make allowances, too young to be equitable. Such conduct appeared to me the most glaring and barbarous injustice, and excited in me a passionate indignation.

"Never did I hear St. Leger taunted, as he often was, with the frailties of his mother or the errors of his father, but my heart was all in a flame—my fist clinched—my cheek burning. Many a fellow have I laid prostrate upon the earth with a sudden blow who dared, in my presence, to chase the color from St. Leger's cheek by alluding to the subject. There was this remarkable in St. Leger, by the way, that he never colored when his mother's shame or his father's end was alluded to, but went deadly pale.

"The history was a melancholy one of human frailty, and is soon told. His mother had been extremely beautiful, his father the possessor of a small independent fortune. They had lived happily together many years, and she had brought him five children; four girls and this boy. I have heard that the father doted with no common passion—in a *husband*, Catherine—upon the beautiful creature, who was moreover

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accomplished and clever. She seemed devoted to her children, and had given no common attention to her boy in his early years. Hence his mental accomplishments. The husband was, I suspect, rather her inferior in intellect; and scarcely her equal in refinement and manner, but it's no matter, it would have been probably the same whatever he had been. She who will run astray under one set of circumstances, would probably have run astray under any. She was very vain of her beauty and talents, and had been spoiled by the idolatry and flattery of all who surrounded her.

"I will not pain you by entering into any particulars; in brief, she disgraced herself, and was ruined.

"The rage, the passionate despair, the blind fury of the injured husband, it was said, exceeded all bounds. There was of course every sort of public scandal. Legal proceedings and the necessary consequences—a divorce. The wretched history did not even end here. She suffered horribly from shame and despair I have been told, but the shame and despair, had not the effect it ought to have produced. She fell from bad to worse, and was utterly lost. The husband did the same. Wild with the stings of wounded affection, blinded with suffering, he flew for refuge to any excitement which would for a moment assuage his agonies; the gaming-table, and excess in drinking, soon finished the dismal story. He shot himself in a paroxysm of delirium tremens, after having lost almost every penny he possessed at Faro.

"You tremble Catherine. Your hand in mine is cold. Oh the pernicious woman! Oh the depths of the misery—if I were indeed to tell you all I have met with and known—which are entailed upon the race by the vanity, the folly, and the vice of women. Angels! yes, angels you are. Sweet Saint—sweet Catherine, and men fall down and worship you—but woe for them when she they worship, proves a fiend.

"Dear Miss Arnold, you are shedding tears—but you *would* have this dismal story. You had better hear no more of it, let me stop now."

"Go on—pray go on, Edgar. Tell us about the poor boy and the girls, you said there were four of them."

"The boy and his sisters were taken by some relations. It was about a year after these events that I met him at this school. They had sent him here, thinking the army the best place for him. To get him shot off, poor fellow, perhaps, if they could. His four sisters were all then living, and how tenderly, poor lad, he used to talk to me about them. How he would grieve over the treatment they were receiving, with the best intentions he acknwledged, but too hardening and severe he thought for girls so delicate. They wanted a mother's fostering, a father's protection, poor things, but he never alluded in the remotest way to either father or mother. Adam, when he sprung from the earth, was not more parentless than he seemed to consider himself. But he used to talk of a future for his sisters, and sometimes in his more cheerful moods, would picture to himself what he would do when he should be a man, and able to shelter them in a home, however humble, of his own. His whole soul was wrapped up in these girls."

"Did you ever hear what became of them?"

"Three died of consumption, I have been told, just as they were opening into the bloom of early womanhood, almost the loveliest creatures that ever were seen."

"And the fourth."

"She was the most beautiful of all—a fine, high-spirited, dashing creature. Her brother's secret terror and darling."

"Well!"

"She followed her mother's example, and died miserably at the age of two-and-twenty."

"What can we do for this man?" cried Catherine, when she had recovered voice a little. "Edgar, what can we do for this man?"

"Your first question, dear girl—always your first question—what can be done?" Ever, my love, may you preserve that precious habit. My Catherine never sits down lamenting, and wringing her hands helplessly about other people's sorrows. The first thing she asks, is, what *can be done.*"

CHAPTER IX.

Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this man had not left
His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
WORDSWORTH.

THE first thing to be done, it was obvious to all parties, was for Edgar to go and call upon Mr. St. Leger, which he did.

He found him occupying one very small room, which served him for bed and sitting room, in a small cottage upon the outskirts of the little secluded town of Briarwood. He looked extremely ill; his beautiful countenance was preternaturally pale; his large eyes far too bright and large; his form attenuated; and his voice so faint, husky, and low that it was with difficulty he could make himself heard, at least for any length of time together.

The expression of his countenance, however, was rather grave than sad; resigned than melancholy. He was serious but perfectly composed; nay, there was even a chastened cheerfulness in his manner. He looked like one who had accepted the cup presented to him; had already exhausted most of the bitter potion, and was calmly prepared to drain it to the dregs.

And so it had been.

No man was ever more exquisitely constituted to suffer from circumstances so agonizing than he. But his mind was of a lofty stamp; he had not sunk under his sufferings. He had timely considered the *reality* of these things. He had learned to connect—really, truly, faith-

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fully—the trials and sorrows of this world with the retributions of another. He had accepted the part allotted to him in the mysterious scheme; had played it as best he could, and was now prepared for its impending close.

It is consoling to know one thing. In his character of minister of the holy word of God he had been allowed the privilege of attending the last illness of both mother and sister, both so deeply, deeply, yet silently beloved, in spite of all; and, through those blessed means, the full value and mercy of which, perhaps such grievous sinners are alone able to entirely estimate, he had reconciled them, as he trusted, with that God "who forgiveth all our iniquities and healeth all our diseases." Having been allowed to do this, he felt as if it would be the basest ingratitude to murmur because his services in the pulpit were suddenly arrested by the disease in his chest, and with it a stop put to further usefulness, and even to the supply of his daily bread.

He was calmly expecting to die in the receipt of parish relief; for he had not a penny beyond his curate's salary; and it was impossible to allow Mr. Thomas, who was a poor man himself, to continue that, now the hope of restoration to usefulness seemed at an end. It was not likely, indeed, that he should, upon the spare hermit's diet which his scanty means allowed, recover from a complaint of which weakness was the foundation.

He had tried to maintain himself by his pen; but the complaint which prevented his preaching was equally against the position when writing. He could do so little in this way that it would not furnish him with a loaf a week. A ray of genuine pleasure, however, shot to his eye, and a faint but beautiful flush mounted to his cheek, when Edgar entered and cordially held out his hand.

He was such a dear warm-hearted fellow, was Edgar. St. Leger had loved him so entirely at school; and those days were not so *very* long since! The impression old Time had not even yet attempted with his busy fingers to efface.

"I am so glad to have found you out, my dear fellow," Edgar began. "Who would have thought of meeting you, of all people in the world, here, ensconsed in such a quiet nook of this busy island—a place where the noise and bustle and stir of the Great Babylon can not even be heard. But what are you doing in this place? for you look ill, I must say, and you seem to be left to yourself without a human being to look after you."

"Much so. You know I am quite alone in the world."

"A dismal position that, and I am come to put an end to it. My wife insists upon making your acquaintance, and scuttled me off this morning without giving me time to eat my breakfast, though, to own the truth, I was ready enough of myself to set out. The general desired me to bring his card; he is too infirm to go out himself, and he and Mrs. Melwyn request the favor of your company to dinner to-morrow at six o'clock."

"I should be very happy—but—," and he hesitated a little.

"I'll come and fetch you in the dog-cart about five, and drive you down again in the evening. It's a mere step by Hatherway-lane, which is quite passable at this time of the year, whatever it may be in winter."

St. Leger looked as if he should like very much to come. His was a heart, indeed, formed for society, friendship, and love; not the least of the monk or the hermit was to be found in his composition. And so it was settled.

St. Leger came to dinner, as arranged, Edgar fetching him up in the dog-cart.

Every one was struck with his appearance. There was a gentleness and refinement in his manner which charmed Mrs. Melwyn; united to the ease and politeness of a man of the world, equally acceptable to the general; Catharine was delighted; and Lettice only in a little danger of being too well pleased.

His conversation soon showed him to be a man of a very superior turn of thought, and was full of information. In short, it was some time, with the exception of Edgar, since so agreeable a person had sat down at that dinner-table; for the Hazels lay rather out of the way, and neither the general nor Mrs. Melwyn were of a temper to cultivate society.

Edgar returned home in the evening from an agreeable drive with his friend through the bright glittering starlight night. It was slightly frosty, and he came into the drawing-room rubbing his hands, with his cheeks freshened by the air, looking as if he was prepared very much to enjoy the fire.

He found the whole party sitting up, and very amicably discussing the new acquaintance, who had pleased them all so much. So Edgar sat down between his wife and her mother, and readily joined in the conversation.

The general, who really was much altered for the better under the good influences of Lettice, had been speaking in high terms of their late guest. And when Edgar came in and sat down in the circle, spreading his hands to the fire, and looking very comfortable, the general, in an amicable tone, began:

"Really, Edgar, we have been saying we are quite obliged to you for introducing to us so agreeable a man as this Mr. St. Leger, of yours. He is quite a find in such a stupid neighborhood as ours, where, during the ten years I have lived in it, I have never met one *resident*"—with an emphasis upon the word, that it might not be supposed to include Edgar himself—"one *resident* whose company I thought worth a brass farthing."

"I am very glad my friend gives satisfaction, sir," said Edgar cheerfully; "for I believe, poor fellow, he has much more to seek than even yourself, general, in the article of companionship. One can not think that the society of the worthy Mr. Thomas can afford much of interest to a man like St. Leger. But whatever pleasure you may mutually afford each other will soon be at

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an end, I fear; and I have been beating my brains all the way coming home, to think what must be done."

"Why must the pleasure come so soon to an end, Edgar?" asked Mrs. Melwyn.

"Why, if something can't be done, the poor lad is in a fair way to be starved to death," was the answer.

"Starved to death! How shockingly you do talk, Edgar," cried Mrs. Melwyn. "I wish you would not say such things—you make one quite start. The idea is too horrible—besides, it can not be true. People don't starve to death nowadays—at least not in a sort of case like that."

"I don't know—such things do sound as if they couldn't be true—and yet," said Catherine, "they do come very nearly to the truth at times."

"Indeed do they," said Lettice.

"Starved to death," observed the general, "I take to be merely a poetic exaggeration of yours, captain. But do you mean to say that young man is literally in distressed circumstances?"

"The most urgently distressing circumstances, sir. The fact is, that he inherited nothing from his father but a most scandalous list of debts, which he most honorably sold every farthing of his own little property to pay—relying for his subsistance upon the small stipend he was to receive from Mr. Thomas. You don't like Mr. Thomas, sir."

"Who would like such a stupid old drone?"

"He's a worthy old fellow, nevertheless. Though his living is a very poor one, he has acted with great liberality to James St. Leger. The poor fellow has lost his voice: you would perceive in conversation how very feeble and uncertain it was. It is utterly powerless in the reading-desk; and yet Mr. Thomas has insisted upon retaining him—paying his salary, and doing all the duty himself. As long as there was any hope of recovery, to this St. Leger most unwillingly submitted; but, now he despairs of ever again being useful, it is plain it can no longer be done."

"And what is to become of him?" exclaimed Lettice.

She knew what it was to be utterly without resource—she knew how possible it was for such things to happen in this world—she knew what it was to be hungry and to want bread, and be without the means of assistance—to be friendless, helpless, and abandoned by all.

"What is to be done?" she cried.

"What is to be done?" said the general, rather testily. "Why, the young fellow must turn his hand to something else. None but a fool *starves*."

"Ay, but," said Edgar, shaking his head, "but what *is* that something? I see no prospect for one incapacitated by his cloth for enlisting as a soldier or standing behind a counter, and by his illness for doing any thing consistent with his profession."

"I should think he might write a canting book," said the general with a sneer; "*that* would be sure to sell."

"Whatever book St. Leger wrote," Edgar answered coldly, "would be a good one, whether *canting* or not. But he can not write a book. The fatigue, the stooping, would be intolerable to his chest in its present irritable state. Besides, if he did write a book, it's a hundred to one whether he got any thing for it; and, moreover, the book is not written; and there is an old proverb which says, while the grass grows the horse starves. He literally *will* starve, if some expedient can not be hit upon."

"And that is too, too dreadful to think of," cried Mrs. Melwyn piteously. "Oh, general!"

"Oh, papa! oh, Edgar! Can you think of nothing?" added Catharine in the same tone.

"It would be a pity he should starve; for he is a remarkably gentlemanlike, agreeable fellow," observed the general. "Edgar, do you know what was meant by the term, one meets with in old books about manners, of 'led captain?' I wish to heaven *I* could have a led captain like that."

"Oh, there was the chaplain as well as the led captain in those days, papa," said Catherine, readily. "Dearest papa, if one could but persuade you you wanted a domestic chaplain."

"Well, and what did the chaplain do in those days, Mrs. Pert?"

"Why, he sat at the bottom of the table, and carved the sirloin."

"And he read, and played at backgammon—when he was wanted, I believe," put in Edgar.

"And he did a great deal more," added Catherine in a graver tone. "He kept the accounts, and looked after important business for his patron."

"And visited the poor and was the almoner and their friend," said Lettice in a low voice.

"And played at bowls, and drank—"

Catherine put her hand playfully over the general's mouth.

"Don't, dear papa—you must *not*—you must not, indeed. Do you know this irreverence in speaking of the members of so sacred a profession is not at all what ought to be done. Don't Edgar. Dear papa, I may be foolish, but I do *so* dislike it."

"Well, well, well—any thing for a quiet life."

"But to resume the subject," locking her arm in his, and smiling with a sweetness which no one, far least he, could resist. "Really and seriously I do think it would be an excellent thing if you would ask Mr. St. Leger to be your domestic chaplain."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Not such stuff and nonsense as you think. Here's our darling Lettice—think what a comfort she has been to mamma, and think what a pleasant thing it would be for you to have a confidential and an agreeable friend at your elbow—just as mamma has in Lettice. Hide your face, Lettice, if you can't bear to be praised a little before it; but I will have it done, for I

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see you don't like it. But, papa, you see things are getting a good deal into disorder, they say, upon your property out of doors, just for want of some one to look after them. I verily believe, that if we could persuade this young gentleman to come and do this for you, he would save you a vast deal of money."

The general made no answer. He sank back in his chair, and seemed to meditate. At last, turning to Edgar, he said,

"That little wife of yours is really not such a fool as some might suppose her to be, captain."

"Really—"

"What say you, Mrs. Melwyn? Is there any sense in the young lady's suggestion, or is there not? What says Miss Arnold? Come, let us put it to the vote."

Mrs. Melwyn smiled. Catherine applauded and laughed, and kissed her father, and declared he was the dearest piece of reasonableness in the world. And, in short, the project was discussed, and one said this, and the other said that, and after it had been talked over and commented upon, with a hint from one quarter, and a suggestion from another, and so on, it began to take a very feasible and inviting shape.

Nothing could be more true than a person of this description in the family was terribly wanted. The general was becoming every day less able and less inclined to look after his own affairs. Things were mismanaged, and he was robbed in the most notorious and unblushing manner. This must be seen to. Of this Edgar and Catherine had been upon their return speedily aware. The difficulty was how to get it done; and whom to trust in their absence; which would soon, owing to the calls of the service, take place again, and for an indefinite period of time.

Mr. St. Leger seemed the very person for such an office, could he be persuaded to undertake it; and his extremity was such, that, however little agreeable to such a man the proposal might be, it appeared not impossible that he might entertain it. Then he had made himself so much favor with the general, that one difficulty, and the greatest, was already overcome.

Mrs. Melwyn seconded their designs with her most fervent wishes. She could not venture to do much more.

To have expressed her sentiments upon the subject—to have said how much she felt the necessity of some such plan, and how ardently she desired that it might be carried into execution, would have been one very likely reason for setting her wayward old partner against it.

She had found so much happiness in the possession of Lettice as a friend, that she anticipated every possible advantage from a similar arrangement for the general.

You may remark as you go along, that it was because Lettice had so admirably performed her own part, that the whole family were so desirous of repeating it under other circumstances. Such are among the incidental—if I may call them so—fruits of good conduct.

If the vices spread wide their devastating influences—the virtues extend their blessings a thousand fold.

The general did not want for observation He had estimated the good which had arisen from the admission of Lettice Arnold into his family, and he felt well inclined to the scheme of having a companion of his own. He could even tolerate the idea of a species of domestic chaplain; provided the personage so designated would look to his home farm and keep his accounts.

The proposal was made to Mr. St. Leger.

He hesitated. Edgar expected that he would.

"I do not know," he said. "I feel as if I were, in some measure, running the risk of degrading my holy office, by accepting, merely for my personal convenience, a dependent position, where certain compliances, as a necessary condition, might be expected, which are contrary to my views of things."

"Why so? I assure you, upon my honor, nothing of that sort is to be apprehended. These are really very well meaning people, and you may serve them more than you seem aware. The part of domestic chaplain is not held beneath the members of your church. I own this is not a noble family, and doubt whether you can legitimately claim the title. Yet the office is the same."

"Yes—if I may perform the duties of that office. On that condition alone, will I entertain the thought of it for a moment. And I must add, that as soon as ever I am in a condition—if that time ever arrives—to resume my public duties, I am to be allowed to do so."

"Unquestionably."

"And, that while I reside under the general's roof, I may carry out certain reforms which I believe to be greatly wanted."

"No doubt."

"And that I shall be enabled to assist Mr. Thomas in the care of this extremity of his large parish, which so deplorably requires looking after."

The general grumbled a little at some of these conditions, but finally consented to all.

He was getting an old man. Perhaps he was not sorry—though he thought it due to those ancient prejudices of his profession, I am happy to say now fast growing obsolete, to appear so—perhaps he was not really sorry, now the wheel was beginning to pause at the cistern, and the darkness of age was closing around him, to have some one in his household to call his attention to things which he began to feel had been neglected too long.

Perhaps he was not sorry to allow family prayer in a mansion, where the voice of united family prayer had, till then, never been heard. To anticipate a little—I may add, as certain, that he, who began with never attending at all, was known to drop in once or twice; and ended by scolding Lettice heartily in a morning if there was any danger of her not having bound up his arm in time for him to be present.

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His gray venerable head—his broken, but still manly figure—his wrinkled face—his still keen blue eye, might be seen at last amid his household. The eye fixed in a sort of determined attention—the lips muttering the prayer—a sort of child in religion still—yet far to seek in many things; but accepted, we will hope, as a child.

He could share, too, as afterward appeared, in the interest which Mrs. Melwyn and Lettice, after Mr. St. Leger's arrival, ventured openly to take in the concerns of the poor; and even in the establishment of a school, against which, with an obstinate prejudice against the education of the lower classes, the general had long so decidedly set his face.

In short, having accepted all the conditions upon which alone St. Leger, even in the extremity of his need, could be persuaded to accept a place in his family, the old soldier ended by taking great comfort, great interest, great pleasure, in all the improvements that were effected.

One difficulty presented itself in making the arrangement; and this came from a quarter quite unexpected by Catherine—from poor Mrs. Melwyn.

"Ah, Catherine," said she, coming into her room, and looking most nervous and distressed, "take care what you and Edgar are about, in bringing this Mr. St. Leger into the family. Suppose he should fall in love with Lettice?"

"Well, mamma, suppose he should—where would be the dreadful harm of that?" said Catherine, laughing.

"Ah, my dear! Pray, don't laugh, Catherine. What *would* become of us all?"

"Why, what would become of you all?"

"I'm sure I don't wish to be selfish. I should hate myself if I were. But what *could* we do without Lettice? Dear Catherine! only think of it. And that would not be the worst. They could not marry—for they would have nothing to live upon if they left us—so they would both be miserable. For they *could* neither go nor stay. It would be impossible for them to go on living together here, if they were attached to each other and could never be married. And so miserable as they would be, Catherine, it makes me wretched to think of it."

"Ah! dear, sweet mother, don't take up wretchedness at interest—that's my own mother. They're not going to fall in love. Mr. St. Leger looks not the least inclined that way."

"Ah, that's easily said, but suppose they *did?*"

"Well, suppose they did. I see no great harm in it; may I confess to you, mother, for my part, I should be secretly quite glad of it."

"Oh, Catherine! how *can* you talk so? What would be *done?*"

"Done! Why, let them marry to be sure, and live on here."

"Live on here! Who on earth ever heard of such a scheme! Dearest child, you are too romantic. You are almost absurd, my sweet Catherine—forgive your poor mother for saying so."

"No, that I won't," kissing her with that playful tenderness which so well became her, "that I won't, naughty mamma. Because, do you know, you say the most unjust thing in the world when you call me romantic. Why, only ask papa, ask Edgar, ask Mrs. Danvers, ask any body, if I am not common-sense personified."

"If I asked your papa, my dear girl, he would only say you had a way of persuading one into any thing, even into believing you had more head than heart, my own darling," said the fond mother, her pale cheek glowing, and those soft eyes swimming in delight, as she looked upon her daughter.

"That's right; and now you have acknowledged so much, my blessed mother, I am going to sit down by you, and seriously to give you my well weighed opinions upon this most weighty matter." So Catherine drew a low stool, and sat too down by her mother's knee, and threw her arm over her lap, and looked up in her face and began her discourse.

"First of all, then, dearest mamma, I think you a little take up anxiety at interest in this case. I really never did see a man that seemed to me less likely to fall in love imprudently than this Mr. St. Leger. He is so extremely grave and sedate, so serious, and so melancholy, and he seems so completely to have done with this world—it has, indeed, proved a bitter world to him—and to have so entirely placed his thoughts upon another, that I think the probability very remote indeed, if to the shadow of any thing above a possibility it amounts, of his ever taking sufficient interest in present things to turn his thoughts upon his own happiness. He seems absorbed in the performance of the duties to which he has devoted himself. Secondly, this being my idea of the state of the case, I have not the slightest apprehension in the world for dear Lettice's happiness; because I know what a sensible, kind, and what a well regulated heart hers is, and that she is far too good and right-minded to attach herself in any way beyond mere benevolence, and friendship, and so forth, where there was not a prospect of an adequate return."

"Oh, yes! my love, very true; yet, Catherine, you admit the *possi*bility, however remote, of what I fear. And then what *would* become of us all? Surely, it is not right to shut our eyes to this possibility."

"Why, mamma, I don't deny the possibility you speak of, and I quite see how wrong it would be to shut our eyes to it; but just listen to me, dearest mother, and don't call me wild and romantic till you have heard me out."

"Well, my love, go on; I am all attention."

"I should think it really, the most ridiculous thing in the world," and she laughed a little to herself, "to enter so seriously into this matter, if Edgar and I, alas! were not ordered away in so short a time, and I fear my dearest mamma will be anxious and uncomfortable after I am

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gone—about this *possi*bility, if we do not settle plans a little, and agree what ought, and what could be done, supposing this horrible contingency to arise."

"How well you understand your poor mother, love! Yes; that is just it. Only let me have the worst placed steadily before my eyes, and the remedies, if any, proposed, or if none, the state of the case acknowledged, and I can bear the contemplation of almost any thing. I think it is not patience, but courage, that your poor mother wants, my child. Uncertainty—any thing that is vague—the evils of which are undefined, seems to swell into such terrific magnitude. I am like a poor frightened child, Catherine; the glimmering twilight is full of monstrous spectres to me."

"Yes, mamma, I believe that is a good deal the case with most of us; but more especially with those who have so much sensibility and such delicate nerves as you have. How I adore you, dear mother, for the patient sweetness with which you bear that trying sort of constitution."

"Dear child!"

"Well, then, mother, to look this evil steadily in the face, as you say. Suppose Lettice and Mr. St. Leger *were* to form an attachment for each other, what should hinder them from marrying?"

"Ah, my dear, that was what I said before, what *would* become of them—they must starve."

"Why so? why not live on here?"

"Nay, Catherine, you made me promise not to call you romantic, but who ever heard of such an out-of-the-way scheme. A young married couple, living in the condition of domestic companions to people, and in another man's house. Utterly impossible—what nobody ever attempted to do—utterly out of the question."

"Well, mamma, I, for one, think that a great many rather out-of-the-way plans, which, nevertheless, might make people very happy, are often rejected—merely because 'nobody ever heard of such a thing,' or, 'nobody ever thought of doing so, and therefore it is utterly impossible.' . . . . . But I think I have observed that those who, in their own private arrangements, have had the courage, upon well considered grounds—mind I say upon *well considered grounds*—to overlook the consideration of nobody ever having thought of doing such a thing before—have found their account in it, and a vast deal of happiness has been secured which would otherwise have been quite lost."

"As how, Catherine. Give me instances. I don't quite follow you."

"Why, in marriages, for instance, then, such cases arise very often. Late marriages for one—between people quite advanced in years—which the world often laugh and sneer at. Most wrongly in my opinion—for through them how often do we see what would otherwise have been a solitary old age, rendered cheerful and comfortable; and sometimes a weary, disappointed life, consoled by a sweet friendship and affection at its close. Then, there are marriages founded upon reason and arrangement; such as when an ugly man with an ungraceful manner, yet perhaps a good heart and head, and with it plenty of money, marries one rather his inferior in social rank, whom his circumstances enable him to indulge with many new sources of enjoyment, and who in return is grateful for the elevation, and proud of a husband young ladies of his own class might have looked down upon. Then there might be another arrangement, which is, indeed, at present, I own, almost a romance, it is so rarely entered into. I mean, supposing single women from different families, somewhat advanced in life, were to put their little fortunes together, and form a household, wherein, by their united means, they might live easily—instead of almost in penury alone. In short, the instances are innumerable, in which, I think, the path a little out of the ordinary course, is the wisest a person can pursue."

"Go on, my love, you talk so prettily, I like to hear you."

The daughter kissed the soft white hand she held in hers—white it was as the fairest wax, and still most beautiful. The signs of age were only discernible in the wasting blue veins having become a little too obvious.

"Well, then, mamma, to draw my inference. I think, under the peculiar circumstances of our family, you, who are so in want of children and companions, could not do better, than if these two valuable creatures *did* attach themselves to one another, to let them marry and retain them as long as they were so minded under your roof."

"My goodness, child!"

"I have planned it all. This house is so big. I should allot them an apartment at the east end of it. Quite away from the drawing-room and yours and my father's rooms—where they might feel as much at home as it is possible for people to feel in another man's house. I should increase their salary—by opening a policy upon their lives; as a provision for their children if they had any. A large provision of this sort would not be needed. It is not to be supposed their children would not have to earn their own living as their parents had done before them. Why should they not? *Nota bene*—Edgar and I hold that the rage for making children independent, as it is called—that is, enabling them just to exist, doing nothing, so as just to keep them from starving upon a minimum income, is a very foolish thing among those whose habits of life render no such independence necessary, and who have never thought of enjoying this exemption from labor in their own case."

"But, your father! And then, suppose they got tired of the plan, and longed for a house of their own?"

"My father is much more easily persuaded to what is good for him, than we used to think, dear mother. See how nice he has been about Lettice and this Mr. St. Leger. As to their

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wishing at last for a home of their own, that is possible I allow; but think, sweetest mother, of the pleasure of rewarding this dear, good girl, by making her happy. As for the rest, fear not, mamma. God will provide."

Mrs. Melwyn made no answer. But she listened more comfortably. The nervous, anxious, harassed expression of face, which Catherine knew but too well, began to compose, and her countenance to resume its sweet and tranquil smile.

"Mind, dear mamma, after all I am only speaking of the remote possibility, and what might be done. You would have such pleasure in carrying out the scheme. Oh! I do wish there were but a chance of it—really I can't help it, mamma—it would be so nice;" said the sanguine, kind-hearted Catherine.

CHAPTER X.

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
GOLDSMITH.

ACCORDINGLY, Mr. St. Leger, his objections having been overruled by Edgar, accepted the place offered him in General Melwyn's family.

In old times it would probably have been called, what it literally was, that of domestic chaplain; and the dignity of the name, the defined office, and the authority in the household which it implies, would not have been without their use—but, in spite of the want of these advantages, Mr. St. Leger managed to perform the duties, which, in his opinion, attached to the office, to the satisfaction of every one.

It had not been without considerable difficulty and hesitation that he had persuaded himself to enter into the plan. He had scruples, as we have seen; and he had, moreover, an almost invincible dislike to any thing approaching to family dependence.

The extremity of his circumstances, however, made him, upon a little consideration, feel that the indulgence of these latter mentioned feelings of pride and delicacy, was not only unreasonable but almost positively wrong. And, as for the scruples connected with his profession, Edgar did not find it difficult to dissipate them.

He set forth, what was in truth the present state of the family at the Hazels, and enlarged upon the very great need there was for the introduction of more religious views than now prevailed. According to a fashion almost universally prevalent when General Melwyn was young, except with those of professed religious habits, and who were universally stigmatized as Methodists, family prayer had been utterly neglected in his family. And, notwithstanding the better discipline maintained since the evil star of Randall had sunk beneath the horizon, not the slightest approach to regularity, in this respect, had been as yet made. Mrs. Melwyn was personallv pious, though in a timid and unconfiding way, her religion doing little to support and strengthen her mind; but the general, though he did not live, as many of his generation were doing, in the open profession of skepticism, and that contempt for the Bible, which people brought up when Tom Paine passed for a great genius, used to reckon so clever, yet it was but too probable that he never approached his Creator, in the course of the twenty-four hours, in any way; nor had he done so, since he was a child at his mother's knee.

The young captain and his lady were blest with loving, pious, simple dispositions. They loved one another—they delighted in the dear, happy world in which they lived, and in the sweet little creature, their own darling and most precious possession, and they both loved, and most gratefully served their God, who had given them all these good things, and loved him with the full warmth of their feeling hearts. They showed their reverence for divine things by every means in their power: and though they were not of those who go about hurling the awful vengeance of God, upon all they may think less pious than themselves, they were naturally anxious, and as advancing years brought increase of serious thought, they became more and more anxious that their parents should share the consolations, and their household the moral guidance to be derived from a better system.

Then, as I hinted to you before, in anticipation of this change, there had been a very serious neglect, upon the part of this family, of all those duties connected with the poor and ignorant. None of those efforts were here made to assist in softening the evils of destitution, or in forwarding the instruction of the young, which almost every body, nowadays, considers such obvious duties.

Such were among the considerations urged by Edgar, and to such Mr. St. Leger yielded.

The general was profuse in his offers as regarded salary, and gave Edgar a *carte blanche* upon the matter; but Mr. St. Leger would only accept of one hundred a year, and this, with the stipulation that so soon as the state of his health would enable him, he should be at liberty to undertake the duties belonging to a curate for Mr. Thomas, without diminishing that gentleman's slender stipend by receiving any remuneration from his hands.

This last part of the arrangement was particularly acceptable to Mr. St. Leger, as he thought with the highest satisfaction upon the probability now opening of resuming his clerical duties, and of thus being able to repay the debt of gratitude he felt to be owing to the good old vicar.

And now behold Mr. St. Leger introduced as a member of the family at the Hazels, and shedding, on his part, as Lettice had before him done, upon hers, a new set of benign influences upon this household.

He was installed the first day by the general,

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with much politeness and some little formality, in Edgar's place, at the bottom of the table; that young gentleman having made it his particular request that he might see his friend sitting there before his departure. With due gravity was all this done; while Edgar, chuckling with delight, came and popped down in his place by the side of his wife.

The young stranger, looking extremely quiet and composed, without fuss, ceremony, or hurry, took the place appointed to him; but, before seating himself, with a serious air, he opened his ministerial functions, by saying grace.

Not as the general was wont to say it—for say it he did, more as if making a grimace than even as going through a form—but so impressively and reverently, though very briefly, that the hearts of those about to sit down, were touched, and they were reminded in spite of themselves, as they ought to be reminded, that there is One above all who is the Giver of these good things.

The scene was striking. The very footmen—the officer's footmen—paused, napkin in hand; astonished—awe-struck by the service. They stood and stared with vacant eyes, but remained stock still.

That over, the dinner went on as usual. People ate and drank with cheerful enjoyment. They all, indeed, felt particularly warm-hearted and comfortable that day. A sort of genial glow seemed to pervade the little party. The footmen rushed about more light-footed and assiduous than ever; and, be it observed to their credit, they were all, without exception, most particularly attentive to the new comer.

In the evening, at ten o'clock, the bell rang for prayers.

Mr. St. Leger, be it understood, had not stipulated for obligatory attendance upon this service—only for the right to have candles in the library, and of reading prayers to such as might choose to come; but Mrs. Melwyn had ordered the servants to attend; and she, and Edgar, and Catherine, were also there, leaving poor Lettice to take charge of the general.

The service was short, but impressive, as the grace had been before. It was necessarily very brief, for the voice of the fair and delicate young man, looking, indeed, as we might imagine one of the angels of the churches, figured in Scripture, was so extremely feeble that more he could not do.

But even if he had possessed the power, I question whether much more he would have done, he looked upon impressive brevity as the very soul of such exercises in a family like the present.

Poor Lettice! how hard she found it that evening to remain playing backgammon with the general, when the rest went out of the room. Going to attend those services to which she had been accustomed in the house of her father; and after which, during her stay here, her heart had so often yearned; but it could not be.

She was, however, consoled by a whisper from Catherine, as she came back, passing her upon her way to take her place by the fire.

"To-morrow you go and I stay. We will take it in turns."

The new plans were of course—as what taking place in a family is not—discussed in full conclave that evening over the kitchen fire.

The servants all came back and assembled round it preparatory to washing up and going to bed; for though it was summer and warm weather, what servant in the world does not enjoy the kitchen fire in the evening, be the weather what it may? And, to tell truth, there are not a few in the parlor, who usually would be glad to share the privilege; but to proceed.

"Well, Thomas, how do *you* like these new ways of going on?" asked Mary, the serious, stiff, time-dried, and smoke-dyed head-laundress—a personage of unknown antiquity, and who had been in the family ever since it was a family—addressing the fine powdered gentleman in silk stockings, and pink, white, and silver livery, who leaned negligently against the chimney-piece.

"For my part, I'm glad, indeed, to see serious ways taken up in this house; but how will it suit the rest of you? And especially you, my fine young gentleman?"

"Why," answered Thomas, assuming a grave and thoughtful aspect, "I'm going to confess something which will, perhaps, astonish you, Mistress Mary—and thus it is—if I'd been told twelve months ago that such new regulations were to be introduced into this household, I have very great doubts whether I could have made up my mind to have submitted to them; but within these few hours, d'ye see, there's been a change."

"Bravo, Thomas!" said the butler; "a conversion like—I've heard of such things in my time."

"Call it what you will, Mr. Buckminster, I call it a change—for a change there has been."

"What! well! what!" from different voices round. "Do tell us all about it."

"Why, Charles, you were there; and Mr. Buckminster, you were there too. But Charles is young and giddy; and Mr. Buckminster being always rather of the serious order, very probably the effect you see was not produced so strongly upon either of them as upon me."

"What effect? Well—"

"Why of the grace, as was said before they sat down to dinner."

"The grace! Was it the first time you ever heard grace said, you booby?"

"Yes, I'd heard grace said—I should suppose as often as any as may be here—though, perhaps, not so sensible to its importance and value as some present, meaning you, Mistress Mary. The general, for one, never used to omit it; but, save us! in what a scuffling careless manner it was said. I protest to you, I thought no more of it than of Mr. Buckminster taking off the covers and handing them to me. Just as a nec-

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essary preliminary, as they say, to the dinner, and nothing on earth more."

"Well, do go on, Thomas. It's very *interesting*," said Mistress Mary, and the rest gathered closer, all attention.

"Well, I was a-going to go scuttling about just as usual, thinking only of not making any noise lest I should see the general—heeding no more of the grace than of what cook was doing at her fire—when that young gentleman, as is come newly among us, bent forward and began to speak it. The effect upon me was wonderful—it was electric—Mr. Buckminster, you know what I mean: I stood as one arrested—I couldn't have moved or *not* cared if it had been never so—I really couldn't. It seemed to me as if he truly *was* thanking God for the good things that were set before them. Their plenty, and their comfort, and their abundance; it seemed to me as if things were opened to my mind—what I had never thought of before—who it was—who *did* give them, and us after them, all sorts of delicacies, and food, and drink, when others might be wanting a morsel of bread; and I seemed to be standing before Him—I felt need to thank Him with the rest..... All this flashed through me like lightning; but he had done in a moment, and they all sat down."

"How beautiful Thomas does talk when he has a mind," whispered the under-housemaid to the under-laundry-maid. "What a fine tall young man he is, and what a gift of the gab."

"Well," said the rest, "go on—is there any more?"

"Yes, there is more. Someway, I could not get it out of my head—I kept thinking of it all dinner. It was as much as I could do to mind what I was about; and once I made such a clatter in putting a knife and fork upon a plate, that if it hadn't been for the greatest good luck in the world, I should have got it. But the general was talking quite complacent like with the two young gentlemen, and by huge good fortune never heeded."

"Well!"

"Well, when I got into the pantry and began washing up, I had more time for quiet reflection. And this is what I thought. What a lot of lubberly, inanimated, ungrateful, stupid slaves we all must be. Here, serving an earthly master, to the best of our abilities, for a few beggarly pounds, and for his meat and drink and fine clothing; and very well contented, moreover, when there's roast beef of a Sunday, or plum-pudding, and a glass of wine besides on a wedding-day or a birth-day; and thank him, and feel pleased with him, and anxious next day to do better than ordinary, mayhap—And there's the Great Master—the Lord and Giver of all, who made us by his hand, and created us by his power, and feeds us by his bounty, and shelters us by his care; and all for no good of his, but ours—simply ours. For what's he to get of it, but the satisfaction of his merciful and generous spirit, when he sees his poor creatures happy?..... And we are such dolts! such asses! such brute beasts! such stocks! such stones! that here we go on from day to day, enjoying the life he gives us, eating the bread and meat he gives us, drinking his good refreshments, resting upon his warm beds, and so on..... Every day, and every day, and every day—and who among us, I, most especially for one, ever thinks, except may be by scuttling through a few rigmarole words—ever thinks, I say, of thanking *Him* for it—of lifting up a warm, honest heart, of true real thanking, I mean? Of loving Him the better, and trying to serve and please Him the better—when He, great and powerful as He is—Lord of all the lords, emperors, and kings, that ever wore crowns and coronets in this world—condescends to *let* us thank Him, to *like* us to thank Him, and to take pleasure in our humble love and service!"

He paused—every eye was fixed upon the speaker.

"And, therefore, continued Thomas, turning to the laundry-maid, who stood there with a tear in her eye; "therefore, Mistress Mary, I *am* pleased with, and I do *like* these new ways of going on, as you say; and I bless God, and hope to do it well in my prayers this night, for having at last made of us what I call a regular Christian family."

I have told you, a little in the way of anticipation, that the popularity of Mr. St. Leger's new measures was not confined to the kitchen; but that the general, by slow steps, gradually conformed to the new usages established at the Hazels.

Lettice and Catherine had not long to take it it turns to stay out with him, playing backgammon, at the time of evening prayers.

At first it was a polite—"Oh, pray don't think of staying in the drawing-room upon my account; I can do very well by myself."..... Next it was, "Nay, rather than that, I will go into the library too; why should I not?" He began to feel, at first, probably, from a vague sense of propriety only, but before long from better reasons, that it was not very seemly for the master of the house alone to be absent, when the worship of God was going on in his family.

So there he might, as I told you, ere long be seen, regularly at night—in the morning more and more regularly—muttering the responses between his teeth at first; at length, saying them aloud, and with greater emphasis than any of the rest of the little congregation. His once majestic figure, now bent with age, towering above the rest; and his eagle eye of authority, still astonishingly piercing, rolling round from time to time, upon the watch to detect and rebuke, by a glance, the slightest sign of inattention upon the part of any of those assembled.

It was a beautiful picture that evening meeting for prayer, for the library was a very ancient room, it having retained the old fittings put in at the time the Hazels was built, some three half centuries ago. The massive and handsome

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book-cases of dark oak; the family pictures, grim with age, which hung above them; the urns and heads of old philosophers and poets adorning the cornice; the lofty chimney-piece, with the family arms carved and emblazoned over it; the massive oaken chairs, with their dark-green morocco cushions; the reading-desk; the large library table, covered with portfolios of rare prints; and large books containing fine illustrated editions of the standard authors of England; gave a somewhat serious, almost religious aspect to the apartment.

Mrs. Melwyn, in her soft gray silks and fine laces; her fair, colorless cheek; her tender eyes bent downward; her devout, gentle, meek, humble attitude and expression; Catherine by her side, in all the full bloom of health and happiness; that charming-looking, handsome Edgar; and Lettice, with so much character in her countenance, seated upon one side of the room, formed a charming row of listening faces, with this rugged, magnificent-looking old general at their head.

On the opposite side were—the grave, stern, old housekeeper, so fat, so grave, and so imposing; Mrs. Melwyn's new maid, a pretty young woman, in the lightest possible apology for a cap, trimmed with pink ribbons; the laundry-maid, so serious, and sitting stiff and starched as one of her own clear muslins; the cook and housemaid looking as attentive as they could; and the under-servants staring with vacant eyes—eyes that looked as if they were ready to drop out of their heads; Mr. Buckminster, as the charming Dickens has it, *so* "respectable;" Thomas, all spirit and enthusiasm; and Charles doing all in his power not to fall asleep.

At the table the young minister, with that interesting and most delicate face of his; his tall, wasted figure bending forward, his fair, emaciated hands resting upon the book, from which, in a voice low and feeble, but most penetrating and sweet, he read.

They would come back to the drawing-room in such a composed, happy, cheerful frame of mind. The general more remarkably so. He felt more self-satisfaction than the others; because the course of proceeding was so new to him that he imagined it to be very particularly meritorious. A bit of a pharisee you will think—but not the least of that, I assure you. Only people, at their first trying of such paths, do often find them most peculiarly paths of pleasantness and ways of peace; and, this sort of peace, this being at ease with the conscience, is, to be sure, very soothing and comfortable.

In short, nothing could proceed better than things did; and every one was quite content but the charming match-maker, Catherine.

She watched, and watched with the greatest interest; but watch as she might, she could detect no symptoms of falling in love upon the part of Mr. St. Leger.

He spent, indeed, the whole of his mornings either in his own room or in the library, absorbed in the books of divinity, of which there happened to be a very valuable collection; a collection which had slept undisturbed upon the shelves for many and many a long year. These afforded to him a source of interest and improvement which he had never enjoyed since he had left the too often neglected library of the small college where he had been educated. He was ready to devour them. Every moment of time he considered his own—and the whole of the morning was chiefly at his disposal—was devoted to them; with the exception, be it mentioned, of a large portion, which, when the weather would allow, was spent in visiting among the poor at that end of the parish.

At dinner Mr. St. Leger for the first time joined the family party. When he did, however, it must be confessed, he made ample amends for his absence, and was excessively agreeable. He had great powers of conversation, and evidently considered it his duty to exert himself to raise the tone of conversation at the general's table, so as to make the time pass pleasantly with the old man. In this Edgar and Catherine seconded him to the best of their power.

Lettice said little. She sat at the bottom of the table, by Mr. St. Leger; but though he often addressed her—taking care that she should not feel left out—as did Catherine also, she was very silent. She had not, indeed, much that she could venture to say. When conversation took this higher tone, she felt afraid of her own ignorance; and then she first knew what it was to lament not having had a better education.

As they grew more intimate—for people who sit side by side at dinner every day can not help growing intimate—Mr. St. Leger would gently remark upon this reserve; and one day he began to speak openly upon the subject. He had attributed her silence, I believe, to a bashful feeling of inferiority in rank; for her face was so intelligent and full of meaning, that he did not divine its real cause, so he said, with a certain gentle abruptness which became him much:

"I have discovered a fault in you, Miss Arnold, at last; though every body here seems to think it impossible you should have one. May I tell you of it?"

"Oh! if you once begin with my faults, I am afraid you will never have done. I know the length of the score that might be summed up against me, though others are so good-natured as to forget it. Yes, indeed, I shall be much obliged to you."

"Don't you think it is the duty of all to exert themselves in a family party, to make conversation circulate in an agreeable manner?"

"To be sure, I do—and" . . . how well you perform that duty, she was prompted to say, but she did not. She hesitated a little, and then added—"And, perhaps, you think I do not do that so much as I ought to do."

"Precisely. You will not be angry. No, you can not be angry. You never are. The most trying and provoking things, I observe, can not ruffle you. So I will venture to say, that I think you don't play fair by me. We are

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both here chiefly to make ourselves agreeable, I believe; and I sometimes wish I had a little more assistance in that duty from one who, I am sure, could perform it admirably, if she so pleased."

Lettice shook her head. Then she said, with her usual simplicity, "I used to talk more before you came."

"Did you? But that's not quite generous, is it, to throw the whole burden upon me now I *am* come, instead of sharing it? Why will you not talk now?"

"Simply, because I can't. Oh, Mr. St. Leger! the talk is so different since you came here, and I feel my own incapacity so sadly—my own ignorance so forcibly—I should say so painfully; but that, indeed, is not my own fault, and that takes the worst pain, you know, out of things."

"Ignorant!" he said: "of what?"

"Of all these things you talk about. I used to pick up a little from the newspapers, but now I have done reading them I seem literally to know nothing."

"Nothing! Nothing about books, I suppose you mean; for you seem to me to understand men and things better than most people I have met with."

"I have experienced more, perhaps, than most girls of my age have done, through my poverty and misfortunes; but what is that?"

"Ah, Miss Arnold! what is it but the best part of all knowledge; to understand one's self and others; the best of all possessions; to possess one's own spirit. But I beg your pardon, I will only add, that I do not, by what I say, intend at all to undervalue the advantages of reading, or the happiness of having a love of reading. Do you love reading?"

"Why, I don't quite know. I find the books I read aloud to Mrs. Melwyn often very tiresome, I must confess."

"And what sort of books do you read to Mrs. Melwyn?"

"Why, only two sorts—novels and essays."

He laughed a little, in his quiet way, and then said, "I wonder at any young lady disliking novels; I thought it was the very reading they liked best; but as for essays, with very few exceptions, I must own I share in your distaste for them."

"I can't understand them very often. I am ashamed to say it; but the writers use such fine language and such strange new words, and then they go over and over again upon the same thought, and illustrate it twenty different ways, when one happy illustration, I think, would be so much better; I like a writer who marches promptly through a subject; those essayists seem as if they never could have done."

"What you say is just, in many instances, I think. It is a pity you have not tried other reading. History, travels, poetry; you can not think how pleasantly such subjects seem to fill and enlarge the mind. And if you have a little time of your own, you can not easily believe, perhaps, how much may be done. Even with an hour each day, of steady reading, a vast deal."

"Ah! but where shall I begin? Every body reads Hume's History of England first, and I have never even done that; and if I were to begin I should never get to the end of it."

"Oh, yes, but you would, and be surprised to find how soon that end had arrived, and what a pleasant journey you had made. But if you are frightened at Hume, and I own he *looks* formidable, let me select you something in the library, to commence operations with, which will not be quite so alarming."

"Oh! if you would . . . ."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world. If you will allow me to assist you a little in the choice of your books, I think, with the virtue of perseverance—and I know you have all the virtues—you would get through a good deal in a comparatively short space of time; and when I reflect how much it would add to your happiness, as it does to every one's happiness, I confess I can not feel easy till I have set you going."

This conversation had been carried on in a low voice, while the rest had been talking over some family matters together. The speakers at the head of the table stopped, and the silence aroused the two. Catherine glanced at them suddenly; she saw Lettice color a little, but Mr. St. Leger preserved the most provoking composure.

The evenings Mr. St. Leger devoted exclusively to the good pleasure of the general. He read the newspapers, making them the vehicle of the most intelligent and agreeable comments, he looked out the places mentioned in the maps, and had something perpetually to say that was interesting of this or that. He answered every question the general wanted solved in the clev-erest manner; and, in short, he so won upon the old man's heart, that he became quite attached to him. The evenings, once so heavy, and spent in a sort of irritable fretfulness, became quite delightful to him: nor were they less delightful to others. At last, things came to that pass that the wearisome backgammon was given up, and reading aloud took its place. The ladies worked and read in turns, Edgar taking double tides, and Mr. St. Leger doing a little, which he insisted upon, assuring them that it did not hurt his chest at all. He was, indeed, getting stronger and better every day; he was a beautiful reader.

Lettice sat plying her busy needle, but with a countenance so filled with intelligent pleasure, that it is not to be wondered at if Mr. St. Leger, when his reading was over, and he had nothing else to do, and, the books being usually such as he was well acquainted with, not much at the moment to think of, took pleasure in observing her.

He had not forgotten his promise of selecting authors for her own private studies; he seemed to take much benevolent pleasure in endeavoring to compensate to this generous and excellent creature, for the intellectual disadvantages of a

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life devoted to others as hers had been. He usually, also, found or made an opportunity for talking over with her what she had been reading; and, he believed, in all sincerity, and so did she, that he was actuated in these proceedings merely, as I said, by the disinterested desire of offering compensation for past sacrifices; stimulated by the very high value he himself attached to mental cultivation, regarding it as the best source of independent happiness both for men and women.

But whatever were the motives with which he began this labor of kindness, it is certain as he proceeded therein a vast deal more interest and pleasure were mingled up with this little task than had been the case at first.

Her simple, unaffected purity of heart; her single-mindedness, unstained by selfish thought, pride, or vanity, or folly, in its simplicity and singleness of purpose, were displayed before him. The generous benevolence of purpose; the warm and grateful piety; the peculiar right-mindedness; the unaffected love for all that was excellent, true, good, or beautiful, and the happy facility of detecting all that was good or beneficial wherever it was to be found, and wherever observed; the sweet cheerfulness and repose of the character; that resemblance to a green field, which I have heard a husband of only too sensitive a nature gratefully attribute to his partner; all this worked strongly, though unmarked.

Mr. St. Leger began to experience a sense of a sweetness, solace, and enjoyment, in the presence of Lettice Arnold, that he had not found upon this earth for years, and which he never had hoped to find again.

But all this time he never dreamed of falling in love. His imagination never traveled so far as to think of such a thing as appropriating this rare blessing to himself. To live with her was his destiny at present, and that seemed happiness enough; and, indeed he scarcely had got so far as to acknowledge to his own heart, how much happiness that privilege conferred.

She, on her side, was equally tranquil, undisturbed by the slightest participation in the romance Catherine would so gladly have commenced. She went on contentedly, profiting by his instructions, delighting in his company, and adoring his goodness; but would as soon have thought of appropriating some "bright particular star" to herself as this gifted man.

She deemed him too infinitely her superior.

Well, it is no use keeping the matter in suspense any longer. You all see how it must end.

You do not fret and worry yourselves as Catherine did, and abuse Mr. St. Leger for his indifference. You see plainly enough that two such very nice people, and so excellently suited to each other, must, thrown together as they were every day, end by liking each other, which, but for the previous arrangements of the excellent Catherine, would have been a very perplexing business to all parties.

When at last—just before Edgar and his wife were going to sail for Canada, and he and she were making their farewell visit at the Hazels—when at last Mr. St. Leger, after having looked for two or three days very miserable, and having avoided every one, and particularly poor Lettice—to whom he had not spoken a word all that time, and who was miserable at the idea that she must have offended him—when at last, he took Edgar out walking, and then confessed that he thought it no longer right, safe, or honorable, for him to remain at the Hazels, finding, as he did, that one creature was becoming too dear to him; and he trembled every moment, lest by betraying his secret he might disturb her serenity. When at last the confession was made, and Edgar reported it to his wife—then Catherine was ready to jump for joy. In vain Edgar strove to look wise, and tell her to be reasonable. In vain he represented all the objections that must be urged against her out-of-the-way scheme, as he was ill-natured enough to call it. She would hear of none.

No, nothing. She was perfectly unreasonable—her husband told her so—but it was all in vain. Men are more easily discouraged at the idea of any proceeding out of the usual course than women are. They do not, I think, set so much value upon *abstract* happiness, if I may use the term: they think more of the attending circumstances, and less of that one ingredient—genuine happiness—than women do.

Catherine could and would think of nothing else, but how perfectly these two were suited to each other, and how excessively happy they would be.

Dear, good thing! how she labored in the cause, and what a world of contradiction and trouble she had to go through. First, there was Mr. St. Leger himself, to be persuaded to be happy upon her plan, the only possible plan under the circumstances; then there was Lettice to persuade that Mr. St. Leger's happiness and dignity would not be hazarded; then there was Edgar to reason out of calling her romantic; and last of all there was the general, for Mrs. Melwyn, I consider, as Catherine did, already persuaded.

This last task *did* appear formidable. She put it off as long as she could; she got every body else in the right frame of mind before she ventured upon it; she had persuaded both Edgar and Mrs. Melwyn to second her, if need were, and at length, with a dreadful feeling of trepidation, she broached the subject to the old veteran. With all the coolness she could muster she began her speech, and laid the whole matter before him. He did not interrupt her while she spoke by one single word, or remark good, bad, or indifferent. It was awful—her poor little heart fluttered, as if it were going to stop; she expected the storm every instant to burst forth in some terrible outbreak. She sat there shuddering at her own rashness. If even Edgar had called her absurd, what would her father do! If St. Leger himself had been so difficult to manage, what would the old

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general say! He said nothing. She would not be discouraged; she began to speak again, to recapitulate every argument; she warmed with the subject; she was earnest, eloquent, pathetic—tears were in the good creature's eyes; still he was silent. At last, wearied out with useless exertion, she ceased to urge the matter any further; and endeavoring to conquer her feelings of deep disappointment, looked up in his face to see whether the slightest relenting expression was visible in it. No; his eyes were fixed upon the floor; he seemed lost in deep thought.

"Papa," she ventured to say, "have you heard all I have been saying?"

"Yes, child."

Silence again for a few minutes, then—

"Catherine, did you ever know me do a good action in your life?"

"Dear papa, what a question!"

"Did you ever know me, I say, to do one thoroughly generous, benevolent action, without regard to self in the slightest degree—such as I call—such as alone merits the name of a really *good* action? If you ever did, I can't easily forgive you."

"Dearest papa! what have I done? Did I ever say? Did I ever hint? Dear papa!" and she looked ready to cry.

"Did you ever?—no—I know you never did."

"Don't say so—don't think so badly of me, papa."

"I'm not thinking badly of you, child—God forbid; for well he knows if I ever did one really generous, benevolent action—one without reference to self. . . . . Heaven bless thee, thou dearest thing, thy life seems only made up of such actions; but I say again, did you ever?—No; I know you never did—and I'll tell you why I know it."

"Ah, papa! What *can* you mean?"

"Because," he went on without seeming to mind her emotion, "because, I observe, that whenever you want to persuade other people—your mother, or Edgar, or Lettice, for instance—to do something you've set your heart upon, you hussy—you always enlarge upon the happiness it will give to other people; but when you're trying to come round me, you only talk of how comfortable it will make myself."

She could only utter a faint exclamation. The accusation, if accusation it may be called, was not to be denied.

"Now, Catherine, since this young man came into the house, what with his conversation, he's a most gentlemanlike, agreeable converser as ever I met with . . . . and the prayers, and the chapters, and such like; and, in short, a certain new tone of thought altogether; there has been gradually something new growing up in me. I have at times begun to think back upon my life, and to recollect what a nasty, mean, greedy, calculating, selfish fellow I've been throughout, never troubling myself about other people's comforts, or so on, but going on as if every body was only created to promote mine; and I'd have been glad, Catherine, before I went into my grave, which won't be long too—I own to you I would have been glad, for once in my life to have done a purely good, unselfish thing—made a sacrifice, as you pious folk call it; and, therefore, to own the truth, I have been very sorry, and could not help feeling disappointed, as here you've sat prosing this half hour and more, showing me what a great deal I was to get by this notable arrangement of yours."

"Papa!—dearest—dear papa!"

"Be quiet—I have indeed—I'd have liked to have had something to give up, instead of its being, as I verily believe it is, the most charmingly delightful scheme for your mother and me that ever was hit upon—for that man is the happiness of my life—my body's comfort and my soul's health—and Lettice is more like a dear child than any thing else to that poor mother of yours, whom I have not, perhaps, been so considerate of as I ought; and to have them thus fixed together in this house, is better luck than could be conceived, such as scarcely ever happens in this world to any body; and far better than I—almost better than your poor mother deserves. So you're a darling little courageous creature for planning it, when I'll be bound they all thought you a fool, so have it all your own way, and give your old father a kiss," which she joyfully did. "And now you go to Mr. St. Leger, and tell him from me, that if he consents to this scheme I shall esteem it the greatest favor and satisfaction that was ever conferred upon me in my life. I know what it is to be thus trusted by such a man—I know the confidence on his part which such an arrangement implies—and you may add, that if he will only extend to me his usual indulgence for human folly and frailty, I will do every thing that is in the power of an ill-tempered, good-for-nothing, selfish old fellow, to prevent him repenting his bargain. And tell Lettice she's a darling, excellent creature; and I have thought so long, though I have said little about it, and she has been like an angel of love and peace in our family; and if she will only go on as she has done, she will make us all as happy as the day is long; and tell your mother I wish I did not enjoy the thoughts of this so much myself, that I might have the pleasure of making an offering of my satisfaction to her."

"Dear!—dear beloved papa!"

"Stop a little, child; Edgar and you will have to pay the piper, you know."

"Oh, gladly! thankfully!"

"Because you see, my dear, if these two people marry and live with us, and become as children, I must treat them, in a manner, as children, and make a little codicil to my will; and you and Edgar will be something the worse for it. But, bless you, child, there's enough for all."

"And bless you, my honored, generous father, for thinking so; that there is. Edgar and I only earnestly desired this; thank you, thank you, ten thousand times."

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I will only detain you for a few moments longer, to tell you that the scheme was carried into execution, and fully answered the hopes of the generous contriver.

Mr. St. Leger found, in the attachment of Lettice, a compensation for the cruel sufferings of his past life; and, under her tender and assiduous care, he speedily recovered his health and his powers of usefulness. She, while performing a woman's best and happiest part, that of proving the true happiness of an admirable and a superior man, contrived likewise to fulfill all her other duties in the most complete and exemplary manner.

It would be difficult to say, whether the happiness she felt or conferred was the greater.

Exceptional people may venture upon exceptional measures. Those who are a great deal more sweet tempered, and loving, and good, and reasonable than others, may venture to seek happiness in ways that the generality would be mad to attempt.

And sensible, well-principled, right-tempered human beings, one may take into close family intimacy, and discard that reserve, and those arm's-length proceedings, which people's faults, in too many cases, render prudent and necessary.

It was because the subjects of Catherine's schemes were so excellent, that the object of them was so wise.

I have now told you how perfectly they answered upon trial; and I am only sorry that the world contains so very few with whom one could venture to make the same experiment.

For a very large portion of possible happiness is thrown away, because people are not fit to take part in plans of this nature—plans wherein one shall give what he has, to receive back what he wants; and thus the true social communism be established.

From the Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, Vol. II., unpublished.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. CHALMERS.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE IN THE PULPIT.

THE first sermon which Mr. Chalmers preached in Glasgow was delivered before the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, on Thursday the 30th day of March, 1815, a few months after his appointment, and a few months previous to his admission as minister of the Tron Church. The recent excitement of the canvass, the rumors strange and various, which crossing the breadth of Scotland were circulating in all quarters through the city, the quickened curiosity of opponents, the large but somewhat tremulous expectation of friends, drew together a vast multitude to hear him. Among the crowd which filled the church was a young Oxford student, himself the son of a Scottish minister, who had been surprised by hearing Mr. Chalmers's work on the Evidences of Christianity mentioned with high approval, within the walls of an English University, shortly after the date of its publication. The keen dark eye of the youthful auditor fixed itself in searching scrutiny upon the preacher, and a few years later his graceful and graphic pen drew the following sketch:

"I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance, for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment did not reveal any thing like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By-and-by, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutiæ of his face pretty leisurely, while he leaned forward and read aloud the words of the Psalm, for that is always done in Scotland, not by the clerk, but the clergyman himself. At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one, but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see can not be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large, half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them, which interested me very much. I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigor in their central fullness of curve. The upper lip, from the nose downward, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek-bones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in color, and have a strange dreamy heaviness, that conveys any idea rather than that of dullness, but which contrasts in a wonderful manner with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets, and illuminated into all their flame and fervor in some moment of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is, perhaps, the most singular part of the whole visage; and, indeed, it presents a mixture so very singular, of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation, that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place, it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with—being far wider across the eyebrows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's—and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends quite out of the usual line, a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses—such, for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, Kaestener, Euler, and many others. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which, in the heads of most mathematical persons, is surmounted by no fine points of organization whatever, immediately above this, in the forehead, there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the

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summit boldly and roundly, in a style to which the heads of very few poets present any thing comparable, while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself, and such as in living men I had never beheld equaled in any but the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly, and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples. . . . . Of all human compositions there is none surely which loses so much as a sermon does when it is made to address itself to the eye of a solitary student in his closet and not to the thrilling ears of a mighty mingled congregation, through the very voice which nature has enriched with notes more expressive than words can ever be of the meanings and feelings of its author. Neither, perhaps, did the world ever possess any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory—more truly than is that of Dr. Chalmers. And yet were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these, his lesser peculiarities, would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious, his gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial, distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But, of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low, drawling key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him that affects and distresses you. You are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then, with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendor of its disimprisoned wings. . . . . I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style; but most unquestionably, I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his." *

First Delivery of the Astronomical Discourses.—At the time of Dr. Chalmers's settlement in Glasgow it was the custom that the clergymen of the city should preach in rotation on Thursday in the Tron Church, a duty which, as their number was then but eight, returned to each within an interval of two months. On Thursday, the 23d of November, 1815, this week-day service devolved on Dr. Chalmers. The entire novelty of the discourse delivered upon this occasion, and the promise held out by the preacher that a series of similar discourses was to follow, excited the liveliest interest, not in his own congregation alone, but throughout the whole community. He had presented to his hearers a sketch of the recent discoveries of astronomy—distinct in outline, and drawn with all the ease of one who was himself a master in the science, yet gorgeously magnificent in many of its details, displaying, amid "the brilliant glow of a blazing eloquence," † the sublime poetry of the heavens. In his subsequent discourses Dr. Chalmers proposed to discuss the argument or rather prejudice against the Christian Revelation which grounds itself on the vastness and variety of those unnumbered worlds which lie scattered over the immeasurable fields of space. This discussion occupied all the Thursday services allotted to him during the year 1816. The spectacle which presented itself in the Trongate upon the day of the delivery of each new astronomical discourse, was a most singular one. Long ere the bell began to toll, a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led into the Tron Church. Across the street, and immediately opposite to this passage, was the old reading-room, where all the Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the Herald or the Courier were for a while forsaken, and during two of the best business hours of the day the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation. The busiest merchants of the city were wont, indeed, upon those memorable days to leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example. Out of the very heart of the great tumult an hour or two stood redeemed for the highest exercises of the spirit; and the low traffic of earth forgotten, heaven and its high economy and its human sympathies and eternal interests, engrossed the mind at least and the fancy of congregated thousands.

In January, 1817, this series of discourses was announced as ready for publication. It had generally been a matter of so much com-

* *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, 2d edit., vol. iii. pp 267–273. † Foster.

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mercial risk to issue a volume of sermons from the press, that recourse had been often had in such cases to publication by subscription. Dr. Chalmers's publisher, Mr. Smith, had hinted that perhaps this method ought in this instance also to be tried. "It is far more agreeable to my feelings," Dr. Chalmers wrote to him a few days before the day of publication, "that the book should be introduced to the general market, and sell on the public estimation of it, than that the neighborhood here should be plied in all the shops with subscription papers, and as much as possible wrung out of their partialities for the author." Neither author nor publisher had at this time the least idea of the extraordinary success which was awaiting their forthcoming volume. It was published on the 28th of January, 1817. In ten weeks 6000 copies had been disposed of, the demand showing no symptom of decline. Nine editions were called for within a year, and nearly 20,000 copies were in circulation. Never previously, nor ever since, has any volume of sermons met with such immediate and general acceptance. The "Tales of my Landlord" had a month's start in the date of publication, and even with such a competitor it ran an almost equal race. Not a few curious observers were struck with the novel competition, and watched with lively curiosity how the great Scottish preacher and the great Scottish novelist kept for a whole year so nearly abreast of one another. It was, besides, the first volume of Sermons which fairly broke the lines which had separated too long the literary from the religious public. Its secondary merits won audience for it in quarters where evangelical Christianity was nauseated and despised. It disarmed even the keen hostility of Hazlitt, and kept him for a whole forenoon spell-bound beneath its power. "These sermons," he says, "ran like wild-fire through the country, were the darlings of watering-places, were laid in the windows of inns, and were to be met with in all places of public resort. . . . . We remember finding the volume in the orchard of the inn at Burford Bridge, near Boxhill, and passing a whole and very delightful morning in reading it without quitting the shade of an apple tree." The attractive volume stole an hour or two from the occupations of the greatest statesman and orator of the day. "Canning," says Sir James Mackintosh, "told me that he was entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers; so is Bobus, whose conversion is thought the greatest proof of victory. Canning says there are most magnificent passages in his 'Astronomical Sermons.'" * Four years before this time, through the pages of the "Edinburgh Christian Instructor," Dr. Chalmers had said, "Men of tasteful and cultivated literature are repelled from theology at the very outset by the unseemly garb in which she is presented to them. If there be room for the display of eloquence in urgent and pathetic exhortation, in masterly discussion, in elevating greatness of conception, does not theology embrace all these, and will not the language that is clearly and appropriately expressive of them possess many of the constituents and varieties of good writing? If theology, then, can command such an advantage, on what principle should it be kept back from her? . . . . . In the subject itself there is a grandeur which it were vain to look for in the ordinary themes of eloquence or poetry. Let writers arise, then, to do it justice. Let them be all things to all men, that they may gain some; and if a single proselyte can be thereby drawn from the ranks of literature, let all the embellishments of genius and fancy be thrown around the subject. One man has already done much. Others are rising around him, and with the advantage of a higher subject, they will in time rival the unchristian moralists of the day, and overmatch them." He was one of the first to answer to his own call, to fulfill his own prediction. No single writer of our age has done so much to present the truths of Christianity in new forms, and to invest them with all the attractions of a fascinating eloquence; nor could a single volume be named which has done more than this very volume of "Astronomical Discourses" to soften and subdue those prejudices which the infidelity of natural science engenders.

* *Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh*, vol. ii. p. 343. The person known among his particular friends by the name of "Bobus" was Robert Smith, who had held the office of Advocate-General in Bengal, and who is not to be confounded with his namesake, the brother of the Rev. Sydney Smith.

Effect of his Eloquence.—Sermon on Dissipation in Large Cities.—Dr. Chalmers returned to Glasgow on Saturday, the 27th December, and on the following day found a prodigious crowd awaiting his appearance in the Tron Church pulpit. His popularity as a preacher was now at its very highest summit, and judging merely by the amount of physical energy displayed by the preacher, and by the palpable and visible effects produced upon his hearers, we conclude that it was about this period, and within the walls of the Tron Church, that by far the most wonderful exhibitions of his power as a pulpit orator were witnessed. "The Tron Church contains, if I mistake not," says the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, who, as frequently as he could, was a hearer in it, "about 1400 hearers, according to the ordinary allowance of seat-room; when crowded of course proportionally more. And, though I can not attempt any pictorial sketch of the *place*, I may, in a sentence or two, present you with a few touches of the *scene* which I have, more than once or twice, witnessed within its walls; not that it was at all peculiar, for it resembled every other scene where the doctor in those days, when his eloquence was in the prime of its vehemence and splendor, was called to preach. There was one particular, indeed, which rendered such a scene, in a city like Glasgow, peculiarly striking. I refer to the *time* of it.

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To see a place of worship, of the size mentioned, crammed above and below, on a *Thursday forenoon*, during the busiest hours of the day, with fifteen or sixteen hundred hearers, and these of all descriptions of persons, in all descriptions of professional occupation, the busiest as well as those who had most leisure on their hands, those who had least to spare taking care so to arrange their business engagements previously as to *make time* for the purpose, all pouring in through the wide entrance at the side of the Tron steeple, half an hour before the time of service, to secure a seat, or content if too late for this to occupy, as many did, standing room—this was, indeed, a novel and strange sight. Nor was it once merely, or twice, but month after month the day was calculated when his turn to preach again was to come round, and anticipated, with even impatient longing, by multitudes.

"Suppose the congregation thus assembled—pews filled with sitters, and aisles, to a great extent, with standers. They wait in eager expectation. The preacher appears. The devotional exercises of praise and prayer having been gone through with unaffected simplicity and earnestness, the entire assembly set themselves for the *treat*, with feelings very diverse in kind, but all eager and intent. There is a hush of dead silence. The text is announced, and he begins. Every countenance is up—every eye bent, with fixed intentness, on the speaker. As he kindles the interest grows. Every breath is held—every cough is suppressed—every fidgety movement is settled—every one, riveted himself by the spell of the impassioned and entrancing eloquence, knows how sensitively his neighbor will resent the very slightest disturbance. Then, by-and-by, there is a pause. The speaker stops—to gather breath—to wipe his forehead—to adjust his gown, and purposely too, and wisely, to give the audience, as well as himself, a moment or two of relaxation. The moment is embraced—there is free breathing—suppressed coughs get vent—postures are changed—there is a universal stir, as of persons who could not have endured the constraint much longer—the preacher bends forward—his hand is raised—all is again hushed. The same stillness and strain of unrelaxed attention is repeated, more intent still, it may be, than before, as the interest of the subject and of the speaker advance. And so, for perhaps four or five times in the course of a sermon, there is the *relaxation* and the '*at it again*' till the final winding up.

"And *then*, the moment the last word was uttered, and followed by the—'*let us pray*,' there was a scene for which no excuse or palliation can be pleaded but the fact of its having been to many a matter of difficulty, in the morning of a week-day, to accomplish the abstraction of even so much of their time from business—the closing prayer completely drowned by the hurried rush of large numbers from the aisles and pews to the door; an unseemly scene, without doubt, as if so many had come to the house of God not to worship, but simply to enjoy the fascination of human eloquence. Even this much it was a great thing for eloquence to accomplish. And how diversified soever the motives which drew so many together, and the emotions awakened and impressions produced by what was heard—though, in the terms of the text of one of his most overpoweringly stirring and faithful appeals, he was to not a few 'as one that had a pleasant voice and could play well on an instrument,' yet there is abundant proof that, in the highest sense, 'his labor was not in vain in the Lord;' that the truths which, with so much fearless fidelity and impassioned earnestness, he delivered, went in many instances farther than the ear, or even the intellect—that they reached the heart, and, by the power of the Spirit, turned it to God."

"On Thursday, the 12th February, 1818," I now quote from a manuscript of the Rev. Mr. Fraser, minister of Kilchrennan, "Dr. Chalmers preached in the Tron Church before the Directors of the Magdalene Asylum. The sermon delivered on this occasion was that 'On the Dissipation of Large Cities.' Long before the service commenced every seat and passage was crowded to excess, with the exception of the front pew of the gallery, which was reserved for the magistrates. A vast number of students deserted their classes at the University and were present. This was very particularly the case in regard to the Moral Philosophy Class, which I attended that session, as appeared on the following day when the list of absentees was given in by the person who had called the catalogue, and at the same time a petition from several of themselves was handed in to the professor, praying for a remission of the fine for non-attendance, on the ground that they had been hearing Dr. Chalmers. The doctor's manner during the whole delivery of that magnificent discourse was strikingly animated, while the enthusiasm and energy which he threw into some of its bursts rendered them quite overpowering. One expression which he used, together with his action, his look, and the very tones of his voice when it came forth, made a most vivid and indelible impression upon my memory: 'We, at the same time,' he said, 'have our eye perfectly open to that great external improvement which has taken place, of late years, in the manners of society. There is not the same grossness of conversation. There is not the same impatience for the withdrawment of him who, asked to grace the outset of an assembled party, is compelled, at a certain step in the process of conviviality, by the obligations of professional decency, to retire from it. There is not so frequent an exaction of this as one of the established proprieties of social or of fashionable life. And if such an exaction was ever laid by the omnipotence of custom on a minister of Christianity, it is such an exaction as ought never, never to be complied with. It is not for him to lend the sanction of his presence to a meeting with which he could not sit to its final

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termination. It is not for him to stand associated, for a single hour, with an assemblage of men who begin with hypocrisy, and end with downright blackguardism. It is not for him to watch the progress of the coming ribaldry, and to hit the well-selected moment when talk and turbulence and boisterous merriment are on the eve of bursting forth upon the company, and carrying them forward to the full acme and uproar of their enjoyment. It is quite in vain to say, that he has only sanctioned one part of such an entertainment. He has as good as given his connivance to the whole of it, and left behind him a discharge in full of all its abominations; and, therefore, be they who they may, whether they rank among the proudest aristocracy of our land, or are charioted in splendor along, as the wealthiest of our citizens, *or flounce in the robes of magistracy*, it is his part to keep as purely and indignantly aloof from such society as this, as he would from the vilest and most debasing associations of profligacy.'

"The words which I have underlined do not appear in the sermon as printed. While uttering them, which he did with peculiar emphasis, accompanying them with a flash from his eye and a stamp of his foot, he threw his right arm with clenched hand right across the book-board, and brandished it full in the face of the Town Council, sitting in array and in state before him. Many eyes were in a moment directed toward the magistrates. The words evidently fell upon them like a thunderbolt, and seemed to startle like an electric shock the whole audience."

Another interesting memorial of this sermon is supplied by Dr. Wardlaw, who was present at its delivery. "The eloquence of that discourse was absolutely overpowering. The subject was one eminently fitted to awaken and summon to their utmost energy all his extraordinary powers; especially when, after having cleared his ground by a luminously scriptural exhibition of that supreme authority by which the evils he was about to portray were interdicted, in contradistinction to the prevailing maxims and practices of a worldly morality, he came forward to the announcement and illustration of his main subject—'*the origin, the progress, and the effects of a life of dissipation.*' His moral portraitures were so graphically and vividly delineated—his warnings and entreaties, especially to youth, so impassioned and earnest—his admonitions so faithful, and his denunciations so fearless and so fearful—and his exhortations to preventive and remedial appliances so pointed and so urgent to all among his auditors who had either the charge of youth, or the supervision of dependents! It was thrilling, overwhelming. His whole soul seemed in every utterance. Although saying to myself all the while, 'Oh! that this were in the hands of every father, and master, and guardian, and young man in the land!' I yet could not spare an eye from the preacher to mark how his appeal was telling upon others. The breathless, the appalling silence told me of that. Any person who reads that discourse, and who had the privilege of listening to Dr. Chalmers during the prime and freshness of his public eloquence, will readily imagine the effect of some passages in it, when delivered with even more than the preacher's characteristic vehemence.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

THE OLD MAN'S BEQUEST; A STORY OF GOLD.

THROUGH the ornamental grounds of a handsome country residence, at a little distance from a large town in Ireland, a man of about fifty years of age was walking, with a bent head, and the impress of sorrow on his face.

"Och, yer honor, give me one sixpence, or one penny, for God's sake," cried a voice from the other side of a fancy paling which separated the grounds in that quarter from a thoroughfare. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Lawson, help me as ye helped me before. I know you've the heart and hand to do it."

The person addressed as Mr. Lawson looked up and saw a woman whom he knew to be in most destitute circumstances, burdened with a large and sickly family, whom she had struggled to support until her own health was ruined

"I have no money—not one farthing," answered John Lawson.

"No money!" reiterated the woman in surprise; "isn't it all yours, then? isn't this garden yours, and that house, and all the grand things that are in it yours? ay, and grand things they are—them pictures, and them bright shinin' things in that drawing-room of yours and sure you deserve them well, and may God preserve them long to you, for riches hasn't hardened your heart, though there's many a one, and heaven knows the gold turns their feelin's to iron."

"It all belongs to my son, Henry Lawson, and Mrs. Lawson, and their children—it is all theirs;" he sighed heavily, and deep emotion was visible in every lineament of his thin and wrinkled face.

The poor woman raised her bloodshot eyes to his face, as if she was puzzled by his words. She saw that he was suffering, and with intuitive delicacy, she desisted from pressing her wants, though her need was great.

"Well, well, yer honor, many's the good penny ye have given me and the childer, and maybe the next time I see you you'll have more change."

She was turning sadly away, when John Lawson requested her to remain, and he made inquiries into the state of her family; the report he heard seemed to touch him even to the forgetfulness of his own sorrows; he bade her stop for a few moments and he would give her some relief.

He walked rapidly toward the house and proceeded to the drawing-room. It was a large and airy apartment, and furnished with evident profusion: the sunlight of the bright summer

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day, admitted partially through the amply-draperied windows, lighted up a variety of sparkling gilding in picture-frames, and vases, and mirrors, and cornices; but John Lawson looked round on the gay scene with a kind of shudder; he had neither gold, silver, nor even copper in his pocket, or in his possession.

He advanced to a lady who reclined on a rose-colored sofa, with a fashionable novel in her hand, and, after some slight hesitation, he addressed her, and stating the name and wants of the poor woman who had begged for aid, he requested some money.

As he said the words "some money," his lips quivered, and a tremor ran through his whole frame, for his thoughts were vividly picturing a recently departed period, when he was under no necessity of asking money from any individual.

"Bless me, my dear Mr. Lawson!" cried the lady, starting up from her recumbent position, "did I not give you a whole handful of shillings only the day before yesterday; and if you wasted it all on poor people since, what am I to do? Why, indeed, we contribute so much to charitable subscriptions, both Mr. Lawson and I, *you* might be content to give a little less to common beggars."

Mrs. Lawson spoke with a smile on her lips, and with a soft caressing voice, but a hard and selfish nature shone palpably from her blue eyes. She was a young woman, and had the repute of beauty, which a clear pink-and-white complexion, and tolerable features, with luxuriant light hair, generally gains from a portion of the world. She was dressed for the reception of morning visitors whom she expected, and she was enveloped in expensive satin and blond, and jewelry in large proportions.

John Lawson seemed to feel every word she had uttered in the depths of his soul, but he made a strong effort to restrain the passion which was rising to his lips.

"Augusta, my daughter, you are the wife of my only and most beloved child—I wish to love you—I wish to live in peace with you, and all—give me some money to relieve the wants of the unfortunate woman to whom I have promised relief, and who is waiting without. I ask not for myself, but for the poor and suffering—give me a trifle of money, I say."

"Indeed, Mr. Lawson, a bank would not support your demands for the poor people; that woman for whom you are begging has been relieved twenty times by us. I have no money just now."

She threw herself back on the sofa and resumed her novel; but anger, darting from her eyes, contrasted with the trained smile which still remained on her lips.

A dark shade of passion and scorn came over John Lawson's face, but he strove to suppress it, and his voice was calm when he spoke.

"Some time before my son married you, I gave up all my business to him—I came to live here among trees and flowers—I gave up all the lucrative business I had carried on to my son, partly because my health was failing, and I longed to live with nature, away from the scenes of traffic; but more especially, because I loved my son with no common love, and I trusted to him as to a second self. I was not disappointed—we had one purse and one heart before he married you; he never questioned me concerning what I spent in charity—he never asked to limit in any way my expenditure—he loved you, and I made no conditions concerning what amount of income I was to receive, but still I left him in entire possession of my business when he married you. I trusted to your fair, young face, that you would not controvert my wishes—that you would join me in my schemes of charity."

"And have I not?" interrupted Mrs. Lawson, in a sharp voice, though the habitual smile still graced her lips; "do I not subscribe to, I don't know how many, charitable institutions? Charity, indeed—there's enough spent in charity by myself and my husband. But I wish to stop extravagances—it is only extravagance to spend so much on charity as you would do if you could; therefore you shall not have any money just now."

Mrs. Lawson was one of those women who can cheerfully expend a most lavish sum on a ball, a dress, or any other method by which rank and luxury dissipate their abundance, but who are very economical, and talk much of extravagance when money is demanded for purposes not connected with display and style.

"Augusta Lawson, listen to me," his voice was quivering with passion, "my own wants are very few; in food, in clothes, in all points my expenditure is trifling. I am not extravagant in my demands for the poor, either. All I have expended in charity during the few years since you came here, is but an insignificant amount as contrasted with the income which I freely gave up to my son and you; therefore, some money for the poor woman who is waiting, I shall now have; give me some shillings, for God's sake, and let me go." He advanced closer to her, and held out his hand.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Lawson; "I am mistress here—I am determined to stop extravagance. You give too much to common beggars; I am determined to stop it—do not ask me any further."

A kind of convulsion passed over John Lawson's thin face; but he pressed his hand closely on his breast, and was silent for some moments.

"I was once rich, I believe. Yes—it is not a dream," he said, in a slow, self-communing voice. "Gold and silver, once ye were plenty with me; my hands; my pockets were filled—guineas, crowns, shillings—now I have not one penny to give to that starving, dying woman, whose face of misery might soften the very stones she looks on—not one penny."

"Augusta," he said, turning suddenly toward her, after a second pause of silence, "give me

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only one shilling, and I shall not think of the bitter words you have just said?"

"No; not one shilling," answered Mrs. Lawson, turning over a leaf of her novel.

"One sixpence, then—one small, poor sixpence. You do not know how even a sixpence can gladden the black heart of poverty, when starvation is come. One sixpence, I say—let me have it quickly."

"Not one farthing I shall give you. I do beg you will trouble me no further."

Mrs. Lawson turned her back partially to him, and fixed all her attention on the novel.

"Woman! I have cringed and begged; I would not so beg for myself, from you—no; I would lie down and die of want before I would, on my own account, request of you—of your hard heart—one bit of bread. All the finery that surrounds you is mine—it was purchased with my money, though now you call it yours; and, usurping the authority of both master and mistress here, you—in what you please to call your economical management—dole out shillings to me when the humor seizes you, or refuse me, as now, when it pleases you. But, woman, listen to me. I shall never request you for one farthing of money again. No necessity of others shall make me do it. You shall never again refuse me, for I shall never give you the opportunity."

He turned hastily from the room, with a face on which the deep emotion of an aroused spirit was depicted strongly.

In the lobby he met his son, Henry Lawson. The young man paused, something struck by the excited appearance of his father.

"Henry," said the father, abruptly, "I want some money; there is a poor woman whom I wish to relieve—will you give me some money for her?"

"Willingly, my dear father; but have you asked Augusta. You know I have given her the management of the money-matters of the establishment, she is so very clever and economical."

"She has neither charity, nor pity, nor kindness; she saves from me; she saves from the starving poor; she saves, that she may waste large sums on parties and dresses. I shall never more ask her for money; give me a few shillings. My God! the father begs of the son for what was his own—for what he toiled all his youth—for what he gave up out of trusting love to that son. Henry, my son, I am sick of asking and begging—ay, sick—sick; but give me some shillings now."

"You asked Augusta, then," said Henry, drawing out his purse, and glancing with some apprehension to the drawing-room door.

"Henry," cried Mrs. Lawson, appearing at that instant with a face inflamed with anger—"Henry, *I* would not give your father any money to-day, because he is so very extravagant in giving it all away."

Henry was in the act of opening his purse; he glanced apprehensively to Mrs. Lawson; his face had a mild and passive expression, which was a true index of his yielding and easily-governed nature. His features were small, delicate, and almost effeminately handsome; and in every lineament a want of decision and force of character was visible.

"Henry, give me some shillings, I say—I am your father—I have a just right."

"Yes, yes, surely," said Henry, making a movement to open his purse.

"Henry, I do not wish you to give him money to waste in charity, as he calls it."

Mrs. Lawson gave her husband an emphatic, but, at the same time, cunningly caressing and smiling look.

"Henry, I am your father—give me the money I want."

"Augusta, my love, you know it was all his," said Henry, going close to her, and speaking in a kind of whisper.

"My dearest Henry, were it for any other purpose but for throwing away, I would not refuse. I am your father's best friend, and your best friend, in wishing to restrain all extravagance."

"My dear father, she wishes to be economical, you know."

He dangled the purse, undecidedly, in his fingers.

"Will you give me the money at once, and let me go?" cried John Lawson, elevating his voice.

"My dear Augusta, it is better."

"Henry, do not, I beg of you."

"Henry, my son, will you let me have the money?"

"Indeed, Augusta—"

"Henry!"

Mrs. Lawson articulated but the one word; there was enough of energy and determination in it to make her husband close the purse he had almost opened.

"I ask you only this once more—give me the few shillings?"

John Lawson bent forward in an eager manner; a feverish red kindled on his sallow cheeks; his eyes were widely dilated, and his lips compressed. There was a pause of some moments.

"You will not give it me?" he said, in a voice deep-toned and singularly calm, as contrasted with his convulsed face.

Henry dangled the purse again in his hand, and looked uneasily and irresolutely toward his wife.

"No, he will not give it—you will get no money to squander on poor people this day," Mrs. Lawson said, in a very sharp and decided voice.

John Lawson did not say another word; he turned away and slowly descended the stairs, and walked out of the house.

He did not return that evening. He had been seen on the road leading to the house of a relative who was in rather poor circumstances. Henry felt rather annoyed at his father's absence; he had no depth in his affection, but he

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had been accustomed to see him and hear his voice every day, and therefore he missed him, but consoled himself with the thought that they would soon meet again, as it never entered his imagination that his father had quitted the house for a lengthened period. Mrs. Lawson felicitated herself on the event, and hoped that the old man would remain some time with his relative.

The following day a letter was handed to Henry; it was from his father, and was as follows:

"To my Son Henry—I have at last come to the resolution of quitting your house, which I can no longer call mine, in even the least degree. For weeks—for months—ever since you married—ever since your wife took upon herself what she calls the management of your house and purse, I have felt bound down under the weight of an oppressive bondage. I could not go and take a pound or a shilling from our common stock, as I used to do before you married, when you and I lived in one mind, and when I believed that the very spirit of your departed, your angel mother, dwelt in you, as you had, and have still, her very face and form. No, no, we had no common stock when you married. She put me on an allowance—ay, an allowance. You lived, and saw me receiving an allowance; you whom I loved with an idolatry which God has now punished; you to whom I freely gave up my business—my money-making business. I gave it you—I gave all to you—I would have given my very life and soul to you, because I thought that with your mother's own face you had her noble and generous nature. You were kind before you married; but that marriage has proved your weakness and want of natural affection. Yes, you stood at my side yesterday; you looked on my face—I, the father who loved you beyond all bounds of fatherly love—you stood and heard me beg for a few shillings; you heard me supplicate earnestly and humbly, and you would not give, because your wife was not willing. Henry, I could force you to give me a share of the profits of your business; but keep it—keep it all. You would not voluntarily give me some shillings, and I shall not demand what right and justice would give me. Keep all, every farthing.

"It was for charity I asked the few shillings; you know it. You know from whom I imbibed whatever I possess of the blessed spirit of charity. I was as hard and unpitying as even your wife before your mother taught me to feel and relieve the demands of poverty. Yes, and she taught you; you can not forget it. She taught you to give food to the starving, in your earliest days. She strove to impress your infant mind with the very soul of charity; and yesterday she looked down from the heaven of the holy departed, and saw you refusing me, your father, a few shillings to bestow on charity.

"Henry, I can live with you and your wife no more. I should grow avaricious in my old age, were I to remain with you. I should long for money to call my own. Those doled out shillings which I received wakened within me feelings of a dark nature—covetousness, and envy, and discontent—which must have shadowed the happiness of your mother in heaven to look down upon. I must go and seek out an independent living for myself, even yet, though I am fifty-two. Though my energies for struggling with the world died, I thought, when your mother died, and, leaving my active business to you, I retired to live in the country, I must go forth again, as if I were young, to seek for the means of existence, for I feel I was not made to be a beggar—a creature hanging on the bounty of others; no, no, the merciful God will give me strength yet to provide for myself, though I am old, and broken down in mind and body. Farewell; you who were once my beloved son, may God soften and amend your heart."

When Henry perused this letter, he would immediately have gone in search of his father, in order to induce him to return home; but Mrs. Lawson was at his side, and succeeded in persuading him to allow his father to act as he pleased, and remain away as long as he wished.

Ten years rolled over our world, sinking millions beneath the black waves of adverse fortune and fate, and raising the small number who, of the innumerable aspirants for earthly good, usually succeed. Henry Lawson was one of those whom time had lowered in fortune. His business speculations had, for a lengthened period, been rather unsuccessful, while Mrs. Lawson's expensive habits increased every day. At length affairs came to such a crisis, that retrenchment or failure was inevitable. Henry had enough of wisdom and spirit to insist on the first alternative, and Mrs. Lawson was compelled by the pressure of circumstances to yield in a certain degree; the country-house, therefore, was let, Mrs. Lawson assigning as a reason, that she had lost all relish for the country after the death of her dear children, both of whom had died, leaving the parents childless.

It was the morning of a close sultry day in July, and Mrs. Lawson was seated in her drawing-room. She was dressed carefully and expensively as of old, but she had been dunned and threatened at least half-a-dozen times for the price of the satin dress she wore. Her face was thin and pale, and there was a look of much care on her countenance; her eyes were restless and sunken, and discontent spoke in their glances as she looked on the chairs, sofas, and window-draperies, which had once been bright-colored, but were now much faded. She had just come to the resolution of having new covers and hangings, though their mercer's and upholsterer's bills were long unsettled, when a visitor was shown into the room. It was Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a very prosperous and wealthy shopkeeper.

Mrs. Lawson's thin lips wreathed themselves

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into bright smiles of welcome, while the foul demon of envy took possession of her soul. Mrs. Thompson's dress was of the most costly French satin, while hers was merely British manufacture. They had been old school companions and rivals in their girlish days. During the first years of the married life of each, Mrs. Lawson had outshone Mrs. Thompson in every respect; but now the eclipsed star beamed brightly and scornfully beside the clouds which had rolled over her rival. Mrs. Thompson was, in face and figure, in dress and speech, the very impersonation of vulgar and ostentatious wealth.

"My goodness, it's so hot!" she said, loosening the fastening of her bonnet, the delicate French blond and white satin and plume, of which that fabric was composed, contrasting rather painfully at the same time with her flushed mahogany-colored complexion, and ungracefully-formed features. "Bless me, I'm so glad we'll get off to our country-house to-morrow. It's so very delightful, Mrs. Lawson, to have a country residence to go to. Goodness me what a close room, and such a hot, dusty street. It does just look so queer to me after Fitzherbert-square.

To this Mrs. Lawson made a response as composed as she could; she would have retorted bitterly and violently, but her husband had a connection with the Thompson establishment, and for strong reasons she considered it prudent to refrain from quarreling with Mrs. Thompson. She, therefore, spoke but very little, and Mrs. Thompson was left at liberty to give a lengthened detail of Mr. Thompson's great wealth and her own great profusion. She began first with herself, and furnished an exact detail of all the fine things she had purchased in the last month, down to the latest box of pins. Next, her babies occupied her for half an hour—the quantity of chicken they consumed, and the number of frocks they soiled per diem were minutely chronicled. Then her house came under consideration: she depicted the bright glory of the new *ponceau* furniture, as contrasted with shocking old faded things—and she glanced significantly toward Mrs. Lawson's sofas and chairs. Next she made a discursive detour to the culinary department, and gave a statement of the number of stones of lump sugar she was getting boiled in preserves, and of the days of the week in which they had puddings, and the days they had pies at dinner.

"But, Mrs. Lawson, dear, have you seen old Mr. Lawson since he came home?" she said, when she was rising to depart; "but I suppose you haven't, for they say he won't have any thing to do with his relations now—he won't come near you, I have heard. They say he has brought such a lot of money with him from South America."

At this intelligence every feature of Mrs. Lawson's face brightened with powerful interest. She inquired where Mr. Lawson stopped, and was informed that he had arrived at the best hotel in the town about three days previously, and that every one talked of the large fortune he had made abroad, as he seemed to make no secret of the fact.

A burning eagerness to obtain possession of that money entered Mrs. Lawson's soul, and she thought every second of time drawn out to the painful duration of a long hour, while Mrs. Thompson slowly moved her ample skirts of satin across the drawing-room, and took her departure. Mrs. Lawson dispatched a messenger immediately for her husband.

Henry Lawson came in, and listened with surprise to the intelligence of his father's return. He was taking up his hat to proceed to the hotel in quest of him, when a carriage drove to the door. Mrs. Lawson's heart palpitated with eagerness—if it should be her husband's father in his own carriage—how delightful! that horrible Mrs. Thompson had not a carriage of her own yet, though she was always talking of it. They, Mrs. Lawson and her husband, had just been about setting up a carriage when business failed with them. She ran briskly down the stairs—for long years she had not flown with such alertness—rapid visions of gold, of splendor, and triumph seemed to bear her along, as if she had not been a being of earth.

She was not disappointed, for there, at the open door, stood John Lawson. He was enveloped in a cloak of fur, the costliness of which told Mrs. Lawson that it was the purchase of wealth; a servant in plain livery supported him, for he seemed a complete invalid.

Mrs. Lawson threw her arms around his neck, and embraced him with a warmth and eagerness which brought a cold and bitter smile over the white, thin lips of John Lawson. He replied briefly to the welcomings he received. He threw aside his cloak, and exhibited the figure of an exceedingly emaciated and feeble old man, who had all the appearance of ninety years, though he was little more than sixty; his face was worn and fleshless to a painful degree; his hair was of the whitest shade of great age, but his eyes had grown much more serene in their expression than in his earlier days, notwithstanding a cast of suffering which his whole countenance exhibited. He was plainly, but most carefully and respectably dressed; a diamond ring of great value was on one of his fingers; the lustre of the diamonds caught Mrs. Lawson's glance on her first inspection of his person, and her heart danced with rapture—Mrs. Thompson had no such ring, with all her boasting of all her finery.

"I have come to see my child before I die," said the old man, gazing on his son with earnest eyes; you broke the ties of nature between us on your part, when, ten years ago, you refused your father a few shillings from your abundance, but—"

He was interrupted by Mrs. Lawson, who uttered many voluble protestations of her deep grief at her having, even though for the sake of economy, refused the money her dear father had solicited before he left them. She vowed that she had neither ate, nor slept, nor even dressed

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herself for weeks after his departure; and that, sleeping or waking, she was perpetually wishing she had given him the money, even though she had known that he was going to throw it into the fire, or lose it in any way. Her poor, dear father—oh, she wept so after she heard that he had left the country. To be sure Henry could tell how, for two or three nights, her pillow was soaked with tears.

A cold, bitter smile again flitted across the old man's lips; he made no reponse to her words, but in the one look which his hollow eyes cast on her, he seemed to read the falsehood of her assertions.

"I was going to add," he said, "that though you forgot you were my son, and refused to act as my son, when you withheld the paltry sum for which I begged, yet I could not refrain from coming once more to look on my child's face—to look on the face of my departed wife in yours—for I know that a very brief period must finish my life now. I should not have come here, I feel—I know it is the weakness of my nature—I should have died among strangers, for the strangers of other countries, the people of a different hue, and a different language, I have found kind and pitiful, compared with those of my own house.

"Oh, don't say so—don't say so—you are our own beloved father; ah, my heart clings to every feature of your poor, dear, old face; there are the eyes and all that I used to talk to Henry so much about. Don't talk of strangers—I shall nurse you and attend to you night and day."

She made a movement, as if she would throw her arms around his neck again, but the old man drew back.

"Woman! your hypocritical words show me that your pitiless heart is still unchanged—that it is grown even worse. You forced me out to the world in my old age, when I should have had no thoughts except of God and the world to come; you forced me to think of money-making, when my hair was gray and my blood cold with years. Yes, I had to draw my thoughts from the future existence, and to waste them on the miserable toils of traffic, in order to make money; for it was better to do this than to drag out my life a pensioner on your bounty, receiving shillings and pence which you gave me as if it had been your heart's blood, though I only asked my own. Woman! the black slavery of my dependence on you was frightful; but now I can look you thanklessly in the face, for I have the means of living without you. I spent sick and sleepless days and nights, but I gained an independence; the merciful God blessed the efforts of the old man, who strove to gain his livelihood—yes, I am independent of you both. I came to see my son before I die—that is all I want."

Mrs. Lawson attempted a further justification of herself, but the words died on her lips. The stern looks of the old man silenced her.

After remaining for a short time, he rose to take his departure; but, at the earnest solicitations of his son, he consented to remain for a few days, only on condition that he should pay for his board and lodging. To this Mrs. Lawson made a feint of resistance, but agreed in the end, as the terms offered by the old man were very advantageous.

"I shall soon have a lodging for which no mortal is called on to pay—the great mother-earth," said the old man, "and I am glad, glad to escape from this money-governed world. Do not smile so blandly on me, both of you, and attend me with such false tenderness. There, take it away," he said, as Mrs. Lawson was placing her most comfortable footstool under his feet; "there was no attendance, no care, not a civil action or kind look for me when I was poor John Lawson, the silly, most silly old man, who had given up all to his son and his son's wife, for the love of them, and expected, like a fool that he was, to live with them on terms of perfect equality, and to have the family purse open to him for any trifling sums he wished to take. Go, go for God's sake; try and look bitterly on me now, as you did when you forced me out of your house. I detest your obsequious attentions—I was as worthy of them ten years ago, before I dragged down my old age to the debasing efforts of money-making. You know I am rich; you would worship my money in me now. Not a smiling look, not a soft word you bestow on me, but is for my riches, not for me. Ay, you think you have my wealth in your grasp already; you know I can not live long. Thank God that my life is almost ended, and I hope my death will be a benefit to you, in softening your hard hearts."

Mrs. Lawson drew some hope from his last words, and she turned away her head to hide the joy which shone on her face.

In a few days the old man became seriously ill, and was altogether confined to his room. As death evidently approached, his mind became serene and calm, and he received the attentions which Mrs. Lawson and his son lavished on him with a silent composure, which led them to hope that he had completely forgotten their previous conduct to him.

The night on which he died, he turned to his son, and said a few words, a very few words, regarding worldly matters. He exhorted Henry to live in a somewhat less expensive style, and to cultivate a spirit of contentment without riches; then he blessed God that he was entering on a world in which he would hear no more of money, or earthly possession. He remained in a calm sleep during the greater part of the night, they thought, but in the morning they found him dead.

The funeral was over, and the time was come in which the old man's will was to be opened Mrs. Lawson had waited for that moment—she would have forcibly dragged time onward to that moment—she had execrated the long hours of night since the old man's death—she had still more anathematized the slowly passing days, when gazing furtively through a corner of the

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blinded window, she saw fine equipages and finely-dressed ladies passing, and she planned how she would shine when the old man's wealth would be her own. She drew glorious mental pictures of how she would burst from behind the shadowing cloud of poverty, and dazzle all her acquaintances. Her dress, her carriage, her style of living would be unique in her rank of life for taste and costliness. She would show them she had got money—money at last—more money than them all.

Now at last she sat and saw the will being opened; she felt that it was a mere formality, for the old man had no one but them to whom he could leave his money; she never once doubted but all would be theirs; she had reasoned, and fancied herself into the firm conviction. Her only fear was, that the amount might not be so large as she calculated on.

She saw the packet opened. Her eyes dilated, her lips became parched; her heart and brain burned with a fierce eagerness—money, money! at last uttered the griping spirit within her.

The will, after beginning in the usual formal style, was as follows:

"I bequeath to my son Henry's wife, Augusta Lawson, a high and noble gift" (Mrs. Lawson almost sprung from her seat with eagerness), "the greatest of all legacies, I bequeath to Augusta Lawson—Charity! Augusta Lawson refused me a few shillings which I wished to bestow on a starving woman; but now I leave her joint executrix, with my son Henry, in the distribution of all my money and all my effects, without any reservation, in charity, to be applied to such charitable purposes as in this, my last will and testament, I have directed."

Then followed a statement of his effects and money, down to the most minute particular; the money amounted to a very considerable sum; his personal effects he directed to be sold, with the exception of his valuable diamond ring, which he bequeathed to the orphan daughter of a poor relation in whose house he had taken refuge, and remained for a short time, previous to his going abroad. All the proceeds of his other effects, together with the whole amount of his money, he bequeathed for different charitable purposes, and gave minute directions as to the manner in which various sums were to be expended. The largest amount he directed to be distributed in yearly donations among the most indigent old men and women within a circuit of ten miles of his native place. Those who were residing with their sons, and their sons' wives, were to receive by far the largest relief. He appointed as trustees two of the most respectable merchants of the town, to whom he gave authority to see the provisions of his will carried out, in case his son and Mrs. Lawson should decline the duties of executorship which he had bequeathed to them; the trustees were to exercise a surveillance over Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, to see that the will should in every particular be strictly carried into effect. The will was dated, and duly signed in the town in South America where the old man had for some years resided; a codicil, containing the bequest of the ring, with some further particulars regarding the charities, had been added a few days previous to the old man's death.

Mrs. Lawson was carried fainting from the room before the reading of the will was concluded. She was seized with violent fever, and her life was despaired of. She recovered, however, and from the verge of the eternal existence on which she had been, she returned to life with a less worldly and ostentatious nature, and a soul more alive to the impulses of kindness and charity.

[From Cumming's Hunting Adventures in South Africa.]

ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

IT was a glorious day, with a cloudy sky, and the wind blew fresh off the Southern Ocean. Having ridden some miles in a northerly direction, we crossed the broad and gravelly bed of a periodical river, in which were abundance of holes excavated by the elephants, containing delicious water. Having passed the river, we entered an extensive grove of picturesque cameel-dorn trees, clad in young foliage of the most delicious green. On gaining a gentle eminence about a mile beyond this grove, I looked forth upon an extensive hollow, where I beheld, for the first time for many days, a fine old cock ostrich, which quickly observed us, and dashed away to our left. I had ceased to devote my attention to the ostrich, and was straining my eyes in an opposite direction, when Kleinboy called out to me, "Dar loup de ould carle;" and turning my eyes to the retreating ostrich, I beheld two first-rate old bull elephants, charging along at their utmost speed within a hundred yards of it. They seemed at first to be in great alarm, but quickly discovering what it was that had caused their confusion, they at once reduced their pace to a slow and stately walk. This was a fine look-out; the country appeared to be favorable for an attack, and I was followed by Wolf and Bonteberg, both tried and serviceable dogs with elephants. Owing to the pace at which I had been riding, both dogs and horses were out of breath, so I resolved not to attack the elephants immediately, but to follow slowly, holding them in view.

The elephants were proceeding right up the wind, and the distance between us was about five hundred yards. I advanced quietly toward them, and had proceeded about half way, when, casting my eyes to my right, I beheld a whole herd of tearing bull elephants standing thick together on a wooded eminence within three hundred yards of me. These elephants were almost to leeward. Now, the correct thing to do was to slay the best in each troop, which I accomplished in the following manner: I gave the large herd my wind, upon which they instantly tossed their trunks aloft, "a moment

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snuffed the tainted gale," and, wheeling about, charged right down wind, crashing through the jungle in dire alarm. My object now was to endeavor to select the finest bull, and hunt him to a distance from the other troop, before I should commence to play upon his hide. Stirring my steed, I galloped forward. Right in my path stood two rhinoceroses of the white variety, and to these the dogs instantly gave chase. I followed in the wake of the retreating elephants, tracing their course by the red dust which they raised, and left in clouds behind them.

Presently emerging into an open glade, I came full in sight of the mighty game: it was a truly glorious sight; there were nine or ten of them, which were, with one exception, full-grown, first-rate bulls, and all of them carried very long, heavy, and perfect tusks. Their first panic being over, they had reduced their pace to a free, majestic walk, and they followed one leader in a long line, exhibiting an appearance so grand and striking, that any description, however brilliant, must fail to convey to the mind of the reader an adequate idea of the reality. Increasing my pace, I shot alongside, at the same time riding well out from the elephants, the better to obtain an inspection of their tusks. It was a difficult matter to decide which of them I should select, for every elephant seemed better than his neighbor; but, on account of the extraordinary size and beauty of his tusks, I eventually pitched upon a patriarchal bull, which, as is usual with the heaviest, brought up the rear. I presently separated him from his comrades, and endeavored to drive him in a northerly direction. There is a peculiar art in driving an elephant in the particular course which you may fancy, and, simple as it may seem, it nevertheless requires the hunter to have a tolerable idea of what he is about. It is widely different from driving in an eland, which also requires judicious riding: if you approach too near your elephant, or shout to him, a furious charge will certainly ensue, while, on the other hand, if you give him too wide a berth, the chances are that you lose him in the jungle, which, notwithstanding his size, is a very simple matter, and, if once lost sight of, it is more than an even bet that the hunter will never again obtain a glimpse of him. The ground being favorable, Kleinboy called to me to commence firing, remarking, very prudently, that he was probably making for some jungle of wait-a-bits, where we might eventually lose him. I continued, however, to reserve my fire until I had hunted him to what I considered to be a safe distance from the two old fellows which we had at first discovered.

At length closing with him, I dared him to charge, which he instantly did in fine style, and as he pulled up in his career I yelled to him a note of bold defiance, and cantering alongside, again defied him to the combat. It was thus the fight began, and the ground being still favorable, I opened a sharp fire upon him, and in about a quarter of an hour twelve of my bullets were lodged in his fore-quarters. He now evinced strong symptoms of approaching dissolution, and stood catching up the dust with the point of his trunk, and throwing it in clouds above and around him. At such a moment it is extremely dangerous to approach an elephant on foot, for I have remarked that, although nearly dead, he can muster strength to make a charge with great impetuosity. Being anxious to finish him, I dismounted from my steed, and availing myself of the cover of a gigantic nwana-tree, whose diameter was not less than ten feet, I ran up within twenty yards, and gave it him sharp right and left behind the shoulder. These two shots wound up the proceeding; on receiving them, he backed stern foremost into the cover, and then walked slowly away. I had loaded my rifle, and was putting on the caps, when I heard him fall over heavily; but, alas! the sound was accompanied by a sharp crack, which I too well knew denoted the destruction of one of his lovely tusks; and, on running forward, I found him lying dead, with the tusk, which lay under, snapped through the middle.

I did not tarry long for an inspection of the elephant, but mounting my horse, at once set off to follow on the spoor of the two old fellows which the ostrich had alarmed. Fortunately, I fell in with a party of natives, who were on their way to the wagons with the impedimenta, and, assisted by these, I had sanguine hopes of shortly overtaking the noble quarry. We had not gone far when two wild boars, with enormous tusks, stood within thirty yards of me: but this was no time to fire: and a little after a pair of white rhinoceroses stood directly in our path. Casting my eyes to the right, I beheld within a quarter of a mile of me a herd of eight or ten cow elephants, with calves, peacefully browsing on a sparely-wooded knoll. The spoor we followed led due south, and the wind was as fair as it could blow. We passed between the twin-looking, abrupt, pyramidal hills, composed of huge disjointed blocks of granite, which lay piled above each other in grand confusion. To the summit of one of these I ascended with a native, but the forest in advance was so impenetrable that we could see nothing of the game we sought. Descending from the hillock, we resumed the spoor, and were enabled to follow at a rapid pace, the native who led the spooring-party being the best tracker in Bamangwato. I had presently very great satisfaction to perceive that the elephants had not been alarmed, their course being strewed with branches which they had chewed as they slowly fed along. The trackers now became extremely excited, and strained their eyes on every side in the momentary expectation of beholding the elephants. At length we emerged into an open glade, and, clearing a grove of thorny mimosas, we came full in sight of one of them. Cautiously advancing, and looking to my right, I next discovered his comrade, standing in a thicket of low wait-a-bits, within a hundred and fifty yards of me;

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they were both first-rate old bulls, with enormous tusks of great length. I dismounted, and warily approached the second elephant for a closer inspection of his tusks. As I drew near, he slightly turned his head, and I then perceived that his farther one was damaged toward the point; while at the same instant his comrade, raising his head clear of the bush on which he browsed, displayed to my delighted eyes a pair of the most beautiful and perfect tusks I had ever seen.

Regaining my horse, I advanced toward this elephant, and when within forty yards of him, he walked slowly on before me in an open space, his huge ears gently flapping, and entirely concealing me from his view. Inclining to the left, I slightly increased my pace, and walked past him within sixty yards, upon which he observed me for the first time; but probably mistaking "Sunday" for a hartebeest, he continued his course with his eye upon me, but showed no symptoms of alarm. The natives had requested me to endeavor, if possible, to hunt him toward the water, which lay in a northerly direction, and this I resolved to do. Having advanced a little, I gave him my wind, when he was instantly alarmed, and backed into the bushes, holding his head high and right to me. Thus he stood motionless as a statue, under the impression, probably, that, owing to his Lilliputian dimensions, I had failed to observe him, and fancying that I would pass on without detecting him. I rode slowly on, and described a semicircle to obtain a shot at his shoulder, and halting my horse, fired from the saddle; he got it in the shoulder-blade, and, as slowly and silently I continued my course, he still stood gazing at me in utter astonishment. Bill and Flam were now slipped by the natives, and in another moment they were barking around him. I shouted loudly to encourage the dogs and perplex the elephant, who seemed puzzled to know what to think of us, and, shrilly trumpeting, charged headlong after the dogs. Retreating, he backed into the thicket, then charged once more, and made clean away, holding the course I wanted. When I tried to fire, "Sunday" was very fidgety, and destroyed the correctness of my aim. Approaching the elephant, I presently dismounted, and, running in, gave him two fine shots behind the shoulder; then the dogs, which were both indifferent ones, ran barking at him. The consequence was a terrific charge, the dogs at once making for their master, and bringing the elephant right upon me. I had no time to gain my saddle, but ran for my life. The dogs, fortunately, took after "Sunday," who, alarmed by the trumpeting, dashed frantically away, though in the heat of the affray I could not help laughing to remark horse, dogs, and elephant all charging along in a direct line.

The dogs, having missed their master, held away for Kleinboy, who had long disappeared, I knew not whither. "Sunday" stood still, and commenced to graze, while the elephant, slowly passing within a few yards of him, assumed a position under a tree beside him. Kleinboy presently making his appearance, I called to him to ride in, and bring me my steed; but he refused, and asked me if I wished him to go headlong to destruction. "Sunday" having fed slowly away from the elephant, I went up, and he allowed me to recapture him. I now plainly saw that the elephant was dying, but I continued firing to hasten his demise. Toward the end he took up a position in a dense thorny thicket, where for a long time he remained. Approaching within twelve paces, I fired my two last shots, aiming at his left side, close behind the shoulder. On receiving these, he backed slowly through the thicket, and clearing it, walked gently forward about twenty yards, when he suddenly came down with tremendous violence right on his broadside. To my intense mortification, the heavy fall was accompanied by a loud, sharp crack, and on going up I found one of his matchless tusks broken short off by the lip. This was a glorious day's sport: I had bagged, in one afternoon, probably the two finest bull elephants in Bamangwato, and, had it not been for the destruction of their noble trophies, which were the two finest pair of tusks I had obtained that season, my triumph on the occasion had been great and unalloyed.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE POWER OF MERCY.

QUIET enough, in general, is the quaint old town of Lamborough. Why all this bustle to-day? Along the hedge-bound roads which lead to it, carts, chaises, vehicles of every description are jogging along filled with countrymen; and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female occupying a chair, placed somewhat unsteadily behind them, contrasts gayly with the dark coats, or gray smock-frocks of the front row; from every cottage of the suburb, some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The ancient moat teems with idlers, and the hill opposite, usually the quiet domain of a score or two of peaceful sheep, partakes of the surrounding agitation.

The voice of the multitude which surrounds the court-house, sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout. John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer and burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

The answer is "Transportation for Life."

But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eye wandered over the crowd with indescribable anguish, whose pallid cheek grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the green-sward. It was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell had again replaced

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the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting; all was peaceful, he could not understand why he lay there, feeling so weak and sick. He raised himself tremulously and looked around, the turf was cut and spoiled by the trampling of many feet. All his life of the last few months floated before his memory, his residence in his father's hovel with ruffianly comrades, the desperate schemes he heard as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, masked and armed, their hasty returns, the news of his father's capture, his own removal to the house of some female in the town, the court, the trial, the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent, but he had not positively ill-used his boy. Of the great and merciful Father of the fatherless the child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them to pieces, and he plucked savagely a handful of the grass on which he leant. Oh, that he were a man! that he could punish them all—all—the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses—one of them especially, a clergyman named Leyton, who had given his evidence more positively, more clearly, than all the others. Oh, that he could do that man some injury—but for him his father would not have been identified and convicted.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him, his eyes sparkled with fierce delight. "I know where he lives," he said to himself; "he has the farm and parsonage of Millwood. I will go there at once—it is almost dark already. I will do as I have heard father say he once did to the squire. I will set his barns and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it—he shall get no more fathers transported.

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy made.

The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan amomg the almost leafless trees, and George West's teeth chattered, and his ill-clad limbs grew numb as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; this fine wind will fan the flame nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight; not a soul stirring, not a light in the parsonage windows that he could see. He dared not open the gate, lest the click of the latch should betray him, so he softly climbed over; but scarcely had he dropped on the other side of the wall before the loud barking of a dog startled him. He cowered down behind the hay-rick, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the boy dared to stir, and as his courage cooled, his thirst for revenge somewhat subsided also, till he almost determined to return to Lamborough; but he was too tired, too cold, too hungry—besides, the woman would beat him for staying out so late. What could he do? where should he go? and as the sense of his lonely and forlorn position returned, so did also the affectionate remembrance of his father, his hatred of his accusers, his desire to satisfy his vengeance; and once more, courageous through anger, he rose, took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew one of them across the sand-paper. It flamed; he stuck it hasily in the stack against which he rested—it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West once more grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked. He hears the gate open, a step is close to him, the matches are extinguished, the lad makes a desperate effort to escape, but a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and a deep, calm voice inquired, "What can have urged you to such a crime? Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men, who commenced a search with their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices, nothing at all but the handful of half-consumed matches the lad had dropped, and he all that time stood trembling, and occasionally struggling, beneath the firm but not rough grasp of the master who held him.

At last the men were told to return to the house, and thither, by a different path, was George led, till they entered a small, poorly-furnished room. The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed to the anxious gaze of the little culprit. The clergyman lit a lamp, and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes were fixed on the ground, while Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched featuress to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when at last impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe that he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud bad feelings were already melting.

"You look half-starved," said Mr. Leyton; "draw nearer to the fire, you can sit down on that stool while I question you; and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George still stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted on his face, that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents: "I have

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no wish to do you any thing but good, my poor boy; look up at me, and see if you can not trust me: you need not be thus frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it, if I can."

Here the young culprit's heart smote him. Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn? On whom he had wished to bring ruin and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him to lead to a confession? But when he looked on that grave compassionate countenance, he felt that it was *not*.

"Come, my lad, tell me all."

George had for years heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the thief's jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but the better part of his nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his *enemy*, he dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands, tried to speak; but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears gushed forth so freely, his grief was so passionate as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young penitent still wept, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady entered. It was the clergyman's wife, he kissed her as she asked how he had succeeded with the wicked man in the jail?

"He told me," replied Mr. Leyton, "that he had a son whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. Indeed, his mind was so distracted respecting the youth, that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He entreated me with agonizing energy to save his son from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, unable to find the boy in spite of many earnest inquiries."

"Did you hear his name?" asked the wife.

"George West," was the reply.

At the mention of his name, the boy ceased to sob. Breathlessly he heard the account of his father's last request, of the benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfill it. He started up, ran toward the door, and endeavored to open it; Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him, "You must not escape," he said.

"I can not stop here. I can not bear to look at you. Let me go!" The lad said this wildly, and shook himself away.

"Why, I intend you nothing but kindness."

A new flood of tears gushed forth; and George West said, between his sobs,

"While you were searching for me to help me, I was trying to burn you in your house. I can not bear it." He sunk on his knees, and covered his face with both hands.

There was a long silence, for Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were as much moved as the boy, who was bowed down with shame and penitence, to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

At last the clergyman asked, "What could have induced you to commit such a crime?"

Rising suddenly in the excitement of remorse, gratitude, and many feelings new to him, he hesitated for a moment, and then told his story; he related his trials, his sins, his sorrows, his supposed wrongs, his burning anger at the terrible fate of his only parent, and his rage at the exultation of the crowd: his desolation on recovering from his swoon, his thirst for vengeance, the attempt to satisfy it. He spoke with untaught, child-like simplicity, without attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the crouching boy, and soothed him with gentle words. The very tones of her voice were new to him. They pierced his heart more acutely than the fiercest of the upbraidings and denunciations of his old companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildered tenderness. He kissed Mrs. Leyton's hand, then gently laid on his shoulder. He gazed about like one in a dream who dreaded to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him, and after a time, when his senses had become sufficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained holy and beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy: of the great yet loving father; of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch, equally with the richest, and noblest, and happiest; of the force and efficacy of the sweet beatitude, "Blessed are the Merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy."

I heard this story from Mr. Leyton, during a visit to him in May. George West was then head ploughman to a neighboring farmer, one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected laborers in the parish.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

BORAX LAGOONS OF TUSCANY.

IN a mountainous district of Tuscany, lying about twenty miles west of Sienna, are situated the extraordinary lagoons from which borax is obtained. Nothing can be more desolate than the aspect of the whole surrounding country. The mountains, bare and bleak, appear to be perpetually immersed in clouds of sulphurous vapor, which sometimes ascend in wreathed or twisted columns, and at other times are beaten down by the winds, and dispersed in heavy masses through the glens and hollows. Here and there water-springs, in a state of boiling heat, and incessantly emitting smoke and vapor, burst with immense noise from the earth, which burns and shakes beneath your feet. The heat of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the lagoons is almost intolerable, especially when the wind blows about you the fiery vapor, deeply impregnated with sulphur. Far and near the earth is covered with glittering crystallizations of various minerals, while the soil beneath is composed of black marl, streaked with chalk, which, at a distance, imparts to it the appearance of varie-

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gated marble. As you proceed, you are stunned by the noise of constant explosions, which remind you that you are traversing the interior of a mighty crater, which in past ages was, perhaps, filled with a flood of liquid fire.

Borax was first brought to Europe, through India, from Thibet, where it is found in a mountainous region, resembling in character the district of Tuscany we have described. If we except some doubtful specimens, said to have been discovered in coal-pits in Saxony, we may assert that the mineral is found nowhere else in Europe, or that the territories of the Grand Duke enjoy a natural monopoly of the article, which, with the growth of the manufacturing system, is coming more and more into use every day, especially in France. In former times, when the value of the lagoons was not understood, the hollows and gorges in the mountains where they are situated were regarded by the superstitious peasantry as the entrance to hell. Experience taught them that it was in many respects a region of death. Whatever living thing fell into the lagoons inevitably perished, for the devouring acid almost in a moment separated the flesh from the bones. Cattle were frequently thus lost, and the peasants themselves or their children sometimes encountered a similar fate. A celebrated chemist, engaged in making experiments on the impregnated water, accidentally fell into a lagoon which he himself had caused to be excavated, and perished immediately, leaving a wife and several children in indigence.

For many ages no use was made of the boracic acid, and the whole district containing it—altogether about thirty miles in length—was dreaded and shunned by the inhabitants. Many inducements were vainly held out to the peasantry to cultivate the lands in the neighborhood, which might generally be obtained for nothing. From time to time a few adventurous families would take up their residence near Monte Cerboli, and bring a few fields into cultivation, leaving, however, more than nine-tenths of the land fallow.

About the middle of the last century, Hoefer, who is described as apothecary to the Grand Duke, first detected the presence of boracic acid in the lagoon Orcherio, near Monte Botardo. Masgagin, a professor of anatomy, found the mineral in a concrete state in several streams issuing from the lagoons, and suggested the propriety of establishing manufactories of borax. As late, however, as 1801, in consequence of the failure of numerous experiments, Professor Gazzeri arrived at the conclusion that the quantity of acid contained in the water of the lagoons was too small to render the working of them profitable. But this opinion was based on the old practice of attempting the extracting the mineral by the use of charcoal furnaces. It was M. Larderel who introduced the improved method of employing the hot vapors of the lagoons themselves in the elaboration of the acid, and may be said to have invented the present method, which will probably go on improving for ages.

The system of the Chevalier Larderel, now Comte de Pomerasce, displays at once great ingenuity and courage. The *soffioni*, or vapors, having been observed to burst forth with more or less vehemence in various parts of the mountains—which, fortunately for industry and commerce, are copiously irrigated with streams of water—the idea was conceived of forming an artificial lagoon on the site of the most elevated vent. A large basin having been excavated, the nearest stream was turned into it. The burning blasts from below forcing up their way through the water, keep it in a state of perpetual ebullition, and by degrees impregnate it with boracic acid. Nothing can be more striking than the appearance of such a lagoon. Surrounded by aridity and barrenness, its surface presents the aspect of a huge caldron, boiling and steaming perpetually, while its margin trembles, and resounds with the furious explosions from below. Sometimes the vapor issues like a thread from the water, and after rising for a considerable height, spreads, and assumes an arborescent form as it is diluted by the atmospheric air. It then goes circling over the surface of the lagoon, till, meeting with other bodies of vapor in a similar condition, the whole commingling, constitute a diminutive cloud, which is wafted by the breeze up the peaks of the mountains, or precipitated into the valleys, according to its comparative density.

To stand on the brink of one of these deadly lakes, stunned by subterranean thunder, shaken by incessant earthquakes, and scorched and half suffocated by the fiery pestilential vapor, is to experience very peculiar sensations, such as one feels within the crater of Vesuvius or Ætna, or in the obscurity of the Grotto del Cave.

Another lagoon is scooped out lower down the mountain, the site being determined by the occurrence of soffioni; and here the same processes are followed, and the same phenomena observable. The water from the lagoon above, after it has received impregnation during twenty-four hours, is let off, and conducted by an artificial channel to the second lagoon; and from thence, with similar precautions, to a third, a fourth, and so on, till it at length reaches a sixth or eighth lagoon, where the process of impregnation is supposed to be completed. By this time the water contains half per cent. of acid, which Professor Gazzeri considered far too little to repay the expense of extracting it. From the last lagoon it is conveyed into reservoirs, whence again, after having remained quiescent a few hours, for what purpose is not stated, it passes into the evaporating pans. "Here the hot vapor concentrates the strength of the acid by passing under shallow leaden vessels from the boiling fountains above, which it quits at a heat of 80 degrees Reaumur, and is discharged at a heat of 60 degrees (101 Fahrenheit)."

The evaporating pans are arranged on the same principles as the lagoons, though in some cases almost four times as numerous, each placed on a lower level than the other. In every successive pan the condensation becomes greater,

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till the water at length descends into the crystallizing vessels, where the process is completed. From these the borax is conveyed to the drying-rooms, where in the course of a very few hours, it is ready to be packed for exportation. The number of establishments has for many years been on the increase, though about twelve or fourteen years ago they did not exceed nine. Nothing can be more fallacious than the opinions formed by hasty visitors on matters of this kind, which are susceptible of perpetual improvement. When the produce was from 7000 to 8000 Tuscan pounds per day, the manufacturers were supposed to have reached the maximum, because all the water of the mountains was supposed to have been called into requisition. Experience, however, is perpetually teaching us new methods of economy; and though it would *a priori* be impossible to say by what means this economy is to be effected, we can not permit ourselves to doubt that the manufacture of borax in Tuscany will hereafter be carried to a degree of perfection greatly transcending the expectations of those who formerly wrote on the subject. One of these observes the atmosphere has some influence on the results. In bright and clear weather, whether in winter or summer, the vapors are less dense, but the depositions of boracic acid in the lagoons are greater. Increased vapors indicate unfavorable change of weather, and the lagoons are infallible barometers to the neighborhood, even at a great distance, serving to regulate the proceedings of the peasantry in their agricultural pursuits.

As the quantity of boracic acid originally contained in the water of the lagoons is so very small as we now know it to be, we can no longer wonder at the opinion formerly entertained, that it did not exist at all. After five or six successive impregnations we see it does not exceed half per cent., which, estimating the quantity of borax at 7500 pounds a day, will give 1,500,000 Tuscan pounds, or 500 tons, of water for the same period. By the construction of immense cisterns for the catching of rain water, by the employment of steam-engines for raising it from below, and probably by creating artificial vents for the soffioni, the quantity of borax produced might be almost indefinitely increased, since the range of country through which the vapor ascends is far too great for us to suppose it to be exhausted by the production of 7000 pounds of borax a day. Science in all likelihood will bring about a revolution in this as in so many other manufactures, and our descendants will look back with a smile on our hasty and unphilosophical decision.

We are without information on many points connected with the population of those districts, to throw light on which it would be necessary to institute fresh investigations on the spot. The lagoons are usually excavated by laborers from Lombardy, who wander southward in search of employment in those months of the year during which the Apennines are covered with snow. They do not, however, remain to be employed in the business of manufacture. This is carried on by native Tuscan laborers, who occupy houses, often spacious and well built, in the neighborhood of the evaporating pans. They are in nearly all cases married men, and are enabled to maintain themselves and their families on the comparatively humble wages of a Tuscan lira a day. It would have been satisfactory to know the number of the Lombard navigators from time to time employed in excavating the lagoons, as well as of the native laborers, who carry on operations after their departure; but we may with certainty infer the successive appearance of fresh soffioni on the sides of the mountains from the perpetually-recurring necessity of excavating new lagoons. Again, from the immense increase of borax produced in former times we may safely infer its increase in future. The quantity obtained was quadrupled in four years by superior methods of extraction, by economy of water and vapor, and other improvements suggested by experience. There can, therefore, be no doubt in our minds that similar improvements will produce similar results. In 1832, about 650,000 Tuscan pounds were obtained; in 1836, 2,500,000.

We quote the following suggestion from the observation of a traveler: "It appears to me that the power and riches of these extraordinary districts remain yet to be fully developed. They exhibit an immense number of mighty steam-engines, furnished by nature at no cost, and applicable to the production of an infinite variety of objects. In the progress of time this vast machinery of heat and force will probably become the moving central point of extensive manufacturing establishments. The steam which has been so ingeniously applied to the concentration and evaporation of the boracic acid, will probably hereafter, instead of wasting itself in the air, be employed to move huge engines, which will be directed to the infinite variety of production which engages the attention of the industrious artisans; and thus in course of time there can be little doubt that these lagoons, which were fled from as objects of danger and terror by uninstructed man, will gather round them a large, intelligent population, and become sources of prosperity to innumerable individuals through countless generations."

Whoever has traveled through Tuscany, will every where have observed that the peasants live in better houses than they do any where else in Europe. Some one has said that nearly all their dwellings have been built within the last eighty years, an observation which in itself shows the substantial nature of their tenements, for where else will a peasant's house last so long? In the secluded mountain valleys, where agriculture supplies the only employment of the industrious classes, you sometimes meet with very ancient cottages, built quite in the style of the middle ages, with an abundance of projection and recesses, all calculated to produce picturesqueness of effect. The modern houses, more particularly in the district of the lagoons,

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are constructed more with reference to comfort than show, the object being to secure as much room and air as possible. In most places a garden is attached to every dwelling; and where trees will grow, a large linden or chestnut stretches its large boughs lovingly about the corner, and sometimes over the roof, of the dwelling. Under this the peasant and his family sit to enjoy themselves on summer evenings. Not to be entirely idle, however, the father is usually engaged in weaving baskets, while the children amuse themselves with cleaning and preparing the twigs; the mother, often with a baby in her lap, applies herself to the reparation of the family wardrobe; and the whole group, especially when lighted up by the slanting rays of the setting sun, presents to the eye a picture not to be equaled by Dutch or Flemish school.

In other respects, the peasant of the lagoons aims at an inferior standard of luxury. His house is by far the finest portion of his possessions. The style of furniture, though comfortable, is inferior; and in the matters of dress and food the most primitive theories evidently prevail. Here, however, as in most other parts of Europe, we behold the extremities, as it were, of two systems—the one which is going out of date, and the one which is coming in. Much bigotry is no doubt often displayed in the attachment of some persons to old habits and customs, not otherwise valuable or respectable than from their mere antiquity; but in several parts of Italy the advocates of novelty are seldom in possession of so much comfort as they who abide by the habits and customs of their forefathers. These, for the most part, are content with the coarse manufactures of the country, which, rough and uncouth in appearance, supply the requisite warmth, and are extremely enduring. On the other hand, the imported goods within the reach of the poor, though gay, and of brilliant colors, are too often of the most flimsy texture, and melt away from about the persons of the wearers almost like vapor. The two classes of peasants view each other with secret contempt; but the old fashion is rapidly dying out because it is old, while the new chiefly triumphs perhaps because it is new.

A native, when questioned on the subject of the recent innovations, observed that the lower classes of the population would have the means of providing for their necessities if they were not so eager after luxuries. The females are given to expensive dress, which deprives them of the means of supplying themselves with more necessary articles. The gluttony of the artisans has become proverbial among us: what is not spent in finery in dress is consumed in pampering the appetite. In consequence of the prosperity of the straw trade, which lasted from 1818 to 1825, luxury spread throughout the country; and it would excite a smile, were it not a subject for regret, to observe the country folks in embroidered stockings and pumps, with large velvet bonnets trimmed with feathers and lace; but in their homes they, as well as the artisans in the towns, are miserably off; and they who are even genteelly dressed when abroad, have rarely more than a miserable palliasse for a bed at home. Deprived of the advantages of the straw trade, the situation of the country people, especially those of the mountainous parts, is very distressing.

But this and similar causes operate much less on the population in the district of the lagoons than elsewhere; and, indeed, it may almost be said that these persons, for the most part, offer a striking contrast with their neighbors. Notwithstanding the nature of the vapors by which the air they breathe is impregnated, they are said, upon the whole, to be healthy and long-lived; and the regularity of employment, the goodness of their wages, and their constant residence on the same spot, with many other causes, combine to render them one of the most thriving sections of the Tuscan population. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that we want several data for correctly appreciating their condition, and these could only be supplied by one who should remain a long time among them. The owners and conductors of the works are too much absorbed by the love of gain to pay much attention to the state of the laborers, who, as in most other parts of Italy, lead a retired life, and are reserved and shy of communicating with strangers. On ordinary topics they will converse with you freely enough, but the moment you allude to their domestic concerns, they shrink into themselves, and decline entering into explanations. This, however, they usually do in the most civil manner, affecting stupidity, and carefully avoiding the least appearance of rudeness. Even in the neighboring towns and villages the laborers of the lagoons are little known; and the produce of their manufacture, though exported to France and England, attracts little notice to the country itself, except among those who are engaged in its production. This will account for the very little that is popularly known of the borax lagoons of Tuscany, or of the race of peasants by whom they are rendered profitable.

[From Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine."]

WALLACE AND FAWDON.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THIS ballad was suggested by one of the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, had been defeated in a sharp encounter with the English. He was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers, the English pursued him with a bloodhound, and his sole chance of escape from that tremendous investigator was either in baffling the scent altogether (which was impossible, unless fugitives could take to the water, and continue there for some distance), or in confusing it by the spilling of blood. For the latter purpose, a captive was sometimes sacrificed; in which case the hound stopped upon the body.

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The supernatural part of the story of Fawdon is treated by its first relater, Harry the Minstrel, as a mere legend, and that not a very credible one; but as a mere legend it is very fine, and quite sufficient for poetical purposes; nor should the old poet's philosophy have thought proper to gainsay it. Nevertheless, as the mysteries of the conscience are more awful things than any merely gratuitous terror (besides leaving optical phenomena quite as real as the latter may find them), even the supernatural part of the story becomes probable when we consider the agitations which the noble mind of Wallace may have undergone during such trying physical circumstances, and such extremes of moral responsibility. It seems clear, that however necessary the death of Fawdon may have been to his companions, or to Scotland, his slayer regretted it; I have suggested the kind of reason which he would most likely have had for the regret; and, upon the whole, it is my opinion, that Wallace actually saw the visions, and that the legend originated in the fact. I do not mean to imply that Fawdon became present, embodied or disembodied, whatever may have been the case with his spectre. I only say that what the legend reports Wallace to have seen, was actually in the hero's eyes. The remainder of the question I leave to the psychologist.

Part the First.

Wallace with his sixteen men
Is on his weary way;
They have hasting been all night,
And hasting been all day;
And now, to lose their only hope,
They hear the bloodhound bay.

The bloodhound's bay comes down the wind,
Right upon the road;
Town and tower are yet to pass,
With not a friend's abode.

Wallace neither turn'd nor spake;
Closer drew the men;
Little had they said that day,
But most went cursing then.

Oh! to meet twice sixteen foes
Coming from English ground,
And leave their bodies on the track,
To cheat King Edward's hound

Oh! to overtake one wretch
That left them in the fight,
And leave him cloven to the ribs,
To mock the bloody spite.

Suddenly dark Fawdon stopp'd,
As they near'd a town;
He stumbled with a desperate oath,
And cast him fiercely down.

He said, "The leech took all my strength,
My body is unblest;
Come dog, come devil, or English rack,
Here must Fawdon rest."

Fawdon was an Irishman,
Had join'd them in the war;
Four orphan children waited him
Down by Eden Scawr.

But Wallace hated Fawdon's ways,
That were both fierce and shy;
And at his words he turn'd, and said,
"That's a traitor's lie.

"No thought is thine of lingering here,
A captive for the hound;
Thine eye is bright; thy lucky flesh
Hath not a single wound:
The moment we depart, the lane
Will see thee from the ground."

Fawdon would not speak nor stir,
Speak as any might;
Scorn'd or sooth'd, he sat and lour'd
As though in angry spite.

Wallace drew a little back,
And waved his men apart;
And Fawdon half leap'd up, and cried,
"Thou wilt not have the heart!"

Wallace with his dreadful sword,
Without further speech,
Clean cut off dark Fawdon's head,
Through its stifled screech:

Through its stifled screech, and through
The arm that fenc'd his brow;
And Fawdon, as he leap'd, fell dead,
And safe is Wallace now.

Safe is Wallace with his men,
And silent is the hound;
And on their way to Castle Gask
They quit the sullen ground.

Part the Second.

Wallace lies in Castle Gask,
Resting with his men;
Not a soul has come, three days,
Within the warder's ken.

Resting with his men is Wallace,
Yet he fareth ill:
There are tumults in his blood,
And pangs upon his will.

It was night, and all were housed,
Talking long and late;
Who is this that blows the horn
At the castle-gate?

Who is this that blows a horn
Which none but Wallace hears?
Loud and louder grows the blast
In his frenzied ears.

He sends by twos, he sends by threes,
He sends them all to learn;
He stands upon the stairs, and calls
But none of them return.

Wallace flung him forth down stairs;
And there the moonlight fell
Across the yard upon a sight,
That makes him seem in hell

Fawdon's headless trunk he sees,
With an arm in air,
Brandishing his bloody head
By the swinging hair.

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Wallace with a stifled screech
Turn'd and fled amain,
Up the stairs, and through the bowers,
With a burning brain:

From a window Wallace leap'd
Fifteen feet to ground,
And never stopp'd till fast within
A nunnery's holy bound.

And then he turn'd, in gasping doubt,
To see the fiend retire,
And saw him not at hand, but saw
Castle Gask on fire.

All on fire was Castle Gask;
And on its top, endued
With the bulk of half a tower,
Headless Fawdon stood.

Wide he held a burning beam,
And blackly fill'd the light;
His body seem'd, by some black art,
To look at Wallace, heart to heart,
Threatening through the night.

Wallace that day week arose
From a feeble bed;
And gentle though he was before,
Yet now to orphans evermore
He gentlier bow'd his head.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CLEVER CHILDREN?

DURING a visit to a friend in the country, I was enjoying a walk in his garden before breakfast on a delightful morning in June, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the pensive attitude of a little boy, the son of my host, whom I observed standing before a rose-bush, which he appeared to contemplate with much dissatisfaction. Children have always been to me a most interesting study; and yielding to a wish to discover what could have clouded the usually bright countenance of my little friend, I inquired what had attracted him to this particular rose-bush, which presented but a forlorn appearance when compared with its more blooming companions. He replied: "This rose-bush is my *own*; papa gave it to me in spring, and promised that no one else should touch it. I have taken great pains with it; and as it was covered with beautiful roses last summer, I hoped to have had many fine bouquets from it; but all my care and watching have been useless: I see I shall not have one full-blown rose after all."

"And yet," said I, "it appears to be as healthy as any other bush in the garden: tell me what you have done for it, as you say it has cost me so much pains?"

"After watching it for some time," he replied, "I discovered a very great number of small buds, but they were almost concealed by the leaves which grew so thickly; I therefore cleared away the greater part of these, and my little buds then looked very well. I now found, as I watched them, that though they grew larger every day, the green outside continued so hard, that I thought it impossible for the delicate rose-leaves to force their way out; I therefore picked them open; but the pale, shriveled blossoms which I found within never improved, but died one after another. Yesterday morning I discovered one bud which the leaves had till then hidden from me, and which was actually streaked with the beautiful red of the flower confined in it; I carefully opened and loosened it, in the hope that the warm sun would help it to blow: my first thought this morning was of the pleasure I should have in gathering my *one* precious bud for mamma—but look at it now!"

The withered, discolored petals to which the child thus directed my eye did indeed present but a melancholy appearance, and I now understood the cause of the looks of disappointment which had at first attracted my attention. I explained to the zealous little gardener the mischief which he had unintentionally done by removing the leaves and calyx with which nature had covered and inclosed the flower until all its beauties should be ready for full development; and having pointed out to him some buds which had escaped his *care*, I left him full of hope that, by waiting patiently for nature to accomplish her own work, he might yet have a bouquet of his own roses to present to his mother.

As I pursued my walk, it occurred to me that this childish incident suggested an answer to the question asked by Dr. Johnson, "What becomes of all the clever children?" Too often, it is to be feared, are the precious human buds sacrificed to the same mistaken zeal that led to the destruction of the roses which had been expected with so much pleasure by their little owner. Perhaps a few hints, suggested—not by fanciful theory, but by practical experience in the mental training of children—may help to rescue some little ones from the blighting influences to which they are too often exposed.

The laws by which the physical development of every infant, during the earliest period of its existence, is regulated, seem to afford a striking lesson by the analogy they bear to those laws on which the subsequent mental development depends; and by the wise arrangement of an ever-kind Providence, this lesson is made immediately to precede the period during which it should be carried into practice. On the babe's first entrance into the world, it must be fed only with food suitable to its delicate organs of digestion; on this depends its healthful growth, and likewise the gradual strengthening of those organs. Its senses must at first be acted upon very gently: too strong a light, or too loud a noise, may impair its sight or hearing for life.

The little limbs of a young infant must not be allowed to support the body before they have acquired firmness sufficient for that task, otherwise they will become deformed, and the whole system weakened; and last, not least, fresh and pure air must be constantly inhaled by the lungs, in order that they may supply vigor to the whole

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frame. All enlightened parents are acquainted with these laws of nature, and generally act on them; but when, owing to judicious management, their children emerge from babyhood in full enjoyment of all the animal organs, and with muscles and sinews growing firmer every day in consequence of the exercise which their little owners delight in giving them, is the same judicious management extended to the mind, of which the body, which has been so carefully nourished, is only the outer case? In too many cases it is not. Too often the tender mind is loaded with information which it has no power of assimilating, and which, consequently, can not nourish it. The mental faculties, instead of being gradually exercised, are overwhelmed: parents who would check with displeasure the efforts of a nurse who should attempt to make their infant walk at too early a period, are ready eagerly to embrace any system of so-called education which offers to do the same violence to the intellect; forgetting that distortion of mind is at least as much to be dreaded as that of the body, while the motives held out to encourage the little victims are not calculated to produce a moral atmosphere conducive either to good or great mental attainments. Children are sometimes met with—though few and far between—whose minds seem ready to drink in knowledge in whatever form or quantity it may be presented to them; and the testimony of Dr. Combe, as well as of many other judicious writers, proves the real state of the brain in such cases, and also the general fate of the poor little prodigies. Such children, however, are not the subject of these observations, of which the object is to plead for those promising buds which are closely encased in their "hard" but protecting covering; to plead for them especially at that period when the "beautiful red streak" appears; in other words, when, amid the thoughtless sports and simple studies of childhood, the intellect begins to develop itself, and to seek nourishment from all that is presented to it. There exists at the period alluded to a readiness in comparison, and a shrewdness of observation, which might be profitably employed in the great work of education. And here it may be observed, that as to "educate" signifies to *bring out*, the term *education* can only be applied with propriety to a system which performs this work, and never to one which confines itself to laying on a surface-work of superficial information, unsupported by vigorous mental powers. Information may be acquired at any age, provided that the intellectual machinery has been kept in activity; whereas, if the latter has been allowed to rust and stiffen from disease, the efforts of the man—supposing him to have energy sufficient to make an effort—to redress the wrongs done to the boy, will in most cases be vain. That self-educated men are generally the best educated is a trite remark; so trite, indeed, that it frequently falls on the ear without rousing attention to the apparent paradox which it contains; and yet there must be some reason well worthy of attention for the fact, that so many who, in early life, have enjoyed advantages, have, on reaching manhood, found themselves surpassed by others who have been forced to struggle up unassisted, and in many cases surrounded by apparent obstacles to their rise. It is obvious that the point in which the latter have the advantage, is the necessity which they find for exercising their *own* intellectual powers at every step; and, moreover, for taking each step firmly before they attempt the next; which necessity, while it may retard the rapid skimming over various subjects which is sometimes effected, gives new vigor continually to the mind, and also leads to the habit of that "industry and patient thought" to which the immortal Newton attributed all he had done; while at the same time a vivid pleasure is taken in the acquirement of knowledge so obtained beyond any that can be conferred by reward or encouragement from others.

From these considerations, it appears that the most judicious system of education is that in which the teacher rather directs the working of his pupil's mind than works for him; and it must be recollected that such a system, compared with some others, will be slow, though sure, in producing the desired result. Every one familiar with children must have observed with what apparently fresh interest they will listen to the same tale repeated again and again. Now, if time and repetition are necessary to impress on the young mind facts interesting in themselves, they are surely more necessary when the information to be imparted is in itself dry and uninteresting, as is the case with much which it is requisite for children to learn. The system here recommended is one which requires *patience* both on the part of parents and teachers; but patience so exercised would undoubtedly be rewarded by the results, one of which would be, that we should not so frequently see "clever children" wane into very commonplace, if not stupid men.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

LACK OF POETRY IN AMERICA.

AFTER the Americans had established their political nationality beyond cavil, and taken a positive rank among the powers of the civilized world, they still remained subject to reproach, that in the worlds of Art, Science, and Literature, they had no national existence. Admitting, or, at any rate, feeling, the truth of this taunt, they bestirred themselves resolutely to produce a practical refutation of it. Their first and fullest success was, as might be expected from their notoriously utilitarian character, in practical inventions. In oratory, notwithstanding a tendency to more than Milesian floridness and hyperbole, they have taken no mean stand among the free nations of christendom. In history, despite the disadvantages arising from the scarcity of large libraries, old records, and other appliances of the historiographer, they

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have produced some books which are acknowledged to be well worthy a place among our standard works, and which have acquired, not merely an English, but a continental reputation. In the fine arts, notwithstanding obviously still greater impediments—the want at home, not only of great galleries and collections, but of the thousand little symbols and associations that help to educate the artist—the consequent necessity of going abroad to seek all that the student requires—they have still made laudable progress. The paintings of Washington Allston are the most noteworthy lions in Boston; the statues of Powers command admiration even in London. In prose fiction, the sweet sketches of Irving have acquired a renown second only to that of the agreeable essayists whom he took for his models, while the Indian and naval romances of Cooper are purchased at liberal prices by the chary bibliopoles of England, and introduced to the Parisian public by the same hand which translated Walter Scott. In poetry alone they are still palpably inferior: no world-renowned minstrel has yet arisen in the New Atlantis, and the number of those versifiers who have attained a decided name and place among the lighter English literature of their day, or whose claims to the title of poet are acknowledged *in all sections* of their own country, is but small.

If we come to inquire into the causes of this deficiency, we are apt at first to light upon several reasons why it should *not* exist. In the first place, there is nothing unpoetical about the country itself, but every thing highly the reverse. All its antecedents and traditions, its discovery, its early inhabitants, its first settlement by civilized men, are eminently romantic. It is not wanting in battle-grounds, or in spots hallowed by recollections and associations of patriots and sages. The magnificence of its scenery is well known. The rivers of America are at the same time the most beautiful and the most majestic in the world: the sky of America, though dissimilar in hue, may vie in loveliness with the sky of Italy. No one who has floated down the glorious Hudson (even amid all the un-ideal associations of a gigantic American steamer), who has watched the snowy sails—so different from the tarry, smoky canvas of European craft—that speck that clear water; who has noticed the faultless azure and snow of the heaven above, suggesting the highest idea of purity, the frowning cliffs that palisade the shore, and the rich masses of foliage that overhang them, tinged a thousand dyes by the early autumn frost—no one who has observed all this, can doubt the poetic capabilities of the land.

A seeming solution, indeed, presents itself in the business, utilitarian character of the people; and this solution would probably be immediately accepted by very many of our readers. Brother Jonathan thinks and talks of cotton, and flour, and dollars, and the ups and downs of stocks. Poetry *doesn't pay:* he can not appreciate, and does not care for it. "Let me get something for myself," he says, like the churl in Theocritus. "Let the gods whom he invokes reward the poet. What do we want with more verse? We have Milton and Shakspeare (whether we read them or not). He is the poet for me who asks me for nothing;" and so the poor Muses wither (or as Jonathan himself might say, *wilt*) away, and perish from inanition and lack of sympathy. Very plausible; but now for the paradox. So far from disliking, or underrating, or being indifferent to poetry, the American public is the most eager devourer of it, in any quantity, and of any quality; nor is there any country in which a limited capital of inspiration will go farther. Let us suppose two persons, both equally unknown, putting forth a volume of poems on each side of the Atlantic; decidedly the chances are, that the American candidate for poetic fame will find more readers, and more encouragement in his country, than the British in his. Very copious editions of the standard English poets are sold every year, generally in a form adapted to the purses of the million; to further which end they are frequently bound two or three in a volume (Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, for instance, is a favorite combination). Even bardlings like Pollok enjoy a large number of readers and editions. Nor is there—notwithstanding the much-complained-of absence of an international copyright law—any deficiency of home supply for the market. Writing English verses, indeed, is as much a part of an American's education, as writing Latin verses is of an Englishman's; recited "poems" always holding a prominent place among their public collegiate exercises; about every third man, and every other woman of the liberally-educated classes, writes occasional rhymes, either for the edification of their private circle, or the poets'-corner of some of the innumerable newspapers that encumber the land; and the number of gentlemen and ladies one meets who have published a volume of Something and Other Poems, is perfectly astounding.

The true secret seems to be, that the Americans, as a people, have not received that education which enables a people to produce poets. For, however true the *poeta nascitur* adage may be negatively of individuals, it is not true positively of nations. The formation of a national poetic temperament is the work of a long education, and the development of various influences. A peculiar classicality of taste, involving a high critical standard, seems necessary, among the moderns, to high poetic production; and such a taste has not yet been formed in America. True, there are kinds of poetry—the Ballad and the Epic, which, so far as we can trace them, are born, Pallas-like, full-grown; which sound their fullest tone in a nation's infancy, and are but faintly echoed in its maturity. But there are numbers in which lisps the infancy, not of a nation merely, but of a race. And the Americans were an old race though a young nation. They began with too much civilization for the heroic school of poetry: they have not yet attained enough cultivation for the philosophic.

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[From the London Christian Times.]

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

ALL the ordinary incidents of the past week have been thrown into temporary oblivion, by the lamentable occurrence that has deprived the country of one of its most eminent statesmen; the House of Commons, of one of its chiefs; the family of the right honorable baronet of its most amiable and distinguished head; and many of the public institutions, those of the fine arts especially, of an enlightened and generous patron.

The late member for Tamworth was the eldest son of the first Sir R. Peel, formerly of the house of Peel and Yates, which, in 1803, employed about 15,000 persons at Bury, and which paid at that time £40,000 a year duty on their printed cotton fabrics. In 1787, Mr. Peel married his partner's daughter, Miss Yates, who bore the subject of this memoir—5th February, 1788—in a little cottage, near Chamber Hall. The husband of Miss Yates was very successful in his cotton speculations, and in 1798, when the English Government appealed to the country for pecuniary aid to carry on the French war, subscribed himself £10,000. Some notion may be formed of the extent of the wealth of the first Sir R. Peel, from the fact that when, in 1830, his will was proved, the *personal* property was sworn at £1,200,000. The much-lamented baronet received the rudiments of his education under parental superintendence, near Bury. He was removed to Harrow, when he became a form-fellow of the more brilliant, but less amiable, Lord Byron, who has left several commendatory notices of his youthful friend, and whose eminence he very sagaciously predicted.

From Harrow, Mr. Peel became a Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1808, he was the first who took the honors of double first-class. In the following year, having attained his majority, he entered the House of Commons for Cashel, as the nominee of Mr. Richard Pennefather. Mr. Peel continued to represent the twelve electors of Cashel and their lord till 1812, when he represented the close borough of Chippenham, with a constituency of 135. The prodigious wealth of the first baronet of Drayton Manor gave his son great advantages in the House of Commons, where, in 1810, he was selected to second the Address, in reply to the Royal Speech. Shortly after, he became the Under-Secretary of State in the Perceval Cabinet, and, upon the fall of his chief, though only twenty-six years of age, he was made principal Secretary for Ireland—an office, at that time, of the greatest difficulty and importance—and held that post with as much address as his ultra-Toryism, and his extreme unpopularity in Ireland, admitted, under the Viceroyships of the Duke of Richmond, Earl Whitworth, and Earl Talbot. The most permanent and beneficial measure which Ireland owes to its former Secretary, Peel, is its constabulary force, introduced in 1817, which was the wedge to the introduction of the English body of police.

The masterly tactics of the still youthful statesman, in part, but his "thorough and throughout" Toryism, chiefly recommended him to the electors of Oxford University, which he represented twelve years, till 1828; when, upon an obvious change in his opinions on the question of Catholic emancipation, he was rejected.

In 1820, Mr. Peel, then in his thirty-third year, had married Julia, the daughter of General Sir John Floyd, who was only twenty-five, and who survives her illustrious husband. The issue of this marriage is five sons and two daughters. One of his sons has already entered diplomatic employment in Switzerland; a second has recently entered, as our readers will remember, the House of Commons; a third is in the army, and one in the navy. One of Sir Robert's daughters was married to Viscount Villiers in 1840.

In 1819, the monetary affairs of the country had become so alarming, that the House of Commons appointed a secret committee to inquire into the state of the Bank of England, of which committee Mr. Peel was appointed chairman. He had hitherto been one of the most strenuous opponents of Mr. Horner's celebrated propositions of 1811, from which period he had strongly defended the currency policy of Mr. Vansittart. But the evidence produced to the secret committee effected a complete change in Mr. Peel's opinions, and it was chiefly through his agency that the currency was settled on its present metallic basis. In the conflict, a touching incident of antagonism, between the subject of this memoir and his father, occurred in the House of Commons. Mr. Peel was, in 1822, promoted to the head of the Home-office, which he occupied till the overthrow of Lord Liverpool, in 1827, when he retired, in consequence, as it is alleged, of the elevation of Mr. Canning, whose opinions were in favor of the abolition of the Roman Catholic disabilities. Upon the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power, in 1828, Mr. Peel returned to the Home-office, and, in conjunction with his noble friend, repealed the disabilities of the Roman Catholics; which not only cost him Ireland, and brought upon him a hurricane of abuse from his party, but shook the general confidence in either the soundness or the integrity of his opinions.

The skirts of the Gallic storm of 1830, that crushed the Bourbonic throne, destroyed the Wellington Administration, and made the Reform Bill no longer deferable, which the Whigs entered office to carry. Meantime, the deceased had succeeded to an enormous estate and the baronetcy, by the demise of his father, Sir R. Peel. But he was, in opposition, fiercely assailed with the maledictions of Ireland; the censures of the High Tory party—whom he was alleged to have betrayed—the clamors of the advocates of a paper currency; and what, perhaps, was the most difficult to bear, his party imputed to him the real authorship of the Reform Bill and its consequences, by his vacillation in reference

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to the emancipation of the Catholics. But, nothing dismayed by the angry elements surrounding him, and the new political vista of England and the Continent, Sir R. Peel now displayed all the resources of his statesmanship in concentrating the new Conservative party. He so far succeeded—chiefly through the want of more courage and honesty in the Whigs—that he was again called to office in 1834, during his brief tenancy of which, no one can withhold praise for his command of temper, his Liberal tendencies, and his spirit of general conciliation. In 1841, Sir R. Peel again entered office; and—though he undeniably was enabled to do so by the Protectionist party, by the force of circumstances, the stagnation of commerce, the failure of the crops, and the famine in Ireland—he opened the ports, and repealed the Corn-laws forever, to the consternation of the world, and in opposition to all the opinions of his life; this was in 1845. Since that period Sir R. Peel has been in Opposition, indeed, but not its leader so much as a distinguished debater, an accomplished financier, and the expositor of opinions which neither the Whigs nor Tories heartily espouse.

During forty years servitude in the House of Commons—though not generally in favor of popular sentiments, and, in religious matters, rather liberal than generous—Sir R. Peel has undoubtedly rendered, in addition to his three great measures — the Bullion-law, Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Corn-law —many minor political benefits to the country. Of this class of services, that which reflects on him the most honor, is his amelioration of the Criminal Law. As to the measures to which we have just allûded, there will still continue to be a large diversity of opinion. Thousands of the wealthy classes will regard them all as steps in the declination of the national power; while the more popular mind, that rarely troubles itself with large or profound views, has already registered its approval of them.

It is a singular fact, that he spent eleven years in Parliamentary opposition to the Bullion doctrine that he adopted in 1822; that he waged strenuous war against the repeal of the Roman Catholic disabilities for eighteen years, and at last carried them in spite of his own party; and that for thirty years in the House of Commons, he maintained that the prosperity of Great Britain depended on the retention of her Corn-laws, which he repealed in 1845. It is, therefore, clear that his final measures, in reference to these three great departments of his political life, were rather concessions to the force of events, than the voluntary policy of his own mind. His wisdom lay in the concession. Many of his chief colleagues, in each of these instances, would have blindly rushed upon destruction. His greater sagacity foresaw the gulf and turned away, choosing to win the courage of relinquishing his life's opinions, than that of courting the dangers of resistance. And in these three famous instances of Sir R. Peel's life, we have the true elaboration of his own character. He was by education and preference a Tory; by necessity he became a Progressionist.

While we have felt it our duty to write the last paragraph, we cheerfully record our admiration of Sir Robert Peel's great talents, of his moral integrity, of his very exemplary private life, and, we believe, of his firm attachment to his country and its institutions. He is another memorable instance of what the children of democracy may become in England, with adequate talents and exertions. Sir R. Peel owed much to his wealth, to his associates, and to his early opinions. But far beyond the factitious influences derivable from such sources, he had great elements in himself. When his heart and mind received free permission from his policy to display themselves, they were of the highest order. Such a man is not easily made: of his loss we are only at present very imperfectly able to appreciate the consequences, one of which, we fear will be a mischievous re-formation of the Protectionist party, and, if we read the auspices aright, his death will not improve the Ministerial Whigs.

The motion on Wednesday night, in the House of Commons, not to proceed with public business that evening, in honor of the memory of Sir R. Peel, was as becoming to the House itself as it was to its mover, Mr. Hume. It is a poor recompense to a bereaved family, we are aware; but it is such a tribute as has not always been granted to even greater men, and to some of the blood royal. In due time the public feeling will doubtless imbody itself in more tangible and permanent forms; and when that occurs, it will not be the least of the monumental honors of the deceased, that the gratitude of the widow, the orphan, the neglected genius, and suffering worth, will lead many to shed their tears on the bronze or marble effigies of him whose like England will not easily see again.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

SPONGES.

ABOUT three centuries and a half before the Christian era, the question, Are sponges animal or vegetable? was proposed by Aristotle, who, unable himself to solve the difficulty, was contented, in the true spirit of a lover of nature, with carefully recording the results of his accurate observations, and advancing his opinion rather in the form of an inquiry than of an allegation. Upward of two thousand years rolled away ere this question was satisfactorily answered. Nay, we believe that the vegetable theory has, even at the present time, its advocates; while some are still disposed to consider that the sponge is at one period of its existence a vegetable, and at another an animal.

To any one who hesitates to acknowledge that the sponge is endowed with animal life—confessedly in its lowest form, yet with a most exquisite adaptation to its destiny—we would offer the spectacle of a living sponge in a portion of its native element. We would let him gaze

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on the animated fountain, which is perpetually sucking the water into its substance through its countless pores, and after assimilating such particles of it as are essential to its existence, ceaselessly expelling it, at more distant intervals, through the larger channels which may be observed on its outer surface. We would point out innumerable gemmules of gelatinous matter, which at certain seasons of the year may be seen spouting "from all parts of the living film which invests the horny skeleton;"* until, at length, escaping from the nursery in which they grew, they are carried off to the wide sea by means of the force of the currents issuing from the sponge, though not left to perish at the mercy of the waves. For he will find that the young animal or egg is covered with numberless minute hairs or *cilia*, each one of which is endowed with a distinct and innate power of vibration; so that by means of thousands of almost invisible oars, the young sponge "shoots like a microscopic meteor through the sea," until it arrives at some rock or other place properly adapted for its future growth; then it settles calmly and contentedly down, and gradually losing its locomotive power, begins to spread on its base; and builds up, within its living substance, a horny framework, such as we have already seen in its parent.

The above-named currents may be more distinctly seen by powdering the surface of the water with chalk or any similar substance; and Professor Grant mentions, that by placing pieces of cork or dry paper over the apertures, he could see them moving "by the force of the currents at the distance of ten feet from the table on which the specimen rested."

Dr. Peysonell, who paid great attention to the structure of the sponge, brought proofs of its animal vitality before the Royal Society in the years 1752–57. And Mr. Ellis, five years afterward, by his dissections, set the question quite at rest; though he fell into the error of believing that the frame of the sponge was the outer case of worms or polypes. Later examination, however, has shown that the *frame* or *sponge*, commonly so called, is an *internal* skeleton, while the vital power is simply composed of a slimy film which coats over every fibre, and which, inert as it appears, possesses the power of secreting the particles essential to its growth.

It has been affirmed, that the sponge is observed to contract or shrink when torn from the rocks; but there is satisfactory evidence to prove that neither this nor any degree of laceration has a sensible effect on this nerveless though vital mass.

All sponges, however, have not a horny framework, but some, which are thereby rendered useless in a commercial point of view, are supported by a skeleton composed of siliceous particles imbedded in a tough, fibrous material. These particles, or *spicula*, as they are termed, are so uniform in the species to which they severally belong, that, in the words of Professor Grant, if the soft portion be destroyed, and a "few of them brought from any part of the world on the point of a needle, they would enable the zoologist to identify the species to which they originally belonged." Professor R. Jones, however, considers that this opinion should be received with considerable limitations.

The last fact, trivial as it appears, assumes immense importance when we learn that to these spicula we must turn for an explanation of the isolated masses of flint which abound in various chalk formations. "The mere assertion," says Rhymer Jones, "that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of these fossil relics of a former ocean;" and yet a little reflection "will satisfy the most skeptical." For long ages the sponge is imbedded in the chalk, through which water is continually percolating. A well-known law of chemistry explains why similar matter should become aggregated; and thus the siliceous matter of the sponge forms a nucleus for the siliceous matter contained in the water, until at length the entire mass is converted into a solid flint. But we are not left, he adds, to mere conjecture or hypothesis on this point, "for nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints, which, on *being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered state.*"

There is every reason to believe that the sponge-fisheries of the Ægean are at present conducted precisely in the same manner as they were in the time of Aristotle. The sponge-divers are mostly inhabitants of the islands which lie off the Carian coast, and of those situated between Rhodes and Calymnos. These men—who form a distinct society, and are governed by peculiar laws, which prohibit their marriage until they shall have attained a prescribed proficiency in their art—go out in little fleets, composed of caïques, each of six or seven tons' burden, and manned by six or eight divers: each man is simply equipped with a netted bag in which to place the sponges, and a hoop by which to suspend it round his neck; and thus furnished, he descends to a depth of from five to twenty, or even occasionally thirty fathoms. The sponges which he collects are first saturated with fresh water, which destroys the vitality, and decomposing the gelatinous matter, turns it black; this matter is stamped out by the feet of the divers, and the sponges are then dried in the sun, and strung in circles, after which they are ready for sale and exportation.

In a good locality an expert diver may bring up fifty okes in a day, and for each oke he obtains about twenty-five drachmas. The weight is calculated, says Forbes, when the sponges are dry, and a very large sponge may weigh two okes. The chief sponge-markets are Smyrna, Rhodes, and Napoli.

Blount, who wrote in 1634, affirms that these sponge-divers "are from infancy bred up on dry biscuites and other extenuatinge dyet, to

* Professor Rymer Jones.

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make them extreme lean; then takinge a spunge wet in oyle, they hold it, part in their mouths, and part without, soe they go under water, where at first they can not stay long, but after practice, the leanest stay an hour and a halfe, even till the oyle of the spunge be corrupted. . . . . Thus they gather spunges from more than an hundred fathom deep," &c. All this is very wonderful, but the narrator stamps the value of his tale by telling us immediately afterward that "Samos is the only place in the world on whose rocks the spunges grow." So that, in the words which he elsewhere makes use of, "we applaude hys belief, but keep our owne." We do not, however, mean to assert that there are not sponges of some species (though not the sponge of commerce) which exist at a depth as great as that which he mentions, for Forbes dredged a living specimen of one small kind from 185 fathoms in the Gulf of Macri.

The sponge of commerce (*Spongia officinalis*) was divided by Aristotle into three kinds—namely, the loose and porous, the thick and close, and the fine and compact. These last, which are rare, were called the sponges of Achilles, and were placed by the ancients in the interior of their helmets and boots, as protections from pressure and abrasion.

The same naturalist states that those sponges are best which are found on coasts where the water becomes suddenly deep, and attributes this superiority to the greater equality of temperature obtained in such waters—observations which have been corroborated by Professor E. Forbes.

Fifty-six species of sponges have been enumerated, ten or eleven of which are found in the British isles. A portion of these inhabit fresh water, among which we may mention the river sponge (*S. fluviatilis*), which abounds in the Thames. Among the British sponges, too, is the stinging or crumb-of-bread sponge (*S. urens*), a widely-diffused species, which, when taken out of the sea is of a bright orange color, and which will, if rubbed on the hand raise blisters. This stinging quality is highly increased by drying the sponge; a process which also gives it the color and appearance of crumbs of bread, whence its popular name.

Sponges, as may be imagined from the mode of their growth, are most sportive in their forms: some a tubular, others mushroom-like, a few almost globular, and still others branched or hand-shaped; in the warmer seas they hang in fantastic and gorgeous fans from the roofs of submarine caverns, or decorate the sides with vases of classic elegance, though of nature's handiwork. Nor are their colors less various: some are of the most brilliant scarlet or the brightest yellow, others green, brown, blackish, or shining white; while Peron metions one procured by him in the South Sea which was of a beautiful purple, and from which a liquor of the same color was extracted by the slightest pressure; with this liquor he stained several different substances, and found that the color was not affected by the action of the air, and that it would bear several washings.

The value of the sponge in surgery is well known; and it is also used medicinally, being for this purpose lightly burned to powder, and given in small doses in scrofulous complaints. It has also been regarded as a specific in leprosy and hydrophobia. It is, however, needless to say that in these last it can have no influence whatever.

There are several representations of sponges given in the balneal feasts depicted on various Etruscan vases; and the sponge has been found in a perfect state in a Roman barrow at Bartlow Hills. It was discovered near the sacrificing utensils. Livy says that the covering of the breast of the Samnite gladiators was sponge.

When the animal matter remains in the sponges of various kinds, they have always a very strong fishy smell, which may perhaps be regarded as an additional proof of the affinity which they owe to the animal kingdom. Yet we must not omit that there are substances which, though they bear the name of sponges, would rather appear, from their microscopic structure, to belong to the vegetable world; we allude to those known as *gelatinous sponges*, which are perfectly different from the sponges properly so called.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE RAILWAY WORKS AT CREWE.

"WHAT place is this?" said the worthy old gentleman, my traveling companion on the London and North Western railway, as he woke up from a comfortable nap when the train slackened speed, and entered a spacious and expensively-decorated station.

"This is Crewe, sir, I believe."

And scarcely had I answered, when there was a general shout of "Crewe, Crewe!" from an army of porters who came rushing out, and pounced upon the train as if it were their lawful prey.

Presently a head peered in at the door, inquiring,

"All here for the Liverpool line?"

And on my elderly friend saying that he was for Manchester, he was politely but smartly informed that he must change carriages here. So we both got out; and my friend, after some bother about his luggage, and the use of some hasty language, was at last made "all right" by being put into a carriage bearing an announcement that that was the "Manchester train." On another carriage in front was a similar board announcing the "Liverpool train," and behind was a third to announce that for Chester. Passengers were running up and down the platform: some looking after luggage, some for the right carriage, and others darting into the handsome refreshment-room. But nobody seemed to think of going away from the station; indeed the

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only mode of exit and entrance was through a close-shut iron gate, beside which sat a policeman looking with enviable coolness on all the bustle around him. There was a ring of a bell; a banging of doors; a puff of the engine; and off went the train to Liverpool. Another locomotive now appeared moving cautiously down the line, and was speedily attached to the Manchester train, which was soon out of sight. A third came; caught hold of the Chester train, and away *it* rushed. The passengers who had journeyed so amicably together from London were now thoroughly dispersed, and ere the sun set, some would be crossing the Scotch Border at Carlisle, some embarking at Holyhead for Dublin, and others attending to their business on the Mersey or the Dee, or amid the tall chimneys of Manchester. A luggage train came crawling out from its hiding-place, and finding the coast clear, went thundering past: the porters wiped their foreheads, and went to have a little rest; and I, the solitary passenger for Crewe, was left cooling my heels on the platform.

"Where *is* Crewe?" I said to the guardian of the iron gate.

"Cross the bridge, go straight on, and turn to the right," was the concise reply.

So I crossed the bridge, and found myself in a pleasant country road. The flat rich fields of Cheshire extended on the left and to the right; at the distance of about half a mile appeared the square massive tower of a church, surrounded by long ranges of low buildings like workshops, and rows of houses evidently quite new. Some neat cottages lined the sides of the road, and there were two or three inns all bearing marks of youth; while some zealous people had caused a few bills, bearing the words "Prepare to meet thy God," printed in conspicuous type, to be affixed to the walls, giving a stranger not a very high idea of the character of the people in the habit of using that road. Turning to the right, I passed a Methodist chapel, bearing the date of its erection, 1848; a new flour-mill driven by water; a new inn with a brave new sign-board; and, crossing the boundary made by the Chester line, I arrived in Crewe.

Not many years ago, there were only two or three houses here, and the land on which the station and the town are built formed part of a good Cheshire farm. The worthy farmer plowed his fields and reaped his harvest, his dame made good Cheshire cheese; and both lived merrily on, quite unconscious of the change that their farm was about to undergo. The eyes of engineers were on it: it was placed, as an Irishman would say, "very convanient" for railway purposes; and after a few years had rolled away, it became the great workshop of the Grand Junction Line, and the point where the main line to Birmingham received its tributaries from the north and west. Several thousands of people were brought here; the company laid out streets and built houses; shops were opened; churches and schools erected; a market-place provided; a Mechanics' Institution established; many hotels built, one of which was destined to lodge royalty for a night; and a town was erected with a rapidity unexampled even in America.

The general appearance of Crewe is very pleasing. The streets are wide, and well paved; the houses are very neat and commodious, usually of two stories, built of bricks, but the brick concealed by rough-cast plaster, with porches, lattice-windows, and a little piece of garden-ground before the door. The greater part of these houses belong to the company, and are let to the men at rents from 2s. 9d. per week upward. The accommodation is good, and it would be difficult to find such houses at such low rents even in the suburbs of a large town. Water is plentifully supplied by public pumps, and the town is well lighted with gas. The names of the streets are expressive: some are called after the towns to which their direction points—such as Liverpool, Chester, Sandbach, &c.; others from the works to which they lead—such as Forge-street; and others from well-known but very modern names—such as Prince Albert-street. The placards on the walls, however, seem somewhat out of place in a railway town, as nearly all have relation to sales of cattle, timber, &c., indicating clearly enough that Crewe is but a mechanical settlement in an agricultural district. The market-place is spacious, and roofed over; the church is a handsome edifice of stone; and the Mechanics' Institution a fine building with a large lecture-room (used also as a town-hall), a good library and news-room, and commodious class-rooms. These were all built by the company; and indeed the completeness of every thing connected with the town gives evidence of such an amplitude of means possessed by its founders, as seldom, if ever, fall to the lot of private individuals.

The most interesting objects, however, about Crewe are the railway works. These are placed on a large tongue of land near the station, and so adapted, that wagons, and carriages, and engines can easily be run into them from the main line. In these works every thing connected with "the rolling stock" of the company for the northern section of the line (Walnerton being used for the southern) is made and repaired. The number of hands employed at present is about eight hundred; but formerly, when railways were more prosperous than now, it exceeded a thousand. The workmen seem to belong, in tolerably equal proportions, to the four great divisions of the United Kingdom; and the slow, deliberate speech of the Scot, the rich brogue of the Irishman, and the sharp, quick utterance of the Welshman, have lost very little of their purity and richness amid the air of the county palatine of Chester. The greater portion of the work is carried on in long, large sheds, for the most part of one story, and called the "fitting," "erecting," and other shops, according to the nature of the work done in them. The artisans may be divided into two great

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classes—the workers in metal, and those in wood; the former being employed in making locomotives' wheels, axles, springs, &c., and the latter in constructing the carriages. By far the greatest number of hands are employed in the former.

That our hasty inspection may begin at the beginning, let us peep at the foundry. Both brass and iron are cast here, but to-day it is iron. The sandy floor is covered with moulds of all descriptions, and swarthy workmen are preparing them to receive the melted iron. Occasionally you are startled by the shout of "Mind your eye!" which must be taken in its literal signification, for it comes from a moulder blowing away with a bellows the superfluous grains of fine sand, which, if once in the eye, will give some trouble. The moulds are ready, the furnace is opened, and a stream of bright white metal rolls out into the pots prepared for its reception, and is speedily poured into the moulds. In an adjoining shed are blacksmiths plying forehammers; but their greatest efforts are entirely eclipsed by the mighty steam-hammer that is seen at work in another part of the shed. This hammer is the invention of Mr. Nasmyth, of the Bridgewater Foundry, near Manchester. It moves up and down in a strong frame, at a speed subject to such nice regulations, that, according to the will of its director, it can gently drive a nail, or crush to splinters a log of wood. When Lord John Russell lately visited Manchester, the delicate touch of this hammer was strikingly displayed before him: an egg was procured, and placed in a wine-glass, and such was the power possessed over this giant, that after a little adjustment, the mighty hammer was brought repeatedly down so as just to chip the egg as gently as by a spoon in the hands of a child, while the glass was not in the slightest degree injured or disturbed. The labor saved by this hammer is immense. One man sits perched up n the frame to direct it, and another stands below to guide the iron on the anvil. The great long bar, white with heat, is pulled out of the furnace, laid on the massive piece of iron under the frame, and, with a dull, heavy sound, down comes the hammer, swiftly or slowly, according to the wishes of the director. From the forge and the foundry the "rough-hewn" iron-work passes to be planed, and its surface to be made "true." The wheel of an engine or a carriage, for example, after being forged by the blacksmith, requires to be most carefully cut round the rim, so that the space between the flange—that is, the projecting inner part of the wheel, and the outer part—may be perfectly conical, in order that the least amount of surface may be exposed to the rail, and consequently the least amount of friction produced. Again, when a cylinder comes from the foundry, the interior must be cut and polished to a perfect circle, otherwise it would be useless. In short, there is no part of a locomotive that does not require to be prepared with the most perfect accuracy to fit some other part; and if this accuracy is not gained, the engine will either not work at all, or work very imperfectly. It must be remembered that it is hard metal, like iron and brass, that has thus to be wrought on, not comparatively soft material, like wood and stone.

But the machinery employed at Crewe seems capable of cutting any thing, even though it were a rock of adamant. You pass into a shed full of little machines, standing separate from each other, with all manner of curious wheels and belts, driven by steam, of course, and each with a man stationed by its side, gazing attentively at the little machine, as if he were absorbed in thought; and, indeed, were it not for an occasional quick movement of his hands, and a rapid change of position, you might almost suppose that he was sleeping on his legs. But go close up, and you notice that the machine is slowly moving backward and forward, and still more slowly at the same time in a lateral direction. Some curious piece of mechanism is placed on it, and the movements of the machine cause a sharp steel-cutter to pass over the iron surface, which cuts it as easily and truly as a joiner planes a piece of fir. The side motion brings all the surface gradually under the instrument, but the machine, clever and powerful though it is, requires to be constantly watched and regulated, and hence the fixed attention of the man in charge. At a large machine, you will see those long, curious rods called "eccentrics" undergoing this operation; at another, a cylinder is being planed; and at a third, the rims of wheels are being cut. The filings thus made are preserved, and will be seen in large heaps in a yard, ready to be melted down, and "used up" again. In some cases both iron and brass filings are produced, which, of course, are mixed with each other; but in a quiet corner of one of the sheds you will find a boy with a heap of these filings before him, separating the brass from the iron by means of a magnet. Only imagine a boy of fourteen or fifteen doing nothing all day long except raking a magnet through a heap of black and yellow dust, and brushing into a separate heap the iron filings off his magnet! You will also see a series of three iron rollers working on each other, by means of which plate iron can be twisted into any given form; a mighty "punch" which will make a hole an inch in diameter through iron an inch in thickness as easily as though it were clay; and a sharp-cutting instrument that shears through sheets of iron as easily as a pair of scissors through a sheet of paper.

Go into another shed, and you will see all these various parts getting their last touches from the hand, and being fitted into each other; and here also you find two or three men engraving, on circular segments of brass, the names the various engines are to be known by. In another shed the engines are being "erected." Here you see from twenty to thirty in all stages of progress. Perhaps the framework only has

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been laid; or the boiler, with its many rows of long, circular brass tubes, has just been fastened, and is now receiving its outer clothing of long slips of wood; or the whole is complete, merely wanting to be tried on the many lines of rail in and around the sheds. There are two classes of engines here, whose difference is observable at a glance: some have six wheels, two of which are very large, about six feet in diameter, and the other four much smaller. The two first only are driven by the machinery, the others being merely what are called "bearing wheels." With this description of engine more speed than power is obtained, and hence it is used for passenger trains, where a high velocity is required, and where there is usually little weight, comparatively speaking, to draw. The others have only four wheels, not so large as the two just described, but all driven by the machinery. Such engines are more remarkable for power than speed, and accordingly they are used for luggage trains. In another shed, "The Hospital," will be found a number of engines laboring under various disorders, sent here to be repaired.

But carriages and wagons are also built here. You enter a shed (of two stories this time), and find wood shavings instead of iron filings, and the hissing of a circular saw instead of the quiet, steady scraping of a "cutter." Here all the woodwork of the carriages is executed, and when ready they are hoisted through a large trap-door in the roof to the second story, where they are painted and varnished, and, if first-class, "upholstered." In a store-room above stairs, are piled heaps of cushions ready for the most expensive carriages; at a table is a boy stuffing with horse-hair the leathern belts that hang by the sides of the windows; and elsewhere an artist is painting the arms of the company on the panels of a door. Here and there are boards placed before a carriage, with the intimation "Wet!" indicating that you must not go too near; and some of the carriages give evidence of having seen service, but are now renewing their youth under the skillful hands of the painter and the upholsterer. When ready to "go on the line," they are let down through the trap-door, fixed on their wheels and axles, and sent to relieve others that require repair.

Six o'clock strikes, and work ceases. In walking back leisurely to the station, I saw many of the workmen digging in their little gardens, "bringing themselves," as Emerson phrases it, "into primitive relations with the soil and nature;" others were reading the papers of the day at the Mechanics' Institution; others strolling among the green fields round the town; and others walking to a class-room, to hear a teetotal lecture; while some were proceeding to recreations of a very different kind. I was admitted through the iron gate by the same policeman; the "down" express train arrived, and it conveyed me in an hour and a half to Liverpool, a distance of about forty-five miles, stopping only once at the well-known town of Warrington.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

STEAM-BRIDGE OF THE ATLANTIC

IN the summer of 1838 the Atlantic Ocean was crossed for the first time by vessels exclusively propelled by steam-power. These pioneers were the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*—the former built for another class of voyages, and afterward lost on the station between Cork and London; the latter built expressly for Atlantic navigation, and which has ever since been more or less employed in traversing that ocean. Other ships followed: the *British Queen*, afterward sold to the Belgian government; the *Great Liverpool*, subsequently altered and placed on the line between Southampton and Alexandria; and the *President*, lost, no man knows how or where, in the year 1841. Then came what is called "Cunard's Line," consisting of a number of majestic steam-ships built in the Clyde, to carry passengers and mails between Liverpool in Europe, and Halifax, Boston, and New York in America; a service they have performed with the most marvelous regularity. The only great misfortune that has befallen this line has been the loss of one of the vessels, the *Columbia*, which, in nautical phrase, "broke her back" on some rocks on the American shore of the Atlantic. Then came the *Great Britain*, the greatest of them all, differing from the others in two respects—first, in being built of iron instead of wood; and second, in being propelled by the Archimedean screw instead of by the old paddle-wheels; and, alas! she has differed from them all in a third respect, inasmuch as neither the same good-luck attended her as in general fell to the lot of the ships of the Cunard Line, nor the same irretrievable bad fortune as was met by the *President* and the *Columbia;* for, after having made several voyages very successfully, she, to the amazement of all mankind, very quietly went ashore in Dundrum Bay, on the east coast of Ireland, from whence, after spending a most uncomfortable winter, she was brought back to Liverpool, and now lies in the Bramley-Moore Dock there, like a huge mass of iron suffering under premature rust. But all this time these ocean steamers that periodically brought to New York passengers and intelligence from Europe were British built. They had been constructed in the Avon, the Mersey, and the Clyde, the greater number having been launched in the same waters as first received Henry Bell's little *Comet*. Why did America not embark in such enterprise? As regards steam navigation, Fulton was before Bell; New York before Glasgow; the *Fulton's Folly* before the *Comet:* and was

"The greatest nation
In all creation"

to be outdone in the field of enterprise by the old Britishers? American pride said "No;" American instinct said "No;" and, above all, American capitalists said "No!" Keels were laid down in New York; the shipbuilders' yards became unusually active; and the stately tim-

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bers of majestic ships gradually rose before the admiring gaze of the citizens of the great republic.

But the race of William the Doubter is not yet extinct, and many, as usual, shook their wise heads at the enterprise. It was admitted that in inland navigation the Americans had beaten the world; that except an occasional blow-up, their river steamers were really models of enterprise and skill; but it was gravely added, the Mississippi is not the Atlantic; icebergs are not snags; and an Atlantic wave is somewhat different from an Ohio ripple. These truisms were of course undeniable; but to them was quickly added another fact, about which there could be as little mistake—namely, the arrival at Southampton, after a voyage which, considering it was the first, was quite successful, of the American-built steam-ship *Washington* from New York. There seemed to be a touch of calm irony in thus making the *Washington* the first of their Atlantic-crossing steamers, as if the Americans had said, "You doubting Britishers! when you wished to play tyrant over us, did we not raise one Washington who chastised you? and now that you want to monopolize Atlantic navigation, we have raised another Washington, just to let you know that we will beat you again!"

The *Washington*, however, was only the precursor of greater vessels. Those were to sail between New York and Liverpool, carrying the mails under a contract with the American government. In size, and speed, and splendor of fittings, these new ships were to surpass the old; even their names were, if possible, to be more grand and expressive. The vessels of Cunard's Line had lately appropriated the names of the four great continents of the globe, but the oceans remained, and their names were adopted; the new steamers being called the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*. The first of these was dispatched from New York on the 27th of April last, and arrived in the Mersey on the 10th of May, thus making the passage in about thirteen days. The voyage would have been made in a shorter time but for two accidents: the bursting of the condenser, and the discovery, after the vessel was some distance at sea, of the weakness of the floats or boards on the paddle-wheels. About two days were entirely lost in making repairs; and the speed was reduced, in order to prevent the floats from being entirely torn away from the paddle-wheels. These things considered, the passage was very successful. The average time occupied during 1849 by the vessels of the old line between New York and Liverpool was 12½ days; but their voyages were longer than those of the *Atlantic*, as they called at Halifax. The shortest passage was that made by the *Canada* from New York to Liverpool *viâ* Halifax in eleven days four hours.*

* The *Atlantic* has just made the passage direct in ten days and sixteen hours.

The *Atlantic* remained for nineteen days at Liverpool; and during all that time she had to lie in a part of the river called the Sloyne, in consequence of none of the dock-entrances being wide enough to allow her to pass in. Her breadth, measuring across the paddle-boxes, is 75 feet; of the vessels of Cunard's Line, about 70 feet; and the widest dock-entrance is barely sufficient to admit the latter. The *Great Britain*, though longer than any other steam-ship that ever entered the Mersey, is not so broad, as, being propelled by the screw, she has no paddle-wheels. A dock at the north shore is now in course of construction expressly for the accommodation of the *Atlantic* and her consorts.

For several days during her stay at Liverpool the *Atlantic* was open to visitors on payment of sixpence each, the money thus realized (upward of £70) being paid over to the trustees of the Institution for the Blind, whose church and school are now being removed to give greater space round the station of the London and Northwestern Railway. On the day of my visit crowds of people were waiting at the pier for the steamer that was to convey them to the *Atlantic*. Whitsuntide visitors from the manufacturing districts were hastening on board the numerous vessels waiting to take them on pleasure excursions to the Isle of Man, North Wales, or round the light-ship at the mouth of the river. There was great risk of making mistakes in the hurry; and the remark of an old sailor, that the vessel could "easily be known by the Yankee flag flying at the fore," served only still further to confuse the many, who could not tell one flag from another. However, a small tug-steamer soon appeared with a dirty piece of bunting, just recognizable as the famous "star-spangled banner," flying at the fore; and her deck was in a few minutes so crowded, that orders were issued to take no more on board, and away we steamed, leaving about a hundred people to exercise their patience until the steamer's return. A man at my elbow, who afterward appeared in the capacity of money-taker, whispered, "There's the *captin!*" and on looking up the gangway, I saw

> "A man of middle age,
> In aspect manly, grave, and sage,"

looking calmly in the direction of the colossal ship of which he was the commander; his complexion browned by exposure to sun and wind, storm and spray; and his whole demeanor indicating the calm strength acquired by long familiarity with the elements in their roughest moods. As we approached the ship, her appearance was not prepossessing. She is undoubtedly clumsy; the three masts are low, the funnel is short and dumpy, there is no bowsprit, and her sides are painted black, relieved only by one long streak of dark red. Her length between the perpendiculars—that is, the length of her keel—is 276 feet; breadth (exclusive of paddle-boxes), 45; thus keeping up the proportion, as old as Noah's ark, of six feet of length to one of

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breadth. The stern is rounded, having in the centre the American eagle, clasping the starred and striped shield, but no other device. The figure-head is of colossal dimensions, intended, say some, for Neptune; others say that it is the "old Triton blowing his wreathed horn," so lovingly described by Wordsworth; and some wags assert that it is the proprietor of the ship blowing his own trumpet. The huge bulk of the *Atlantic* was more perceptible by contrast with the steamer—none of the smallest—that was now alongside; for though the latter was large enough to accommodate about four hundred people on deck, yet its funnel scarcely reached as high as the bulwarks of the *Atlantic*. The diameter of the paddle-wheels is 36 feet; and the floats, many of which, split and broken, were lying about in the water, are nearly 15 feet long. The depth of the hold is 31 feet, and the estimated burden 2860 tons, being about the same as the *Great Britain*, and about 500 tons more than the ships of the old Cunard Line.

Like all the other Atlantic steamers, the run of the deck is almost a straight line. Around the funnel, and between the paddle-boxes, is a long wooden house, and another is placed at the stern. These contain the state-rooms of the captain and officers; and in a cluster are to be found the kitchen, the pastry-room, and the barber's shop. The two former are, like similar establishments, replete with every convenience, having even a French *maître de cuisine;* but the latter is quite unique. It is fitted up with all necessary apparatus—with glass-cases containing perfumery, &c.; and in the centre is "the barber's chair." This is a comfortable, well-stuffed seat, with an inclined back. In front is a stuffed trestle, on which to rest feet and legs; and behind is a little stuffed apparatus like a crutch, on which to rest the head. These are movable, so as to suit people of all sizes; and in this comfortable horizontal position the passenger lies, and his beard is taken off in a twinkling, let the Atlantic waves roll as they may. The house at the stern contains a smoking-room, and a small apartment completely sheltered from the weather for the steersman. The smoking-room communicates with the cabin below, so that, after dinner, those passengers so disposed may, without the least exposure to the weather, or annoyance to their neighbors, enjoy the weed of old Virginia in perfection. This smoking-room is the principal prospect of the man at the helm, who, however, has to steer according to his signals. Before him is a painted intimation that one bell means "port," and two bells mean "starboard;" a like intimation appears on the large bell in the bow of the ship; and according to the striking of the bell, so must he steer.

Proceeding below, we come to the great saloon, 67 feet long, and the dining-saloon, 60 feet long, each being 20 feet broad, and divided from each other by the steward's pantry. This pantry is more like a silversmith's shop, the sides being lined with glass-cases stored with beautifully-burnished plate; crockery of every description, well secured, is seen in great quantities; and the neatness of arrangement shows that the gilded inscription, full in the sight of every visitor—"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place"—has been reduced to practice. Above the tables in the dining-saloon are suspended racks, cut to receive decanters, glasses, &c. so that they can be immediately placed on the table without the risk attendant on carrying them from place to place. The two saloons are fitted up in a very superior manner: rose, satin, and olive are the principal woods that have been used, and some of the tables are of beautifully-variegated marble, with metal supporters. The carpets are very rich, and the coverings of the sofas, chairs, &c. are of the same superior quality. The panels round the saloons contain beautifully-finished emblems of each of the states in the Union, and a few other devices that savor very strongly of republicanism. For example, a young and beautiful figure, all radiant with health and energy, wearing a cap of liberty, and waving a drawn sword, is represented trampling on a feudal prince, from whose head a crown has rolled in the dust. The cabin windows are of beautifully-painted glass, embellished with the arms of New York, and other cities in the States. Large circular glass ventilators, reaching from the deck to the lower saloon, are also richly ornamented, while handsome mirrors multiply all this splendor. The general effect is that of chasteness and a certain kind of solidity. There is not much gilding, the colors used are not gaudy, and there is a degree of elegant comfort about the saloons that is sometimes wanting amid splendid fittings. There is a ladies' drawing-room near the chief saloon full of every luxury. The berths are about 150 in number, leading out, as usual, from the saloons. The most novel feature about them is the "wedding-berths," wider and more handsomely furnished than the others, intended for such newly-married couples as wish to spend the first fortnight of the honeymoon on the Atlantic. Such berths are, it seems, always to be found on board the principal river-steamers in America, but are as yet unknown on this side of the water. Each berth has a bell-rope communicating with a patented machine called the "Annunciator." This is a circular plate about the size of the face of an eight-day clock, covered with numbers corresponding with those of the state-rooms. Each number is concealed by a semi-circular plate, which is removed or turned round as soon as the rope is pulled in the state-room with the corresponding number. A bell is at the same time struck to call the attention of the stewards, who then replace the plate in its former position, and attend to the summons.

The machinery which propels the ship consists of two engines, each of 500 horse-power, the engines of the old line being also two in number, but only about 400 horse-power each. Such cylinders, and shafts, and pistons, and beams are, I believe, unrivaled in the world.

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There are four boilers, each heated by eight furnaces, in two rows of four each. The consumption of coal is about fifty tons every twenty-four hours; "and that," said one of the engineers, "is walking pretty fast into a coal-mine, I guess!" According to the calculations of the very wise men who predicted the failure of Atlantic steam navigation, such a vessel as the *Atlantic* ought to carry 3700 tons of coal; but it will be seen that one-fourth of that quantity is more than enough, even making allowance for extra stores to provide against accidents. In the engine-room is a long box with five compartments, each communicating with a wire fastened like a bell-pull to the side of the paddle-box. These handles are marked respectively, "ahead," "slow," "fast," "back," and "hook-on;" and whenever one is pulled, a printed card with the corresponding signal appears in the box opposite the engineer, who has to act accordingly. There is thus no noise of human voices on board this ship: the helmsman steers by his bells, the engineer works by the telegraph, and the steward waits by the annunciator.

Two traces of national habits struck me very much. Even in the finest saloon there are, in places where they would be least expected, handsome "spittoons," the upper part fashioned like a shell, and painted a sea-green or sky-blue color, thus giving ample facility for indulging in that practice of spitting of which Americans are so fond. Again, much amusement was caused by the attempt of one of the officers in charge of the communication between the small steamer and the *Atlantic* to prevent the gentlemen from leaving the latter until the ladies had seated themselves on the former. The appearance of the deck, crowded with ladies only, and a host of gentlemen kept back, some impatient to get down, but the greater part entering into the humor of the thing, was quite new to English ideas. It is but fair to add that the ladies did not seem to like it; and that, when the steamer again came alongside, it was not repeated.

Upon the whole, this Atlantic steamer is really worthy of the great country from which she has come. If, in shape and general appearance, she is inferior to the old vessels, she is decidedly equal, if not superior, to them in machinery and fittings. Her powers as regards speed have of course yet to be tried. One voyage is no test, nor even a series of voyages during the summer months: she must cross and recross at least for a year before any just comparison can be instituted. The regular postal communication between Liverpool and the United States will speedily be twice every week—the ships of the new line sailing on Wednesday, and the old on Saturday.

But other ports besides Liverpool are now dispatching steamers regularly to America. Glasgow sent out a powerful screw steamer—the *City of Glasgow*, 1087 tons—on 16th April, for New York, where she arrived on 3d May; thus making the passage in about seventeen days, in spite of stormy weather and entanglements among ice; the average time taken by the Liverpool steamers during 1849 being fourteen days. Her return voyage, however, made under more favorable circumstances, was within this average, the distance being steamed between the 18th May and the 1st June. A vessel called the *Viceroy* is about to sail from Galway to New York, and her voyage is looked forward to with considerable interest. The *Washington* and *Hermann* sail regularly between Bremen and Southampton and New York, and the *British Queen* has been put on the passage between Hamburg and New York. All these enterprises seem to indicate that ere long the Atlantic carrying trade will be conducted in steamships, and sailing vessels superseded to as great extent as has been the case in the coasting trade.

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak-gates which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrance of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed, of finding itself under water, rather than above it. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, as a cook turns the cock of a fountain, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, then overflow them, and inundate the whole country; so that even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy now stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, now, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager, returning to his cottage-home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of

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the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not as distinctly as by day. The child thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examines it, and soon discovers a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and, to his delight, he finds that he has succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered. He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas! the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly; but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors—nay, the whole village. We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is, that at day-break he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from attendance on a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dyke, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of History, too often blind to (true) glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

[From Cumming's Hunting Adventures in South Africa.]

ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

AS I was examining the spoor of the game by the fountain, I suddenly detected an enormous old rock-snake stealing in beneath a mass of rock beside me. He was truly an enormous snake, and, having never before dealt with this species of game, I did not exactly know how to set about capturing him. Being very anxious to preserve his skin entire, and not wishing to have recourse to my rifle, I cut a stout and tough stick about eight feet long, and having lightened myself of my shooting-belt, I commenced the attack. Seizing him by the tail, I tried to get him out of his place of refuge; but I hauled in vain; he only drew his large folds firmer together: I could not move him. At length I got a rheim round one of his folds, about the middle of his body, and Kleinboy and I commenced hauling away in good earnest.

The snake, finding the ground too hot for him, relaxed his coils, and suddenly bringing round his head to the front, he sprang out at us like an arrow, with his immense and hideous mouth opened to its largest dimensions, and before I could get out of his way he was clean out of his hole, and made a second spring, throwing himself forward about eight or ten feet, and snapping his horrid fangs within a foot of my naked legs. I sprang out of his way, and getting hold of the green bough I had cut, returned to the charge. The snake now glided along at top speed: he knew the ground well, and was making for a mass of broken rocks, where he would have been beyond my reach, but before he could gain this place of refuge, I caught him two or three tremendous whacks on the head. He, however, held on, and gained a pool of muddy water, which he was rapidly crossing, when I again belabored him, and at length reduced his pace to a stand. We then hanged him by the neck to a bough of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes he seemed dead; but he again became very troublesome during the operation of skinning, twisting his body in all manner of ways. This serpent measured fourteen feet.

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR is the leading event of interest in our domestic record for the month, as it has been the leading topic of public attention throughout the country. He died at half-past ten o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, July 9th, after an illness of but five days, the last of which alone was deemed dangerous. Exposure to the sun in attendance upon the public celebration of the Fourth, imprudent diet on returning home, and neglect of medical remedies until too late, aggravated rapidly and fatally the disease which he had contracted, which few of our army officers escaped, and from which several have already died, during his Mexican campaign. On the afternoon of Wednesday his alarming condition was announced in the two Houses of Congress, both of which at once adjourned: and they only met the next day to make arrangements for his funeral, which took place on Saturday, and was attended by a large military display, by the officers of government and the representatives of foreign nations, and by an immense concourse of his fellow-citizens. His death was announced on Thursday by the Vice President, MILLARD FILLMORE, upon whom the duties of the Presidential office at once devolved, by virtue of the provisions of the Constitution, in a Message to both Houses of Congress, and suitable words of eulogy were pronounced, in the Senate, by Senators DOWNS, of Louisiana, WEBSTER, of Massachusetts, CASS, of Michigan, KING, of Alabama, PEARCE, of Maryland, and BERRIEN, of Georgia; and in the House by Mr. Speaker COBB, of Georgia, Messrs. CONRAD, of Louisiana, WINTHROP, of Massachusetts, BAKER, of Illinois, BAYLY, of Virginia, HILLIARD, of Alabama, JOHN A. KING, of New York, MCLANE, of Maryland, and MARSHALL, of Kentucky. Mr. FILLMORE, on the same day, took the oath of the Presidential office in presence of both Houses of Congress, and thus quietly, quickly, and peaceably was effected a transfer of all the Executive powers of this great nation—a transfer never effected without difficulty, and often causing commotion, turmoil, and bloodshed in the less free and more conservative nations of the Old World. In the preceding pages of this Magazine will be found a condensed outline of the life of the late President, which obviates the necessity of further reference in this place. His decease was celebrated by public obsequies in all the principal cities of the Union, and has awakened a universal and intense sentiment of regretful grief.

Immediately upon the death of President TAYLOR the members of his Cabinet tendered their resignations to President FILLMORE, but at his request, and for the safety of the public service, they retained their offices for a few days, to give him the desired opportunity for care and inquiry in selecting their successors. That selection was made as soon as practicable, and on the 15th the President made the following nominations, which were at once confirmed by the Senate, which had previously and by a unanimous vote, chosen Senator WILLIAM R. KING, of Alabama, to preside over its deliberations:

Secretary of State	DANIEL WEBSTER, Mass.
Secretary of the Treasury	THOMAS CORWIN, Ohio.
Secretary of the Interior . .	JAMES A. PEARCE, Md.
Secretary of War	EDWARD BATES, Missouri.
Secretary of the Navy . . .	WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, N. C.
Attorney General	JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, Ky.
Postmaster General	NATHAN K. HALL, N. York.

It is understood that Mr. PEARCE declines the secretaryship of the Interior, but no official nomination has yet been made to fill his place.

No business of public importance has been transacted in Congress. In the SENATE the Compromise Bill, reported by Mr. CLAY from the Committee of Thirteen, continues under debate. Mr. WEBSTER, on the 17th ult., made a very eloquent speech in its support, declaring himself earnestly in favor of admitting California, of providing a Territorial government for New Mexico, without the anti-slavery proviso, which he deems superfluous, and of settling the question of boundary between Texas and New Mexico. He said he should have preferred to act upon these measures separately, but he was willing to vote for them as conjoined in the bill. Speeches were also made by several Senators against the bill, and some amendments, offered to obviate objections entertained to it in various quarters, were rejected. No decisive action has been had upon it up to the time of putting these pages to press.

The chief action in the HOUSE, of general interest, relates to what is known as the *Galphin Claim*, the history of which is briefly as follows: Prior to the year 1773 George Galphin, the original claimant, was a licensed trader among the Creek and Cherokee Indians in the then province of Georgia. The Indians became indebted to him in amounts so large that they were unable to pay them; and in 1773, in order to give him security for his claims, they ceded to the King of Great Britain, as trustee, a tract of land containing two and a half millions of acres. The trust was accepted, commissioners were appointed, some of the lands were sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of the expenses of the commission, but none was then paid to the claimants for whose benefit the trust had been created. The sum found due to George

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Galphin was £9791, for which amount a certificate was issued to him by the Governor and Council in May, 1775. Meantime the war of the Revolution broke out, and its successful result destroyed the trust, and the lands were no longer subject to the control of the king. After the war was over the state of Georgia granted these lands to those of her soldiers who had been engaged in the war, and who became actual settlers upon them. The descendants of Mr. Galphin applied to the state of Georgia for the payment of their claims, as Georgia had merely succeeded to the trusteeship of the King of England. The claim was prosecuted and pressed for many years without success, it being contended that, as the lands had been used to pay for services in the Revolution, the government of the United States was properly liable for the private injury that might have been sustained. In 1848 the Legislature of the state of Georgia passed resolutions directing their Senators and Representatives in Congress to urge the payment of these claims upon the General Government; and Hon. GEORGE W. CRAWFORD was engaged by the claimants as their agent, and was made interested to the amount of one-third of the claim. Congress, at the session of 1848, passed a bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to examine and adjust the claims, and to pay out of the public funds whatever might prove to be due. The Hon. R. J. WALKER, then Secretary of the Treasury, examined the question, adjudged the claim valid, paid the principal sum which he found to be due, amounting to $43,518, and left the question of paying interest upon it to the next Cabinet. In that Cabinet Mr. CRAWFORD held a seat, having first transferred his agency for the claimants to Judge BRYAN, but retaining his interest in the claim. The matter was pressed upon the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury, who consulted the Attorney General as to the legality of paying interest on a claim of this kind. Mr. JOHNSON gave a written opinion in favor of its payment. Mr. MEREDITH paid the interest, amounting to $191,352, Mr. CRAWFORD receiving his share. The subject has been before Congress for several weeks, and has excited a very earnest and somewhat acrimonious debate. The House, on the 8th, adopted a resolution affirming that "the claim of the representatives of George Galphin was not a just demand against the United States," by a vote of 142 yeas and 49 nays. The same day they adopted another resolution, declaring that "the act of Congress made it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the principal of said claim, and it was therefore paid in conformity with law and precedent," by a vote of 112 yeas and 66 nays. A third resolution, declaring that "the act aforesaid did not authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to pay interest on said claim, and its payment was not in conformity with law or precedent," was also passed, 118 yeas and 71 nays. Soon after the adoption of these resolutions, Mr. CRAWFORD addressed a letter to the House asking that a suit might be commenced against him for the recovery of the interest which he had received, and payment of which the House had condemned, in order to bring the question to the test of the judicial tribunals. No further action has yet been had upon the subject.——The House has also taken action on the application of Mr. HUGH N. SMITH, a delegate from New Mexico, chosen by a convention of her people, to be admitted upon the floor of Congress, not of course to take any other part in the business of that body than to be heard upon questions affecting the rights and interests of his constituents. In the early part of the session the application was referred to the proper committee, the majority of which reported against his admission. On the 19th the whole subject was laid on the table—equivalent to Mr. SMITH's rejection—by a vote of 105 yeas, 94 nays, and 29 absent. This disposes of the question for the present session, although substantially the same issue will indubitably come up in some new form.——The next day a similar resolution was adopted rejecting the application of Mr. BABBITT to be admitted as a delegate from the Territory of Utah, or Deseret.

The authorities of CUBA have decided to release the American prisoners taken from the island of Contoy, beyond Spanish jurisdiction. This will probably terminate all difficulties between the two governments growing out of this affair.——Considerable currency has been given to a story stated by correspondents of the London press, that the Spanish Gen. NARVAEZ had grossly insulted the U. S. Minister at Madrid, refusing in public to hold any intercourse with the representative of a nation which tolerated and countenanced pirates and assassins. The story is entirely discredited by direct advices.——The State Convention of Ohio called to revise the Constitution has adjourned until the first Monday in September.——A very destructive fire occurred at Philadelphia on the night of the 9th ult. Although not in the chief business part of the city, property to the amount of more than a million of dollars was destroyed, and over *thirty* lives were lost by the explosion of various materials in the buildings burned. The occurrence has elicited from Prof. ROGERS, of the University of Pennsylvania, a letter stating that, in his opinion, saltpetre by itself is not explosive, but that the great quantity of oxygen which it contains greatly increases the combustion of ignited matter with which it may be brought in contact, and that this may evolve gases so rapidly as to cause an explosion.——The cholera is prevailing with a good deal of fatality in some of the western cities. In Cincinnati the number of deaths has averaged 20 to 35, and has been as high as 65: in St. Louis it has been still higher, and in Nashville, Tenn., it has been quite as large in proportion to the population. At the latest advices it seemed to be diminishing. It has not made its appearance in any of the eastern cities.——The case of Prof. WEBSTER, convicted at Boston of the

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murder of Dr. PARKMAN, has been definitively decided. Soon after the trial he sent in a petition for a full pardon, on the ground of his entire innocence and ignorance of the whole matter, solemnly asserting, and calling God to witness, that he knew nothing whatever of the manner in which Dr. Parkman's remains came to be found in his room. A few days afterward he sent in another petition, praying for a commutation of his sentence. It was presented by the Rev. Dr. PUTNAM, who had acted as his spiritual adviser, and who laid before the Council a detailed confession, which he had received from Prof. Webster, in which he confessed that he killed Dr. Parkman with a single blow from a stick, but claimed that it was done without premeditation, in a moment of great excitement caused by abusive language. He gave at length a statement of the whole transaction. After considering the subject fully and carefully, acting under the advice of the Council, Governor Briggs decided against the application, and appointed Friday, the 30th day of August, for the execution of the sentence of the Court. Upon that day, therefore, Prof. Webster will undoubtedly be hung.——A good deal of public interest has been enlisted in the performances of the new American line of Transatlantic steamers, running between New York and Liverpool. There are to be five steamers in the line, but only two of them have as yet been finished. These two are the *Atlantic* and the *Pacific*, the former of which has made two trips, and the latter one, each way. On the morning of Sunday, July 21st, the *Atlantic* arrived at New York at 3 o'clock, having left Liverpool on the 10th, at 11 o'clock A. M.—making the passage in ten days and sixteen hours, the shortest by several hours ever made between the two ports. Her passage out was also very short. These trips have confirmed the opinion which has very generally been entertained, that the Americans would speedily have a line of steamers on the ocean superior in speed, comfort, and elegance to those of the Cunard Company which have hitherto enjoyed so high a reputation.——Mr. E. GEORGE SQUIER, U. S. Chargé near the government of Nicaragua, has returned to this country on a brief visit. We learn that he has made a very full record of his observations upon the country in which he has been residing, and that very volumnious papers from him on the subject are in possession of the State Department. It is to be hoped that they may be given to the public.——The initial steps have been taken in Virginia toward an enterprise of decided importance to the southern states if it should be carried out: it is nothing less than the establishment of direct intercourse by a line of steamers between some southern port and Liverpool, for the export of cotton and other articles of southern growth, and for the transmission of southern correspondence, &c. The meeting of delegates was held at Old Point on the 4th of July, and committees were appointed to make proper representations on the subject to Congress and the state Legislature, and to take such other steps as they might deem essential.——A convention was held at Syracuse of persons favorable to maintaining the existing Free School System of the State of New York. The necessity for such action grows out of the fact that the principle is to be submitted to the popular suffrage in November. The Legislature of 1848 passed a law making education in the common schools of the state absolutely free to all the children who might choose to attend, making the law dependent for its validity on its adoption by the people. Accordingly it was submitted to them in November, 1848, and was sanctioned by a majority of over 90,000. It accordingly went into effect. At the last session of the Legislature, however, petitions were sent in, in great numbers, some of them praying for the entire repeal of the law, and others for its essential modification. The opponents of the law resisted the principle that property should be taxed for purposes of education, inasmuch as men of property would thus be compelled to pay for educating children not their own. Others objected mainly to details of the law, and to the injurious effect of the established mode of collecting the rate bills. The two branches of the Legislature not being able to agree upon amendments of the law, and not wishing to discard the principle on which it is founded, agreed to submit it again to the popular suffrage. The Convention in question assembled accordingly, to aid the law. Hon. Christopher Morgan, Secretary of State, presided, and an address and resolutions affirming the principles on which the law is based, and calling on the people to give it their renewed support, were adopted.——Col. FREMONT has received from the Royal Geographical Society of London a medal, in token of their sense of his eminent services in promoting the cause of geographical knowledge. It was presented through the U. S. Minister.——Mr. JOHN R. BARTLETT, who was appointed by the President Commissioner to run the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, in accordance with the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, has set out upon his mission. The point of departure is to be upon the Rio Grande, and the Commissioners of the two countries are to meet at El Paso. This will be the most extensive line of surveys ever made in the United States, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and mostly through a country wholly unknown.

From MEXICO we have advices to the 1st of July. The Presidential election, which was to occur soon, was becoming a topic of general discussion. There are several candidates, among whom Gen. Almonte, Gomez Farias, and Domingo Ibarra are the best known in this country. Congress was to have assembled, but not a quorum of the members could be collected. The cholera was raging with excessive and terrible fatality. From the 17th of May to the 16th of June there had been in the city of

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Mexico 7,846 cases, and on the last day named there were 230 deaths. Among the victims was Don Mariano Otero, a distinguished statesman and lawyer. In San Luis and other sections it was prevailing with great severity. The financial affairs of the State of Durango were in such a condition that an extra session of the Legislature had been called in order to save them from total ruin.——Advices have been received of the conclusion of a treaty with the Mexican Government by the U. S. Minister, Mr. LETCHER, by which is ceded the right of transit by railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This step has been taken in accordance with, and probably in consequence of, the position taken upon the subject by President TAYLOR in his first message to Congress. The late President POLK, when he sent out Mr. TRIST to negotiate a treaty of peace with Mexico, authorized him to offer five millions of dollars for the right which has now been secured without the expense of a dollar: and Mexico, moreover, has now stipulated to protect the parties constructing the work, as well as the work itself after it shall have been completed. The benefits resulting from this treaty, if the work shall be completed, will be of the most important character. As an auxiliary measure to the Nicaraguan Canal, it will tend very powerfully to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific states.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 17th of June. San Francisco has been visited by two successive fires which had destroyed property to the amount of several millions of dollars. A large proportion of the goods burned were consigned by New York merchants to their agents in California, so that the loss will fall very heavily upon them. As insurance could not readily be effected the loss will be large. Nearly three millions of dollars in gold dust have reached the United States during the month. The foreigners resident in California had resisted the payment of the tax of twenty-five dollars per month levied by the state laws, and some difficulty was anticipated in enforcing payment, but at the latest accounts this had been obviated, and every thing was quiet. The intelligence from the mines encourages the belief that the quantity of gold dug this season will be greater than ever before. From the valleys of both the Sacramento and the San Joaquin very large amounts were constantly obtained, and new mines have been found as far north as Oregon, and as far south as Los Angelos. From the Mariposa mines many very beautiful specimens of the gold-bearing quartz have been procured. Difficulties had arisen with the Indians in different sections of the country, and several severe battles between them and detachments of U. S. troops had been fought. They grew mainly out of the hostile disposition of the Indians which is often excited and encouraged by the lawless conduct of the whites. Measures were in progress which, it was hoped, would restore quiet and security. It is stated that the property in San Francisco as assessed for taxation amounts to three hundred millions of dollars.

From NEW MEXICO we have intelligence of some interest. It seems that the people, becoming impatient of the delay of Congress in acting upon the question of framing a government for them, and probably taking the hint from the declared sentiments of President TAYLOR, resolved to form a government for themselves. Public meetings were accordingly held, and resolutions adopted, requesting Governor MUNROE to call a convention of delegates from the several counties to form a State Constitution. Col. MUNROE accordingly issued a proclamation to that effect, and a Convention met at Santa Fé on the 15th of May. The session lasted eight or ten days, and a Constitution was adopted, which was to go into operation in July. The boundaries of the state were defined, and slavery was prohibited. An election was soon to take place for members of the Legislature. Two Senators and one Representative in Congress were to be elected, and application was to be made for the immediate admission of the State into the Union.

Of LITERARY INTELLIGENCE there is little of general interest. The distinguished English novelist, Mr. G. P. R. JAMES, arrived with his family at New York on the 4th of July, and will spend several months in visiting different sections of the United States. There are very few Englishmen who would be more cordially welcomed to this country than Mr. JAMES. His long and most honorable and productive career as an author has made him universally known, and his works have been very widely read in the United States as well as in England. The officious and impertinent gossip of a portion of our newspaper press led Mr. JAMES to publish a note disclaiming the intention of writing a book upon this country. We regret that he should have found it necessary either to announce such a purpose, or to form it. This country has nothing to lose from the published observations of a man at once so competent and so candid. Mr. JAMES had for fellow-passengers Count DEMBINSKI, who was a major in the Hungarian service and nephew of General DEMBINSKI, whose name is so well known to the whole world in connection with that gallant but ill-fated struggle. Count D. was also aid to KOSSUTH, and fled with him, accompanied with his wife, whom he had married at Temeswar during the war, to Turkey, whence he came to this country. He is a young man of great talent and accomplishments, and will probably make the United States his home.——The anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence was celebrated on the 4th throughout the country with the usual demonstrations. Orations were delivered in nearly all the principal cities of the Union, some of which have since been published. The ablest one that has fallen un-

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der our notice was delivered by Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE before the authorities of Boston. He spoke upon Washington and the Principles of the Revolution, holding up the former as a model of greatness, combating the popular notion that he was not a man of genius, and dwelling upon the fact that our revolution was fought, not on abstract principles, or in the assertion of abstract rights, but for the redress of practical evils and the attainment of practical ends. It was a timely, able, and judicious address, and was marked by the peculiar vigor of style and of thought, injured by an occasional straining after effect in expression and phrases, which characterize the writings of Mr. WHIPPLE. Senator FOOTE, of Mississippi, delivered an address before the Washington Monument Association at the National Capital; it was a strong appeal on behalf of united and harmonious councils, and was both timely and effective. Hon. J. W. EDMONDS, of New York city, delivered the address at Washington's Head Quarters at Newburgh, which the Legislature of New York, very properly and creditably, took measures at the last session to preserve as a permanent monument of the revolution. E. A. RAYMOND, Esq. delivered an address at Rochester, which was a skillfully condensed summary of the growth of the country, and especially of its political development.——A new Historical Society of the Episcopal Church has just been formed at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., of which Bishop BROWNELL has been chosen President.——The inventor of the Ramage printing press, which, until superseded by subsequent improvements, was an important step in the progress of printing, ADAM RAMAGE, died at Philadelphia on the 9th of July. He was a native of Scotland, and was nearly eighty years old at the time of his death.——MARGARET FULLER, well known in this country as a gifted and accomplished lady, and author of several works of marked value and interest, perished on the 19th of July, by the wreck of the ship Elizabeth from Leghorn, in which she had taken passage with her husband, the Marquis d'Ossoli, and her child, in returning to her native land from Italy, where she had been spending several years. Her loss will be deplored by a large circle of personal friends, and by the still larger number of those who knew her only through her writings. She was the eldest daughter of Hon. Timothy Fuller, formerly a lawyer of Boston, but more recently a resident of Cambridge. She was remarkable for her thorough intellectual cultivation, being familiar with both the ancient and most of the modern languages and their literature—for the vigor and natural strength of her mind—for her conversational powers, and for her enthusiastic devotion to letters and art. She was at Rome during the recent revolution, and took the deepest interest in the struggles of that day. She had been for some time engaged upon a work on Italy, which it is feared has perished with her. Her husband and child were lost at the same time. Mr. Henry Sumner, of Boston, also perished.——RALPH WALDO EMERSON is traveling in the region on the Upper Waters of the Mississippi.——No original books of special interest have been published during the month. In our department of Literary Notices mention is made of those which are of most importance.——Mr. PRESCOTT, the historian, is traveling in Europe. He is announced as having been present at a recent meeting of the London Archaeological Society.——Mr. H. N. HUDSON, whose lectures on SHAKSPEARE have made him widely and favorably known as a critic, has been engaged by a Boston publishing house to edit a new edition of the works of the great Dramatist, which will be published during the coming year. Mr. Hudson's ability and familiarity with the subject will enable him to make a very valuable and interesting work.——GARIBALDI, who achieved distinction in the defense of Rome against the French, is coming to New York, where he was to be honored with a public reception from the authorities.——The capture of Stoney Point was celebrated this year at that place, for the first time. HUGH MAXWELL, Esq., of New York, delivered the address. The celebration is hereafter to be annual.——In no department of mechanism is the progress of the age more conspicuous than in printing presses, as is shown by the fact that Messrs. Hoe and Co., of New York, are now constructing a press which will work from 15,000 to 20,000 per hour. It will be thirty-three feet long, with eight printing cylinders, and will cost about $21,000.——A newly invented locomotive engine, intended for use in the streets of cities, has just been put upon the Hudson River Railroad at its termination in New York. It consumes its own smoke, and is entirely inclosed from public view—presenting the appearance of a simple baggage-car. The engine is of ninety horse power.

News from LIBERIA has been received announcing that the government has at last been able to effect the purchase of the Gallinas territories, including the whole from Cape Mount to Shebar, except a small strip of five miles of coast which will soon fall into their hands. The chief importance of this purchase springs from the fact that Gallinas has been for many years the head quarters of the slave-trade—an enormous number of slaves having been shipped from there every year. The government paid $9500 for the territory, and further agreed to appoint commissioners to settle the wars in the country, and open trade with the interior tribes, as well as to settle among them and instruct them in the arts of civilized life. This may prove to be an important step not only toward the suppression of the horrible traffic in slaves, which the united efforts of England, France, and the United States have hitherto been unable to effect, but also toward the civilization of Africa, a result to which no philanthropic mind can be indifferent.

In ENGLAND by far the most important event

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of the month is the sudden death of Sir ROBERT PEEL. On the 29th of June he had called at Buckingham Palace to pay his respects to the Queen, and was riding away upon horseback, when his horse swerved slightly and threw him to the ground; he fell sideways, striking upon his left shoulder. He was at once raised up by several gentlemen who rushed to his assistance, and said that he was very much hurt indeed. He was taken to his residence and received all the attention of the highest surgical skill, which, however, was less effective than would have been anticipated on account of the intense pain which he suffered. He lingered until near midnight of the 2d July, when he expired. A partial examination of his body showed that one of his ribs had been broken and was pressing upon his lungs. His family declined a public funeral tendered by the government, and his remains were interred at Tamworth. Both houses of Parliament adjourned, and demonstrations of profound regret and respect for his character were general. An outline of his life and political career will be found in the preceding pages of this Magazine. His death is justly considered an event of great political importance. It was generally anticipated that he would soon be called upon to resume the office of prime minister, and universal confidence was felt in his large experience, his eminent ability, and his intimate acquaintance with the condition and events of the United Kingdom.

The Greek question was still under discussion at our last advices: it has led to events of no small importance in connection with the politics of England and the fundamental principles of the British constitution. On the 17th of June, in the House of Lords, Lord STANLEY moved a resolution censuring the government for having adopted coercive measures to enforce claims against Greece, doubtful in point of justice or exaggerated in amount. He supported his motion at great length, entering into a detailed history of the whole matter, and accusing the government of having, through its foreign minister, insisted on exorbitant demands, oppressed the weak, and endangered the peace of Europe. He was sustained by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Brougham and others, and was answered by the Marquis of LANSDOWNE who, with others, defended the government. The resolution was *carried* by 169 to 132, showing a majority against the government of 37. On the 20th, Mr. ROEBUCK called the attention of the Commons to the vote of the Lords, and desired to know whether the government would adopt any special course of conduct in consequence of it. Lord JOHN RUSSELL replied that they should not alter their course in respect to foreign powers at all, and that they did not feel called upon to resign because the House of Lords had passed a vote of censure. That house did not represent the nation: whenever the House of Commons should adopt such a resolution the ministry would quit office. On the 24th, for the purpose of enabling the Commons to express their opinion upon the subject, Mr. ROEBUCK moved a resolution declaring that the principles on which the foreign policy of the government had been regulated were calculated to maintain the honor and dignity of the country, and in times of unexampled difficulty, to preserve peace between England and foreign nations. The motion was warmly opposed by Sir James Graham and others, and was advocated with equal zeal. Lord PALMERSTON defended the foreign policy of the government in a speech of five hours, marked by great ability and eloquence. After going over the whole ground fully and in detail, he concluded by challenging the verdict of the house, whether the principles which had guided the foreign policy of the government had been proper and fitting, and whether, as a subject of ancient Rome could hold himself free from indignity by saying, "Civis Romanus sum," a British subject in a foreign country should not be protected by the vigilant eye and the strong arm of his government against injustice and wrong. The debate was then adjourned, and had not been resumed at our latest advices. The ministry seems very firmly to have taken the position that England can be governed without the House of Lords, and that its foreign policy is not to be shaped according to their wishes, but according to the popular will, as represented by the Commons. This position indicates the strong tendency which prevails in England even, toward popular and democratic government. Lord John Russell, on the 20th, also remarked, in reply to the intimation that the foreign policy of the government was calculated to foment differences between England and other nations, that he could answer for it that Lord Palmerston, so long as he should continue in office, would act not as a minister of Austria, Russia, France, or any other country, but as the minister of England. The declaration was received with great applause, not only in the house but throughout the country. It is understood that the diplomatic misunderstanding between France and England, growing out of the Greek question, has been settled.

No other business of general interest in this country has been before Parliament during the month. Inquiries were made in both Houses as to the Cuban expedition, and the ministers stated that it was fitted out against the most strenuous efforts of the American government, which has, nevertheless, been very strongly censured for its inability to prevent it.——The government has issued orders restricting very considerably the posting and delivery of letters on Sunday, which has elicited very clamorous complaints in every part of the country. Lord BROUGHAM in speaking of the matter in Parliament, doubted the power of the government to issue such orders, and said that it was causing a vast increase of Sunday travel and work throughout the kingdom, as messengers were now dispatched to obtain indispensable intelligence formerly received by mail. Lord Ashley had carried a motion in the House of Lords to suppress Sunday labor in the post-office, by a

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vote of 93 to 68.——Sir Edward Buxton on the 31st of June, moved a resolution against exposing the free-grown sugar of the British colonies to unrestricted competition with the sugar of slave-trading countries. It failed, however, by 275 to 234.——A bill prohibiting intra-mural interments, has passed the Commons. The remaining transactions of Parliament have no general interest.

The Queen while riding with the Prince in an open carriage, on the 27th of June, was struck across the face by a respectably dressed man, armed with a small cane. Her bonnet was cut through, and a severe wound was inflicted upon her forehead. She attended the opera, however, in the evening, and was received with great enthusiasm. The assailant proved to be a discharged officer, named Robert Pate, subject to attacks of insanity. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for seven years.——Very shortly, fifteen screw steamers will ply between Liverpool and various ports in the Mediterranean.——Meyerbeer, the composer, has received the degree of Doctor from the University of Jena.——Dr. GUTZLAFF, who is preaching at Berlin and at Potsdam, on behalf of the Chinese mission, expresses a confident hope that the Emperor of Japan will be converted to Christianity.——Mr. CORBOULD, the artist, has received the commands of her Majesty to paint a large picture of the grand coronation scene in the opera of "La Prophete," as represented at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden.——Mr. GIBSON, of Rome, now in England, has received an order for a colossal group, in marble, of figures of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, supported on either side by Justice and Clemency. The figure of the queen will be ten feet in height; the side figures, eight feet. This group will occupy a place in the new Houses of Parliament.——The Duke of CAMBRIDGE died on the 8th of July. He was the seventh and youngest son of George III., and was seventy-six years old at the time of his death.

Many accidents to vessels in the Northern Atlantic have arisen during the season from floating icebergs. The ship Oriental, of Liverpool, was lost, with all her crew and cargo from this cause, on the 27th of April; and on the 29th of March, the English ship Signet, with all on board, also foundered. Eighteen or twenty other vessels are known to have been lost in the same manner, their crews having escaped. New hopes of the safety of Sir John Franklin have been suggested by these reports. It is supposed that these vast fields of ice are portions of the slowly released masses, the growth of many preceding winters, which were first broken two winters ago by the strong southwest and southerly gales over all the North Atlantic and North Pacific; but which, in consequence of their bulk and extent, were again condensed before they could be fairly swept into the Atlantic, and thus offered continued obstruction to the release of Franklin and his ships. Nor would this appear to be impossible, assuming detention in the ice to have been the only danger, and that continued means of subsistence were accessible.——The Steamer *Orion*, plying between Liverpool and Glasgow, was wrecked June 18th, off Port Patrick, in a smooth sea, by striking upon a rock, and over two hundred lives were lost.——The baptism of the infant prince was celebrated June 22d, the Duke of Wellington being one of the sponsors, and the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who named the royal infant, "Arthur William Patrick Albert."

The English LITERARY INTELLIGENCE of the month is summed up in the Household Narrative, from which mainly we copy. It remarks that the class of books which has received the largest additions, is that of biography. Mr. Edmund Phipps has published extracts from the diaries and literary remains of the author of *Tremaine*, with biographical and critical comment, under the title of "*Memoirs of the Political and Literary Life of Robert Plumer Ward*;" and the book has been made more interesting than the subject would have seemed to promise, by the fact of Mr. Ward's intimate connection, both in private and public life, with the leading tory statesmen of the administrations of Addington, Perceval, and Liverpool. The political and administrative characteristics of the Duke of Wellington have probably never had such vivid illustration.——Mr. Leigh Hunt has published his "*Autobiography, with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries*," of which very copious extracts were given in the July number of this Magazine. It will be issued in a few days from the press of the Harpers. Some of it is the republication of a former work, but the greater part is original, or at least so changed by interpolations, recantations, or additions, as to produce the effect of novelty.——The Reverend Mr. Field, an enthusiast for the separate and silent system of imprisonment, has published a new *Life of Howard*, dedicated to Prince Albert, of which the design appears to be to counteract the evil tendency of a recent memoir of the philanthropist, remarkable for what the reverend enthusiast calls "the advocacy of democratic principles, and the aspersion of a godly prince."——Each in a goodly-sized volume, we have had a sort of general biographical notice of *Celebrated Etonians*, and of *Speakers of the House of Commons*, the first by an able man, quite competent to the subject.——Miss Pardoe has edited the first volume of a series of *Memoirs of the Queens of Spain*, of which the author is a Spanish lady, resident in America. An ingenious northern antiquary has published memorials of one of the old border mansions, called Dilston Hall, which amounts in effect to an interesting *Memoir of the Earl of Derwentwater*, who suffered in the Jacobite rebellion.—— And, finally, Mr. Andrew Bisset has done good service to both history and biography by a very careful publication of the *Memoirs and Papers*

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of Sir Andrew Mitchell, Lord Chatham's embassador at the court of Frederic the Great, and one of the very ablest of English diplomatists.

To the department of philosophy a somewhat remarkable contribution is to be noticed, under the title of *The Progress of the Intellect as exemplified in the religious development of the Greeks and Hebrews*. The writer is Mr. Robert William Mackay. Its design is to explain by a rationalistic process all the religious faiths and beliefs which have exerted the greatest influence over man, and to refer them exclusively to moral and intellectual development. In this design the writer may, or may not, have succeeded; but it is certain, making all drawbacks on the score of what has probably been borrowed from German investigation, that the book has high pretensions to eloquence and research, and reminds us of a time when publication was less frequent than now, and a single book might embody the labor of a life. For its antidote in respect of opinion and purpose there has been published, not inopportunely, after a peaceful slumber of nearly two centuries in the library at Wotton, *A Rational Account of the True Religion*, by John Evelyn. Here the design is, by all possible arguments and authorities, to confirm our faith in Christianity.

We must speak very summarily and briefly of the publications in general literature. Of books of travel and adventure, the most attractive and interesting in point of subject is, *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa*, by Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, a kinsman of the Chief of Argyll, in whom a love of deer-stalking seems to have gradually expanded into dimensions too gigantic to be satisfied with any thing less than the stalking of the lion, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, or the rhinoceros. The book is filled with astonishing incidents and anecdotes, and keeps the reader very nearly as breathless with excitement as the elephant and lion-hunter himself must have been. Copious extracts from the work will be found in the preceding pages of this number.——Mr. Aubrey de Vere has published some very graceful *Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey;* and the brave and high-minded old General Pepe has given the world, *A Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy from* 1847 *to* 1849. Mr. Johnson, the distinguished geographer of Edinburgh, has issued the most complete *General Gazetteer of the World* that has yet been comprised in a single volume; and as part of the republication of the treatises of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, in separate and portable volumes, we have to mention an interesting volume on Greek Literature by Mr. Justice Talfourd, the Bishop of London, and other accomplished scholars.——In poetical translation, a new version of *Æschylus* by Professor Blackie, of Aberdeen, has been issued; and in poetry, with the title of *In Memoriam*, a noble and affecting series of elegies to the memory of a friend (son of the historian Hallam), from the pen of Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

Considerable interest was excited by the unswathing of an Egyptian mummy at the residence of Lord Londesborough, at which Mr. Birch of the British Museum, describing the embalming process, and following in this the narrative of Herodotus, said the subject had evidently suffered from the use of bitumen and the application of heat, as the bones were charred and the muscles calcined. Dr. Cormack has published a letter in the *Athenæum* expressing and sustaining the opinion that all mummies were prepared in this way.——A recent number of Galignani contains an interesting item of intelligence. It may be remembered that Goethe in 1827 delivered over to the keeping of the Government of Weimar a quantity of his papers, contained in a sealed casket, with an injunction not to open it until 1850. The 17th of May being fixed for breaking the seals, the authorities gave formal notice to the family of Goethe that they would on that day deliver up the papers as directed by the deceased poet. The descendants of the poet Schiller also received an intimation that, as the papers were understood to concern their ancestor likewise, they had a right to be present. The casket was opened with all due form, and was found to contain the whole of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller. It is added, that these letters are immediately to be published, according to directions found in the casket. A new society has recently been formed in London for the investigation of the laws and nature of epidemic diseases, of which Dr. Babington has been chosen President. Another has been instituted for the collection of facts, observations, &c., in Meteorology, of which Mr. Whitbread is to be the first President.——Rogers the poet was severely injured by being knocked down by a cab in the streets of London. Being 87 years old his case was considered precarious, though at the last accounts he seems to have partially recovered.——Several meetings have been held at the house of Mr. Justice Coleridge for the purpose of initiating a subscription to do honor, in some form, to the memory of Wordsworth, and have resulted in the formation of a powerful committee, with the Bishop of London at its head. The objects which this committee have in view are—to place a whole length effigy of the deceased poet in Westminster Abbey—and, if possible, to erect some monument to his memory in the neighborhood of Grasmere. The list of subscriptions is headed by the Queen and her Royal Consort, with a sum of £50.——Some singular decisions have recently been made by the Vice Chancellor. It seems that a Mr. Hartley deceased in 1843, left directions in his will that £300 should be set apart as a prize for the best Essay on "Natural Theology," treating it as a substantive science, and as adequate to constitute a true, perfect, and philosophical system of universal religion. It was ruled by the Vice Chancellor that this bequest was void, on account of the evident tendency which the essay so described would have to demoralize society and subvert the church.

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Another decision, arising out of the same trial, is yet more curious. Mr. Hartley had left £200 for the best essay on Emigration, and appointed the American Minister trustee of the fund. This bequest was also declared void, on the ground that such an essay would encourage persons to emigrate to the United States, and so throw off their allegiance to the Queen! The race of Justice Shallows seems not to be extinct.

In FRANCE, after the passage of the electoral law, a bill was presented for increasing the President's salary to 3,600,000 francs per annum. Its introduction created considerable feeling. The committee to which it was referred reported in its stead a bill granting 1,600,000 francs to defray expenses incurred at the President's inauguration: and this was afterward modified so as to grant 2,160,000 for the expenses of the President, in which form it was adopted by the Assembly, by a vote of 354 to 308, a majority of 46 for the government. This is regarded as a government triumph, but it was not won until after a sharp struggle, and it has increased very considerably the public disaffection.——New laws for the restriction of the press have also been brought forward. The amount of caution money which newspapers are required to deposit is increased, and the system of postage stamps is introduced. During the discussion of these laws on the 8th of July, a scene of some warmth occurred in the Assembly. M. Rouher, in the course of a speech, spoke of the revolution of February as a great catastrophe, for which he was immediately called to order by Girardin, recently elected a member by the department of the Lower Rhine, as well as by others. The President refused to call him to order, but rebuked those who had interrupted him. The laws in regard to the press have been declared "urgent" by a vote of 370 to 251. ——A man named WALKER has been arrested, on his own confession of a design to assassinate Louis Napoleon, for which purpose he had waited several hours for him to pass out of his gate. He proves to have been insane.——M. THIERS has been on a visit to London, where he was received with distinction. He visited Louis Philippe, whose health is said to be failing.

In GERMANY the settlement of the Constitution makes little progress. The Saxon chambers were suddenly dissolved on the 1st, to evade a discussion in the Second Chamber on an address to the sovereign, expressing dissatisfaction with the conduct of the government on the German question; and the Second Chamber broke up in solemn silence, withholding the usual cheers for the king. The Wurtemburg Diet, for a similar reason, was prorogued on the 4th. The German senate has given its consent for the meeting of the Peace Congress at Frankfort, and its sessions will commence on the 23d of August. It is to be a New World's Convention of the Friends of Peace.

The King of PRUSSIA has recovered from the wound inflicted by the assassin Sefeloge. A royal decree has been published at Berlin, curtailing still further the Freedom of the Press. The system of "caution-money" is re-established, with the government powers of canceling the license to sell newspapers, and of refusing conveyance by post to obnoxious journals; and certain offenses against the press laws are "withdrawn from the competency of a jury." Among the journals affected by the decree is the London *Punch*, which has been proscribed in the city of Konigsberg and its province, and placed on the list of journals that are no longer permitted to pass through the post-office.

From PORTUGAL we have intelligence of difficulties with this country, growing out of claims on that government which have been in existence for many years. The amount claimed is about $300,000. The principal one grows out of the destruction of the American ship, the General Armstrong, during the war of 1812, by a British fleet, while lying in the neutral port of Fayal, and therefore entitled to the protection of the Portuguese government. According to the law of nations, Portugal is responsible for her failure to protect her; and although Great Britain is the party in equity responsible, the United States have to look, in conformity to law, only to Portugal. The claims have been unsuccessfully pressed for a number of years; but the administration of General Taylor demanded an immediate settlement. Our Chargé, Mr. CLAY, under instructions, had required an answer to his demands within twenty days, and an American squadron had meantime arrived in the Tagus to enforce them. Some uneasiness was felt as to the issue, but it was believed that the Portuguese government would yield

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by William Beattie. In two volumes, 8vo, pp. 1077. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This charming piece of biography is already familiar to the reading public in this country, from the copious and flattering notices it has received from the British journals and reviews. It will be welcomed in its present complete form by every lover of literary history, no less than by the admirers of the favorite poet of "The Pleasures of Hope." The author had abundance of materials at his command, and has executed his task with commendable industry and good taste. In any hands, the subject could not be without intense interest, and as it has been treated in the volumes before us, possesses a fascination rarely found in any recent production. Free use is made of the letters of Campbell, many of which are of the highest order of epistolary composition, abounding in those delicate and expressive touches which reveal the heart of the man and the genius of the poet in the purest and most beautiful light.

The American edition is introduced by a letter of Washington Irving to the publishers, in which our admirable countryman relates some personal reminiscences of Campbell with so much felicity and exquisite grace, that we can not avoid transferring them to our pages:

"My acquaintance with Campbell commenced in, I think, 1810, through his brother Archibald, a most amiable, modest, and intelligent man, but more of a mathematician than a poet. He resided at that time in New York, and had received from his brother a manuscript copy of "O'Connor's Child; or, the Flower of Love lies bleeding," for which he was desirous of finding a purchaser among the American publishers. I negotiated the matter for him with a publishing house in Philadelphia, which offered a certain sum for the poem, provided I would write a biographical sketch of the author to be prefixed to a volume containing all his poetical works. To secure a good price for the poet, I wrote the sketch, being furnished with facts by his brother; in was done, however, in great haste, when I was 'not in the vein,' and, of course, was very slight and imperfect. It served, however, to put me at once on a friendly footing with Campbell, so that, when I met him for the first time a few years subsequently in England, he received me as an old friend. He was living at that time in his rural retreat at Sydenham. His modest mansion was fitted up in a simple style, but with a tact and taste characteristic of the occupants.

"Campbell's appearance was more in unison with his writings than is generally the case with authors. He was about thirty-seven years of age; of the middle size; lightly and genteelly made: evidently of a delicate, sensitive organization, with a fine intellectual countenance and a beaming poetic eye.

"He had now been about twelve years married. Mrs. Campbell still retained much of that personal beauty for which he praises her in his letters written in the early days of matrimony; and her mental qualities seemed equally to justify his eulogies: a rare circumstance, as none are more prone to dupe themselves in affairs of the heart than men of lively imaginations. She was, in fact, a more suitable wife for a poet than poet's wives are apt to be; and for once a son of song had married a reality and not a poetical fiction.

"I had considered the early productions of Campbell as brilliant indications of a genius yet to be developed, and trusted that, during the long interval which had elapsed, he had been preparing something to fulfill the public expectation; I was greatly disappointed, therefore, to find that, as yet, he had contemplated no great and sustained effort. My disappointment in this respect was shared by others, who took the same interest in his fame, and entertained the same idea of his capacity. 'There he is, cooped up in Sydenham,' said a great Edinburgh critic to me, 'simmering his brains to serve up a little dish of poetry, instead of pouring out a whole caldron.'

"Scott, too, who took a cordial delight in Campbell's poetry, expressed himself to the same effect. 'What a pity is it,' said he to me, 'that Campbell does not give full sweep to his genius. He has wings that would bear him up to the skies, and he does now and then spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if afraid to launch away. The fact is, he is a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his future efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*'

"Little was Scott aware at the time that he, in truth, was a 'bugbear' to Campbell. This I infer from an observation of Mrs. Campbell's in reply to an expression of regret on my part that her husband did not attempt something on a grand scale. 'It is unfortunate for Campbell,' said she, 'that he lives in the same age with Scott and Byron.' I asked why. 'Oh,' said she, 'they write so much and so rapidly. Now Campbell writes slowly, and it takes him some time to get under way; and just as he has fairly begun, out comes one of their poems, that sets the world agog and quite daunts him, so that he throws by his pen in despair.'

"I pointed out the essential difference in their kinds of poetry, and the qualities which insured perpetuity to that of her husband. 'You can't persuade Campbell of that,' said she. 'He is apt to undervalue his own works, and to consider his own little lights put out whenever they come blazing out with their great torches.'

"I repeated the conversation to Scott some time afterward, and it drew forth a characteristic comment.

"'Pooh!' said he, good humoredly, 'how can Campbell mistake the matter so much. Poetry goes by quality, not by bulk. My poems are mere cairngorms, wrought up, perhaps, with a cunning hand, and may pass well in the market as long as cairngorms are the fashion; but they are mere Scotch pebbles after all; now Tom Campbell's are real diamonds, and diamonds of the first water.'

"I have not time at present to furnish personal anecdotes of my intercourse with Campbell, neither does it afford any of a striking nature. Though extending over a number of years, it was never very intimate. His residence in the country, and my long intervals of absence on the Continent, rendered our meetings few and far between. To tell the truth, I was not much drawn to Campbell, having taken up a wrong notion concerning him from seeing him at times when his mind was ill at ease, and preyed upon by secret griefs. I had thought him disposed to be querulous and captious, and had heard his apparent discontent attributed to jealous repining at the success of his poetical contemporaries. In a word, I knew little of him but what might be learned in the casual intercourse of general society, whereas it required the close communion of confidential friendship to sound the depths of his character and know the treasures of excellence hidden beneath its surface. Besides, he was logged

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for years by certain malignant scribblers, who took a pleasure in misrepresenting all his actions, and holding him up in an absurd and disparaging point of view. In what this hostility originated I do not know, but it must have given much annoyance to his sensitive mind, and may have affected his popularity. I know not to what else to attribute a circumstance to which I was a witness during my last visit to England. It was at an annual dinner of the Literary Fund, at which Prince Albert presided, and where was collected much of the prominent talent of the kingdom. In the course of the evening Campbell rose to make a speech. I had not seen him for years, and his appearance showed the effect of age and ill health; it was evident also, that his mind was obfuscated by the wine he had been drinking. He was confused and tedious in his remarks; still, there was nothing but what one would have thought would be received with indulgence, if not deference, from a veteran of his fame and standing, a living classic. On the contrary, to my surprise, I soon observed signs of impatience in the company; the poet was repeatedly interrupted by coughs and discordant sounds, and as often endeavored to proceed; the noise at length became intolerable, and he was absolutely clamored down, sinking into his chair overwhelmed and disconcerted. I could not have thought such treatment possible to such a person at such a meeting.

"Hallam, author of the Literary History of the Middle Ages, who sat by me on this occasion, marked the mortification of the poet, and it excited his generous sympathy. Being shortly afterward on the floor to reply to a toast, he took occasion to advert to the recent remarks of Campbell, and in so doing called up in review all his eminent achievements in the world of letters, and drew such a picture of his claims upon popular gratitude and popular admiration as to convict the assembly of the glaring impropriety they had been guilty of—to soothe the wounded sensibility of the poet, and send him home to, I trust, a quiet pillow.

"I mention these things to illustrate the merit of the piece of biography which you are about to lay before the American world. It is a great act of justice to the memory of a distinguished man, whose character has not been sufficiently known. It gives an insight into his domestic as well as his literary life, and lays open the springs of all his actions and the causes of all his contrariety of conduct. We now see the real difficulties he had to contend with in the earlier part of his literary career; the worldly cares which pulled his spirit to the earth whenever it would wing its way to the skies; the domestic afflictions, tugging at his heart-strings even in his hours of genial intercourse, and converting his very smiles into spasms; the anxious days and sleepless nights preying upon his delicate organization, producing that morbid sensitiveness and nervous irritability which at times overlaid the real sweetness and amenity of his nature, and obscured the unbounded generosity of his heart.

"The biography does more: it reveals the affectionate considerateness of his conduct in all the domestic relations of life. The generosity with which he shared his narrow means with all the members of his family, and tasked his precarious resources to add to their relief; his deep-felt tenderness as a husband and a father, the source of exquisite home-happiness for a time, but ultimately of unmitigated wretchedness; his constant and devoted friendships, which in early life were almost romantic passions, and which remained unwithered by age: his sympathies with the distressed of every nation, class, and condition; his love of children, that infallible sign of a gentle and amiable nature; his sensibility to beauty of every kind; his cordial feeling toward his literary contemporaries, so opposite to the narrow and despicable jealousy imputed to him; above all, the crowning romance of his life, his enthusiasm in the cause of suffering Poland, a devotion carried to the height of his poetic temperament, and, in fact, exhausting all that poetic vein which, properly applied, might have produced epics; these and many more traits set forth in his biography bring forth his character in its true light, dispel those clouds which malice and detraction may at times have cast over it, and leave it in the full effulgence of its poetic glory."

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ANDREW COMBE, M.D. By George Combe. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 12mo, pp. 424.

THE remarkable popularity of the works of ANDREW COMBE on Physiology and Hygiene, in this country, will make the present biography an object of interest with a very large number of readers. It is written with singular impartiality, indeed with too little of the spirit of affectionate admiration, by the celebrated George Combe, whose own writings on the constitution of man and the observance of physical laws, have made him a general favorite in many intelligent circles, which have no peculiar interest in the special department of science with which his name has been identified. Each of the brothers has the merit of presenting important principles in plain language. With utility for their motto, they have written for the mass of the people, and, perhaps, have done more for the diffusion of popular knowledge, than many authors whose intellectual pretensions are far superior to their own. Destitute, to a remarkable degree, of every ray of imagination, with no approach to the creative power, which is the test of genius, their writings are marked with a robust common sense, a patience and clearness of statement, and a fertility of simple, homely illustration, which account for their deep impression on the popular mind.

In early life, the subject of this memoir displayed none of the brilliant qualities which give promise of future eminence. He was shy and reserved in his manners, and with no facility in the use of words, though often showing a certain droll humor in his actions. His progress in learning was slow, though this may be ascribed in part to the injudicious method which was pursued in his education. While engaged in his medical studies, he first made the acquaintance of Dr. Spurzheim, an event which decided the direction of his mind for the remainder of his life. This soon ripened into intimate friendship, which was cherished by frequent personal intercourse with Spurzheim during a visit at Paris. He at once became a zealous convert to the doctrines of Phrenology, making them the basis of his medical practice, and his anthropological system.

From an imprudent exposure to cold, Dr. COMBE's health early received a severe shock, from the effects of which his system never fully recovered. His subsequent life was that of an habitual invalid. He was forced to maintain a constant battle with disease. While spreading the principles of health in a multitude of households, wherever the English language is spoken, by his lucid writings on the subject, he was scarcely permitted for a single day to enjoy the inestimable treasure. He, consequently, spent

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no small portion of his time in traveling in different countries, visiting France, Belgium, Germany, and the United States, and his letters and observations during these various tours constitute one of the most interesting features in the present volume. His death took place on the 9th of August, 1847.

He left the character of a man of sterling integrity, excellent judgment, admirable candor and fairness of mind, a single-hearted devotion to truth, and a disposition of rare kindness and disinterested humanity. His biography will be read with satisfaction, by those who feel themselves indebted to his writings. It is simple, honest, unpretending, like its subject. With the singularly prosaic mind of Mr. George Combe, no one can expect to find it animated with any living glow. It records the life of a public benefactor, but with as little freshness or enthusiasm, as if the author were giving a Phrenological lecture on a collection of skulls.

DR. JOHNSON; HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE AND HIS DEATH. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo, pp. 405.

THE author of this volume is not surpassed by Boswell in reverence for "the Great Old Samuel," but happily is not infected with his puerilities. His book is a favorable specimen of the right kind of "Hero Worship," dealing tenderly with every relic of the departed, and religiously gathering every precious tribute to his memory. It reproduces a variety of characteristic events and scenes in the life of DR. JOHNSON, without having the air of a compilation. No source of information seems to have been overlooked, while the labors of previous writers are so digested and arranged as to give the effect of an original production. The main subject to which the volume is devoted, is the illustration of DR. JOHNSON's religious character, but numerous attractive episodes are also introduced, which relieve it from all tendency to monotony. The last incidents in his life are described with peculiar interest. Several chapters are wholly occupied with his Churchmanship, and under different heads, we have a spirited description of his humanity, his treatment of dissenters, his views of monastic life, his sympathy with Roman Catholics, and his superstition, all the statements being fortified with quotations from his own language. Various questions of collateral interest are discussed by the author, as suggested by the topics under review, and are usually treated with equal ability and religious feeling. The work will doubtless be received as a valuable complement to our Johnsonian literature.

Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, published by Harper and Brothers, has reached its fifth number, and fully sustains the wide reputation which it has acquired, as an elegant, spirited, and instructive work on American history. The union of narrative and description, which forms a leading feature of the series, is managed by Mr. Lossing with remarkable dexterity, and gives a perpetual charm to the composition. In the five numbers already issued, we have a graphic survey of the scenery and historical reminiscences of the portion of the State of New York and of Canada, which is embraced within the routes of our fashionable summer tourists. They describe the principal theatre of the French and Indian Wars, and many of the most interesting localities of the American Revolution, including Glenn's Falls, Lake George, Ticonderoga and Champlain from Whitehall to St. John's, Montreal, Quebec, the St. Lawrence to Kingston, Lake Ontario, Niagara, and a part of the Upper Valley of the Mohawk—all truly classic ground to the lover of American history. Whoever would obtain an accurate and indelible impression of the great battle-grounds of the Revolution, while seeking recreation in a summer jaunt, should not fail to make these beautiful numbers his traveling companions.

Harper and Brothers have reprinted SYDNEY SMITH's posthumous Lectures entitled *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, which is introduced with a commendatory letter by Lord Jeffrey, written but a few days before his death, wherein he says that these Lectures "will do their author as much credit as any thing he ever wrote, and produce on the whole a stronger impression by the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a truer and more engaging view of his character than what the world has yet seen of his writings. The book seems to me to be full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling—very clearly and pleasingly written—and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dogmatism, as is rarely met with in the conduct of such discussions." The versatile author discusses a great variety of topics, slenderly connected it is true, with Metaphysics or Moral Philosophy, and on this account has left a far more readable volume, than if it had been rigidly devoted to the questions which it professes to treat. His remarks are always lively, pointed, and apposite, betraying a familiar knowledge of the world, and a quick perception of the bearing and character of current events, while their caustic wit is usually attempered with an inexhaustible fountain of good humor.

We have received *The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil*, volume 2d, from the veteran editor of whose zeal and ability in maintaining the doctrine of "harmony" and mutual dependence between all the great branches of domestic industry, it affords abundant evidence.

Mr. Skinner contends, with every appearance of assured conviction, that as our country spreads over so many latitudes, and embraces climates and resources more various and abundant than any other, our policy, too, should be peculiar; and that instead of importing iron, cloth, and other manufactures, for which we have materials, or capabilities inexhaustible, we should import

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men, as the best of all importations, whose demands, while occupied with other industries, would create a steady and remunerating market for the products of agriculture, which, he insists, would be, of all things, the surest guarantee for improvements in the *art* of terra-culture. This enterprise is one of the ablest of the kind, to illustrate the importance of placing the consumer by the side of the agriculturist; and whether reference be had to the long services of the editor in the cause of cultivators of the soil, or the earnestness and power with which he and his correspondents enforce their doctrine, there can be no hesitation in saying, that those who unite with them in opinion will do well to give encouragement to *The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil*. It is but justice to add, that it is well printed on fine paper, giving no less than 64 pages monthly, at the rate of $5 for two subscribers, or $3 for one. Edited and published by that old and tried soldier in the cause—the founder of the first agricultural journal in the United States—J. S. Skinner, 79, Walnut-street, Philadelphia.

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published a new edition of *The Rebels*, one of the earliest and most popular novels of the admirable Mrs. Child. Its character is too well known to authorize criticism at this time, and its reproduction in the present edition will gratify the troops of friends, with whom the author is a distinguished favorite.

One of the most remarkable books of the month is *The Logic and Utility of Mathematics*, by Charles Davies, LL.D., published by Barnes and Co. It is not intended as a treatise on any special branch of mathematical science, and demands for its full appreciation a general acquaintance with the leading methods and routine of mathematical investigation. To those who have a natural fondness for this pursuit, and enjoy the leisure for a retrospect of their favorite studies, the present volume will possess a charm, not surpassed by the fascinations of a romance. It is an elaborate and lucid exposition of the principles which lie at the foundation of pure mathematics, with a highly ingenious application of their results to the development of the essential idea of Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra, Analytic Geometry, and the Differential and Integral Calculus. The work is preceded by a general view of the subject of Logic, mainly drawn from the writings of Archbishop Whately and Mr. Mill, and closes with an essay on the utility of mathematics. Some occasional exaggerations, in presenting the claims of the science to which his life has been devoted, must here be pardoned to the professional enthusiasm of the author. In general, the work is written with singular circumspection; the views of the best thinkers on the subject have been thoroughly digested, and are presented in an original form; every thing bears the impress of the intellect of the writer; his style is for the most part chaste, simple, transparent, and in admirable harmony with the dignity of the subject, and his condensed generalizations are often profound and always suggestive.

The Gallery of Illustrious Americans, edited by C. Edwards Lester, Esq. has reached its seventh number, which contains a portrait and biographical sketch of the distinguished ornithologist, J. J. Audubon. The engraving presents a delightful view of the intellectual and expressive features of the veteran forester, savan, and artist, while the sketch by Mr. Lester gives a rapid and satisfactory summary of the principal incidents in his adventurous life. The daguerreotypes by Brady, and the lithographs by D'Avignon, throughout this series, are highly creditable specimens of their respective arts. The biographical notices are carefully written and beautifully printed. The previous numbers embrace Taylor, Calhoun, Webster, Wright, Clay, and Fremont—and that our readers may form some idea of the striking fidelity of the Portraits, we present, in a previous page, the well-known likeness of our late President, copied on wood by Lossing, from the first number of the work.

A. Hart, Philadelphia, has reprinted from the English edition, *The Phantom World*, from the French of Calmet, with a Preface and Notes by Rev. Henry Christmas, giving a general survey of the history and philosophy of spirits, apparitions, ghosts, elves, fairies, spooks, bogles, bugaboos, and hobgoblins. It will probably meet with an extensive circulation in these days when Connecticut divines are haunted by infernal visits, and the Rochester sibyls are on exhibition in New York.

Dies Boreales, or Christopher Under Canvas, is republished from Blackwood's Magazine in a neat edition, by A. Hart, Philadelphia, and will meet with a warm reception from the innumerable admirers of the noble, eloquent, impassioned, kaleidoscopic, frisky, and genial old Christopher.

Among the valuable scientific serials now issuing from the New York press, is *The Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine Works, and Engineering*, edited by Oliver Byrne, and published by D. Appleton and Co. Of this work we have thirteen numbers, which bring the subjects, in alphabetical order, to the article on "Etching," the last number completing the elaborate description of the "Steam Engine," which in itself forms a treatise on a leading branch of practical science, and may be commended in high terms to the attention both of the general reader and the professional engineer. It is rarely that such a mass of important information is condensed into so lucid and pleasing a form, attractive no less by the clearness of its scientific details, than by the bright picture which it gives of the progress of the useful arts in modern times.

Another work, of similar value, is *A Treatise on Marine and Naval Architecture*, by John W. Griffiths, a serial which has reached its seventh number, and has elicited the warmest encomiums from distinguished constructors and

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engineers. The style is a fine model of scientific discussion, presenting the first principles of naval architecture with precision, compactness, and simplicity, abounding with graphic descriptive details, and preserving a spirited freedom and boldness in the most intricate and difficult expositions. The superior character of its contents, with the low price at which it is afforded, will insure it a wide circulation among American mechanics, who can not fail to gain both a pecuniary and an intellectual advantage from its perusal.

Specimens of the Bridges, Viaducts, &c., on the United States Railroads, by GEORGE DUGGIN, deserves an honorable place by the side of the two preceding serials, as an important contribution to the science of civil engineering in this country. The sixth number has already made its appearance, being the commencement of an elaborate treatise on Bridge-building, illustrated with sketches of the most remarkable specimens in this branch of architecture. The multiplicity of works like those we have just alluded to, and the great and instant popularity which they attain, present a cheering proof of the prevalence of scientific curiosity, and of the mental activity which leads to thorough investigation, among the leading artisans of the United States.

The Second Book in Greek, by JOHN M'CLINTOCK, published by Harper and Brothers, is the complement to the previous volume, entitled *First Book in Greek*, which, as a practical manual in this branch of philology, has elicited the warmest approbation of judicious teachers. Dr. M'Clintock has brought the resources of a ripe and generous scholarship to the preparation of this work, which, with the other volumes of his Elementary Series in Greek and Latin, is a highly honorable proof of his sound learning and correct taste. The present work gives a full view of the Greek Syntax, with copious illustrations, and extracts from Xenophon's Anabasis, Homer, Anacreon, and sentences from the Greek Dramatists. Its peculiar merit consists in the progressive manner in which the various difficulties of Greek combination are unfolded, the pupil being thus led forward, by a natural sequence, to a mastery of the complicated idioms of the language, and trained imperceptibly to a perception of its rich and wonderful beauties.

Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, have republished *Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies and North America in* 1849, by ROBERT BAIRD, an intelligent Scotchman, apparently of the legal profession, but with little of the talent essential to the composition of a popular book of travels. His remarks on the United States are in a more discriminating tone than is often attained by English tourists, but the whole tone of the volume is, for the most part, so prosy and commonplace as to make its perusal an intolerable bore.

Tallis, Willoughby, and Company are publishing a beautifully embellished edition of *The Life of Christ*, by the Rev. JOHN FLEETWOOD, with original illustrations by Warren, who has attained a distinguished reputation, as a delineator of Oriental scenery, characters, and costumes. It is to be completed in twenty-five parts, of which two have been issued, in a style of elegant typography, highly creditable to the taste and enterprise of the publishers. The biography of the Saviour by Dr. Fleetwood is written with decorum and gravity, reproducing the consecutive events of the sacred narrative in symmetrical order, and presenting with becoming reserve, such moral reflections as are naturally suggested by the different topics of the sublime history. The work is happily distinguished from several recent attempts on similar themes, by its freedom from the ambitious and disgusting pretension of dressing up the severe simplicity of the Oriental writers in the tawdry and finical robes of modern rhetoric.

The Shoulder-Knot, by the Rev. B. F. TEFFT, published by Harper and Brothers, is a work of more than common originality, intended to convey important views of life, through the medium of fiction, and containing many passages of remarkable vigor and beauty. The story is derived from facts in the history of Louis XIII. of France, who, with his Queen, the admirable Anne of Austria, the Queen Mother, the selfish and passionate Mary, and the consummate master of intrigue, Cardinal Richelieu, is made to act a leading part in the development of the narrative. The author displays less skill in the artistic blending together of the principal incidents of the plot, than in his isolated descriptions and conversations, many of which indicate a high order of talent. The whole story is pervaded with a wholesome and elevated religious tone, showing the power of fictitious creation to illustrate the most vitally important truths.

Stringer and Townsend have published a *Supplement to Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing in the United States*, by W. H. HERBERT, correcting some errors which had crept into the principal work on that subject, and completing the memoirs of the finny tribes under the democratic institutions of America, with the jaunty airiness of description, and genuine relish of natural scenery (as well as of fried fish), which have given such a wide celebrity to the flowing and unctuous pen of Frank Forrester.

The *Morning Watch* is an anonymous poem, published by George P. Putnam, breathing an atmosphere of tender, religious sentiment, and showing considerable descriptive power. It has not, however, sufficient vigor of imagination to atone for the intense subjectivity of thought which throws a dim haze over the best-conceived passages.

J. ROSS BROWNE'S *Report of the Debates in the Convention of California* on the Formation of the State Constitution, is a curious historical document, and will possess still more interest when the antiquities of the modern Eldorado shall become the object of learned research

The Mothers of the Wise and Good, by JABEZ BURNS, D.D., reprinted by Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, Boston, is a collection of interesting

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incidents, showing the effects of maternal influence on the formation of character, and tracing the excellence of many eminent men in various walks of life, to the pure and exalted virtues with which they were familiar in early life, within the sacred retirements of the domestic circle.

The seventh number of *Carlyle's Latter-Day Pamphlets*, issued by Harper and Brothers, is a mere seven-fold repetition of the ancient discontent of the author, whose mirth is changed into a permanent wail, and for whom the "brave o'erhanging firmament has become only a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors." The subject of this number is the "Statue of Hudson," the great deposed Railway King. It says much more of statues in general, than of this particular one of Hudson's. Like all the recent productions of Carlyle, it reminds us of the strugglings of a sick giant, whom his friends in mercy should compel to take to his bed and turn his face to the wall.

An elegant edition of *The Illustrated Domestic Bible*, by the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, is publishing in numbers by Samuel Hueston. It has brief notes and reflections by the editor, and copious pictorial embellishments, illustrative of Oriental scenery and manners. The work is to be completed in twenty-five numbers.

Stanford and Swords have reprinted a neat edition of *Earnestness*, or *Incidents in the Life of an English Bishop*, by CHARLES B. TAYLOR, whose rare talent for applying the resources of fiction to the illustration of religious truth has given him an enviable reputation with a large circle of readers. The present work will be found to possess equal interest with the previous religious stories of the author.

Amy Harrington, by the author of *The Curate of Linwood*, another spirited religious novel, directing a battery of red-hot shot against the Tractarian or Puseyite movement in England, is republished by J. C. Riker. It is written in a tone of uncommon earnestness, and contains some passages of genuine pathos and eloquence.

The Vale of Cedars, by GRACE AGUILAR, republished by D. Appleton and Co., is a novel of more than ordinary power, indebted for its principal interest to its vivid description of the social condition of Spain during the reign of Isabella. The volume is introduced with an interesting biographical sketch of the able authoress, who died in 1847.

Crosby and Nichols, Boston, have republished *Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange*, by JOHN FRANCIS, a work describing the progress of financial speculation in England, with great liveliness of delineation, and illustrated with a variety of personal incidents and scenes of the richest character. The volume is intended to give a popular narrative of the money power of England, in a manner at once interesting and suggestive, and it accomplishes its purpose with eminent success.

Wah-to-yah, and the Taos Trail, by LEWIS W. GARRARD, published by H. W. Derby and Co., Cincinnati, is a record of wild adventures among the Indians, by a rollicking Western youth, who never misses the opportunity for a scene, and who tells his story with a gay saucy, good-natured audacity, which makes his book far more companionable than most volumes of graver pretensions. Commend us to young Garrard, whoever he may be, as a free and easy guide to the mysteries of life in the forest.

Poems by H. LADD SPENCER, published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., Boston, are rather remarkable specimens of juvenile precocity, most of them having been written in the days of the author's earliest boyhood, and some of them during his twelfth year, and at a period little less remote. Their poetical merit must, of course, be inconsiderable, and they are not sufficiently curious to warrant publication.

D. Appleton and Co. have issued a novel entitled *Heloise, or the Unrevealed Secret*, by TALVI, the gifted authoress of *The Sketch of the Slavic Language and Literature*, which is entitled to special commendation among the recent productions of American literature. Without the machinery of a complicated plot, and in language that is almost sculpturesque in its chaste simplicity, it possesses an intense and unflagging interest, by its artistic delineation of character, its profound insight into the mysteries of passion, and the calm, delicate, spiritual beauty of its heroine. Its subtle conception of the nicest variations of feeling, is no less remarkable than its precision in the use of language, the work, for the most part, not only reading like the production of a native, but of one familiar with the most intimate resources of idiomatic English. A very few exceptions to this remark in some portions of the dialogue, whose naïveté atones for their inaccuracy, only present the general purity of the composition in a more striking light. We sincerely trust that the writer, who has been so happily distinguished in the field of literary research, will be induced, by the success of this volume, to continue her labors in the province of fictitious creation. Nothing is wanting to her assurance of an enviable fame in this department of letters.

The Initials is the title of an English novel, reprinted by A. Hart, Philadelphia, illustrative of German life and character, and in all respects of more interest than would be predicted from its ambiguous designation.

The Lorgnette, published by Stringer and Townsend, continues to make its appearance once a fortnight, and well sustains the reputation it has acquired, as a brilliant, searching, and good-humored satirical commentary on the many-colored phantasmagoria of the town. The name of the author is still a dead secret, in spite of numerous hints and winks among the knowing ones, and he is shrewd enough to prefer the prestige of concealment to the tickling of his vanity by publicity. The most noticeable feature in his work is its quiet, effective style of composition, which is utterly free from the pyrotechnic arts of so many current pretenders.

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Summer Fashions.

Fig. 1. PROMENADE DRESS.—For walking in public gardens, *barège* dresses, plain or figured, are generally adopted; but *glacé* or damask bareges are the most *recherchés*. Dresses of shot silk form also charming toilets. The skirts are less full than those of last year—but, to compensate for it, they are trimmed with graduated flounces up to the waist—as many as five are worn, and they are pinked and stamped at the edges. The bodies are tight, and open in front; a cord connects the two sides of the corsage, and buttons, either of silk, colored stones, or steel, are placed on the centre of this cord. The sleeves are wider at the bottom than at the top, and are trimmed with two small flounces; from beneath them a large lace sleeve falls over the hand, leaving the lower part of the arm uncovered. This form of sleeve is very becoming to the hand.



Fig. 1.—Promenade Dress.

Mantelets are very slightly altered; they are, however, rather more closely fitted to the figure than last year; they are all made of *taffetas glacé*, and trimmed with pinked *ruches* of the same material for young persons, and with wide black lace for married ladies.

Fig. 2, is a Pelerine of a pattern quite new. It is made of embroidered net, trimmed with three rows of *point d'Alençon*, and ornamented with a large knot of *ribbons Bayadère*. Another pattern is of Indian muslin *Canezou*, embroidered and trimmed with *malines*, open and buttoned up in the back.

Fig. 3 is a neat costume for a little girl.

Dress of glacé silk, shaded in light green and lilac. The skirt trimmed with four rows of fringe of green and lilac silk intermingled. The corsage low and plain, with a pelerine which passes along the back and shoulders, and is brought down to the front of the waist in a point. This pelerine is edged with two rows of fringe. The sleeves of the dress, which are short, are edged simply with one row of fringe. Attached to these short sleeves are long sleeves of white muslin made so as to set nearly close to the upper part of the arms, but finished between the elbow and the wrist with three drawings separated by bands of needlework insertion. Above these drawings there is a frill which falls back on the arm. The neck is covered by a chemisette of muslin, finished at the throat with a trimming of needlework, turned over.



Fig. 2.—Pelerine

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FIG. 4. HOME DRESS.—Morning cap trimmed with Valenciennes and gauze ribbons, cut out in the shape of leaves, muslin *guimpe bouillonné*, with embroidered *entre-deux;* the gown *en gros d'Ecosse*, with facing and trimmings cut out; *pagode* sleeves, with a white muslin puffing ornamented with a very large *bouillonné*.

In the engraving (FIG. 5) is represented a BALL COSTUME, with a graceful head-dress, composed of a vine garland with grapes: on each side hangs a bunch of grapes (several little bunches are preferred). The novelty of this year is to be observed in the length of the branches, which come down on the shoulders, mixing with long curls. This head-dress is worn also with *bandeaux*, but then the garland must be thicker in the lower part. The leaves are of different colors, from the various shades of green to the autumnal red tint. This kind of garland is made also of ivy, with small red balls. The gowns are of *taffetas d'Italie —white, rose,* or *blue* (their shades are to be *glacés de blanc*): the body is trimmed with a *berthe*, made of two rows of *blonde*, the front ornamented with a puffing of white net laced with satin ribbons the color of the gown.



FIG. 4.—HOME DRESS.



FIG. 3.—LITTLE GIRL'S COSTUME.



FIG. 5.—BALL DRESS.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. IV.—SEPTEMBER, 1850.—Vol. I.



MISS JANE PORTER.

[From the London Art Journal.]

MEMORIES OF MISS JANE PORTER.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

THE frequent observation of foreigners is, that in England we have few "celebrated women." Perhaps they mean that we have few who are "notorious;" but let us admit that in either case they are right; and may we not express our belief in its being better for women and for the community that such is the case. "celebrity" rarely adds to the happiness of a woman, and almost as rarely increases her usefulness. The time and attention required to attain "celebrity," must, except under very peculiar circumstances, interfere with the faithful discharge of those feminine duties upon which the well-doing of society depends, and which shed so pure a halo around our English homes. Within these "homes" our heroes—statesmen—philosophers—men of letters—men of genius—receive their first impressions, and the *impetus* to a faithful discharge of their after callings as Christian subjects of the State.

There are few of such men who do not trace back their resolution, their patriotism, their wisdom, their learning—the nourishment of all their higher aspirations—to a wise, hopeful, loving-hearted and faith-inspired mother; one who *believed* in a son's destiny to be great; it may be, impelled by such belief rather by instinct than by reason; who cherished (we can find no better word), the "Hero-feeling" of devotion to what was right, though it might have been unworldly; and whose deep heart welled up perpetual love and patience, toward the over-boiling faults and frequent stumblings of a hot youth, which she felt would mellow into a fruitful manhood.

The strength and glory of England are in the keeping of the wives and mothers of its men; and when we are questioned touching our "celebrated women," we may in general terms refer to those who have watched over, moulded, and inspired our "celebrated" men.

Happy is the country where the laws of God and nature are held in reverence—where each sex fulfills its peculiar duties, and renders its sphere a sanctuary! and surely such harmony is blessed by the Almighty—for while other nations writhe in anarchy and poverty, our own spreads wide her arms to receive all who seek protection or need repose.

But if we have few "celebrated" women, few, who impelled either by circumstances or the irrepressible restlessness of genius, go forth amid the pitfalls of publicity, and battle with the world, either as poets—or dramatists—or moralists—or mere tale-tellers in simple prose—or, more dangerous still, "hold the mirror up to nature" on the stage that mimics life—if we have but few, we have, and have had *some*, of whom we are justly proud; women of such well-balanced minds, that toil they ever so laboriously in their public and perilous paths, their domestic and social duties have been fulfilled with as diligent and faithful love as though the world had never been purified and enriched by the treasures of their feminine wisdom; yet this does not shake our belief, that, despite the spotless and well-earned reputations they enjoyed, the homage they received (and it has its charm), and even the blessed consciousness of having contributed to the healthful recreation, the improved morality, the diffusion of the best sort of knowledge—the *woman* would have been happier had she continued enshrined in the privacy of domestic love and domestic duty. She may not think this at the commencement of her career; and at its termination, if she has lived sufficiently long to have descended, even gracefully from her pedestal, she may often recall the homage of the *past* to make up for its lack in the *present*. But so perfectly is woman constituted for the cares, the affections, the duties—the blessed duties of *un-*

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public life—that if she give nature way it will whisper to her a text that "celebrity never added to the happiness of a true woman." She must look for her happiness to HOME. We would have young women ponder over this, and watch carefully, ere the vail is lifted, and the hard cruel eye of public criticism fixed upon them. No profession is pastime; still less so now than ever, when so many people are "clever," though so few are great. We would pray those especially who direct their thoughts to literature, to think of what they have to say, and why they wish to say it; and above all, to weigh what they may expect from a capricious public, against the blessed shelter and pure harmonies of private life.*

But we have had some—and still have some—"celebrated" women of whom we have said "we may be justly proud." We have done pilgrimage to the shrine of Lady Rachel Russell, who was so thoroughly "domestic" that the Corinthian beauty of her character would never have been matter of history, but for the wickedness of a bad king. We have recorded the hours spent with Hannah More; the happy days passed with, and the years invigorated by Maria Edgeworth. We might recall the stern and faithful puritanism of Maria Jane Jewsbury; and the Old World devotion of the true and high-souled daughter of Israel—Grace Aguilar. The mellow tones of Felicia Heman's poetry linger still among all who appreciate the holy sympathies of religion and virtue. We could dwell long and profitably on the enduring patience and life-long labor of Barbara Hofland, and steep a diamond in tears to record the memories of L. E. L. We could—alas, alas! barely five-and-twenty years' acquaintance with literature and its ornaments, and the brilliant catalogue is but a *Momento Mori!* Perhaps of all this list, Maria Edgworth's life was the happiest; simply because she was the most retired, the least exposed to the gaze and observation of the world, the most occupied by loving duties toward the most united circle of old and young we ever saw assembled in one happy home.

The very young have never, perhaps read one of the tales of a lady whose reputation, as a novelist, was in its zenith when Walter Scott published his first novel. We desire to place a chaplet upon the grave of a woman once "celebrated" all over the known world; yet who drew all her happiness from the lovingness of home and friends, while her life was as pure as her renown was extensive.

In our own childhood romance reading was prohibited, but earnest entreaty procured an exception in favor of the "Scottish Chiefs." It was the bright summer, and we read it by moonlight, only disturbed by the murmur of the distant ocean. We read it, crouched in the deep recess of the nursery window; we read it until moonlight and morning met, and the breakfast bell ringing out into the soft air from the old gable, found us at the end of the fourth volume. Dear old times! when it would have been deemed little less than sacrilege to crush a respectable romance into a shilling volume, and our mammas considered *only* a five volume story curtailed of its just proportions.

Sir William Wallace has never lost his heroic ascendency over us, and we have steadily resisted every temptation to open the "popular edition" of the long-loved romance, lest what people will call "the improved state of the human mind," might displace the sweet memory of the mingled admiration and indignation that chased each other, while we read and wept, without ever questioning the truth of the absorbing narrative.

Yet, the "Scottish Chiefs" scarcely achieved the popularity of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," the first romance originated by the active brain and singularly constructive power of Jane Porter, produced at an almost girlish age.

The hero of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was really Kosciuszko, the beloved pupil of George Washington, the grandest and purest patriot the Modern World has known. The enthusiastic girl was moved to its composition by the stirring times in which she lived; and a personal observation of, and acquaintance with some of those brave men whose struggles for liberty only ceased with their exile, or their existence.

Miss Porter placed her standard of excellence on high ground, and—all gentle-spirited as was her nature—it was firm and unflinching toward what she believed the right and true. We must not, therefore, judge her by the depressed state of "feeling" in these times, when its demonstration is looked upon as artificial or affected. Toward the termination of the last and the commencement of the present century, the world was roused into an interest and enthusiasm, which now we can scarcely appreciate or account for; the sympathies of England were awakened by the terrible revolutions of France, and the desolation of Poland; as a principle, we hated Napoleon, though he had neither act nor part in the doings of the democrats; and the sea-songs of Dibdin, which our youth *now* would call uncouth and ungraceful rhymes, were keynotes to public feeling; the English of that time

* In support of this opinion, which we know is opposed to the popular feeling of many in the present day, we venture to quote what Miss Porter herself repeats, as said to her by Madame de Staël: "She frequently praised my revered mother for the retired manner in which she maintained her little domestic establishment, "*yielding her daughters to society, but not to the world.*" We pray those we love, to mark the delicate and most true distinction, between "society" and the "world." "I was set on a stage," continued De Staël, "I was set on a stage, at a child's age, to be listened to as a wit and worshiped for my premature judgment. I drank adulation as my soul's nourishment, *and I cannot now live without its poison; it has been my bane*, never an aliment. My heart ever sighed for happiness, and I ever lost it, when I thought it approaching my grasp. I was admired, made an idol, *but never beloved*. I do not accuse my parents for having made this mistake, but I have not repeated it in my Albertine" (her daughter.) "She shall not

'Seek for love, and fill her arms with bays.'

I bring her up in the best society, yet in the shade."

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were thoroughly "awake," the British Lion had not slumbered through a thirty years' peace. We were a nation of soldiers and sailors, and patriots; not of mingled cotton-spinners and railway speculators and angry protectionists; we do not say which state of things is best or worst, we desire merely to account for what may be called the taste for *heroic* literature at that time, and the taste for—we really hardly know what to call it—literature of the present, made up, as it too generally is, of shreds and patches—bits of gold and bits of tinsel—things written in a hurry to be read in a hurry, and never thought of afterward—suggestive rather than reflective, at the best; and we must plead guilty to a too great proneness to underrate what our fathers probably overrated.

At all events we must bear in mind, while reading or thinking over Miss Porter's novels, that, in her day, even the exaggeration of enthusiasm was considered good tone and good taste. How this enthusiasm was *fostered*, not subdued, can be gathered by the author's ingenious preface to the, we believe, tenth edition of "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

This story brought her abundant honors, and rendered her society, as well as the society of her sister and brother, sought for by all who aimed at a reputation for taste and talent. Mrs. Porter, on her husband's death (he was the younger son of a well-connected Irish family, born in Ireland, in or near Coleraine, we believe, and a major in the Enniskillen dragoons), sought a residence for her family in Edinburgh, where education and good society are attainable to persons of moderate fortunes, if they are "well born;" but the extraordinary artistic skill of her son Robert required a wider field, and she brought her children to London sooner than she had intended, that his promising talents might be cultivated. We believe the greater part of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was written in London, either in St. Martin's-lane, Newport-street, or Gerard-street, Soho (for in these three streets the family lived after their arrival in the metropolis); though as soon as Robert Ker Porter's abilities floated him on the stream, his mother and sisters retired, in the brightness of their fame and beauty, to the village of Thames Ditton, a residence they loved to speak of as their "home." The actual labor of "Thaddeus"—her first novel—must have been considerable; for testimony was frequently borne to the fidelity of its localities, and Poles refused to believe that the author had not visited Poland; indeed, she had a happy power in describing localities.

It was on the publication of Miss Porter's two first works in the German language that their author was honored by being made a Lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim, and received the gold cross of the order from Wurtemberg; but "The Scottish Chiefs" was never so popular on the continent as "Thaddeus of Warsaw," although Napoleon honored it with an interdict, to prevent its circulation in France. If Jane Porter owed her Polish inspirations so peculiarly to the tone of the times in which she lived, she traces back, in her introduction to the latest edition of "The Scottish Chiefs," her enthusiasm in the cause of Sir William Wallace to the influence of an old "Scotch wife's" tales and ballads produced upon her mind while in early childhood. She wandered amid what she describes as "beautiful green banks," which rose in natural terraces behind her mother's house, and where a cow and a few sheep occasionally fed. This house stood alone, at the head of a little square, near the high school; the distinguished Lord Elchies formerly lived in the house, which was very ancient, and from those green banks it commanded a fine view of the Frith of Forth. While gathering "*gowans*" or other wild flowers for her infant sister (whom she loved more dearly than her life, during the years they lived in most tender and affectionate companionship), she frequently encountered this aged woman with her knitting in her hand; and she would speak to the eager and intelligent child of the blessed quiet of the land, where the cattle were browsing without fear of an enemy; and then she would talk of the awful times of the brave Sir William Wallace, when he fought for Scotland "against a cruel tyrant; like unto them whom Abraham overcame when he recovered Lot, with all his herds and flocks, from the proud foray of the robber kings of the South," who, she never failed to add, "were all rightly punished for oppressing the stranger in a foreign land! for the Lord careth for the stranger." Miss Porter says that this woman never omitted mingling pious allusions with her narrative, "Yet she was a person of low degree, dressed in a coarse woolen gown, and a plain *Mutch* cap clasped under the chin with a silver brooch, which her father had worn at the battle of Culloden." Of course she filled with tales of Sir William Wallace and the Bruce, the listening ears of the lovely Saxon child who treasured them in her heart and brain, until they fructified in after years into the "Scottish Chiefs." To these two were added "The Pastor's Fireside," and a number of other tales and romances; she contributed to several annuals and magazines, and always took pains to keep up the reputation she had won, achieving a large share of the popularity, to which, as an author, she never looked for happiness. No one could be more alive to praise or more grateful for attention, but the heart of a genuine, pure, loving woman, beat within Jane Porter's bosom, and she was never drawn *out* of her domestic circle by the flattery that has spoiled so many, men as well as women. Her mind was admirably balanced by her home affections, which remained unsullied and unshaken to the end of her days. She had, in common with her three brothers and her charming sister, the advantage of a wise and loving mother—a woman pious without cant, and worldly-wise without being worldly. Mrs. Porter was born at Durham, and when very young bestowed her hand and heart on Major Porter; an old friend of the

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family assures us that two or three of their children were born in Ireland, and that certainly Jane was among the number;* although she left Ireland when in early youth, perhaps almost an infant, she certainly must be considered "Irish," as her father was so both by birth and descent, and esteemed during his brief life as a brave and generous gentleman; he died young, leaving his lovely widow in straightened circumstances, having only her widow's pension to depend on. The eldest son—afterward Colonel Porter—was sent to school by his grandfather.

We have glanced briefly at Sir Robert Ker Porter's wonderful talents, and Anna Maria, when in her twelfth year, rushed, as Jane acknowledged, "prematurely into print." Of Anna Maria we knew personally but very little; enough, however, to recall with a pleasant memory her readiness in conversation, and her bland and cheerful manners. No two sisters could have been more different in bearing and appearance: Maria was a delicate blonde, with a *riant* face, and an animated manner—we had said almost *peculiarly Irish*—rushing at conclusions, where her more thoughtful and careful sister paused to consider and calculate. The beauty of Jane was statuesque, her deportment serious yet cheerful, a seriousness quite as natural as her younger sister's gayety; they both labored diligently, but Anna Maria's labor was sport when compared to her elder sister's careful toil; Jane's mind was of a more lofty order, she was intense, and felt more than she said, while Anna Maria often said more than she felt; they were a delightful contrast, and yet the harmony between them was complete; and one of the happiest days we ever spent, while trembling on the threshold of literature, was with them at their pretty road-side cottage, in the village of Esher, before the death of their venerable and dearly-beloved mother, whose rectitude and prudence had both guided and sheltered their youth, and who lived to reap with them the harvest of their industry and exertion. We remember the drive there, and the anxiety as to how those very "clever ladies" would look, and what they would say; we talked over the various letters we had received from Jane, and thought of the cordial invitation to their cottage—their "mother's cottage"—as they always called it. We remember the old white friendly spaniel who looked at us with blinking eyes, and preceded us up-stairs; we remember the formal, old-fashioned courtesy of the venerable old lady, who was then nearly eighty—the blue ribbons and good-natured frankness of Anna Maria, and the noble courtesy of Jane, who received visitors as if she granted an audience; this manner was natural to her; it was only the manner of one whose thoughts have dwelt more on heroic deeds, and lived more with heroes than with actual living men and women; the effect of this, however, soon passed away, but not so the fascination which was in all she said and did. Her voice was soft and musical, and her conversation addressed to one person rather than to the company at large, while Maria talked rapidly to every one, or *for* every one who chose to listen. How happily the hours passed! we were shown some of those extraordinary drawings of Sir Robert, who gained an artist's reputation before he was twenty, and attracted the attention of West and Shee* in his mere boyhood. We heard all the interesting particulars of his panoramic picture of the Storming of Seringapatam, which, the first of its class, was known half over the world. We must not, however, be misunderstood—there was neither personal nor family egotism in the Porters; they invariably spoke of each other with the tenderest affection—but unless the conversation was *forced* by their friends, they never mentioned their own or each other's works, while they were most ready to praise what was excellent in the works of others; they spoke with pleasure of their sojourns in London; while their mother said, it was much wiser and better for young ladies who were not rich, to live quietly in the country, and escape the temptations of luxury and display. At that time the "young ladies" seemed to us certainly *not* young; that was about two-and-twenty years ago, and Jane Porter was seventy-five when she died. They talked much of their previous dwelling at Thames Ditton, of the pleasant neighborhood they enjoyed there, though their mother's health and their own had much improved since their residence on Esher-hill; their little garden was bounded at the back by the beautiful park of Claremont, and the front of the house overlooked the leading roads, broken as they are by the village green, and some noble elms. The view is crowned by the high trees of Esher-place, opening from the village on that side of the brow of the hill. Jane pointed out the *locale* of the proud Cardinal Wolsey's domain, inhabited during the days of his power over Henry VIII., and in their cloudy evening, when that capricious monarch's favor changed to bitterest hate. It was the very spot to foster her high romance, while she could at the same time enjoy the sweets of that domestic converse she loved best of all. We were prevented by the occupations and heart-beatings of our own literary labors

* Miss Porter never told me she was an Irishwoman, but once she questioned me concerning my own parentage and place of birth; and upon my explaining that my mother was an English woman, my father Irish, and that I was born in Ireland, which I quitted early in life, she observed *her own circumstances were very similar to mine.* For my own part, I have no doubt that she was Irish by birth and by descent on the father's side, but it will be no difficult matter to obtain direct evidence of the facts; and we hope that some Irish patriotic friend will make due inquiries on the subject. During her life, I had no idea of her connection with Ireland, or I should certainly have ascertained if my own country had a claim of which it may be justly proud.

* In his early days the President of the Royal Academy painted a very striking portrait of Jane Porter, as "Miranda," and Harlowe painted her in the canoness dress of the order of St. Joachim.

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from repeating this visit; and in 1831, four years after these well-remembered hours, the venerable mother of a family so distinguished in literature and art, rendering their names known and honored wherever art and letters flourish, was called HOME. The sisters, who had resided ten years at Esher, left it, intending to sojourn for a time with their second brother, Doctor Porter, (who commenced his career as a surgeon in the navy) in Bristol; but within a year the youngest, the light-spirited, bright-hearted Anna Maria died: her sister was dreadfully shaken by her loss, and the letters we received from her after this bereavement, though containing the outpourings of a sorrowing spirit, were full of the certainty of that reunion hereafter which became the hope of her life. She soon resigned her cottage home at Esher, and found



JANE PORTER'S COTTAGE AT ESHER.

the affectionate welcome she so well deserved in many homes, where friends vied with each other to fill the void in her sensitive heart. She was of too wise a nature, and too sympathizing a habit, to shut out new interests and affections, but her *old ones* never withered, nor were they ever replaced; were the love of such a sister-friend—the watchful tenderness and uncompromising love of a mother—ever "replaced," to a lonely sister or a bereaved daughter! Miss Porter's pen had been laid aside for some time, when suddenly she came before the world as the editor of "Sir Edward Seward's Narrative," and set people hunting over old atlases to find out the island where he resided. The whole was a clever fiction; yet Miss Porter never confided its authorship, we believe, beyond her family circle; perhaps the correspondence and documents, which are in the hands of one of her kindest friends (her executor), Mr. Shepherd, may throw some light upon a subject which the "Quarterly" honored by an article. We think the editor certainly used her pen, as well as her judgment, in the work, and we have imagined that it might have been written by the family circle, more in sport than in earnest, and then produced to serve a double purpose.

After her sister's death Miss Jane Porter was afflicted with so severe an illness, that we, in common with her other friends, thought it impossible she could carry out her plan of journeying to St. Petersburgh to visit her brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, who had been long united to a Russian princess, and was then a widower; her strength was fearfully reduced; her once round figure become almost spectral, and little beyond the placid and dignified expression of her noble countenance remained to tell of her former beauty; but her resolve was taken; she wished, she said, to see once more her youngest and most beloved brother, so distinguished in several careers, almost deemed incompatible—as a painter, an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist, and nothing could turn her from her purpose: she reached St. Petersburgh in safety, and with apparently improved health, found her brother as much courted and beloved there as in his own land, and his daughter married to a Russian of high distinction. Sir Robert longed to return to England. He did not complain of any illness, and every thing was arranged for their departure; his final visits were paid, all but one to the Emperor, who had ever treated him as a friend; the day before his intended journey he went to the palace, was graciously received, and then drove home,

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but when the servant opened the carriage-door at his own residence he was dead! One sorrow after another pressed heavily upon her, yet she was still the same sweet, gentle, holy-minded woman she had ever been, bending with Christian faith to the will of the Almighty—"biding her time."

How differently would she have "watched and waited" had she been tainted by vanity, or fixed her soul on the mere triumphs of "literary reputation." While firm to her own creed, she fully enjoyed the success of those who scramble up—where she bore the standard to the heights—of Parnassus; she was never more happy than when introducing some literary "Tyro" to those who could aid or advise a future career. We can speak from experience of the warm interest she took in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption, and the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; during the progress of the latter, her health was painfully feeble, yet she used personal influence for its success, and worked with her own hands for its bazaars. She was ever aiding those who could not aid themselves; and all her thoughts, words, and deeds, were evidence of her clear, powerful mind, and kindly loving heart; her appearance in the London *coteries* was always hailed with interest and pleasure; to the young she was especially affectionate; but it was in the quiet mornings, or in the long twilight evenings of summer, when visiting her cherished friends at Shirley Park, in Kensington-square, or wherever she might be located for the time—it was then that her former spirit revived and she poured forth anecdote and illustration, and the store of many years' observation, filtered by experience and purified by that delightful faith to which she held—that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord." She held this in practice, even more than in theory: you saw her chastened yet hopeful spirit beaming forth from her gentle eyes, and her sweet smile can never be forgotten. The last time we saw her, was about two years ago—in Bristol—at her brother, Dr. Porter's house in Portland-square: then she could hardly stand without assistance, yet she never complained of her own suffering or feebleness—all her anxiety was about the brother—then dangerously ill, and now the last of "his race." Major Porter, it will be remembered, left five children, and these have left only one descendant—the daughter of Sir Robert Ker Porter and the Russian Princess whom he married, a young Russian lady, whose present name we do not even know.

We did not think at our last leave-taking that Miss Porter's fragile frame could have so long withstood the Power that takes away all we hold most dear; but her spirit was at length summoned, after a few days' total insensibility, on the 24th of May.

We were haunted by the idea that the pretty cottage at Esher, where we spent those happy hours, had been treated even as "Mrs. Porter's Arcadia" at Thames Ditton—now altogether removed; and it was with a melancholy pleasure we found it the other morning in nothing changed; it was almost impossible to believe that so many years had passed since our last visit. While Mr. Fairholt was sketching the cottage, we knocked at the door, and were kindly permitted by two gentle sisters, who now inhabit it, to enter the little drawing-room and walk round the garden; except that the drawing-room has been re-papered and painted, and that there were no drawings and no flowers, the room was not in the least altered; yet to us it seemed like a sepulchre, and we rejoiced to breathe the sweet air of the little garden, and listen to a nightingale, whose melancholy cadence harmonized with our feelings.

"Whenever you are at Esher," said the devoted daughter, the last time we conversed with her, "do visit my mother's tomb." We did so.



A cypress flourishes at the head of the grave, and the following touching inscription is carved on the stone:

HERE SLEEPS IN JESUS A CHRISTIAN WIDOW
JANE PORTER
OBIIT JUNE 18TH, 1831, ÆTAT. 86;
THE BELOVED MOTHER OF
W. PORTER, M.D., OF SIR ROBERT KER PORTER,
AND OF JANE AND ANNA MARIA PORTER,
WHO MOURN IN HOPE, HUMBLY TRUSTING TO BE BORN
AGAIN WITH HER UNTO THE BLESSED KINGDOM
OF THEIR LORD AND SAVIOUR.
RESPECT HER GRAVE, FOR SHE MINISTERED TO THE POOR

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[From the Gallery of Nature.]

SHOOTING STARS AND METEORIC SHOWERS.



FROM every region of the globe and in all ages of time within the range of history, exhibitions of apparent instability in the heavens have been observed, when the curtains of the evening have been drawn. Suddenly, a line of light arrests the eye, darting like an arrow through a varying extent of space, and in a moment the firmament is as sombre as before. The appearance is exactly that of a star falling from its sphere, and hence the popular title of shooting star applied to it. The apparent magnitudes of these meteorites are widely different, and also their brilliancy. Occasionally, they are far more resplendent than the brightest of the planets, and throw a very perceptible illumination upon the path of the observer. A second or two commonly suffices for the individual display, but in some instances it has lasted several minutes. In every climate it is witnessed, and at all times of the year, but most frequently in the autumnal months. As far back as records go, we meet with allusions to these swift and evanescent luminous travelers. Minerva's hasty flight from the peaks of Olympus to break the truce between the Greeks and Trojans, is compared by Homer to the emission of a brilliant star. Virgil, in the first book of the Georgics, mentions the shooting stars as prognosticating weather changes:

> "And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
> The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,
> And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
> With sweeping glories and long trains of light."

Various hypotheses have been framed to explain the nature and origin of these remarkable appearances. When electricity began to be understood, this was thought to afford a satisfactory explanation, and the shooting stars were regarded by Beccaria and Vassali as merely electrical sparks. When the inflammable nature of the gases became known, Lavosier and Volta supposed an accumulation of hydrogen in the higher regions of the atmosphere, because of its inferior density, giving rise by ignition to the meteoric exhibitions. While these theories of the older philosophers have been shown to be untenable, there is still great obscurity resting upon the question, though we have reason to refer the phenomena to a cause exterior to the bounds of our atmosphere. Upon this ground, the subject assumes a strictly astronomical aspect, and claims a place in a treatise on the economy of the solar system.

The first attempt accurately to investigate these elegant meteors was made by two university students, afterward Professors Brandes of Leipsic, and Benzenberg of Dusseldorf, in the year 1798. They selected a base line of 46,200 feet, somewhat less than nine English miles, and placed themselves at its extremities on appointed nights, for the purpose of ascertaining their average altitude and velocity. Out of twenty-two appearances identified as the same, they found

7 under 45 miles
9 between 45 and 90 miles
5 above 90 miles
1 above 140 miles

The greatest observed velocity gave twenty-five miles in a second. A more extensive plan was organized by Brandes in the year 1823, and carried into effect in the neighborhood of Breslaw. Out of ninety-eight appearances, the computed heights were,

4 under 15 miles
15 from 15 to 30 miles
22 from 30 to 45 miles
33 from 45 to 70 miles
13 from 70 to 90 miles
6 above 90 miles
5 from 140 to 460 miles.

The velocities were between eighteen and thirty-six miles in a second, an average velocity far greater than that of the earth in its orbit.

The rush of luminous bodies through the sky of a more extraordinary kind, though a rare occurrence, has repeatedly been observed. They are usually discriminated from shooting stars, and known by the vulgar as fire-balls; but probably both proceed from the same cause, and are identical phenomena. They have sometimes been seen of large volume, giving an intense light, a hissing noise accompanying their progress, and a loud explosion attending their termination. In the year 1676, a meteor passed over Italy about two hours after sunset, upon which Montanari wrote a treatise. It came over the Adriatic Sea as if from Dalmatia, crossed the country in the direction of Rimini and Leghorn, a loud report being heard at the latter place, and disappeared upon the sea toward Corsica. A similar visitor was witnessed all over England, in 1718, and forms the subject of one of Halley's papers to the Royal Society. Sir Hans Sloane was one of its spectators. Being abroad at the time of its appearance, at a quarter past eight at night, in the streets of London, his path was suddenly and intensely illuminated. This, he apprehended at first, might arise from a discharge of rockets; but found a fiery object in the heavens, moving after the manner of a falling star, in a direct line from the Pleiades to below the girdle of Orion. Its brightness was so vivid, that several times he was obliged to turn away his eyes from it. The stars disappeared, and the moon, then nine days old, and high near the meridian, the sky being

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very clear, was so effaced by the lustre of the meteor as to be scarcely seen. It was computed to have passed over three hundred geographical miles in a minute, at the distance of sixty miles above the surface, and was observed at different extremities of the kingdom. The sound of an explosion was heard through Devon and Cornwall, and along the opposite coast of Bretagne. Halley conjectured this and similar displays to proceed from combustible vapors aggregated on the outskirts of the atmosphere, and suddenly set on fire by some unknown cause. But since his time, the fact has been established, of the actual fall of heavy bodies to the earth from surrounding space, which requires another hypothesis. To these bodies the term aërolites is applied, signifying atmospheric stones, from ἀὴρ, the atmosphere, and λίθος, a stone. While many meteoric appearances may simply arise from electricity, or from the inflammable gases, it is now certain, from the proved descent of aërolites, that such bodies are of extra-terrestrial origin.

Antiquity refers us to several objects as having descended from the skies, the gifts of the immortal gods. Such was the Palladium of Troy, the image of the goddess of Ephesus, and the sacred shield of Numa. The folly of the ancients in believing such narrations has often been the subject of remark; but, however, fabulous the particular cases referred to, the moderns have been compelled to renounce their skepticism respecting the fact itself, of the actual transition of substances from celestial space to terrestrial regions; and no doubt the ancient faith upon this subject was founded on observed events. The following table, taken from the work of M. Izarn, *Des Pierres tombées du Ciel*, exhibits a collection of instances of the fall of aërolites, together with the eras of their descent, and the persons on whose evidence the facts rest; but the list might be largely extended

Substance.	Place.	Period.	Authority.
Shower of stones	At Rome	Under Tullus Hostilius	Livy.
Shower of stones	At Rome	Consuls C. Martius and M. Torquatus	J. Obsequens.
Shower of iron	In Lucania	Year before the defeat of Crassus	Pliny.
Shower of mercury	In Italy		Dion.
Large stone	Near the river Negos, Thrace	Second year of the 78th Olympiad	Pliny.
Three large stones	In Thrace	Year before J. C. 452	Ch. of Count Marcellin.
Shower of fire	At Quesnoy	January 4, 1717	Geoffroy le Cadet.
Stone of 72 lbs.	Near Larissa, Macedonia	January 1706	Paul Lucas.
About 1200 stones—one of 120 lbs. / Another of 60 lbs.	Near Padua, in Italy	In 1510	Carden, Varcit.
Another of 59 lbs.	On Mount Vasier, Provence	November 27, 1627	Gassendi.
Shower of sand for 15 hours	In the Atlantic	April 6, 1719	Père la Fuillée.
Shower of sulphur	Sodom and Gomorra		Moses.
Sulphurous rain	In the Duchy of Mansfield	In 1658	Spangenburgh.
The same	Copenhagen	In 1646	Olaus Wormius.
Shower of sulphur	Brunswick	October, 1721	Siegesbær.
Shower of unknown matter	Ireland	In 1695	Muschenbroeck.
Two large stones, weighing 20 lbs.	Liponas, in Bresse	September, 1753	Lalande.
A stony mass	Niort, Normandy	In 1750	Lalande.
A stone of 7½ lbs.	At Luce, in Le Maine	September 13, 1768	Bachelay.
A stone	At Aire, in Artois	In 1768	Gursonde de Boyaval.
A stone	In Le Cotentin	In 1768	Morand.
Extensive shower of stones	Environs of Agen	July 24, 1790	St. Amand, Baudin, &c.
About twelve stones	Sienna, Tuscany	July, 1794	Earl of Bristol.
A large stone of 56 lbs.	Wold Cottage, Yorkshire	December 13, 1795	Captain Topham.
A stone of about 20 lbs.	Sale, Department of the Rhone	March 17, 1798	Lelievre and De Drée.
A stone of 10 lbs.	In Portugal	February 19, 1796	Southey.
Shower of stones	Benares, East Indies	December 19, 1798	J. Lloyd Williams, Esq.
Shower of stones	At Plaun, near Tabor, Bohemia	July 3, 1753	B. de Born.
Mass of iron, 70 cubic feet	America	April 5, 1800	Philosophical Mag.
Mass of iron, 14 quintals	Abakauk, Siberia	Very old	Pallas, Chladni, &c.
Shower of stones	Barboutan, near Roquefort	July, 1789	Darcet, Jun., Lomet, &c.
Large stone of 260 lbs.	Ensisheim, Upper Rhine	November 7, 1492	Butenschoen.
Two stones, 200 and 300 lbs.	Near Verona	In 1762	Acad. de Bourd.
A stone of 20 lbs.	Sules, near Ville Franche	March 12, 1798	De Drée.
Several stones from 10 to 17 lbs.	Near L'Aigle, Normandy	April 26, 1803	Fourcroy.

Some of the instances in the table are of sufficient interest to deserve a notice.

A singular relation respecting the stone of Ensisheim on the Rhine, at which philosophy once smiled incredulously, regarding it as one of the romances of the middle ages, may now be admitted to sober attention as a piece of authentic history. A homely narrative of its fall was drawn up at the time by order of the Emperor Maximilian, and deposited with the stone in the church. It may thus be rendered: "In the year of the Lord 1492, on Wednesday, which was Martinmas eve, the 7th of November, a singular miracle occurred; for, between eleven o'clock and noon, there was a loud clap of thunder, and a prolonged confused noise, which was

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heard at a great distance; and a stone fell from the air, in the jurisdiction of Ensisheim, which weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, and the confused noise was, besides, much louder than here. Then a child saw it strike on a field in the upper jurisdiction, toward the Rhine and Inn, near the district of Giscano, which was sown with wheat, and it did it no harm, except that it made a hole there: and then they conveyed it from that spot; and many pieces were broken from it; which the landvogt forbade. They, therefore, caused it to be placed in the church, with the intention of suspending it as a miracle: and there came here many people to see this stone. So there were remarkable conversations about this stone: but the learned said that they knew not what it was; for it was beyond the ordinary course of nature that such a large stone should smite the earth from the height of the air; but that it was really a miracle of God; for, before that time, never any thing was heard like it, nor seen, nor described. When they found that stone, it had entered into the earth to the depth of a man's stature, which every body explained to be the will of God that it should be found; and the noise of it was heard at Lucerne, at Vitting, and in many other places, so loud that it was believed that houses had been overturned: and as the King Maximilian was here the Monday after St. Catharine's day of the same year, his royal excellency ordered the stone which had fallen to be brought to the castle, and, after having conversed a long time about it with the noblemen, he said that the people of Ensisheim should take it, and order it to be hung up in the church, and not to allow any body to take any thing from it. His excellency, however, took two pieces of it; of which he kept one, and sent the other to the Duke Sigismund of Austria: and they spoke a great deal about this stone, which they suspended in the choir, where it still is; and a great many people came to see it." Contemporary writers confirm the substance of this narration, and the evidence of the fact exists; the aërolite is precisely identical in its chemical composition with that of other meteoric stones. It remained for three centuries suspended in the church, was carried off to Colmar during the French revolution; but has since been restored to its former site, and Ensisheim rejoices in the possession of the relic. A piece broken from it is in the Museum of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris.

The celebrated Gassendi was an eye-witness of a similar event. In the year 1627, on the 27th of November, the sky being quite clear, he saw a burning stone fall in the neighborhood of Nice, and examined the mass. While in the air it appeared to be about four feet in diameter, was surrounded by a luminous circle of colors like a rainbow, and its fall was accompanied by a noise like the discharge of artillery. Upon inspecting the substance, he found it weighed 59lbs., was extremely hard, of a dull, metallic color, and of a specific gravity considerably greater than that of common marble. Having only this solitary instance of such an occurrence, Gassendi concluded that the mass came from some of the mountains of Provence, which had been in a transient state of volcanic activity. Instances of the same phenomenon occurred in the years 1672, 1756, and 1768; but the facts were generally doubted by naturalists, and considered as electrical appearances, magnified by popular ignorance and timidity. A remarkable example took place in France in the year 1790. Between nine and ten o'clock at night, on the 24th of July, a luminous ball was seen traversing the atmosphere with great rapidity, and leaving behind it a train of light; a loud explosion was then heard, accompanied with sparks which flew off in all directions; this was followed by a shower of stones over a considerable extent of ground, at various distances from each other, and of different sizes. A *procès verbal* was drawn up, attesting the circumstance, signed by the magistrates of the municipality, and by several hundreds of persons inhabiting the district. This curious document is literally as follows: "In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety, and the thirtieth day of the month of August, we, the Lieut. Jean Duby, mayor, and Louis Massillon, procurator of the commune of the municipality of La Grange-de-Juillac, and Jean Darmite, resident in the parish of La Grange-de-Juillac, certify in truth and verity, that on Saturday, the 24th of July last, between nine and ten o'clock, there passed a great fire, and after it we heard in the air a very loud and extraordinary noise; and about two minutes after there fell stones from heaven; but fortunately there fell only a very few, and they fell about ten paces from one another in some places, and in others nearer, and, finally, in some other places farther; and falling, most of them, of the weight of about half a quarter of a pound each, some others of about half a pound, like that found in our parish of La Grange; and on the borders of the parish of Creon, they were found of a pound weight; and in falling, they seemed not to be inflamed, but very hard and black without, and within of the color of steel: and, thank God, they occasioned no harm to the people, nor to the trees, but only to some tiles which were broken on the houses; and most of them fell gently, and others fell quickly, with a hissing noise; and some were found which had entered into the earth, but very few. In witness thereof, we have written and signed these presents. Duby, mayor. Darmite." Though such a document as this, coming from the unlearned of the district where the phenomenon occurred, was not calculated to win acceptance with the *savans* of the French capital, yet it was corroborated by a host of intelligent witnesses at Bayonne, Thoulouse, and Bordeaux, and by transmitted specimens containing the substances usually found in atmospheric stones, and in nearly the same proportions. A few years afterward, an undoubted instance of the fall of an aërolite occurred in England, which largely excited

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public curiosity. This was in the neighborhood of Wold Cottage, the house of Captain Topham, in Yorkshire. Several persons heard the report of an explosion in the air, followed by a hissing sound; and afterward felt a shock, as if a heavy body had fallen to the ground at a little distance from them. One of these, a plowman, saw a huge stone falling toward the earth, eight or nine yards from the place where he stood. It threw up the mould on every side, and after penetrating through the soil, lodged some inches deep in solid chalk rock. Upon being raised, the stone was found to weigh fifty-six pounds. It fell in the afternoon of a mild but hazy day, during which there was no thunder or lightning; and the noise of the explosion was heard through a considerable district. It deserves remark, that in most recorded cases of the descent of projectiles, the weather has been settled, and the sky clear; a fact which plainly places them apart from the causes which operate to produce the tempest, and shows the popular term thunderbolt to be an entire misnomer.

While this train of circumstances was preparing the philosophic mind of Europe to admit as a truth what had hitherto been deemed a vulgar error, and acknowledge the appearance of masses of ignited matter in the atmosphere occasionally descending to the earth, an account of a phenomenon of this kind was received from India, vouched by an authority calculated to secure it general respect. It came from Mr. Williams, F.R.S., a resident in Bengal. It stated that on December 19th, 1798, at eight o'clock in the evening, a large, luminous meteor was seen at Benares and other parts of the country. It was attended with a loud, rumbling noise, like an ill-discharged platoon of musketry; and about the same time, the inhabitants of Krakhut, fourteen miles from Benares, saw the light, heard an explosion, and immediately after the noise of heavy bodies falling in the neighborhood. The sky had previously been serene, and not the smallest vestige of a cloud had appeared for many days. Next morning, the mould in the fields was found to have been turned up in many spots; and unusual stones, of various sizes, but of the same substance, were picked out from the moist soil, generally from a depth of six inches. As the occurrence took place in the night, after the people had retired to rest, the explosion and the actual fall of the stones were not observed; but the watchman of an English gentleman, near Krakhut, brought him a stone the next morning, which had fallen through the top of his hut, and buried itself in the earthen floor. This event in India was followed, in the year 1803, by a convincing demonstration in France, which compelled the eminent men of the capital to believe, though much against their will. On Tuesday, April 26th, about one in the afternoon, the weather being serene, there was observed in a part of Normandy, including Caen, Falaise, Alençon, and a large number of villages, a fiery globe of great brilliancy moving in the atmosphere with great rapidity. Some moments after, there was heard in L'Aigle and in the environs, to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction, a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes. At first there were three or four reports, like those of a cannon, followed by a kind of discharge which resembled the firing of musketry; after which there was heard a rumbling like the beating of a drum. The air was calm, and the sky serene, except a few clouds, such as are frequently observed. The noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, and appeared motionless all the time that the phenomenon lasted. The vapor of which it was composed was projected in all directions at the successive explosions. The cloud seemed about half a league to the northeast of the town of L'Aigle, and must have been at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets, a league distant from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which it hovered, a hissing noise like that of a stone discharged from a sling was heard, and a multitude of mineral masses were seen to fall to the ground. The largest that fell weighed 17½ pounds; and the gross number amounted to nearly three thousand. By the direction of the Academy of Sciences, all the circumstances of this event were minutely examined by a commission of inquiry, with the celebrated M. Biot at its head. They were found in harmony with the preceding relation, and reported to the French minister of the interior. Upon analyzing the stones, they were found identical with those of Benares.

The following are the principal facts with reference to the aërolites, upon which general dependence may be placed. Immediately after their descent they are always intensely hot. They are covered with a fused black incrustation, consisting chiefly of oxide of iron; and, what is most remarkable, their chemical analysis develops the same substances in nearly the same proportions, though one may have reached the earth in India and another in England. Their specific gravities are about the same; considering 1000 as the proportionate number for the specific gravity of water, that of some of the aërolites has been found to be,

Ensisheim stone	3233
Benares	3352
Sienna	3418
Gassendi's	3456
Yorkshire	3508
Bachelay's	3535
Bohemia	4281

The greater specific gravity of the Bohemian stone arose from its containing a greater proportion of iron. An analysis of one of the stones that fell at L'Aigle gives:

Silica	46 per cent.
Magnesia	10 "
Iron	45 "
Nickel	2 "
Sulphur	5 "
Zinc	1 "

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Iron is found in all these bodies, and in a considerable quantity, with the rare metal nickel. It is a singular fact, that though a chemical examination of their composition has not discovered any substance with which we were not previously acquainted, yet no other bodies have yet been found, native to the earth, which contain the same ingredients combined. Neither products of the volcanoes, whether extinct or in action, nor the stratified or unstratified rocks, have exhibited a sample of that combination of metallic and earthy substances which the meteoric stones present. During the era that science has admitted their path to the earth as a physical truth, scarcely amounting to half a century, few years have elapsed without a known instance of descent occurring in some region of the globe. To Izarn's list, previously given, upward of seventy cases might be added, which have transpired during the last forty years. A report relating to one of the most recent, which fell in a valley near the Cape of Good Hope, with the affidavits of the witnesses, was communicated to the Royal Society, by Sir John Herschel, in March, 1840. Previously to the descent of the aërolites, the usual sound of explosion was heard, and some of the fragments falling upon grass, caused it instantly to smoke, and were too hot to admit of being touched. When, however, we consider the wide range of the ocean, and the vast unoccupied regions of the globe, its mountains, deserts, and forests, we can hardly fail to admit that the observed cases of descent must form but a small proportion of the actual number; and obviously in countries upon which the human race are thickly planted many may escape notice through descending in the night, and will lie imbedded in the soil till some accidental circumstance exposes their existence. Some, too, are no doubt completely fused and dissipated in the atmosphere, while others move by us horizontally, as brilliant lights, and pass into the depths of space. The volume of some of these passing bodies is very great. One which traveled within twenty-five miles of the surface, and cast down a fragment, was suppose to weigh upward of half a million of tons. But for its great velocity, the whole mass would have been precipitated to the earth. Two aërolites fell at Braunau, in Bohemia, July 14, 1847.

In addition to aërolites, properly so called, or bodies known to have come to us from outlying space, large metallic masses exist in various parts of the world, lying in insulated situations, far remote from the abodes of civilization, whose chemical composition is closely analogous to that of the substances the descent of which has been witnessed. These circumstances leave no doubt as to their common origin. Pallas discovered an immense mass of malleable iron, mixed with nickel, at a considerable elevation on a mountain of slate in Siberia, a site plainly irreconcilable with the supposition of art having been there with its forges, even had it possessed the character of the common iron. In one of the rooms of the British Museum there is a specimen of a large mass which was found, and still remains, on the plain of Otumba, in the district of Buenos Ayres. The specimen alone weighs 1400lbs., and the weight of the whole mass, which lies half buried in the ground, is computed to be thirteen tons. In the province of Bahia, in Brazil, another block has been discovered weighing upward of six tons. Considering the situation of these masses, with the details of their chemical analysis, the presumption is clearly warranted that they owe their origin to the same causes that have formed and projected the aërolites to the surface. With reference to the Siberian iron a general tradition prevails among the Tartars that it formerly descended from the heavens. A curious extract, translated from the Emperor Tchangire's memoirs of his own reign is given in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, which speaks of the fall of a metallic mass in India. The prince relates, that in the year 1620 (of our era) a violent explosion was heard at a village in the Punjaub, and at the same time a luminous body fell through the air on the earth. The officer of the district immediately repaired to the spot where it was said the body fell, and having found the place to be still hot, he caused it to be dug. He found that the heat kept increasing till they reached a lump of iron violently hot. This was afterward sent to court, where the emperor had it weighed in his presence, and ordered it to be forged into a sabre, a knife, and a dagger. After a trial the workmen reported that it was not malleable, but shivered under the hammer; and it required to be mixed with one third part of common iron, after which the mass was found to make excellent blades. The royal historian adds, that on the incident of this *iron of lightning* being manufactured, a poet presented him with a distich that, "during his reign the earth attained order and regularity; that raw iron fell from lightning, which was, by his world-subduing authority, converted into a dagger, a knife, and two sabres."

A multitude of theories have been devised to account for the origin of these remarkable bodies. The idea is completely inadmissible that they are concretions formed within the limits of the atmosphere. The ingredients that enter into their composition have never been discovered in it, and the air has been analyzed at the sea level and on the tops of high mountains. Even supposing that to have been the case, the enormous volume of atmospheric air so charged required to furnish the particles of a mass of several tons, not to say many masses, is, alone, sufficient to refute the notion. They can not, either, be projectiles from terrestrial volcanoes, because coincident volcanic activity has not been observed, and aërolites descend thousands of miles apart from the nearest volcano, and their substances are discordant with any known volcanic product. Laplace suggested their projection from lunar volcanoes. It has been calculated that a projectile leaving the lunar surface, where there is no atmospheric resistance, with a veloc-

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ity of 7771 feet in the first second, would be carried beyond the point where the forces of the earth and the moon are equal, would be detached, therefore, from the satellite, and come so far within the sphere of the earth's attraction as necessarily to fall to it. But the enormous number of ignited bodies that have been visible, the shooting stars of all ages, and the periodical meteoric showers that have astonished the moderns, render this hypothesis untenable, for the moon, ere this, would have undergone such a waste as must have sensibly diminished her orb, and almost blotted her from the heavens. Olbers, was the first to prove the possibility of a projectile reaching us from the moon, but at the same he deemed the event highly improbable, regarding the satellite as a very peaceable neighbor, not capable now of strong explosions from the want of water and an atmosphere. The theory of Chladni will account generally for all the phenomena, be attended with the fewest difficulties, and, with some modifications to meet circumstances not known in his day, it is now widely embraced. He conceived the system to include an immense number of small bodies, either the scattered fragments of a larger mass, or original accumulations of matter, which, circulating round the sun, encounter the earth in its orbit, and are drawn toward it by attraction, become ignited upon entering the atmosphere, in consequence of their velocity, and constitute the shooting stars, aërolites, and meteoric appearances that are observed. Sir Humphry Davy, in a paper which contains his researches on flame, strongly expresses an opinion that the meteorites are solid bodies moving in space, and that the heat produced by the compression of the most rarefied air from the velocity of their motion must be sufficient to ignite their mass so that they are fused on entering the atmosphere. It is estimated that a body moving through our atmosphere with the velocity of one mile in a second, would extricate heat equal to 30,000° of Fahrenheit—a heat more intense than that of the fiercest artificial furnace that ever glowed. The chief modification given to the Chladnian theory has arisen from the observed periodical occurrence of meteoric showers—a brilliant and astonishing exhibition—to some notices of which we proceed.

The writers of the middle ages report the occurrence of the stars falling from heaven in resplendent showers among the physical appearances of their time. The experience of modern days establishes the substantial truth of such relations, however once rejected as the inventions of men delighting in the marvelous. Conde, in his history of the dominion of the Arabs, states, referring to the month of October in the year 902 of our era, that on the night of the death of King Ibrahim ben Ahmed, an infinite number of falling stars were seen to spread themselves like rain over the heavens from right to left, and this year was afterward called the year of stars. In some Eastern annals of Cairo, it is related that "In this year (1029 of our era) in the month Redjeb (August) many stars passed, with a great noise, and brilliant light;" and in another place the same document states: "In the year 599, on Saturday night, in the last Moharrem (1202 of our era, and on the 19th of October), the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, toward the east and west; they flew about like grasshoppers, and were dispersed from left to right; this lasted till day-break; the people were alarmed." The researches of the Orientalist, M. Von Hammer, have brought these singular accounts to light. Theophanes, one of the Byzantine historians, records, that in November of the year 472 the sky appeared to be on fire over the city of Constantinople with the coruscations of flying meteors. The chronicles of the West agree with those of the East in reporting such phenomena. A remarkable display was observed on the 4th of April, 1095, both in France and England. The stars seemed, says one, "falling like a shower of rain from heaven upon the earth;" and in another case, a bystander, having noted the spot where an aërolite fell, "cast water upon it, which was raised in steam, with a great noise of boiling." The chronicle of Rheims describes the appearance, as if all the stars in heaven were driven like dust before the wind. "By the reporte of the common people, in this kynge's time (William Rufus)," says Rastel, "divers great wonders were sene—and therefore the king was told by divers of his familiars, that God was not content with his lyvyng, but he was so wilful and proude of minde, that he regarded little their saying." There can be no hesitation now in giving credence to such narrations as these, since similar facts have passed under the notice of the present generation.

The first grand phenomena of a meteoric shower which attracted attention in modern times was witnessed by the Moravian Missionaries at their settlements in Greenland. For several hours the hemisphere presented a magnificent and astonishing spectacle, that of fiery particles, thick as hail, crowding the concave of the sky, as though some magazine of combustion in celestial space was discharging its contents toward the earth. This was observed over a wide extent of territory. Humboldt, then traveling in South America, accompanied by M. Bonpland, thus speaks of it: "Toward the morning of the 13th November, 1799, we witnessed a most extraordinary scene of shooting meteors. Thousands of bodies and falling stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with bodies of falling stars. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds." An agent of the United States, Mr. Ellicott, at that time at sea between Cape Florida and the West India Islands, was another spectator, and thus describes the scene:

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"I was called up about three o'clock in the morning, to see the shooting stars, as they are



called. The phenomenon was grand and awful. The whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky-rockets, which disappeared only by the light of the sun after daybreak. The meteors, which at any one instant of time appeared as numerous as the stars, flew in all possible directions, except from the earth, toward which they all inclined more or less; and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel we were in, so that I was in constant expectation of their falling on us." The same individual states that his thermometer, which had been at 80° Fahr. for four days preceding, fell to 56°, and, at the same time, the wind changed from the south to the northwest, from whence it blew with great violence for three days without intermission. The Capuchin missionary at San Fernando, a village amid the savannahs of the province of Varinas, and the Franciscan monks stationed near the entrance of the Oronoco, also observed this shower of asteroids, which appears to have been visible, more or less, over an area of several thousand miles, from Greenland to the equator, and from the lonely deserts of South America to Weimar in Germany. About thirty years previous, at the city of Quito, a similar event occurred. So great a number of falling stars were seen in a part of the sky above the volcano of Cayambaro, that the mountain itself was thought at first to be on fire. The sight lasted more than an hour. The people assembled in the plain of Exida, where a magnificent view presented itself of the highest summits of the Cordilleras. A procession was already on the point of setting out from the convent of Saint Francis, when it was perceived that the blaze on the horizon was caused by fiery meteors, which ran along the sky in all directions, at the altitude of twelve or thirteen degrees. In Canada, in the years 1814 and 1819, the stellar showers were noticed, and in the autumn of 1818 on the North Sea, when, in the language of one of the observers, the surrounding atmosphere seemed enveloped in one expansive ocean of fire, exhibiting the appearance of another Moscow in flames. In the former cases, a residium of dust was deposited upon the surface of the waters, on the roofs of buildings, and on other objects. The deposition of particles of matter of a ruddy color has frequently followed the descent of aërolites—the origin of the popular stories of the sky having rained blood. The next exhibition upon a great scale of the falling stars occurred on the 13th of November, 1831, and was seen off the coasts of Spain and in the Ohio country. This was followed by another in the ensuing year at exactly the same time. Captain Hammond, then in the Red Sea, off Mocha, in the ship Restitution, gives the following account of it: "From one o'clock A.M. till after daylight, there was a very unusual phenomenon in the heavens. It appeared like meteors bursting in every direction. The sky at the time was clear, and the stars and moon bright, with streaks of light and thin, white clouds interspersed in the sky. On landing in the morning, I inquired of the Arabs if they had noticed the above. They said they had been observing it most of the night. I asked them if ever the like had appeared before? The oldest of them replied it had not." The shower was witnessed from the Red Sea westward to the Atlantic, and from Switzerland to the Mauritius.

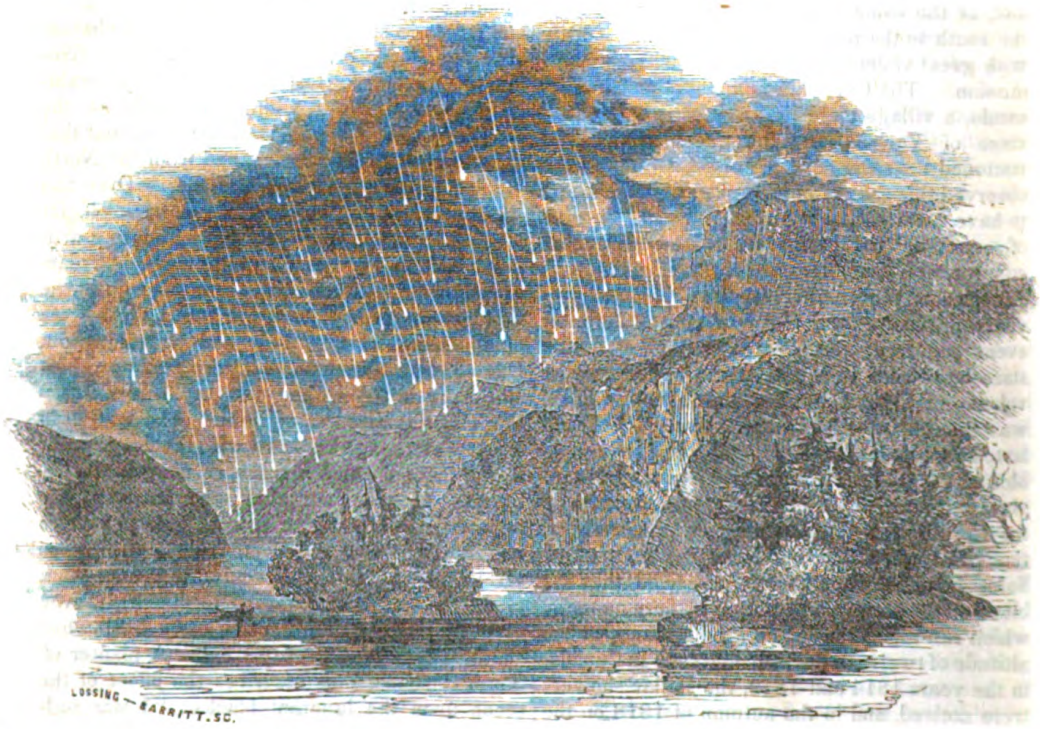
We now come to by far the most splendid display on record; which, as it was the third in successive years, and on the same day of the month as the two preceding, seemed to invest the meteoric showers with a periodical character; and hence originated the title of the November meteors. The chief scene of the exhibition was included within the limits of the longitude of 61° in the Atlantic Ocean, and that of 100° in Central Mexico, and from the North American lakes to the West Indies. Over this wide area, an appearance presented itself, far surpassing in grandeur the most imposing artificial fire-works. An incessant play of dazzlingly brilliant luminosities was kept up in the heavens for several hours. Some of these were of considerable magnitude and peculiar form. One of large size remained for some time almost stationary in the zenith, over the Falls of Niagara, emitting streams of light. The wild dash of the waters, as contrasted with the fiery uproar above them, formed a scene of unequaled sublimity. In many districts, the mass of the population were terror-struck, and the more enlightened were awed at contemplating so vivid a picture of the Apocalyptic image—that of the stars of heaven falling to the earth, even as a fig-tree casting her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. A planter of South Carolina, thus describes the effect of the scene upon the ignorant blacks: "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of three plantations, amounting

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all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name I arose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment, I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'O my God,



the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most —the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upward of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for

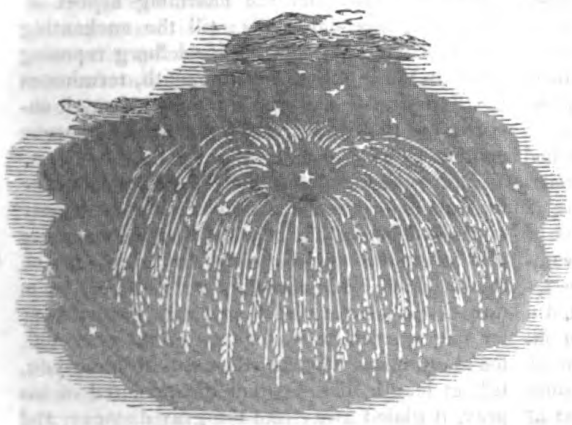


never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth; east, west, north, and south, it was the same."

This extraordinary spectacle commenced a little before midnight, and reached its height between four and six o'clock in the morning.

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The night was remarkably fine. Not a cloud obscured the firmament. Upon attentive observation, the materials of the shower were found to exhibit three distinct varieties:—1. Phosphoric lines formed one class apparently described by a point. These were the most abundant. They passed along the sky with immense velocity, as numerous as the flakes of a sharp snow-storm. 2. Large fire-balls formed another constituency of the scene. These darted forth at intervals along the arch of the sky, describing an arc of 30° or 40° in a few seconds. Luminous trains marked their path, which remained in view for a number of minutes, and in some cases for half an hour or more. The trains were commonly white, but the various prismatic colors occasionally appeared, vividly and beautifully displayed. Some of these fire-balls, or shooting-stars, were of enormous size. Dr. Smith of North Carolina observed one which appeared larger than the full moon at the horizon. "I was startled," he remarks, "by the splendid light in which the surrounding scene was exhibited, rendering even small objects quite visible." The same, or a similar luminous body, seen at New Haven, passed off in a northwest direction, and exploded near the star Capella. 3. Another class consisted of luminosities of irregular form, which remained nearly stationary for a considerable time, like the one that gleamed aloft over the Niagara Falls. The remarkable circumstance is testified by every witness, that all the luminous bodies, without a single exception, moved in lines, which converged in one and the same point of the heavens; a little to the southeast of the zenith. They none of them started from this point, but their direction, to whatever part of the horizon it might be, when traced backward, led to a common focus. Conceive the centre of the diagram to be nearly overhead, and a proximate idea may be formed of the character of the scene,



and the uniform radiation of the meteors from the same source. The position of this radiant point among the stars was near γ Leonis. It remained stationary with respect to the stars during the whole of the exhibition. Instead of accompanying the earth in its diurnal motion eastward, it attended the stars in their apparent movement westward. The source of the meteoric shower was thus independent of the earth's rotation, and this shows its position to have been in the regions of space exterior to our atmosphere. According to the American Professor, Dr. Olmsted, it could not have been less than 2238 miles above the earth's surface.

The attention of astronomers in Europe, and all over the world, was, as may be imagined, strongly roused by intelligence of this celestial display on the western continent; and as the occurrence of a meteoric shower had now been observed for three years successively, at a coincident era, it was inferred that a return of this fiery hail-storm might be expected in succeeding Novembers. Arrangements were therefore made to watch the heavens on the nights of the 12th and 13th in the following years at the principal observatories; and though no such imposing spectacle as that of 1833 has been witnessed, yet extraordinary flights of shooting stars have been observed in various places at the periodic time, tending also from a fixed point in the constellation Leo. They were seen in Europe and America on November 13th, 1834. The following results of simultaneous observation were obtained by Arago from different parts of France on the nights of November 12th and 13th, 1836:

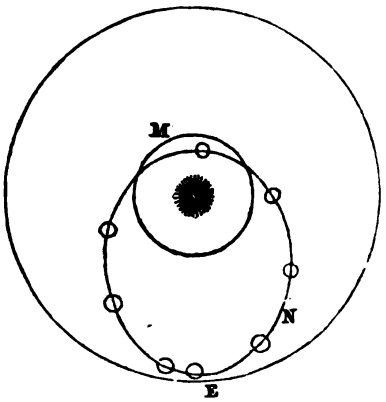
Place.	Meteors.
Paris, at the Observatory	170
Dieppe	36
Arras	27
Strasburg	85
Von Altimarl	75
Angou	49
Rochefort	23
Havre	300

On November 12th, 1837, at eight o'clock in the evening, the attention of observers in various parts of Great Britain was directed to a bright, luminous body, apparently proceeding from the north, which, after making a rapid descent, in the manner of a rocket, suddenly burst, and scattering its particles into various beautiful forms, vanished in the atmosphere. This was succeeded by others all similar to the first, both in shape and the manner of its ultimate disappearance. The whole display terminated at ten o'clock, when dark clouds which continued up to a late hour, overspread the earth, preventing any further observation. In the November of 1838, at the same date, the falling stars were abundant at Vienna: and one of remarkable brilliancy and size, as large as the full moon in the zenith, was seen on the 13th by M. Verusmor, off Cherburg, passing in the direction of Cape La Hogue, a long, luminous train marking its course through the sky. The same year, the non-commissioned officers in the island of Ceylon were instructed to look out for the falling stars. Only a few appeared at the usual time; but on the 5th of December, from nine o'clock till midnight, the

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shower was incessant, and the number defied all attempts at counting them.

Professor Olmsted, an eminent man of science, himself an eye-witness of the great meteoric shower on the American continent, after carefully collecting and comparing facts, proposed the following theory: The meteors of November 13th, 1833, emanated from a nebulous body which was then pursuing its way along with the earth around the sun; that this body continues to revolve around the sun in an elliptical orbit, but little inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, and having its aphelion near the orbit of the earth; and finally, that the body has a period of nearly six months, and that its perihelion is a little within the orbit of Mercury. The diagram represents the ellipse supposed to



be described, E being the orbit of the earth, M that of Mercury, and N that of the assumed nebula, its aphelion distance being about 95 millions of miles, and the perihelien 24 millions. Thus, when in aphelion, the body is close to the orbit of the earth, and this occurring periodically, when the earth is at the same time in that part of its orbit, nebulous particles are attracted toward it by its gravity, and then, entering the atmosphere, are consumed in it by their concurrent velocities, causing the appearance of a meteoric shower. The parent body is inferred to be nebular, because, though the meteors fall toward the earth with prodigious velocity, few, if any, appear to have reached the surface. They were stopped by the resistance of the air and dissipated in it, whereas, if they had possessed any considerable quantity of matter, the momentum would have been sufficient to have brought them down in some instances to the earth. Arago has suggested a similar theory, that of a stream or group of innumerable bodies, comparatively small, but of various dimensions, sweeping round the solar focus in an orbit which periodically cuts that of the earth. These two theories are in substance the Chladnian hypothesis, first started to explain the observed actual descent of aërolites. Though great obscurity rests upon the subject, the fact may be deemed certain that independently of the great planets and satellites of the system, there are vast numbers of bodies circling round the sun, both singly and in groups, and probably an extensive nebula, contact with which causes the phenomena of shooting stars, aërolites, and meteoric showers. But admitting the existence of such bodies to be placed beyond all doubt, the question of their origin, whether original accumulations of matter, old as the planetary orbs, or the dispersed trains of comets, or the remains of a ruined world, is a point beyond the power of the human understanding to reach.

A FIVE DAYS' TOUR IN THE ODENWALD.
A SKETCH OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE Odenwald, or Forest of Odin, is one of the most primitive districts of Germany. It consists of a hilly, rather than a mountainous district, of some forty miles in one direction, and thirty in another. The beautiful Neckar bounds it on the south; on the west it is terminated by the sudden descent of its hills into the great Rhine plain. This boundary is well known by the name of the Bergstrasse, or mountain road; which road, however, was at the foot of the mountains, and not over them, as the name would seem to imply. To English travelers, the beauty of this Bergstrasse is familiar. The hills, continually broken into by openings into romantic valleys, slope rapidly down to the plain, covered with picturesque vineyards; and at their feet lie antique villages, and the richly-cultivated plains of the Rhine, here thirty or forty miles wide. On almost every steep and projecting hill, or precipitous cliff, stands a ruined castle, each, as throughout Germany, with its wild history, its wilder traditions, and local associations of a hundred kinds. The railroad from Frankfort to Heidelberg now runs along the Bergstrasse, and will ever present to the eyes of travelers the charming aspect of these old legendary hills; till the enchanting valley of the Neckar, with Heidelberg reposing amid its lovely scenery at its mouth, terminates the Bergstrasse, and the hills which stretch onward, on the way toward Carlsruhe, assume another name.

Every one ascending the Rhine from Mayence to Mannheim has been struck with the beauty of these Odenwald hills, and has stood watching that tall white tower on the summit of one of them, which, with windings of the river, seem now brought near, and then again thrown very far off; seemed to watch and haunt you, and, for many hours, to take short cuts to meet you, till, at length, like a giant disappointed of his prey, it glided away into the gray distance, and was lost in the clouds. This is the tower of Melibocus, above the village of Auerbach, to which we shall presently ascend, in order to take our first survey of this old and secluded haunt of Odin.

This quiet region of hidden valleys and deep forests extends from the borders of the Black

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Forest, which commences on the other side of the Neckar, to the Spessart, another old German forest; and in the other direction, from Heidelberg and Darmstadt, toward Heilbronn. It is full of ancient castles, and a world of legends. In it stands, besides the Melibocus, another tower, on a still loftier point, called the Katzenbuckel, which overlooks a vast extent of these forest hills. Near this lies Eberbach, a castle of the descendants of Charlemagne, which we shall visit; the scenes of the legend of the Wild Huntsman; the castles of Götz von Berlichingen, and many another spot familiar by its fame to our minds from childhood. But besides this, the inhabitants are a people living in a world of their own; retaining all the simplicity of their abodes and habits; and it is only in such a region that you now recognize the pictures of German life such as you find them in the *Haus Märchen* of the brothers Grimm.

In order to make ourselves somewhat acquainted with this interesting district, Mrs. Howitt and myself, with knapsack on back, set out at the end of August, 1841, to make a few days' ramble on foot through it. The weather, however, proved so intensely hot, and the electrical sultriness of the woods so oppressive, that we only footed it one day, when we were compelled to make use of a carriage, much to our regret.

On the last day in August we drove with a party of friends, and our children, to Weinheim; rambled through its vineyards, ascended to its ancient castle, and then went on to Birkenau Thal, a charming valley, celebrated, as its name denotes, for its lovely hanging birches, under which, with much happy mirth, we dined.

Scrambling among the hills, and winding up the dry footpaths, among the vineyards of this neighborhood, we were yet more delighted with the general beauty of the scenery, and with the wild-flowers which every where adorned the hanging cliffs and warm waysides. The marjorum stood in ruddy and fragrant masses; harebells and campanulas of several kinds, that are cultivated in our gardens, with bells large and clear; crimson pinks; the Michaelmas daisy; a plant with a thin, radiated yellow flower, of the character of an aster; a centaurea of a light purple, handsomer than any English one; a thistle in the dryest places, resembling an eryngo, with a thick, bushy top; mulleins, yellow and white; the wild mignonnette, and the white convolvulus; and clematis festooning the bushes, recalled the flowery fields and lanes of England, and yet told us that we were not there. The meadows had also their moist emerald sward scattered with the grass of Parnassus, and an autumnal crocus of a particularly delicate lilac.

At the inn, at the mouth of Birkenau Thal, we proposed to take the eilwagen as far as Auerbach, but that not arriving, we availed ourselves of a peasant's light wicker wagon. The owner was a merry fellow, and had a particularly spirited black horse; and taking leave of our friends, after a delightful day, we had a most charming drive to Auerbach, and one equally amusing, from the conversation of our driver.

After tea we ascended to Auerbach Castle, which occupies a hill above the town, still far overtopped, however, by the height of Melibocus. The view was glorious. The sunset across the great Rhine plain was magnificent. It diffused over the whole western sky an atmosphere of intense crimson light, with scattered golden clouds, and surrounded by a deep violet splendor. The extremities of the plain, from the eye being dazzled with this central effulgence, lay in a solemn and nearly impenetrable gloom. The castle in ruins, seen by this light, looked peculiarly beautiful and impressive. In the court on the wall was an inscription, purporting that a society in honor of the military career of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, in whose territory and in that of Baden the Odenwald chiefly lies, had here celebrated his birthday in the preceding July. Round the inscription hung oaken garlands, within each of which was written the name and date of the battles in which he had been engaged against the French. An altar of moss and stones stood at a few yards' distance in front of these memorials, at which a peasant living in the tower told us, the field-preacher had delivered an oration on the occasion.

In the morning, at five o'clock, we began to ascend the neighboring heights of Melibocus. It took us an hour and a quarter. The guide carried my knapsack; and as we went, men came up through different foot-paths in the woods, with hoes on their shoulders. When we arrived on the top, we found others, and among them some women, accompanied by a policeman. They were peasants who had been convicted of cutting wood for fuel in the hills, and were adjudged to pay a penalty, or in default, to work it out in hoeing and clearing the young plantations for a proportionate time—a much wiser way than shutting them up in a prison, where they are of no use either to themselves or the state.

The view from the tower, eighty feet in height, over the great Rhine plain, is immense and splendid, including two hundred villages, towns, and cities. The windings of the magnificent Rhine lie mapped out below you, and on its banks are seen, as objects of peculiar interest, the cathedral of Speier, the lofty dome of the Jesuits' church at Mannheim, and the four towers of the noble cathedral of Worms. In the remote distance, as a fitting termination to this noble landscape, are seen the heights of the Donnersberg, the Vosges, and the Schwarzwald.

The policeman, who followed us up into the tower, mentioned the time when the inhabitants of that district had hastened thither to watch the approach of the French armies, and pointed out the spot where they were first seen, and described their approach, and the terrors

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and anxieties of the people, in the most lively and touching manner.

The wind was strong on this lofty height, and the rattling of the shutters in the look-out windows in the tower, and of their fastenings, would have been dismal enough on a stormy night, and gave quite a wildness to it even then. The view over the Odenwald was beautiful. Half covered with wood, as far as you could see, with green, winding straths between them, distant castles, and glimpses of the white walls of low-lying dorfs or villages, it gave you an idea of a region at once solitary and attractive. The whole was filled with the cheerful light of morning, and the wooded hills looked of the most brilliant green. We descended, and pursued our way through the forest glades with that feeling of enjoyment which the entrance into an unknown region, pleasant companionship, and fine weather, inspire. When we issued from the woods which clothe the sides of Melibocus, we sate down on the heathy turf, and gazed with a feeling of ever-youthful delight on the scene around us. Above us, and over its woods, rose the square white tower of Melibocus; below, lay green valleys, from among whose orchards issued the smoke of peaceful cottages; and beyond, rose hills covered with other woods, with shrouded spots, the legends of which had reached us in England, and had excited the wonder of our early days—the castle of the Wild Huntsman—the traditions of the followers of Odin—and the strongholds of many an iron-clad knight, as free to seize the goods of his neighbors as he was strong to take and keep them. Now all was peaceful and Arcadian. We met, as we descended into the valley, young women coming up with their cows, and a shepherd with a mixed flock of sheep and swine. He had a belt around him, to which hung a chain, probably to fasten a cow to, as we afterward saw cows so secured.

We found the cottages, in the depths of the valleys, among their orchards, just those heavy, old-fashioned sort of things that we see in German engravings; buildings of wood-framing, the plaster panels of which were painted in various ways, and the windows of those circular and octagon panes which, from old association, always seem to belong to German cottages, just such as that in which the old witch lived in *Grimm's Kinder und Haus Märchen;* and in the *Folk Sagor* of Sweden and Norway. There were, too, the large ovens built out of doors and roofed over, such as the old giantess, *Käringen som vardt stekt i ugnen*, was put into, according to German and Scandinavian legends. The people were of the simplest character and appearance. We seemed at once to have stepped out of modern times into the far-past ages. We saw several children sitting on a bench in the open air, near a school-house, learning their lessons, and writing on their slates; and we went into the school.

The schoolmaster was a man befitting the place; simple, rustic, and devout. He told us that the boys and girls, of which his school was full, came, some of them, from a considerable distance. They came in at six o'clock in the morning and staid till eight, had an hour's rest, and then came in till eleven, when they went home, and did not return again till the next morning, being employed the rest of the day in helping their parents; in going into the woods for fuel; into the fields to glean, tend cattle, cut grass, or do what was wanted. All the barefooted children of every village, however remote, thus acquire a tolerable education, learning singing as a regular part of it. They have what they call their *Sing-Stunde*, singing lesson, every day. On a black board the *Lied*, song, or hymn for the day, was written in German character in chalk; and the master, who was naturally anxious to exhibit the proficiency of his scholars, gave them their singing lesson while we were there. The scene was very interesting in itself; but there was something humiliating to our English minds, to think that in the Odenwald, a portion of the great Hyrcanian forest, a region associating itself with all that is wild and obscure, every child of every hamlet and cottage, however secluded, was provided with that instruction which the villages of England are in a great measure yet destitute of. But here the peasants are not, as with us, totally cut off from property in the soil which they cultivate; totally dependent on the labor afforded by others; on the contrary, they are themselves the possessors. This country is, in fact, in the hands of the people. It is all parceled out among the multitude; and, wherever you go, instead of the great halls, vast parks, and broad lands of the few, you see perpetual evidences of an agrarian system. Except the woods, the whole land is thrown into small allotments, and upon them the people are laboring busily for themselves.

Here, in the Odenwald, the harvest, which in the great Rhine plain was over in July, was now, in great measure, cut. Men, women, and children, were all engaged in cutting it, getting it in, or in tending the cattle. Everywhere stood the simple wagons of the country with their pair of yoked cows. Women were doing all sorts of work; reaping, and mowing, and threshing with the men. They were without shoes and stockings, clad in a simple, dark-blue petticoat; a body of the same, leaving the white chemise sleeves as a pleasing contrast; and their hair, in some instances, turned up under their little black or white caps; in others hanging wild and sunburnt on their shoulders. The women, old and young, work as hard as the men, at all kinds of work, and yet with right good-will, for they work for themselves. They often take their dinners with them to the fields, frequently giving the lesser children a piece of bread each, and locking them up in their cottages till they return. This would be thought a hard life in England; but hard as it is, it is better than the degradation of agricultural laborers, in a dear country like England, with

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six or eight shillings a week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no house, garden, or field of their own; but, on the contrary, constant anxiety, the fear of a master on whom they are constantly dependent, and the desolate prospect of ending their days in a union workhouse.

Each German has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up, and tie together, and in many places hold the boughs together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn-plot, his plot for mangel-wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, etc. He is his own master, and he therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motives for constant exertion. You see the effect of this in his industry and his economy.

In Germany, nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries, and sliced apples, lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from their chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows by roadside, and river, and brook, is carefully cut with the sickle, and carried home, on the heads of women and children, in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use is lost. Weeds, nettles, nay, the very goose-grass which covers waste places, is cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, in the streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh-grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One can not help thinking continually of the enormous waste of such things in England—of the vast quantities of grass on banks, by roadsides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in church-yards, where grass from year to year springs and dies, but which, if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows for the poor.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy. The very cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The tops and refuse of the hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land. When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss; and all our readers familiar with Germany will remember to have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn, the falling leaves are gathered and stocked for the same purpose. The fir-cones, which with us lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected, and sold for lighting fires.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasant are an example to all Europe. He has for years—nay, ages—been doing that, as it regards agricultural management, to which the British public is but just now beginning to open its eyes. Time, also, is as carefully economized as every thing else. They are early risers, as may well be conceived, when the children, many of whom come from considerable distances, are in school at six in the morning. As they tend their cattle, or their swine, the knitting never ceases, and hence the quantities of stockings, and other household things, which they accumulate, are astonishing.

We could not help, as often before, being struck in the Odenwald with the resemblance of the present country and life of the Germans to those of the ancient Hebrews. Germany, like Judea, is literally a land flowing with milk and honey: a land of corn, and wine, and oil. The plains are full of corn; the hill-sides, however stony, are green with vineyards; and though they have not the olive, they procure vast quantities of oil from the walnut, the poppy, and the rape. The whole country is parceled out among its people. There are no hedges, but the landmarks, against the removal of which the Jewish law so repeatedly and so emphatically denounces its terrors, alone indicate the boundaries of each man's possession. Every where you see the ox and the heifer toiling beneath the primitive yoke, as in the days of David. The threshing-floor of Araunah often comes to your mind when you see the different members of a family—father, mother, brother, and sister, all threshing out their corn together on the mud floor of their barn; but much more so when you see them, in the corn-field itself, collect the sheaves into one place, and treading down the earth into a solid floor, there, in the face of heaven and fanned by its winds, thresh out on the spot the corn which has been cut. This we saw continually going forward on the steep slopes of the Odenwald, ten or a dozen men and women all threshing together. A whole field is thus soon threshed, the corn being beaten out much more easily while the ear is crisp with the hot sun.

Having taken leave of the schoolmaster, his scholars, and his bees, with whose hives nearly all his house-side was covered, we pursued our way to the Jägerhaus on the top of the Felsberg, one of the highest hills in the Odenwald. The day was splendid, with a fine breeze, and all around was new, cheerful, yet solitary, bright and inspiriting. The peasants in the harvest-fields, the herds watching their cattle, gave us a passing salutation, and when within sight of you, took off their hats, even at a field's distance. We walked on in great enjoyment, here sitting to look back on the scenes we had left, or to drink from the glittering waters that we had to pass.

Just as we were about to enter the woods

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again, we met an old woman slowly wandering on from some cottages among the trees by the wood-side. She had a leathern belt round her waist, and a cord fastened to it, by which she led her cow to graze in the thickets and by the foot-path, while her hands were busy with her knitting. A boy, about seven years old, was leading a kid by a chain, letting it crop the flowers of the hawkweed in the grass. The old woman saluted us cheerfully; told us that the boy's father was in America, and his mother gone out to service, and that he was intrusted to her care. Could there be any thing more like a scene in the old *Märchen*, or less like one in England?

[From Howitt's Country Year-Book.]

THE MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

IN one of those strolls which I have always loved to take into different and little frequented parts of these kingdoms, I fell in with a venerable old man, dressed in black, with very white hair, and of a mild, somewhat melancholy and intelligent look. It was a beautiful scene where I first encountered him—in a wood, on the banks of a noble river. I accosted the old man with a remark on the delightfulness of the time and place; and he replied to my observations with a warmth, and in a tone, which strongly affected me. I soon found that he was as enthusiastic a lover of nature as myself—that he had seen many of the finest portions of the kingdom, and had wandered through them with Milton or Shakspeare, Herbert or Quarles, in his hand. He was one of those who, reading with his own eyes and heart, and not through the spectacles of critics, had not been taught to despise the last old poet, nor to treat his rich and quaint versification, and his many manly and noble thoughts, as the conceits and rhymes of a poetaster. His reverence for the great names of our literature, and his just appreciation of their works, won upon me greatly. I invited him to continue his walk; and—so well was I pleased with him—to visit me at my rustic lodgment.

From that day, for some weeks, we daily walked together. I more and more contemplated with admiration and esteem the knowledge, the fine taste, the generous sentiments, the profound love of nature which seemed to fill the whole being of the old man. But who and whence was he? He said not a word on that subject, and I did not, therefore, feel freedom to inquire. He might have secret griefs, which such a query might awaken. I respect too much the wounded heart of humanity carelessly to probe it, and especially the heart of a solitary being who, in the downward stage of life, may, perchance, be the stripped and scathed remnant of a once-endeared family. He stood before me alone. He entered into reminiscences, but they were reminiscences connected with no near ties; but had such ties now existed, he would in some hour of frank enthusiasm have said so. He did not say it, and it was, therefore, sufficiently obvious, that he had a history which he left down in the depths of his heart, beyond the vision of all but that heart itself. And yet, whatever were the inward memories of this venerable man, there was a buoyancy and youthfulness of feeling about him which amply manifested that they had not quenched the love and enjoyment of life in him.

On different days we took, during the most beautiful spring, strolls of many miles into distant dales and villages, and on the wild brown moors. Now we sate by a moorland stream, talking of many absorbing things in the history of the poetry and the religion of our country, and I could plainly see that my ancient friend had in him the spirit of an old Covenanter, and that, had he lived in the days of contest between the church of kings and the church of God, he would have gone to the field or the stake for his faith as triumphantly as any martyr of those times. It was under the influence of one of these conversations that I could not avoid addressing to the old man the following youthful stanzas, which, though they may exhibit little poetry, testify to the patriotism which his language inspired:

My friend! there have been men
To whom we turn again
After contemplating the present age,
And long, with vain regret,
That they were living yet,
Virtue's high war triumphantly to wage.

Men whose renown was built
Not on resplendent guilt—
Not through life's waste, or the abuse of power,
But by the dauntless zeal
With which at truth's appeal,
They stood unto the death in some eventful hour.

But he who now shall deem,
Because among us seem
No dubious symptoms of a realm's decline—
Wealth blind with its excess
'Mid far-diffused distress,
And pride that kills, professing to refine—

He who deems hence shall flow
The utter overthrow
Of this most honored and long happy land,
Little knows what there lies
Even beneath his eyes,
Slumbering in forms that round about him stand.

Little knows he the zeal
Myriads of spirits feel
In love, pure principle, and knowledge strong;
Little knows he what men
Tread this dear land again,
Whose souls of fire invigorate the throng.

My friend! I lay with thee
Beneath the forest tree,
When spring was shedding her first sweets around,
And the bright sky above
Woke feelings of deep love,
And thoughts which traveled through the blue profound.

I lay, and as I heard—
The joyful faith thus stirred,
Shot like Heaven's lightning through my wondering breast.
I heard, and in my thought
Glory and greatness wrought,
And blessing God—my native land I blest

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Now we entered a village inn, and ate our simple luncheon; and now we stood in some hamlet lane, or by its mossy well, with a group of children about us, among whom not a child appeared more child-like or more delighted than the old man. Nay, as we came back from a fifteen or twenty miles' stroll, he would leap over a stile with the activity of a boy, or run up to a wilding bush, covered with its beautiful pink blossoms, and breaking off a branch hold it up in admiration, and declare that it appeared almost sinful for an old man like him to enjoy himself so keenly. I know not when I more deeply felt the happiness and the holiness of existence, the wealth of intellect, and the blessings of our fancies, sympathies, and affection, than I used to do as this singular stranger sate with me on the turf-seat at the vine-covered end of the old cottage, which then made my temporary residence, on the serene evenings of that season, over our rustic tea-table, and with the spicy breath of the wall-flowers of that little garden breathing around us, and held conversation on many a subject of moral and intellectual speculation which then deeply interested me. In some of those evening hours he at length gave me glimpses into his past existence. Things more strange and melancholy than I could ever have suspected had passed over him, and only the more interested me in him.

Such had been our acquaintance for some months, when, one evening, happening to be in the neighboring town, and passing through a densely-populated part of it, I saw a number of people crowding into a chapel. With my usual curiosity in all that relates to the life, habits, and opinions of my fellow-men, I entered, and was no little surprised to behold my ancient friend in the pulpit. As I believed he had not observed me enter, and as I was desirous to hear my worthy friend, thus most unexpectedly found in this situation, without attracting his attention, I therefore seated myself in the shade of a pillar, and awaited the sermon. My surprise, as I listened to it, was excessive, on more accounts than one. I was surprised at the intense, fervid, and picturesque blaze of eloquence that breathed forth from the preacher, seeming to light up the whole place, and fill it with an unearthly and cloudy fire. I was more astonished by the singularity and wildness of the sentiments uttered. I looked again and again at the rapt and ecstatic preacher. His frame seemed to expand, and to be buoyed up, by his glowing enthusiasm, above the very height of humanity. His hair, white as snow, seemed a pale glory burning round his head, and his countenance, warm with the expression of his entranced spirit, was molten into the visage of a pleading seraph, who saw the terrors of the Divinity revealed before him, and felt only that they for whom he wrestled were around him. *They* hung upon that awful and unearthly countenance with an intensity which, in beings at the very bar of eternal judgment, hanging on the advocacy of an angel, could scarcely have been exceeded; and when he ceased, and sat down, a sigh, as from every heart at once, went through the place, which marked the fall of their rapt imaginations from the high region whither his words and expressive features had raised them, to the dimness and reality of earth. I could scarcely persuade myself that this was my late friend of the woods and fields, and of the evening discourse, so calm and dispassionate, over our little tea-table.

I escaped cautiously with the crowd, and eagerly interrogated a man who passed out near me who was the preacher? He looked at me with an air of surprise; but seeing me a stranger, he said he thought I could not have been in those parts long, or I should have known Mr. M——. I then learned that my venerable acquaintance was one whose name was known far and wide—known for the strange and fascinating powers of his pulpit eloquence, and for the peculiarity of his religious views. The singularity of those notions alone had prevented his becoming one of the most popular religious orators of his time. They had been the source of perpetual troubles and persecutions to him; they had estranged from him the most zealous of his friends from time to time; yet they were such only as he could lay down at the threshold of Divine judgment; and still, wherever he went, although they were a root of bitterness to him in private, he found in public a crowd of eager and enthusiastic hearers, who hung on his words as if they came at once warm from the inner courts of heaven.

The sense of this discovery, and of the whole strange scene of the last evening, hung powerfully upon me through the following day. I sat on the bench of my cottage window, with a book in my hand, the greater part of it, but my thoughts continually reverted to the image of the preacher in the midst of his audience; when, at evening, in walked the old man with his usual quiet smile, and shaking me affectionately by the hand, sat down in a wooden chair opposite me. I looked again and again, but in vain, to recognize the floating figure and the exalted countenance of the evening.

The old man took up my book, and began to read. A sudden impulse seized me which I have never ceased to regret. I did not wish abruptly to tell the old man that I had seen him in the pulpit, but I longed to discuss with him the ground of his peculiar views, and said,

"What do you think, my friend, of the actual future destiny of the——?"

I made the question include his peculiar doctrines. He laid down the volume with a remarkable quickness of action. He gazed at me for a moment with a look humbled but not confused, such as I had never seen in him before, and, in a low voice, said,

"You were then at my chapel last night?"

"I was," I replied.

"I am sorry—I am sorry," he said, rising, with a sigh. "It has been a pleasant time, but

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it is ended. Good-by, my dear young friend, and may God bless you!"

He turned silently but quickly away.

"Stop!" I cried. "Stop!" But he heard or heeded not. I ran to the gate to lay hold on him, and assure him that his sentiments would not alter my regard for him, but I observed him already hastening down the lane at such a speed that I judged it rude and useless at that moment to pursue.

I went down that day to his lodgings, to assure him of my sentiments toward him, but door and window were closed, and if he were in he would not hear me. Early next morning a little ragged boy brought me a note, saying a gentleman in the lane had given it to him. It simply said:

"Dear young friend, good-by. You wonder at my abruptness; but my religion has always been fatal to my friendship. You will say it would not with you: so has many another assured me; but I am too well schooled by bitter experience. I have had a call to a distant place. No one knows of it, and I trust the name to no one. The pleasure of your society has detained me, or I had obeyed the call a month ago May we meet in Heaven! C. M."

He was actually gone, and no one knew whither.

Time had passed over, and I had long imagined this strange and gifted being in his grave, when in a wild and remote part of the kingdom, the other day, I accidentally stumbled upon his retreat, and found him in his pulpit with the same rapt aspect, uttering an harangue as exciting, and surrounded by an audience as eagerly devouring his words.

[From Chesney's Expedition to the Euphrates and Tigris.]

ASSYRIAN SECTS.

THERE are two remarkable sects, one of which, called the Mendajaha (disciples of John), is found scattered in small communities in Basrah, Kurnah, Mohammarah, and, lastly, Sheikh el Shuyukh, where there are about three hundred families. Those of Basrah are noticed by Pietro de la Valle who says the Arabs call them Sabeans. Their religion is evidently a mixture of Paganism, Hebrew, Mohammedan, and Christian. They profess to regulate their lives by a book called the Sidra, containing many moral precepts, which, according to tradition, have been handed down from Adam, through Seth and Enoch; and it is understood to be in their language (the Chaldee), but written in a peculiar character. They abhor circumcision, but are very particular in distinguishing between clean and unclean animals, and likewise in keeping the Sabbath with extraordinary strictness. The Psalms of David are in use, but they are held to be inferior to their own book. They abstain from garlic, beans, and several kinds of pulse, and likewise most carefully from every description of food between sunrise and sunset during a whole moon before the vernal equinox; in addition to which, an annual festival is kept, called the feast of five days. Much respect is entertained for the city of Mecca, and a still greater reverence for the Pyramids of Egypt, in one of which they believe that their great progenitor, Saba, son of Seth, is buried; and to his original residence at Haran they make very particular pilgrimages, sacrificing on these occasions a ram and a hen. They pray seven times a day, turning sometimes to the south and sometimes to the north. But, at the same time, they retain a part of the ancient worship of the heavenly bodies, adding that of angels, with the belief that the souls of the wicked are to enjoy a happier state after nine hundred centuries of suffering. The priests, who are called sheikhs, or chiefs, use a particular kind of baptism, which, they say, was instituted by St. John; and the Chaldee language is used in this and other ceremonies.

The other religion, that of a more numerous branch, the Yezidis, is, in some respects, like the Mendajaha, but with the addition of the evil principle, the exalted doctor, who, as an instrument of the divine will, is propitiated rather than worshiped, as had been once supposed. The Yezidis reverence Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, in addition to many of the saints and prophets held in veneration both by Christians and Moslems. They adore the sun, as symbolical of Christ, and believe in an intermediate state after death. The Yezidis of Sinjar do not practice circumcision, nor do they eat pork; but they freely partake of the blood of other animals. Their manners are simple, and their habits, both within and without, remarkable for cleanliness. They are, besides, brave, hospitable, sober, faithful, and, with the exception of the Mohammedan, are inclined to tolerate other religions; they are, however, lamentably deficient in every branch of education Polygamy is not permitted, and the tribes intermarry with each other. The families of the father and sons live under the same roof, and the patriarchal system is carried out still further, each village being under its own hereditary chief

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THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist

A single peal of bells below
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast
That these are not the bells I know

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

TENNYSON'S "*In Memoriam.*"

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[From Dickens's Household Words.]

UGLINESS REDEEMED—A TALE OF A LONDON DUST-HEAP.

ON a murky morning in November, wind northeast, a poor old woman with a wooden leg was seen struggling against the fitful gusts of the bitter breeze, along a stony, zig-zag road full of deep and irregular cart-ruts. Her ragged petticoat was blue, and so was her wretched nose. A stick was in her left hand, which assisted her to dig and hobble her way along; and in her other hand, supported also beneath her withered arm, was a large, rusty, iron sieve. Dust and fine ashes filled up all the wrinkles in her face; and of these there were a prodigious number, for she was eighty-three years old. Her name was Peg Dotting.

About a quarter of a mile distant, having a long ditch and a broken-down fence as a foreground, there rose against the muddled-gray sky, a huge dust-heap of a dirty-black color—being, in fact, one of those immense mounds of cinders, ashes, and other emptyings from dust-holes and bins, which have conferred celebrity on certain suburban neighborhoods of a great city. Toward this dusky mountain old Peg Dotting was now making her way.

Advancing toward the dust-heap by an opposite path, very narrow and just reclaimed from the mud by a thick layer of freshly broken flints, there came at the same time Gaffer Doubleyear, with his bone-bag slung over his shoulder. The rags of his coat fluttered in the east-wind, which also whistled keenly round his almost rimless hat, and troubled his one eye. The other eye, having met with an accident last week, he had covered neatly with an oyster-shell, which was kept in its place by a string at each side, fastened through a hole. He used no staff to help him along, though his body was nearly bent double, so that his face was constantly turned to the earth, like that of a four-footed creature. He was ninety-seven years of age.

As these two patriarchal laborers approached the great dust-heap, a discordant voice hallooed to them from the top of a broken wall. It was meant as a greeting of the morning, and proceeded from little Jem Clinker, a poor deformed lad, whose back had been broken when a child. His nose and chin were much too large for the rest of his face, and he had lost nearly all his teeth from premature decay. But he had an eye gleaming with intelligence and life, and an expression at once patient and hopeful. He had balanced his misshapen frame on the top of the old wall, over which one shriveled leg dangled, as if by the weight of a hob-nailed boot, that covered a foot large enough for a plowman.

In addition to his first morning's salutation of his two aged friends, he now shouted out in a tone of triumph and self-gratulation, in which he felt assured of their sympathy—"Two white skins, and a tor'shell-un."

It may be requisite to state that little Jem Clinker belonged to the dead-cat department of the dust-heap, and now announced that a prize of three skins, in superior condition, had rewarded him for being first in the field. He was enjoying a seat on the wall in order to recover himself from the excitement of his good fortune.

At the base of the great dust-heap the two old people now met their young friend—a sort of great-grandson by mutual adoption—and they at once joined the party who had by this time assembled as usual, and were already busy at their several occupations.

But besides all these, another individual, belonging to a very different class, formed a part of the scene, though appearing only on its outskirts. A canal ran along at the rear of the dust-heap, and on the banks of its opposite side slowly wandered by—with hands clasped and hanging down in front of him, and eyes bent vacantly upon his hands—the forlorn figure of a man in a very shabby great-coat, which had evidently once belonged to one in the position of a gentleman. And to a gentleman it still belonged—but in *what* a position! A scholar, a man of wit, of high sentiment, of refinement, and a good fortune withal—now by a sudden "turn of law" bereft of the last only, and finding that none of the rest, for which (having his fortune) he had been so much admired, enabled him to gain a livelihood. His title deeds had been lost or stolen, and so he was bereft of every thing he possessed. He had talents, and such as would have been profitably available had he known how to use them for this new purpose; but he did not; he was misdirected; he made fruitless efforts, in his want of experience; and he was now starving. As he passed the great dust-heap, he gave one vague, melancholy gaze that way, and then looked wistfully into the canal. And he continued to look into the canal as he slowly moved along, till he was out of sight.

A dust-heap of this kind is often worth thousands of pounds. The present one was very large and very valuable. It was in fact a large hill, and being in the vicinity of small suburb cottages, it rose above them like a great black mountain. Thistles, groundsel, and rank grass grew in knots on small parts which had remained for a long time undisturbed; crows often alighted on its top, and seemed to put on their spectacles and become very busy and serious; flocks of sparrows often made predatory descents upon it; an old goose and gander might sometimes be seen following each other up its side, nearly midway; pigs rooted round its base, and, now and then, one bolder than the rest would venture some way up, attracted by the mixed odors of some hidden marrow-bone enveloped in a decayed cabbage leaf—a rare event, both of these articles being unusual oversights of the searchers below.

The principal ingredient of all these dust-heaps is fine cinders and ashes; but as they are accumulated from the contents of all the dust-

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holes and bins of the vicinity, and as many more as possible, the fresh arrivals in their original state present very heterogeneous materials. We can not better describe them, than by presenting a brief sketch of the different departments of the searchers and sorters, who are assembled below to busy themselves upon the mass of original matters which are shot out from the carts of the dustmen.

The bits of coal, the pretty numerous results of accident and servants' carelessness, are picked out, to be sold forthwith; the largest and best of the cinders are also selected, by another party, who sell them to laundresses, or to braziers (for whose purposes coke would not do so well); and the next sort of cinders, called the *breeze*, because it is left after the wind has blown the finer cinders through an upright sieve, is sold to the brick-makers.

Two other departments, called the "soft-ware" and the "hard-ware," are very important. The former includes all vegetable and animal matters—every thing that will decompose. These are selected and bagged at once, and carried off as soon as possible, to be sold as manure for ploughed land, wheat, barley, &c. Under this head, also, the dead cats are comprised. They are, generally, the perquisites of the women searchers. Dealers come to the wharf, or dust-field, every evening; they give sixpence for a white cat, fourpence for a colored cat, and for a black one according to her quality. The "hard-ware" includes all broken pottery, pans, crockery, earthenware, oyster-shells, &c., which are sold to make new roads.

"The bones" are selected with care, and sold to the soap-boiler. He boils out the fat and marrow first, for special use, and the bones are then crushed and sold for manure.

Of "rags," the woolen rags are bagged and sent off for hop-manure; the white linen rags are washed, and sold to make paper, &c.

The "tin things" are collected and put into an oven with a grating at the bottom, so that the solder which unites the parts melts, and runs through into a receiver. This is sold separately; the detached pieces of tin are then sold to be melted up with old iron, &c.

Bits of old brass, lead, &c., are sold to be melted up separately, or in the mixture of ores.

All broken glass vessels, as cruets, mustard-pots, tumblers, wine-glasses, bottles, &c., are sold to the old-glass shops.

As for any articles of jewelry, silver-spoons, forks, thimbles, or other plate and valuables, they are pocketed off-hand by the first finder. Coins of gold and silver are often found, and many "coppers."

Meantime, every body is hard at work near the base of the great dust-heap. A certain number of cart-loads having been raked and searched for all the different things just described, the whole of it now undergoes the process of sifting. The men throw up the stuff, and the women sift it.

"When I was a young girl," said Peg Dotting—

"That's a long while ago, Peggy," interrupted one of the sifters: but Peg did not hear her.

"When I was quite a young thing," continued she, addressing old John Doubleyear, who threw up the dust into her sieve, "it was the fashion to wear pink roses in the shoes, as bright as that morsel of ribbon Sally has just picked out of the dust; yes, and sometimes in the hair, too, on one side of the head, to set off the white powder and salve-stuff. I never wore one of these head-dresses myself—don't throw up the dust so high, John—but I lived only a few doors lower down from those as *did*. Don't throw up the dust so high, I tell 'ee—the wind takes it into my face."

"Ah! There! What's that?" suddenly exclaimed little Jem, running as fast as his poor withered legs would allow him, toward a fresh heap, which had just been shot down on the wharf from a dustman's cart. He made a dive and a search—then another—then one deeper still. "I'm *sure* I saw it!" cried he, and again made a dash with both hands into a fresh place, and began to distribute the ashes, and dust, and rubbish on every side, to the great merriment of all the rest.

"What did you see, Jemmy?" asked old Doubleyear, in a compassionate tone.

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy, "only it was like a bit of something made of real gold!"

A fresh burst of laughter from the company assembled followed this somewhat vague declaration, to which the dustmen added one or two elegant epithets, expressive of their contempt of the notion that *they* could have overlooked a bit of any thing valuable in the process of emptying sundry dust-holes, and carting them away.

"Ah," said one of the sifters, "poor Jem's always a-fancying something or other good—but it never comes."

"Didn't I find three cats this morning!" cried Jem; "two on 'em white 'uns! How you go on!"

"I meant something quite different from the like o' that," said the other; "I was a-thinking of the rare sights all you three there have had, one time and another."

The wind having changed and the day become bright, the party at work all seemed disposed to be more merry than usual. The foregoing remark excited the curiosity of several of the sifters, who had recently joined the "company," the parties alluded to were requested to favor them with the recital; and though the request was made with only a half-concealed irony, still it was all in good-natured pleasantry, and was immediately complied with. Old Doubleyear spoke first.

"I had a bad night of it with the rats some years ago—they run'd all over the floor, and over the bed, and one on 'em come'd and gav a squeak close into my ear—so I could'nt sleep comfortable. I wouldn't ha' minded a trifle of

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it; but this was too much of a good thing. So, I got up before sun-rise, and went out for a walk; and thinking I might as well be near our work-place, I slowly come'd down this way. I worked in a brick-field at that time, near the canal yonder. The sun was just a-rising up behind the dust-heap as I got in sight of it; and soon it rose above, and was very bright; and though I had two eyes then, I was obligated to shut them both. When I opened them again, the sun was higher up; but in his haste to get over the dust-heap, he had dropped something. You may laugh. I say he had dropped something. Well—I can't say what it was, in course—a bit of his-self, I suppose. It was just like him—a bit on him, I mean—quite as bright—just the same—only not so big. And not up in the sky, but a-lying and sparkling all on fire upon the dust-heap. Thinks I—I was a younger man then by some years than I am now—I'll go and have a nearer look. Though you be a bit o' the sun, maybe you won't hurt a poor man. So, I walked toward the dust-heap, and up I went, keeping the piece of sparkling fire in sight all the while. But before I got up to it, the sun went behind a cloud—and as he went out-like, so the young 'un he had dropped, went out arter him. And I had my climb up the heap for nothing, though I had marked the place vere it lay very percizely. But there was no signs at all on him, and no morsel left of the light as had been there. I searched all about; but found nothing 'cept a bit o' broken glass as had got stuck in the heel of an old shoe. And that's my story. But if ever a man saw any thing at all, I saw a bit o' the sun; and I thank God for it. It was a blessed sight for a poor ragged old man of three score and ten, which was my age at that time."

"Now, Peggy!" cried several voices, "tell us what you saw. Peg saw a bit o' the moon."

"No," said Mrs. Dotting, rather indignantly; "I'm no moon-raker. Not a sign of the moon was there, nor a spark of a star—the time I speak on."

"Well—go on, Peggy—go on."

"I don't know as I will," said Peggy,

But being pacified by a few good-tempered, though somewhat humorous compliments, she thus favored them with her little adventure:

"There was no moon, nor stars, nor comet, in the 'versal heavens, nor lamp nor lantern along the road, when I walked home one winter's night from the cottage of Widow Pin, where I had been to tea, with her and Mrs. Dry, as lived in the almshouses. They wanted Davy, the son of Bill Davy the milkman, to see me home with the lantern, but I wouldn't let him 'cause of his sore throat. Throat!—no, it wasn't his throat as was rare sore—it was—no, it wasn't—yes, it was—it was his toe as was sore. His big toe. A nail out of his boot had got into it. I *told* him he'd be sure to have a bad toe, if he didn't go to church more regular, but he wouldn't listen; and so my words come'd true. But, as I was a-saying, I wouldn't let him light me with the lantern by reason of his sore throat—*toe*, I mean—and as I went along, the night seemed to grow darker and darker. A straight road, though, and I was so used to it by day-time, it didn't matter for the darkness. Hows'ever, when I come'd near the bottom of the dust-heap as I had to pass, the great dark heap was so zackly the same as the night, you couldn't tell one from t'other. So, thinks I to myself—*what* was I thinking of at this moment?—for the life o' me I can't call it to mind; but that's neither here nor there, only for this—it was a something that led me to remember the story of how the devil goes about like a roaring lion. And while I was a-hoping he might not be out a-roaring that night, what should I see rise out of one side of the dust-heap, but a beautiful shining star of a violet color. I stood as still—as stock-still as any I don't-know-what! There it lay, as beautiful as a new-born babe, all a-shining in the dust! By degrees I got courage to go a little nearer—and then a little nearer still—for, says I to myself, I'm a sinful woman, I know, but I have repented, and do repent constantly of all the sins of my youth, and the backslidings of my age—which have been numerous; and once I had a very heavy backsliding—but that's neither here nor there. So, as I was a-saying, having collected all my sinfulness of life, and humbleness before heaven, into a goodish bit of courage, forward I steps—a little furder—and a leetle furder more—*un*-til I come'd just up to the beautiful shining star lying upon the dust. Well, it was a long time I stood a-looking down at it, before I ventured to do, what I arterwards did. But *at* last I did stoop down with both hands slowly—in case it might burn, or bite—and gathering up a good scoop of ashes as my hands went along, I took it up, and began a-carrying it home, all shining before me, and with a soft, blue mist rising up round about it. Heaven forgive me!—I was punished for meddling with what Providence had sent for some better purpose than to be carried home by an old woman like me, whom it has pleased heaven to afflict with the loss of one leg, and the pain, ixpinse, and inconvenience of a wooden one. Well—I *was* punished; covetousness had its reward; for, presently, the violet light got very pale, and then went out; and when I reached home, still holding in both hands all I had gathered up, and when I took it to the candle, it had turned into the red shell of a lobsky's head, and its two black eyes poked up at me with a long stare—and I may say, a strong smell too—enough to knock a poor body down."

Great applause, and no little laughter, followed the conclusion of old Peggy's story, but she did not join in the merriment. She said it was all very well for young people to laugh, but at her age she had enough to do to pray; and she had never said so many prayers, nor with so much fervency, as she had done since she received the blessed sight of the blue star

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on the dust-heap, and the chastising rod of the lobster's head at home.

Little Jem's turn now came; the poor lad was, however, so excited by the recollection of what his companions called "Jem's Ghost," that he was unable to describe it in any coherent language. To his imagination it had been a lovely vision—the one "bright consummate flower" of his life, which he treasured up as the most sacred image in his heart. He endeavored, in wild and hasty words, to set forth, how that he had been bred a chimney-sweep; that one Sunday afternoon he had left a set of companions, most on 'em sweeps, who were all playing at marbles in the church-yard, and he had wandered to the dust-heap, where he had fallen asleep; that he was awoke by a sweet voice in the air, which said something about some one having lost her way!—that he, being now wide awake, looked up, and saw with his own eyes a young angel, with fair hair and rosy cheeks, and large white wings at her shoulders, floating about like bright clouds, rise out of the dust! She had on a garment of shining crimson, which changed as he looked upon her to shining gold, then to purple and gold. She then exclaimed, with a joyful smile, "I see the right way!" and the next moment the angel was gone!"

As the sun was just now very bright and warm for the time of the year, and shining full upon the dust-heap in its setting, one of the men endeavored to raise a laugh at the deformed lad, by asking him if he didn't expect to see just such another angel at this minute, who had lost her way in the field on the other side of the heap; but his jest failed. The earnestness and devout emotion of the boy to the vision of reality which his imagination, aided by the hues of sunset, had thus exalted, were too much for the gross spirit of banter, and the speaker shrunk back into his dust-hovel, and affected to be very assiduous in his work as the day was drawing to a close.

Before the day's work was ended, however, little Jem again had a glimpse of the prize which had escaped him on the previous occasion. He instantly darted, hands and head foremost, into the mass of cinders and rubbish, and brought up a black mass of half-burnt parchment, entwined with vegetable refuse, from which he speedily disengaged an oval frame of gold, containing a miniature, still protected by its glass, but half covered with mildew from the damp. He was in ecstasies at the prize. Even the white cat-skins paled before it. In all probability some of the men would have taken it from him "to try and find the owner," but for the presence and interference of his friends Peg Dotting and old Doubleyear, whose great age, even among the present company, gave them a certain position of respect and consideration. So all the rest now went their way, leaving the three to examine and speculate on the prize.

The dust-heaps are a wonderful compound of things. A banker's check for a considerable sum was found in one of them. It was on Herries and Farquhar, in 1847. But bankers' checks, or gold and silver articles, are the least valuable of their ingredients. Among other things, a variety of useful chemicals are extracted. Their chief value, however, is for the making of bricks. The fine cinder-dust and ashes are used in the clay of the bricks, both for the red and gray stacks. Ashes are also used as fuel between the layers of the clump of bricks, which could not be burned in that position without them. The ashes burn away, and keep the bricks open. Enormous quantities are used. In the brick-fields at Uxbridge, near the Drayton Station, one of the brickmakers alone will frequently contract for fifteen or sixteen thousand chaldron of this cinder-dust, in one order. Fine coke or coke-dust, affects the market at times as a rival; but fine coal, or coal-dust, never, because it would spoil the bricks.

As one of the heroes of our tale had been originally—before his promotion—a chimney-sweeper, it may be only appropriate to offer a passing word on the genial subject of soot. Without speculating on its origin and parentage, whether derived from the cooking of a Christmas dinner, or the production of the beautiful colors and odors of exotic plants in a conservatory, it can briefly be shown to possess many qualities both useful and ornamental.

When soot is first collected, it is called "rough soot," which, being sifted, is then called "fine soot," and is sold to farmers for manuring and preserving wheat and turnips. This is more especially used in Herefordshire, Bedfordshire, Essex, &c. It is rather a costly article, being fivepence per bushel. One contractor sells annually as much as three thousand bushels; and he gives it as his opinion, that there must be at least one hundred and fifty times this quantity (four hundred and fifty thousand bushels per annum) sold in London. Farmer Smutwise of Bradford, distinctly asserts that the price of the soot he uses on his land is returned to him in the straw, with improvement also to the grain. And we believe him. Lime is used to dilute soot when employed as a manure. Using it pure will keep off snails, slugs, and caterpillars, from peas and various other vegetables, as also from dahlias just shooting up, and other flowers; but we regret to add that we have sometimes known it kill, or burn up the things it was intended to preserve from unlawful eating. In short, it is by no means so safe to use for any purpose of garden manure, as fine cinders, and wood-ashes, which are good for almost any kind of produce, whether turnips or roses. Indeed, we should like to have one fourth or fifth part of our garden-beds composed of excellent stuff of this kind. From all that has been said, it will have become very intelligible why these dust-heaps are so valuable. Their worth, however, varies not only with their magnitude (the quality of all of them is much the same), but with the demand. About the year 1820, the Marylebone dust-heap produced between four thousand and five thousand pounds. In 1832,

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St. George's paid Mr. Stapleton five hundred pounds a year, not to leave the heap standing, but to carry it away. Of course he was only too glad to be paid highly for selling his dust.

But to return. The three friends having settled to their satisfaction the amount of money they should probably obtain by the sale of the golden miniature-frame, and finished the castles which they had built with it in the air, the frame was again enfolded in the sound part of the parchment, the rags and rottenness of the law were cast away, and up they rose to bend their steps homeward to the little hovel where Peggy lived, she having invited the others to tea that they might talk yet more fully over the wonderful good luck that had befallen them.

"Why, if there isn't a man's head in the canal!" suddenly cried little Jem. "Looky there!—isn't that a man's head?—Yes; it's a drowndedd man?"

"A drowndedd man, as I live!" ejaculated old Doubleyear.

"Let's get him out, and see!" cried Peggy. "Perhaps the poor soul's not quite gone."

Little Jem scuttled off to the edge of the canal, followed by the two old people. As soon as the body had floated nearer, Jem got down into the water, and stood breast-high, vainly measuring his distance with one arm out, to see if he could reach some part of the body as it was passing. As the attempt was evidently without a chance, old Doubleyear managed to get down into the water behind him, and holding him by one hand, the boy was thus enabled to make a plunge forward as the body was floating by. He succeeded in reaching it; but the jerk was too much for the weakness of his aged companion, who was pulled forward into the canal. A loud cry burst from both of them, which was yet more loudly echoed by Peggy on the bank. Doubleyear and the boy were now struggling almost in the middle of the canal with the body of the man swirling about between them. They would inevitably have been drowned, had not old Peggy caught up a long dust-rake that was close at hand—scrambled down up to her knees in the canal—clawed hold of the struggling group with the teeth of the rake, and fairly brought the whole to land. Jem was first up the bank, and helped up his two heroic companions; after which with no small difficulty, they contrived to haul the body of the stranger out of the water. Jem at once recognized in him the forlorn figure of the man who had passed by in the morning, looking so sadly into the canal, as he walked along.

It is a fact well known to those who work in the vicinity of these great dust-heaps, that when the ashes have been warmed by the sun, cats and kittens that have been taken out of the canal and buried a few inches beneath the surface, have usually revived; and the same has often occurred in the case of men. Accordingly the three, without a moment's hesitation, dragged the body along to the dust-heap, where they made a deep trench, in which they placed it, covering it all over up to the neck.

"There now," ejaculated Peggy, sitting down with a long puff to recover her breath, "he'll lie very comfortable, whether or no."

"Couldn't lie better," said old Doubleyear, "even if he knew it."

The three now seated themselves close by, to await the result.

"I thought I'd a lost him," said Jem, "and myself too; and when I pulled Daddy in arter me, I guv us all three up for this world."

"Yes," said Doubleyear, "it must have gone queer with us if Peggy had not come in with the rake. How d'yee feel, old girl; for you've had a narrow escape too. I wonder we were not too heavy for you, and so pulled you in to go with us."

"The Lord be praised!" fervently ejaculated Peggy, pointing toward the pallid face that lay surrounded with ashes. A convulsive twitching passed over the features, the lips trembled, the ashes over the breast heaved, and a low moaning sound, which might have come from the bottom of the canal, was heard. Again the moaning sound, and then the eyes opened, but closed almost immediately. "Poor dear soul!" whispered Peggy, "how he suffers in surviving. Lift him up a little. Softly. Don't be afeared. We're only your good angels, like—only poor cinder-sifters—don'tee be afeared."

By various kindly attentions and manœuvres such as these poor people had been accustomed to practice on those who were taken out of the canal, the unfortunate gentleman was gradually brought to his senses. He gazed about him, as well he might—now looking in the anxious, though begrimed, faces of the three strange objects, all in their "weeds" and dust—and then up at the huge dust-heap, over which the moon was now slowly rising.

"Land of quiet Death!" murmured he, faintly, "or land of Life, as dark and still—I have passed from one into the other; but which of ye I am now in, seems doubtful to my senses."

"Here we are, poor gentleman," cried Peggy, "here we are, all friends about you. How did 'ee tumble into the canal?"

"The Earth, then, once more!" said the stranger, with a deep sigh. "I know where I am, now. I remember this great dark hill of ashes—like Death's kingdom, full of all sorts of strange things, and put to many uses."

"Where do you live?" asked old Doubleyear; "shall we try and take you home, sir?"

The stranger shook his head mournfully. All this time, little Jem had been assiduously employed in rubbing his feet and then his hands; in doing which the piece of dirty parchment, with the miniature-frame, dropped out of his breast-pocket. A good thought instantly struck Peggy.

"Run, Jemmy dear—run with that golden thing to Mr. Spikechin, the pawnbroker's—get something upon it directly, and buy some nice brandy—and some Godfrey's cordial—and a blanket, Jemmy—and call a coach, and get up outside on it, and make the coachee drive back here as fast as you can."

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But before Jemmy could attend to this, Mr. Waterhouse, the stranger whose life they had preserved, raised himself on one elbow, and extended his hand to the miniature-frame. Directly he looked at it, he raised himself higher up—turned it about once or twice—then caught up the piece of parchment, and uttering an ejaculation, which no one could have distinguished either as of joy or of pain, sank back fainting.

In brief, this parchment was a portion of the title-deeds he had lost; and though it did not prove sufficient to enable him to recover his fortune, it brought his opponent to a composition, which gave him an annuity for life. Small as this was, he determined that these poor people, who had so generously saved his life at the risk of their own, should be sharers in it. Finding that what they most desired was to have a cottage in the neighborhood of the dust-heap, built large enough for all three to live together, and keep a cow, Mr. Waterhouse paid a visit to Manchester-square, where the owner of the property resided. He told his story, as far as was needful, and proposed to purchase the field in question.

The great dust-contractor was much amused, and his daughter—a very accomplished young lady—was extremely interested. So the matter was speedily arranged to the satisfaction and pleasure of all parties. The acquaintance, however, did not end here. Mr. Waterhouse renewed his visits very frequently, and finally made proposals for the young lady's hand, she having already expressed her hopes of a propitious answer from her father.

"Well, sir," said the latter, "you wish to marry my daughter, and she wishes to marry you. You are a gentleman and a scholar, but you have no money. My daughter is what you see, and she has no money. But I have; and therefore, as she likes you, and I like you, I'll make you both an offer. I will give my daughter twenty thousand pounds—or you shall have the dust-heap. Choose!"

Mr. Waterhouse was puzzled and amused, and referred the matter entirely to the young lady. But she was for having the money, and no trouble. She said the dust-heap might be worth much, but they did not understand the business. "Very well," said her father, laughing, "then there's the money."

This was the identical dust-heap, as we know from authentic information, which was subsequently sold for forty thousand pounds, and was exported to Russia to rebuild Moscow.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH CHARACTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE OLD SQUIRE.

THE old squire, or, in other words, the squire of the old school, is the eldest born of John Bull; he is the "very moral of him;" as like him as pea to pea. He has a tolerable share of his good qualities; and as for his prejudices—oh, they are his meat and drink, and the very clothes he wears. He is made up of prejudices—he is covered all over with them. They are the staple of his dreams; they garnish his dishes, they spice his cup, they enter into his very prayers, and they make his will altogether. His oaks and elms in his park, and in his woods—they are sturdy timbers, in troth, and gnarled and knotted to some purpose, for they have stood for centuries; but what are they to the towering upshoots of his prejudices? Oh, they are mere wands! If he has not stood for centuries, his prejudices have; for they have come down from generation to generation with the family and the estate. They have ridden, to use another figure, like the Old Man of the Sea, on the shoulders of his ancestors, and have skipped from those of one ancestor to those of the next; and there they sit on his own most venerable, well-fed, comfortable, ancient, and gray-eyed prejudices, as familiar to their seat as the collar of his coat. He would take cold without them; to part with them would be the death of him. So! don't go too near—don't let us alarm them; for, in truth, they have had insults, and met with impertinences of late years, and have grown fretful and cantankerous in their old age. Nay, horrid radicals have not hesitated, in this wicked generation, to aim sundry deadly blows at them; and it has been all that the old squire has been able to do to protect them. Then—

> You need not rub them backwards like a cat,
> If you would see them spirt and sparkle up.

You have only to give one look at them, and they will appear to all in bristles and fury, like a nest of porcupines.

The old squire, like his father, is a sincere lover and a most hearty hater. What does he love? Oh, he loves the country—'tis the only country on the earth that is worth calling a country; and he loves the constitution. But don't ask him what it is, unless you want to test the hardness of his walking-stick; it is the constitution, the finest thing in the world, and all the better for being, like the Athanasian creed, a mystery. Of what use is it that the mob should understand it? It is our glorious constitution—that is enough. Are you not contented to feel how good it is, without going to peer into its very entrails, and perhaps ruin it, like an ignorant fellow putting his hand into the works of a clock? Are you not contented to let the sun shine on you? Do you want to go up and see what it is made of? Well, then, it is the constitution—the finest thing in the world; and, good as the country is, it would be good for nothing without it, no more than a hare would without stuffing, or a lantern without a candle, or the church without the steeple or the ring of bells. Well, he loves the constitution, as he ought to do; for has it not done well for him and his forefathers? And has it not kept the mob in their places, spite of the French Revolution? And taken care of the

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National Debt? And has it not taught us all to "fear God and honor the king;" and given the family estate to him, the church to his brother Ned, and put Fred and George into the army and navy? Could there possibly be a better constitution, if the Whigs could but let it alone with their Reform Bills? And, therefore, as he most reasonably loves the dear, old, mysterious, and benevolent constitution to distraction, and places it in the region of his veneration somewhere in the seventh heaven itself, so he hates every body and thing that hates it.

He hates Frenchmen because he loves his country, and thinks we are dreadfully degenerated that we do not nowadays find some cause, as the wisdom of our ancestors did, to pick a quarrel with them, and give them a good drubbing. Is not all our glory made up of beating the French and the Dutch? And what is to become of history, and the army and the fleet, if we go on this way? He does not stop to consider that the army, at least, thrives as well with peace as war; that it continues to increase; that it eats, drinks, and sleeps as well, and dresses better, and lives a great deal more easily and comfortably in peace than in war. But, then, what is to become of history, and the drubbing of the French? Who may, however, possibly die of "envy and admiration of our glorious constitution."

The old squire loves the laws of England; that is, all the laws that ever were passed by kings, lords, and commons, especially if they have been passed some twenty years, and he has had to administer them. The poor-law and the game-law, the impressment act, the law of primogeniture, the law of capital punishments; all kind of private acts for the inclosure of commons; turnpike acts, stamp acts, and acts of all sorts; he loves and venerates them all, for they are part and parcel of the statute law of England. As a matter of course, he hates most religiously all offenders against such acts. The poor are a very good sort of people; nay, he has a thorough and hereditary liking for the poor, and they have sundry doles and messes of soup from the Hall, as they had in his father's time, so long as they go to church, and don't happen to be asleep there when he is awake himself; and don't come upon the parish, or send bastards there; so long as they take off their hats with all due reverence, and open gates when they see him coming. But if they presume to go to the Methodists' meeting, or to a Radical club, or complain of the price of bread, which is a grievous sin against the agricultural interest; or to poach, which is all crimes in one —if they fall into any of these sins, oh, then, they are poor devils indeed! Then does the worthy old squire hate all the brood of them most righteously; for what are they but Atheists, Jacobins, Revolutionists, Chartists, rogues and vagabonds? With what a frown he scowls on them as he meets them in one of the narrow old lanes, returning from some camp meeting or other; how he expects every dark night to hear of ricks being burnt, or pheasants shot. How does he tremble for the safety of the country while they are at large; and with what satisfaction does he grant a warrant to bring them before him; and, as a matter of course, how joyfully, spite of all pleas and protestations of innocence, does he commit them to the treadmill, or the county jail, for trial at the quarter sessions.

He has a particular affection for the quarter sessions, for there he, and his brethren all put together, make, he thinks, a tolerable representation of majesty; and thence he has the satisfaction of seeing all the poachers transported beyond the seas. The county jail and the house of correction are particular pets of his. He admires even their architecture, and prides himself especially on the size and massiveness of the prison. He used to extend his fondness even to the stocks; but the treadmill, almost the only modern thing which has wrought such a miracle, has superseded it in his affections, and the ancient stocks now stand deserted, and half lost in a bed of nettles; but he still looks with a gracious eye on the parish pound, and returns the pinder's touch of his hat with a marked attention, looking upon him as one of the most venerable appendages of antique institutions.

Of course the old squire loves the church. Why, it is ancient, and that is enough of itself; but, beside that, all the wisdom of his ancestors belonged to it. His great-great-uncle was a bishop; his wife's grandfather was a dean; he has the presentation of the living, which is now in the hands of his brother Ned; and he has himself all the great tithes which, in the days of popery, belonged to it. He loves it all the better, because he thinks that the upstart dissenters want to pull it down; and he hates all upstarts. And what! Is it not the church of the queen, and the ministers, and all the nobility, and of all the old families? It is the only religion for a gentleman, and, therefore, it is his religion. Would the dissenting minister hob-nob with him as comfortably over the after-dinner bottle as Ned does, and play a rubber as comfortably with him, and let him swear a comfortable oath now and then? 'Tis not to be supposed. Besides, of what family is this dissenting minister? Where does he spring from? At what university did he graduate? 'Twon't do for the old squire. No! the clerk, the sexton, and the very churchwardens of the time being, partake, in his eye, of the time-tried sanctity of the good old church, and are bound up in the bundle of his affections.

These are a few of the old squire's likings and antipathies, which are just as much part of himself, as the entail is of his inheritance. But we shall see yet more of them when we come to see more of him and his abode. The old squire is turned of threescore, and every thing is old about him. He lives in an old house in the midst of an old park, which has a very old wall, and gates so old, that though they are made of oak as hard as iron, they begin to stoop in the shoulders, like the old gentleman himself

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and the carpenter, who is an old man too, and has been watching them forty years in hopes of their tumbling, and gives them a good lusty bang after him every time he passes through, swears they must have been made in the days of King Canute. The squire has an old coach drawn by two and occasionally by four old fat horses, and driven by a jolly old coachman, in which his old lady and his old maiden sister ride; for he seldom gets into it himself, thinking it a thing fit only for women and children, preferring infinitely the back of Jack, his old roadster.

If you went to dine with him, you would find him just as you would have found his father; not a thing has been changed since his days. There is the great entrance hall, with its cold stone floor, and its fine tall-backed chairs, and an old walnut cabinet; and on the walls a quantity of stags' horns, with caps and riding-whips hung on them; and the pictures of his ancestors, in their antiquated dresses, and slender, tarnished, antiquated frames. In his drawing-room you will find none of your new grand pianos and fashionable couches and ottomans; but an old spinet and a fiddle, another set of those long-legged, tall-backed chairs, two or three little settees, a good massy table, and a fine large carved mantle-piece, with bright steel dogs instead of a modern stove, and logs of oak burning, if it be cold. At table, all his plate is of the most ancient make, and he drinks toasts and healths in tankards of ale that is strong enough to make a horse reel, but which he continually avows is as mild as mother's milk, and wouldn't hurt an infant. He has an old rosy butler, and loves very old venison, which fills the whole house with its perfume while roasting; and an old double-Gloucester cheese, full of jumpers and mites; and after it a bottle of old port, at which he is often joined by the parson, and always by a queer, quiet sort of a tall, thin man, in a seedy black coat, and with a crimson face, bearing testimony to the efficacy of the squire's port and "mother's milk."

This man is always to be seen about, and has been these twenty years. He goes with the squire a-coursing and shooting, and into the woods with him. He carries his shot-belt and powder-flask, and gives him out his chargings and his copper caps. He is as often seen about the steward's house; and he comes in and out of the squire's just as he pleases, always seating himself in a particular chair near the fire, and pinches the ears of the dogs, and gives the cat, now and then, a pinch of snuff as she lies sleeping in a chair; and when the squire's old lady says, "How *can* you do so, Mr. Wagstaff?" he only gives a quiet, chuckling laugh, and says, "Oh, they like it, madam; they like it, you may depend." That is the longest speech he ever makes, for he seldom does more than say "yes" and "no" to what is said to him, and still oftener gives only a quiet smile and a sort of little nasal "hum." The squire has a vast affection for him, and always walks up to the little chamber which is allotted to him, once a week, to see that the maid does not neglect it; though at table he cuts many a sharp joke upon Wagstaff, to which Wagstaff only returns a smile and a shake of the head, which is more full of meaning to the squire than a long speech. Such is the old squire's constant companion.

But we have not yet done with the squire's antiquities. He has an old woodman, an old shepherd, an old justice's clerk, and almost all his farmers are old. He seems to have an antipathy to almost every thing that is not old. Young men are his aversion; they are such coxcombs, he says, nowadays. The only exception is a young woman. He always was a great admirer of the fair sex; though we are not going to rake up the floating stories of the neighborhood about the gallantries of his youth; but his lady, who is justly considered to have been as fine a woman as ever stepped in shoe-leather, is a striking proof of his judgment in women. Never, however, does his face relax into such pleasantness of smiles and humorous twinkles of the eye, as when he is in company with young ladies. He is full of sly compliments and knowing hints about their lovers, and is universally reckoned among them "a dear old gentleman."

When he meets a blooming country damsel crossing the park, or as he rides along a lane, he is sure to stop and have a word with her. "Aha, Mary! I know you, there! I can tell you by your mother's eyes and lips that you've stole away from her. Ay, you're a pretty slut enough, but I remember your mother. Gad! I don't know whether you are entitled to carry her slippers after her! But never mind, you're handsome enough; and I reckon you're going to be married directly. Well, well, I won't make you blush; so, good-by, Mary, good-by! Father and mother are both hearty—eh?"

The routine of the old squire's life may be summed up in a sentence: hearing cases and granting warrants and licenses, and making out commitments as justice; going through the woods to look after the growth, and trimming, and felling of his trees; going out with his keeper to reconnoitre the state of his covers and preserves; attending quarter sessions; dining occasionally with the judge on circuit; attending the county ball and the races; hunting and shooting, dining and singing a catch or glee with Wagstaff and the parson over his port. He has a large, dingy room, surrounded with dingy folios, and other books in vellum bindings, which he calls his library. Here he sits as justice; and here he receives his farmers on rent-days, and a wonderful effect it has on their imaginations; for who can think otherwise than that the squire must be a prodigious scholar, seeing all that array of big books? And, in fact, the old squire is a great reader in his own line. He reads the *Times* daily; and he reads Gwillim's "Heraldry," the "History of the Landed Gentry," Rapin's "History of England," and all the works of Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne, whom he declares to be the greatest writers England ever produced, or ever will produce

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But the old squire is not without his troubles. In his serious judgment all the world is degenerating. The nation is running headlong to ruin. "Lord, how different it was in my time!" is his constant exclamation. The world is now completely turned topsy-turvy. Here is the Reform Bill, the New Poor-law, which though it does make sharp work among the rogues and vagabonds, yet has sorely shorn the authority of magistrates. Here are the New Game-laws, Repeal of the Corn-laws, and the Navigation-laws · new books, all trash and nonsense; and these harum-scarum railroads, cutting up the country and making it dangerous to be riding out any where. "Just," says he, "as a sober gentleman is riding quietly by the side of his wood, bang! goes that 'hell-in-harness,' a steam-engine, past. Up goes the horse, down goes the rider to a souse in the ditch, and a broken collar bone."

Then all the world is now running all over the continent, learning all sorts of Frenchified airs and fashions and notions, and beggaring themselves into the bargain. He never set foot on the d—d, beggarly, frog-eating Continent—not he! It was thought enough to live at home, and eat good roast beef, and sing "God save the King," in his time; but now a man is looked upon as a mere clown who has not run so far round the 'world that he can seldom ever find his way back again to his estate, but stops short in London, where all the extravagance and nonsense in creation are concentrated, to help our mad gentry out of their wits and their money together. The old squire groans here in earnest; for his daughter, who has married Sir Benjamin Spankitt, and his son Tom, who has married the Lady Babara Ridemdown, are as mad as the rest of them.

Of Tom, the young squire, we shall take a more complete view anon. But there is another of the old squire's troubles yet to be noticed, and that is in the shape of an upstart. One of the worst features of the times is the growth and spread of upstarts. Old families going down, as well as old customs, and new people, who are nobody, taking their places. Old estates bought up—not by the old gentry, who are scattering their money in London, and among all the grinning monsieurs, mynheers, and signores, on the frogified continent, but by the soap-boilers and sugar-bakers of London. The country gentry, he avers, have been fools enough to spend their money in London, and now the people they have spent it among are coming and buying up all the estates about them. Ask him, as you ride out with him by the side of some great wood or venerable park, "What old family lives there?" "Old family!" he exclaims, with an air of angry astonishment; "old family! Where do you see old families nowadays? That is Sir Peter Post, the great horse-racer, who was a stable-boy not twenty years ago; and that great brick house on the hill there is the seat of one of the great Bearrings, who have made money enough among the bulls and bears to buy up the estates of half the fools hereabout. But that is nothing; I can assure you, men are living in halls and abbeys in these parts, who began their lives in butchers' shops and cobblers' stalls."

It might, however, be tolerated that merchants and lawyers, stock-jobbers, and even sugar-bakers and soap-boilers, should buy up the old houses; but the most grievous nuisance, and perpetual thorn in the old squire's side, is Abel Grundy, the son of an old wheelwright, who, by dint of his father's saving and his own sharpness, has grown into a man of substance under the squire's own nose. Abel began by buying odds and ends of lands and scattered cottages, which did not attract the squire's notice; till at length, a farm being to be sold, which the squire meant to have, and did not fear any opponent, Abel Grundy bid for it, and bought it, striking the old steward actually dumb with astonishment; and then it was found that all the scattered lots which Grundy had been buying up, lay on one side or other of this farm, and made a most imposing whole. To make bad worse, Grundy, instead of taking off his hat when he met the old squire, began now to lift up his own head very high; built a grand house on the land plump opposite to the squire's hall-gates; has brought a grand wife—a rich citizen's daughter; set up a smart carriage; and as the old squire is riding out on his old horse Jack, with his groom behind him, on a roan pony with a whitish mane and tail, the said groom having his master's great coat strapped to his back, as he always has on such occasions, drives past with a dash and a cool impudence that are most astonishing.

The only comfort that the old squire has in the case is talking of the fellow's low origin. "Only to think," says he, "that this fellow's father hadn't even wood enough to make a wheelbarrow till my family helped him; and I have seen this scoundrel himself scraping manure in the high roads, before he went to the village school in the morning, with his toes peeping out of his shoes, and his shirt hanging like a rabbit's tail out of his ragged trowsers; and now the puppy talks of 'my carriage,' and 'my footman,' and says that 'he and *his lady purpose* to spend the winter in *the* town,' meaning London!"

Wagstaff laughs at the squire's little criticism on Abel Grundy, and shakes his head; but he can not shake the chagrin out of the old gentleman's heart. Abel Grundy's upstart greatness will be the death of the OLD SQUIRE.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

By smiling fortune blessed
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth.
SOMERVILLE.

THE Old Squire and the Young Squire are the antipodes of each other. They are representatives of two entirely different states of society in this country; the one, but the vestige of that which has been; the other, the full and perfect image of that which is. The old squires are like the last fading and shriveled leaves of autumn

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that yet hang on the tree. A few more days will pass; age will send one of his nipping nights, and down they will twirl, and be swept away into the oblivious hiding-places of death, to be seen no more. But the young squire is one of the full-blown blossoms of another summer. He is flaunting in the sunshine of a state of wealth and luxury, which we, as our fathers in their days did, fancy can by no possibility be carried many degrees farther, and yet we see it every day making some new and extraordinary advance.

It is obvious that there are many intervening stages of society, among our country gentry, between the old squire and the young, as there are intermediate degrees of age. The old squires are those of the completely last generation, who have outlived their contemporaries, and have made a dead halt on the ground of their old habits, sympathies, and opinions, and are resolved to quit none of them for what they call the follies and new-fangled notions of a younger, and, of course, more degenerate race. They are continually crying, "Oh, it never was so in my day!" They point to tea, and stoves in churches, and the universal use of umbrellas, parasols, cork-soled shoes, warming-pans, and carriages, as incontestible proofs of the rapidly-increasing effeminacy of mankind. But between these old veterans and their children, there are the men of the middle ages, who have, more or less, become corrupted with modern ways and indulgences; have, more or less, introduced modern furniture, modern hours, modern education, and tastes, and books; and have, more or less, fallen into the modern custom of spending a certain part of the year in London. With these we have nothing whatever to do. The old squire is the landmark of the ancient state of things, and his son Tom is the epitome of the new; all between is a mere transition and evanescent condition.

Tom Chesselton was duly sent by his father to Eton as a boy, where he became a most accomplished scholar in cricket, boxing, horses, and dogs, and made the acquaintance of several lords, who taught him the way of letting his father's money slip easily through his fingers without burning them, and engrafted him besides with a fine stock of truly aristocratic tastes, which will last him his whole life. From Eton he was duly transferred to Oxford, where he wore his gown and trencher-cap with a peculiar grace, and gave a classic finish to his taste in horses, in driving, and in ladies. Having completed his education with great *éclat*, he was destined by his father to a few years' soldiership in the militia, as being devoid of all danger, and moreover, giving opportunities for seeing a great deal of the good old substantial families in different parts of the kingdom. But Tom turned up his nose, or rather his handsome upper lip, with a most consummate scorn at so groveling a proposal, and assured his father that nothing but a commission in the Guards, where several of his noble friends were doing distinguished honor to their country, by the display of their fine figures, would suit him. The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders and was silent, thinking that the six thousand pounds purchase-money would be quite as well at fifteen per cent. in turnpike shares a little longer. But Tom, luckily, was not doomed to rusticate long in melancholy under his patrimonial oaks: his mother's brother, an old bachelor of immense wealth, died just in time, leaving Tom's sister, Lady Spankitt, thirty thousand pounds in the funds; and Tom, as heir-at-law, his great Irish estates. Tom, on the very first vacancy, bought into the Guards, and was soon marked out by the ladies as one of the most *distingué* officers that ever wore a uniform. In truth, Tom was a very handsome fellow; that he owed to his parents, who, in their day, were as noble-looking a couple as ever danced at a county-ball, or graced the balcony of a race-stand.

Tom soon married; but he did not throw himself away sentimentally on a mere face; he achieved the hand of the sister of one of his old college chums, and now brother-officer—the Lady Barbara Ridemdown. An earl's daughter was something in the world's eye; but such an earl's daughter as Lady Barbara, was the height of Tom's ambition. She was equally celebrated for her wit, her beauty, and her large fortune. Tom had won her from amid the very blaze of popularity and the most splendid offers. Their united fortunes enabled them to live in the highest style. Lady Barbara's rank and connections demanded it, and the spirit of our young squire required it as much. Tom Chesselton disdained to be a whit behind any of his friends, however wealthy or high titled. His tastes were purely aristocratic; with him, dress, equipage, and amusements, were matters of science. He knew, both from a proud instinct and from study, what was precisely the true *ton* in every article of dress or equipage, and the exact etiquette in every situation. But Lady Barbara panted to visit the Continent, where she had already spent some years, and which presented so many attractions to her elegant tastes. Tom had elegant tastes, too, in his way; and to the Continent they went. The old squire never set his foot on even the coast of Calais: when he has seen it from Dover, he has only wished that he could have a few hundred tons of gunpowder, and blow it into the air; but Tom and Lady Barbara have lived on the Continent for years.

This was a bitter pill for the old squire. When Tom purchased his commission in the Guards, and when he opened a house like a palace, on his wedding with Lady Barbara, the old gentleman felt proud of his son's figure, and proud of his connections. "Ah," said he, "Tom's a lad of spirit; he'll sow his wild oats, and come to his senses presently." But when he fairly embarked for France, with a troop of servants, and a suite of carriages, like a nobleman, then did the old fellow fairly curse and swear, and call him all the unnatural and petticoat-pinioned fools in his vocabulary, and prophesy his bringing his ninepence to a groat. Tom

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and Lady Barbara, however, upheld the honor of England all over the Continent. In Paris, at the baths of Germany, at Vienna, Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples—every where, they were distinguished by their fine persons, their fine equipage, their exquisite tastes, and their splendid entertainments. They were courted and caressed by all the distinguished, both of their own countrymen and of foreigners. Tom's horses and equipage were the admiration of the natives. He drove, he rode, he yachted, to universal admiration; and, meantime, his lady visited all the galleries and works of art, and received in her house all the learned and the literary of all countries. There, you always found artists, poets, travelers, critics, *dilettanti*, and connoisseurs, of all nations and creeds.

They have again honored their country with their presence; and who so much the fashion as they? They are, of course, *au fait* in every matter of taste and fashion; on all questions of foreign life, manners, and opinions, their judgment is the law. Their town-house is in Eaton-square; and what a house is that! What a paradise of fairy splendor! what a mine of wealth, in the most superb furniture, in books in all languages, paintings, statuary, and precious fragments of the antique, collected out of every classical city and country. If you see a most exquisitely tasteful carriage, with a most fascinatingly beautiful lady in it, in the park, amid all the brilliant concourse of the ring, you may be sure you see the celebrated Lady Barbara Chesselton; and you can not fail to recognize Tom Chesselton the moment you clap eyes on him, by his distinguished figure, and the spendid creature on which he is mounted—to say nothing of the perfection of his groom, and the steed which he also bestrides. Tom never crosses the back of a horse of less value than a thousand pounds; and if you want to know really what horses are, you must go down to his villa at Wimbledon, if you are not lucky enough to catch a sight of him proceeding to a levee, or driving his four-in-hand to Ascot or Epsom. All Piccadilly has been seen to stand, lost in silent admiration, as he has driven his splendid britchzka along it, with his perfection of a little tiger by his side; and such cattle as never besides were seen in even harness of such richness and elegance. Nay, some scores of ambitious young whips became sick of their envy of his superb gauntlet driving-gloves.

But, in fact, in Tom's case, as in all others, you have only to know his companions to know him; and who are they but Chesterfield, Conyngham, D'Orsay, Eglintoun, my Lord Waterford, and men of similar figure and reputation. To say that he is well known to all the principal frequenters of the Carlton Club; that his carriages are of the most perfect make ever turned out by Windsor; that his harness is only from Shipley's; and that Stultz has the honor of gracing his person with his habiliments; is to say that our young squire is one of the most perfect men of fashion in England. Lady Barbara and himself have a common ground of elegance of taste, and knowledge of the first principles of genuine aristocratic life; but they have very different pursuits, arising from the difference of their genius, and they follow them with the utmost mutual approbation.

Lady Barbara is at once the worshiped beauty, the woman of fashion, and of literature. No one has turned so many heads, by the loveliness of her person, and the bewitching fascination of her manners, as Lady Barbara. She is a wit, a poetess, a connoisseur in art; and what can be so dangerously delightful as all these characters in a fashionable beauty, and a woman, moreover, of such rank and wealth? She does the honors of her house to the mutual friends and noble connections of her husband and herself with a perpetual grace; but she has, besides, her evenings for the reception of her literary and artistic acquaintance and admirers. And who, of all the throng of authors, artists, critics, journalists, connoisseurs, and amateurs, who flock there are not her admirers? Lady Barbara Chesselton writes travels, novels, novellets, philosophical reflections, poems, and almost every species of thing which ever has been written—such is the universality of her knowledge, experience, and genius: and who does not hasten to be the first to pour out in reviews, magazines, daily and hebdomadal journals, the earliest and most fervid words of homage and admiration? Lady Barbara edits an annual, and is a contributor to the "Keepsake;" and in her kindness, she is sure to find out all the nice young men about the press; to encourage them by her smile, and to raise them, by her fascinating conversation and her brilliant saloons, above those depressing influences of a too sensitive modesty, which so weighs on the genius of the youth of this age; so that she sends them away, all heart and soul, in the service of herself and literature, which are the same thing; and away they go, extemporizing praises on her ladyship, and spreading them through leaves of all sizes, to the wondering eyes of readers all the world over. Publishers run with their unsalable manuscripts, and beg Lady Barbara to have the goodness to put her name on the title, knowing by golden experience that one stroke of her pen, like the point of a galvanic wire, will turn all the dullness of the dead mass into flame. Lady Barbara is not barbarous enough to refuse so simple and complimentary a request; nay, her benevolence extends on every hand. Distressed authors, male and female, who have not her rank, and, therefore, most clearly not her genius, beg her to take their literary bantlings under her wing; and with a heart, as full of generous sympathies as her pen is of magic, she writes but her name on the title as an "Open Sesame!" and lo! the dead become alive; her genius permeates the whole volume, which that moment puts forth wings of popularity, and flies into every bookseller's shop and every circulating library in the kingdom.

Such is the life of glory and Christian benev-

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olence which Lady Barbara daily leads, making authors, critics, and publishers all happy together, by the overflowing radiance of her indefatigable and inexhaustible genius, though she sometimes slyly laughs to herself, and says, "What a thing is a title! if it were not for that, would all these people come to me? While Tom, who is member of parliament for the little borough of Dearish, most patriotically discharges his duty by pairing off—visits the classic grounds of Ascot, Epsom, Newmarket, or Goodwood, or traverses the moors of Scotland and Ireland in pursuit of grouse. But once a year they indulge their filial virtues in a visit to the old squire. The old squire, we are sorry to say, has grown of late years queer and snappish, and does not look on this visit quite as gratefully as he should. "If they would but come," he says, "in a quiet way, as I used to ride over and see my father in his time, why I should be right glad to see them; but, here they come, like the first regiment of an invading army, and God help those who are old, and want to be quiet!"

The old gentleman, moreover, is continually haranguing about Tom's folly and extravagance. It is his perpetual topic to his wife, and wife's maiden sister, and Wagstaff. Wagstaff only shakes his head, and says, "Young blood! young blood!" but Mrs. Chesselton and the maiden sister say, "Oh! Mr. Chesselton, you don't consider: Tom has great connections, and he is obliged to keep a certain establishment. Things are different now to what they were in our time. Tom is universally allowed to be a very fine man, and Lady Barbara is a very fine woman, and a prodigious clever woman! and you ought to be proud of them, Chesselton." At which the old gentleman breaks out, if he be a little elevated over his wine:

> When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
> To a fine young lady of high quality,
> How happy will that gentlewoman be
> In his grace of Leeds good company!
>
> She shall have all that's fine and fair,
> And the best of silk and satin to wear;
> And ride in a coach to take the air,
> And have a house in St. James's-square.

Lady Barbara always professes great affection and reverence for the old gentleman, and sends him many merry and kind compliments and messages; and sends him, moreover, her new books as soon as they are out, most magnificently bound; but all won't do. He only says, "If she'd please me, she'd give up that cursed opera-box. Why, the rent of that thing—only to sit in and hear Italian women squealing and squalling, and to see impudent, outlandish baggages kicking up their heels higher than any decent heads ought to be—the rent, I say, would maintain a parish rector, or keep half-a-dozen parish schools a-going." As for her books, that all the world besides are in raptures about, the old squire turns them over as a dog would a hot dumpling; says nothing but a Bible ought to be so extravagantly bound; and professes that "the matter may all be very fine, but he can make neither head nor tail of it." Yet, whenever Lady Barbara is with him, she is sure to talk and smile herself in about half an hour into his high favor; and he begins to run about to show her this and that, and calls out every now and then, "Let Lady Barbara see this, and go to look at that." She can do anything with him, except get him to London. "London!" he exclaims; "no; get me to Bedlam at once! What has a rusty old fellow, like me, to do at London? If I could find again the jolly set that used to meet, thirty years ago, at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, it might do; but London isn't what London used to be. It's too fine by half for a country squire, and would drive me distracted in twenty-four hours, with its everlasting noise and nonsense."

But the old squire does get pretty well distracted with the annual visit. Down come driving the young squire and Lady Barbara, with a train of carriages like a fleet of men-of-war, leading the way with their traveling-coach and four horses. Up they twirl to the door of old hall. The old bell rings a thundering peal through the house. Doors fly open—out come servants—down come the young guests from their carriages; and while embraces and salutations are going on in the drawing-room, the hall is fast filling with packages upon packages; servants are running to and fro along the passages; grooms and carriages are moving off to the stables without; there is lifting and grunting at portmanteaus and imperials, as they are borne up-stairs; while ladies' maids and nursemaids are crying out, "Oh, take care of that trunk!" "Mind that ban'-box!" "Oh, gracious! that is my lady's dressing-case; it will be down, and be totally ruined!" Dogs are barking; children crying, or romping about, and the whole house in the most blessed state of bustle and confusion.

For a week the hurly-burly continues; in pour all the great people to see Tom and Lady Barbara. There are shootings in the mornings, and great dinner parties in the evenings. Tom and my lady have sent down before them plenty of hampers of such wines as the old squire neither keeps nor drinks, and they have brought their plate along with them; and the old house itself is astonished at the odors of champagne, claret, and hock, that pervade, and at the glitter of gold and silver in it. The old man is full of attention and politeness, both to his guests and to their guests; but he is half worried with the children, and t'other half worried with so many fine folks; and muddled with drinking things that he is not used to, and with late hours. Wagstaff has fled—as he always does on such occasions—to a farm-house on the verge of the estate. The hall, and the parsonage, and even the gardener's house, are all full of beds for guests, and servants, and grooms. Presently, the old gentleman, in his morning rides, sees some of the young bucks shooting the pheasants in his

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nome-park, where he never allows them to be disturbed, and comes home in a fume, to hear that the house is turned upside-down by the host of scarlet-breeched and powdered livery-servants, and that they have turned all the maids' heads with sweethearting. But, at length, the day of departure arrives, and all sweep away as suddenly and rapidly as they came; and the old squire sends off for Wagstaff, and blesses his stars that what he calls "the annual hurricane," is over.

But what a change will there be when the old squire is dead! Already have Tom and Lady Barbara walked over the ground, and planned it. That horrid fright of an old house, as they call it, will be swept as clean away as if it had not stood there five hundred years. A grand Elizabethean pile is already decreed to succeed it. The fashionable architect will come driving down in his smart Brougham, with all his plans and papers. A host of mechanics will come speedily after him, by coach or by wagon: booths will be seen rising all around the old place, which will vanish away, and its superb successor rise where it stood, like a magical vision. Already are ponderous cases lying loaded, in London, with massive mantle-pieces of the finest Italian marble, marble busts, and heads of old Greek and Roman heroes, genuine burial-urns from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and vessels of terra-cotta, gloriously-sculptured vases, and even columns of verde antique—all from classic Italy—to adorn the walls of this same noble new house.

But, meantime, spite of the large income of Tom and Lady Barbara, the old squire has strange suspicions of mortgages, and dealings with Jews. He has actually inklings of horrid post-obits; and groans as he looks on his old oaks, as he rides through his woods and parks, foreseeing their overthrow; nay, he fancies he sees the land-agent among his quiet old farmers, like a wild-cat in a rabbit warren, startling them out of their long dream of ease and safety, with news of doubled rents, and notices to quit, to make way for threshing-machines, winnowing-machines, corn-crushers, patent ploughs, scufflers, scarifiers, and young men of more enterprise. And, sure enough, such will be the order of the day the moment the estate falls to the YOUNG SQUIRE.—*Country Year Book.*

[From Hogg's Instructor.]

PRESENCE OF MIND—A FRAGMENT.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE Roman *formula* for summoning an earnest concentration of the faculties upon any object whatever, that happened to be critically urgent, was *Hoc age*, "Mind *this!*" or, in other words, do not mind *that—non illud age*. The antithetic formula was "*aliud* agere," to mind something alien, or remote from the interest then clamoring for attention. Our modern military orders of "*Attention!*" and "*Eyes strait!*" were both included in the "*Hoc age.*" In the stern peremptoriness of this Roman formula we read a picturesque expression of the Roman character both as to its strength and its weakness—of the energy which brooked no faltering or delay (for beyond all other races the Roman was *natus rebus agendis*)—and also of the morbid craving for action, which was intolerant of any thing but the intensely practical.

In modern times, it is we of the Anglo-Saxon blood, that is, the British and the Americans of the United States, who inherit the Roman temperament with its vices and its fearful advantages of power. In the ancient Roman these vices appeared more barbarously conspicuous. We, the countrymen of Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton, and at one time the leaders of austere thinking, can not be supposed to shrink from the speculative through any native incapacity for sounding its depths. But the Roman had a real inaptitude for the speculative: to *him* nothing was real that was not practical. He had no metaphysics; he wanted the metaphysical instinct. There was no school of *native* Roman philosophy: the Roman was merely an eclectic or *dilettante* picking up the crumbs which fell from Grecian tables; and even mathematics was so repulsive in its sublimer aspects to the Roman mind, that the very word mathematics had in Rome collapsed into another name for the dotages of astrology. The mathematician was a mere variety of expression for the wizard or the conjurer.

From this unfavorable aspect of the Roman intellect it is but justice that we should turn away to contemplate those situations in which that same intellect showed itself preternaturally strong. To face a sudden danger by a corresponding weight of sudden counsel or sudden evasion—*that* was a privilege essentially lodged in the Roman mind. But in every nation some minds much more than others are representative of the national type: they are normal minds, reflecting, as in a focus, the characteristics of the race. Thus Louis XIV. has been held to be the idealized expression of the French character; and among the Romans there can not be a doubt that the first Cæsar offers in a rare perfection the revelation of that peculiar grandeur which belonged to the children of Romulus.

What *was* that grandeur? We do not need, in this place, to attempt its analysis. One feature will suffice for our purpose. The late celebrated John Foster, in his essay on decision of character, among the accidents of life which might serve to strengthen the natural tendencies to such a character, or to promote its development, rightly insists on *desertion*. To find itself in solitude, and still more to find itself thrown upon that state of abandonment by sudden treachery, crushes the feeble mind, but rouses a terrific reaction of haughty self-assertion in that order of spirits which matches and measures itself against difficulty and danger. There is something corresponding to this case of human treachery in the sudden caprices of fortune. A

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danger, offering itself unexpectedly in some momentary change of blind external agencies, assumes to the feelings the character of a perfidy accomplished by mysterious powers, and calls forth something of the same resentment, and in a gladiatorial intellect something of the same spontaneous resistance. A sword that breaks in the very crisis of a duel, a horse killed by a flash of lightning in the moment of collision with the enemy, a bridge carried away by an avalanche at the instant of a commencing retreat, affect the feelings like dramatic incidents emanating from a human will. This man they confound and paralyze, that man they rouse into resistance, as by a personal provocation and insult. And if it happens that these opposite effects show themselves in cases wearing a national importance, they raise what would else have been a mere casualty into the tragic or the epic grandeur of a fatality. The superb character, for instance, of Cæsar's intellect throws a colossal shadow as of predestination over the most trivial incidents of his career. On the morning of Pharsalia, every man who reads a record of that mighty event feels * by a secret instinct that an earthquake is approaching which must determine the final distribution of the ground, and the relations among the whole family of man through a thousand generations. Precisely the inverse case is realized in some modern sections of history, where the feebleness or the inertia of the presiding intellect communicates a character of triviality to events that otherwise are of paramount historical importance. In Cæsar's case, simply through the perfection of his preparations arrayed against all conceivable contingencies, there is an impression left as of some incarnate Providence, vailed in a human form, ranging through the ranks of the legions; while, on the contrary, in the modern cases to which we allude, a mission, seemingly authorized by inspiration, is suddenly quenched, like a torch falling into water, by the careless character of the superintending intellect. Neither case is without its appropriate interest. The spectacle of a vast historical dependency, pre-organized by an intellect of unusual grandeur, wears the grace of congruity and reciprocal proportion. And on the other hand, a series of mighty events contingent upon the motion this way or that of a frivolous hand, or suspended on the breath of caprice, suggests the wild and fantastic disproportions of ordinary life, when the mighty masquerade moves on forever through successions of the gay and the solemn—of the petty and the majestic.

Cæsar's cast of character owed its impressiveness to the combination which it offered of moral grandeur and monumental immobility, such as we see in Marius, with the dazzling intellectual versatility found in the Gracchi, in Sylla, in Catiline, in Antony. The comprehension and the absolute perfection of his prescience did not escape the eye of Lucan, who describes him as—"Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum." A fine lambent gleam of his character escapes also in that magnificent fraction of a line, where he is described as one incapable of learning the style and sentiments suited to a private interest—"Indocilis privata loqui."

There has been a disposition manifested among modern writers to disturb the traditional characters of Cæsar and his chief antagonist. Audaciously to disparage Cæsar, and without a shadow of any new historic grounds to exalt his feeble competitor, has been adopted as the best chance for filling up the mighty gulf between them. Lord Brougham, for instance, on occasion of a dinner given by the Cinque Ports at Dover to the Duke of Wellington, vainly attempted to raise our countryman by unfounded and romantic depreciations of Cæsar. He alleged that Cæsar had contended only with barbarians. Now, *that* happens to be the literal truth as regards Pompey. The victories on which his early reputation was built were won from semi-barbarians—luxurious, it is true, but also effeminate in a degree never suspected at Rome until the next generation. The slight but summary contest of Cæsar with Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, dissipated at once the cloud of ignorance in which Rome had been involved on this subject by the vast distance and the total want of familiarity with Oriental habits. But Cæsar's chief antagonists, those whom Lord Brougham specially indicated, viz., the Gauls, were *not* barbarians. As a military people, they were in a stage of civilization next to that of the Romans. They were quite as much *aguerris*, hardened and seasoned to war, as the children of Rome. In certain military habits they were even superior. For purposes of war four races were then pre-eminent in Europe—viz., the Romans, the Macedonians, certain select tribes among the mixed population of the Spanish peninsula, and finally the Gauls. These were all open to the recruiting parties of Cæsar; and among them all he had deliberately assigned his preference to the Gauls. The famous legion, who carried the *Alauda* (the lark) upon their helmets, was raised in Gaul from Cæsar's private funds. They composed a select and favored division in his army, and, together with the famous tenth legion, constituted a third part of his forces—a third numerically on the day of battle, but virtually a half. Even the rest of Cæsar's army had been for so long a space recruited in the Gauls, Transalpine as well as Cisalpine, that at Pharsalia the bulk of his forces is known to have been Gaulish. There were more reasons than one for concealing that fact. The policy of Cæsar was, to conceal it not less from Rome than from the army itself. But the truth became known at last to all wary observers. Lord Brougham's objection to the quality

* "Feels by a secret instinct;"—A sentiment of this nature is finely expressed by Lucan in the passage beginning, "Advenisse diem," &c. The circumstance by which Lucan chiefly defeats the grandeur and simplicities of the truth, is, the monstrous numerical exaggeration of the combatants and the killed at Pharsalia.

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of Cæsar's enemies falls away at once when it is collated with the deliberate composition of Cæsar's own army. Besides that, Cæsar's enemies were *not* in any exclusive sense Gauls. The German tribes, the Spanish, the Helvetian, the Illyrian, Africans of every race, and Moors; the islanders of the Mediterranean, and the mixed populations of Asia, had all been faced by Cæsar. And if it is alleged that the forces of Pompey, however superior in numbers, were at Pharsalia largely composed of an Asiatic rabble, the answer is—that precisely of such a rabble were the hostile armies composed from which he had won his laurels. False and windy reputations are sown thickly in history; but never was there a reputation more thoroughly histrionic than that of Pompey. The late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, among a million of other crotchets, did (it is true) make a pet of Pompey; and he was encouraged in this caprice (which had for its origin the doctor's *political** animosity to Cæsar) by one military critic, viz., Sir William Napier. This distinguished soldier conveyed messages to Dr. Arnold, warning him against the popular notion, that Pompey was a poor strategist. Now, had there been any Roman state-paper office, which Sir William could be supposed to have searched and weighed against the statements of surviving history, we might, in deference to Sir William's great experience and talents, have consented to a rehearing of the case. Unfortunately, no new materials have been discovered; nor is it alleged that the old ones are capable of being thrown into new combinations, so as to reverse or to suspend the old adjudications. The judgment of history stands; and among the records which it involves, none is more striking than this—that, while Cæsar and Pompey were equally assaulted by sudden surprises, the first invariably met the sudden danger (sudden but never unlooked-for) by counter resources of evasion. He showed a new front, as often as his situation exposed a new peril. At Pharsalia, where the cavalry of Pompey was far superior to his own, he anticipated and was in full readiness for the particular manœuvre by which it was attempted to make this superiority available against himself. By a new formation of his troops he foiled the attack, and caused it to recoil upon the enemy. Had Pompey then no rejoinder ready for meeting this reply? No. His one arrow being shot, his quiver was exhausted. Without an effort at parrying any longer, the mighty game was surrendered as desperate. "Check to the king!" was heard in silent submission; and no further stratagem was invoked even in silent prayer, but the stratagem of flight. Yet Cæsar himself, objects a celebrated doctor (viz., Bishop Warburton), was reduced by his own rashness at Alexandria to a condition of peril and embarrassment not less alarming than the condition of Pompey at Pharsalia. How far this surprise might be reconcilable with Cæsar's military credit, is a question yet undecided; but this at least is certain, that he was equal to the occasion; and, if the surprise was all but fatal, the evasion was all but miraculous. Many were the sudden surprises which Cæsar had to face before and after this—on the shores of Britain, at Marseilles, at Munda, at Thapsus—from all of which he issued triumphantly, failing only as to that final one from which he had in pure nobility of heart announced his determination to shelter himself under no precautions.

Such cases of personal danger and escape are exciting to the imagination, from the disproportion between the interests of an individual and the interests of a whole nation which for the moment happen to be concurrent. The death or the escape of Cæsar, at one moment rather than another, would make a difference in the destiny of many nations. And in kind, though not in degree, the same interest has frequently attached to the fortunes of a prince or military leader. Effectually the same dramatic character belongs to any struggle with sudden danger, though not (like Cæsar's) successful. That it was *not* successful becomes a new reason for pursuing it with interest; since equally in that result, as in one more triumphant, we read the altered course by which history is henceforward destined to flow.

For instance, how much depended—what a weight of history hung in suspense, upon the evasions, or attempts at evasion, of Charles I. He was a prince of great ability; and yet it confounds us to observe, with how little of foresight, or of circumstantial inquiry, either as regarded things or persons, he entered upon these difficult enterprises of escape from the vigilance of military guardians. His first escape, viz., that into the Scottish camp before Newark, was not surrounded with any circumstances of difficulty. His second escape from

* It is very evident that Dr. Arnold could not have understood the position of politics in Rome, when he allowed himself to make a favorite of Pompey. The doctor hated aristocrats as he hated the gates of Erebus. Now Pompey was not only the leader of a most selfish aristocracy, but also their tool. Secondly, as if this were not bad enough, that section of the aristocracy to which he had dedicated his services was an odious oligarchy; and to this oligarchy, again, though nominally its head, he was in effect the most submissive of tools. Cæsar, on the other hand, if a democrat in the sense of working by democratic agencies, was bending all his efforts to the reconstruction of a new, purer, and enlarged aristocracy, no longer reduced to the necessity of buying and selling the people in mere self-defense. The everlasting war of bribery, operating upon universal poverty, the internal disease of Roman society, would have been redressed by Cæsar's measures, and *was* redressed according to the degree in which those measures were really brought into action. New judicatures were wanted, new judicial laws, a new aristocracy, by slow degrees a new people, and the right of suffrage exercised within new restrictions—all these things were needed for the cleansing of Rome, and that Cæsar would have accomplished this labor of Hercules was the true cause of his death. The scoundrels of the oligarchy felt their doom to be approaching. It was the just remark of Napoleon, that Brutus (but still more, we may say, Cicero), though falsely accredited as a patriot, was, in fact, the most exclusive and the most selfish of aristocrats.

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Hampton Court had become a matter of more urgent policy, and was proportionally more difficult of execution. He was attended on that occasion by two gentlemen (Berkely and Ashburnham), upon whose qualities of courage and readiness, and upon whose acquaintance with the accidents, local or personal, that surrounded their path, all was staked. Yet one of these gentlemen was always suspected of treachery, and both were imbecile as regarded that sort of wisdom on which it was possible for a royal person to rely. Had the questions likely to arise been such as belong to a masquerading adventure, these gentlemen might have been qualified for the situation. As it was, they sank in mere distraction under the responsibilities of the occasion. The king was as yet in safety. At Lord Southampton's country mansion, he enjoyed the protection of a loyal family ready to face any risk in his behalf; and his retreat was entirely concealed. Suddenly this scene changes. The military commander in the Isle of Wight is acquainted with the king's situation, and brought into his presence, together with a military guard, though no effort had been made to exact securities from his honor in behalf of the king. His single object was evidently to arrest the king. His military honor, his duty to the parliament, his private interest, all pointed to the same result, viz., the immediate apprehension of the fugitive prince. What was there in the opposite scale to set against these notorious motives? Simply the fact that he was nephew to the king's favorite chaplain, Dr. Hammond. What rational man, in a case of that nature, would have relied upon so poor a trifle? Yet even this inconsiderable bias was much more than balanced by another of the same kind but in the opposite direction. Colonel Hammond was nephew to the king's chaplain, but in the meantime he was the husband of Cromwell's niece; and upon Cromwell privately, and the whole faction of the Independents politically, he relied for all his hopes of advancement. The result was, that, from mere inertia of mind and criminal negligence in his two attendants, the poor king had run right into the custody of the very jailer whom his enemies would have selected by preference.

Thus, then, from fear of being made a prisoner Charles had quietly walked into the military prison of Carisbrook Castle. The very security of this prison, however, might throw the governor off his guard. Another escape might be possible; and again an escape was arranged. It reads like some leaf torn from the records of a lunatic hospital, to hear its circumstances and the particular point upon which it split. Charles was to make his exit through a window. This window, however, was fenced by iron bars; and these bars had been to a certain extent eaten through with *aqua fortis*. The king had succeeded in pushing his head through, and upon that result he relied for his escape; for he connected this trial with the following strange maxim or postulate, viz., that wheresoever the head could pass, there the whole person could pass. It needs not to be said, that, in the final experiment, this absurd rule was found not to hold good. The king stuck fast about the chest and shoulders, and was extricated with some difficulty. Had it even been otherwise, the attempt would have failed; for, on looking down from amidst the iron bars, the king beheld, in the imperfect light, a number of people who were not among his accomplices.

Equal in fatuity, almost 150 years later, were the several attempts at escape concerted on behalf of the French royal family. The abortive escape to Varennes is now familiarly known to all the world, and impeaches the good sense of the king himself not less than of his friends. The arrangements for the falling in with the cavalry escort could not have been worse managed had they been intrusted to children. But even the general outline of the scheme, an escape in a collective family party—father, mother, children, and servants—and the king himself, whose features were known to millions, not even withdrawing himself from the public gaze at the stations for changing horses—all this is calculated to perplex and sadden the pitying reader with the idea that some supernatural infatuation had bewildered the predestined victims. Meantime an earlier escape than this to Varennes had been planned, viz., to Brussels. The preparations for this, which have been narrated by Madame de Campan, were conducted with a disregard of concealment even more astounding to people of ordinary good sense. "Do you really need to escape at all?" would have been the question of many a lunatic; "if you do, surely you need also to disguise your preparations for escape."

But alike the madness, or the providential wisdom, of such attempts commands our profoundest interest; alike—whether conducted by a Cæsar or by the helpless members of families utterly unfitted to act independently for themselves. These attempts belong to history, and it is in that relation that they become philosophically so impressive. Generations through an infinite series are contemplated by us as silently awaiting the turning of a sentinel round a corner, or the casual echo of a footstep. Dynasties have trepidated on the chances of a sudden cry from an infant carried in a basket; and the safety of empires has been suspended, like the descent of an avalanche, upon the moment earlier or the moment later of a cough or a sneeze. And, high above all, ascends solemnly the philosophic truth, that the least things and the greatest are bound together as elements equally essential of the mysterious universe.

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[From Cumming's Hunting Adventures in South Africa.]

FEARFUL TRAGEDY—A MAN-EATING LION.

ON the 29th we arrived at a small village of Bakalahari. These natives told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly resolved to halt here and hunt, and drew my wagons up on the river's bank, within thirty yards of the water, and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, we at once set about making for the cattle a kraal of the worst description of thorn-trees. Of this I had now become very particular, since my severe loss by lions on the first of this month; and my cattle were, at night, secured by a strong kraal, which inclosed my two wagons, the horses being made fast to a trek-tow stretched between the hind wheels of the wagons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the nature and character of the lion, of which I had at one time entertained so little fear; and on this night a horrible tragedy was to be acted in my little lonely camp of so very awful and appalling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. I worked till near sundown at one side of the kraal with Hendric, my first wagon-driver—I cutting down the trees with my ax, and he dragging them to the kraal. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, I turned my attention to making a pot of barley-broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around our sitting-place for the evening.

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine; they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river, and once or twice I strode away into the darkness some distance from the fireside to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, deemed of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a bloodthirsty man-eater lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity to spring into the kraal, and consign one of us to a most horrible death. About three hours after the sun went down I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendric, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal and walked round the back of it. Hendric got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendric and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burned it all in their fires.

Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek "The lion! the lion!" still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, "The lion! the lion! He has got Hendric; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendric is dead! Oh God! Hendric is dead! Let us take fire and seek him." The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendric's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had every thing brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could.

My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and, going at him, disclosed to us his position: they kept up a continued barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendric rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely laid down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling, murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backward round the bush into the dense shade.

As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he

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faintly cried, "Help me, help me! Oh God! men, help me!" After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and, seizing a large flaming brand, had belabored him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river side, under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendric, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendric! I knew the fragments of that old coat, and had often marked them hanging in the dense covers where the elephant had charged after my unfortunate after-rider. Hendric was by far the best man I had about my wagons, of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon-driver, fearless in the field, ever active, willing, and obliging: his loss to us all was very serious. I felt confounded and utterly sick in my heart; I could not remain at the wagons, so I resolved to go after elephants to divert my mind. I had that morning heard them breaking the trees on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly told the natives of the village of my intentions, and having ordered my people to devote the day to fortifying the kraal, started with Piet and Ruyter as my after-riders. It was a very cool day. We crossed the river, and at once took up the fresh spoor of a troop of bull elephants. These bulls unfortunately joined a troop of cows, and when we came on them the dogs attacked the cows, and the bulls were off in a moment, before we could even see them. One remarkably fine old cow charged the dogs. I hunted this cow, and finished her with two shots from the saddle. Being anxious to return to my people before night, I did not attempt to follow the troop. My followers were not a little gratified to see me returning, for terror had taken hold of their minds, and they expected that the lion would return, and, emboldened by the success of the preceding night, would prove still more daring in his attack. The lion would most certainly have returned, but fate had otherwise ordained. My health had been better in the last three days: my fever was leaving me, but I was, of course, still very weak. It would still be two hours before the sun would set, and, feeling refreshed by a little rest, and able for further work, I ordered the steeds to be saddled, and went in search of the lion.

I took John and Carey as after-riders, armed, and a party of the natives followed up the spoor and led the dogs. The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendric along a native foot-path that led up the river side. We found fragments of his coat all along the spoor, and at last the mangled coat itself. About six hundred yards from our camp a dry river's course joined the Limpopo. At this spot was much shade, cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees deposited by the Limpopo in some great flood. The lion had left the foot-path and entered this secluded spot. I at once felt convinced that we were upon him, and ordered the natives to make loose the dogs. These walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, barking angrily, with all their hair bristling on their backs: a crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed —it was the lion bounding away.

Several of the dogs were extremely afraid of him, and kept rushing continually backward and springing aloft to obtain a view. I now pressed forward and urged them on; old Argyll and Bles took up his spoor in gallant style, and led on the other dogs. Then commenced a short but lively and glorious chase, whose conclusion was the only small satisfaction that I could obtain to answer for the horrors of the preceding evening. The lion held up the river's bank for a short distance, and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover, the best he could find, but nevertheless open. Here, in two minutes, the dogs were up with him, and he turned and stood at bay. As I approached, he stood. his horrid head right to me, with open jaws, growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side.

On beholding him my blood boiled with rage. I wished that I could take him alive and torture him, and, setting my teeth, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him and shouted, "*Your* time is up, old fellow." I halted my horse, and, placing my rifle to my shoulder, waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot. He rose, however, again, when I finished him with a second in the breast. The Bakalahari now came up in wonder and delight. I ordered John to cut off his head and forepaws and bring them to the wagons, and, mounting my horse, galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me *their father*.

[From Howitt's Country Year-Book.]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN CHARNWOOD FOREST.

ONE fine, blustering, autumn day, a quiet and venerable-looking old gentleman might be seen, with stick in hand, taking his way through the streets of Leicester. If any one had fol

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lowed him, they would have found him directing his steps toward that side of the town which leads to Charnwood. The old gentleman, who was a Quaker, took his way leisurely, but thoughtfully, stopping every now and then to see what the farmers' men were about, who were plowing up the stubbles to prepare for another year's crop. He paused, also, at this and that farm-house, evidently having a pleasure in the sight of good fat cattle, and in the flocks of poultry—fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, busy about the barn-door, where the sound of the flail, or the swipple, as they there term it, was already heard busily knocking out the corn of the last bountiful harvest. Our old friend—a Friend—for though you, dear reader, do not know him, he was both at the time we speak of—our old friend, again trudging on, would pause on the brow of a hill, at a stile, or on some rustic bridge, casting its little obliging arch over a brooklet, and inhale the fresh autumnal air; and after looking round him, nod to himself, as if to say, "Ay, all good, all beautiful!" and so he went on again. But it would not be long before he would be arrested again by clusters of rich, jetty blackberries, hanging from some old hawthorn hedge; or by clusters of nuts, hanging by the wayside, through the copse. In all these natural beauties our old wayfarer seemed to have the enjoyment of a child. Blackberries went into his mouth, and nuts into his pockets; and so, with a quiet, inquiring, and thoughtful, yet thoughtfully cheerful look, the good old man went on.

He seemed bound for a long walk, and yet to be in no hurry. In one place he stopped to talk to a very old laborer, who was clearing out a ditch; and if you had been near, you would have heard that their discourse was of the past days, and the changes in that part of the country, which the old laborer thought were very much for the worse. And worse they were for him: for formerly he was young and full of life; and now he was old and nearly empty of life. Then he was buoyant, sang songs, made love, went to wakes and merry-makings; now his wooing days, and his marrying days, and his married days were over. His good old dame, who in those young, buxom days was a round-faced, rosy, plump, and light-hearted damsel, was dead, and his children were married, and had enough to do. In those days, the poor fellow was strong and lusty, had no fear and no care; in these, he was weak and tottering; had been pulled and harassed a thousand ways; and was left, as he said, like an old dry kex—*i.e.* a hemlock or cow-parsnip stalk, hollow and dry, to be knocked down and trodden into the dust some day.

Yes, sure enough, those past days *were* much better days than these days were to him. No comparison. But Mr. John Basford, our old wanderer, was taking a more cheerful view of things, and telling the nearly worn-out laborer, that when the night came there followed morning, and that the next would be a heavenly morning, shining on hills of glory, on waters of life, on cities of the blest, where no sun rose, and no sun set; and where every joyful creature of joyful youth, who had been dear to him, and true to him and God, would again meet him, and make times such as should cause songs of praise to spring out of his heart, just as flowers spring out of a vernal tree in the rekindled warmth of the sun.

The old laborer leaned reverently on his spade as the worthy man talked to him. His gray locks, uncovered at his labor by any hat, were tossed in the autumn wind. His dim eye was fixed on the distant sky, that rolled its dark masses of clouds on the gale, and the deep wrinkles of his pale and feeble temples seemed to grow deeper at the thoughts passing within him. He was listening as to a sermon, which brought together his youth and his age; his past and his future; and there were verified on that spot words which Jesus Christ spoke nearly two thousand years ago—"Wherever two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

He was in the midst of the two only. There was a temple there in those open fields, sanctified by two pious hearts, which no ringing of bells, no sound of solemn organ, nor voice of congregated prayers, nor any preacher but the ever-present and invisible One, who there and then fulfilled His promise and was gracious, could have made more holy.

Our old friend again turned to set forward; he shook the old laborer kindly by the hand, and there was a gaze of astonishment in the old man's face—the stranger had not only cheered him by his words, but left something to cheer him when he was gone.

The Friend now went on with a more determined step. He skirted the memorable park of Bradgate, famous for the abode of Lady Jane Grey, and the visit of her schoolmaster, Roger Ascham. He went on into a region of woods and hills. At some seven or eight miles from Leicester, he drew near a solitary farm-house, within the ancient limits of the forest of Charnwood. It was certainly a lonely place amid the woodlands and the wild autumn fields. Evening was fast dropping down; and as the shade of night fell on the scene, the wind tossed more rushingly the boughs of the thick trees, and roared down the rocky valley. John Basford went up to the farm-house, however, as if that was the object of his journey, and a woman opening it at his knock, he soon disappeared within.

Now our old friend was a perfect stranger here; had never been here before; had no acquaintance nor actual business with the inhabitants, though any one watching his progress hither would have been quite satisfied that he was not wandering without an object. But he merely stated that he was somewhat fatigued with his walk from the town, and requested leave to rest awhile. In such a place, such a request is readily, and even gladly granted.

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There was a cheerful fire burning on a bright, clean hearth. The kettle was singing on the hob for tea, and the contrast of the in-door comfort was sensibly heightened by the wild gloom without. The farmer's wife, who had admitted the stranger, soon went out, and called her husband from the fold-yard. He was a plain, hearty sort of man; gave our friend a hearty shake of the hand, sate down, and began to converse. A little time seemed to establish a friendly interest between the stranger and the farmer and his wife. John Basford asked whether they would allow him to smoke a pipe, which was not only readily accorded, but the farmer joined him. They smoked and talked alternately of the country and the town, Leicester being the farmer's market, and as familiar to him as his own neighborhood. He soon came to know, too, who his guest was, and expressed much pleasure in the visit. Tea was carried into the parlor, and thither they all adjourned, for now the farming men were coming into the kitchen, where they sate for the evening.

Tea over, the two gentlemen again had a pipe, and the conversation wandered over a multitude of things and people known to both.

But the night was come down pitch dark, wild, and windy, and old John Basford had to return to Leicester.

"To Leicester!" exclaimed at once man and wife; "to Leicester!" No such thing. He must stay where he was—where could he be better?

John Basford confessed that that was true; he had great pleasure in conversing with them; but then, was it not an unwarrantable liberty to come to a stranger's house, and make thus free?

"Not in the least," the farmer replied; "the freer the better!"

The matter thus was settled, and the evening wore on; but in the course of the evening, the guest, whose simple manner, strong sense, and deeply pious feeling, had made a most favorable impression on his entertainers, hinted that he had heard some strange rumors regarding this house, and that, in truth, had been the cause which had attracted him thither. He had heard, in fact, that a particular chamber in this house was haunted; and he had for a long time felt a growing desire to pass a night in it. He now begged this favor might be granted him.

As he had opened this subject, an evident cloud, and something of an unpleasant surprise, had fallen on the countenances of both man and wife. It deepened as he proceeded; the farmer had withdrawn his pipe from his mouth, and laid it on the table; and the woman had risen, and looked uneasily at their guest. The moment that he uttered the wish to sleep in the haunted room, both exclaimed in the same instant against it.

"No, never!" they exclaimed; "never, on any consideration! They had made a firm resolve on that point, which nothing would induce them to break through."

The guest expressed himself disappointed, but did not press the matter further at the moment. He contented himself with turning the conversation quietly upon this subject, and after a while found the farmer and his wife confirm to him every thing that he had heard. Once more then, and as incidentally, he expressed his regret that he could not gratify the curiosity which had brought him so far; and, before the time for retiring arrived, again ventured to express how much what he had now heard had increased his previous desire to pass a night in that room. He did not profess to believe himself invulnerable to fears of such a kind, but was curious to convince himself of the actual existence of spiritual agency of this character.

The farmer and his wife steadily refused. They declared that others who had come with the same wish, and had been allowed to gratify it, had suffered such terrors as had made their after-lives miserable. The last of these guests was a clergyman, who received such a fright that he sprang from his bed at midnight, had descended, gone into the stable, and saddling his horse, had ridden away at full speed. Those things had caused them to refuse, and that firmly, any fresh experiment of the kind.

The spirit visitation was described to be generally this: At midnight, the stranger sleeping in that room would hear the latch of the door raised, and would in the dark perceive a light step enter, and, as with a stealthy tread, cross the room, and approach the foot of the bed. The curtains would be agitated, and something would be perceived mounted on the bed, and proceeding up it, just upon the body of the person in it. The supernatural visitant would then stretch itself full length on the person of the agitated guest, and the next moment he would feel an oppression at his chest, as of a nightmare, and something extremely cold would touch his face.

At this crisis, the terrified guest would usually utter a fearful shriek, and often go into a swoon. The whole family would be roused from their beds by the alarm; but on no occasion had any traces of the cause of terror been found, though the house, on such occasions, had been diligently and thoroughly searched. The annoying visit was described as being by no means uniform. Sometimes it would not take place for a very long time, so that they would begin to hope that there would be no more of it; but it would, when least expected, occur again. Few people of late years, however, had ventured to sleep in that room, and never since the aforementioned clergyman was so terribly alarmed, about two years ago, had it once been occupied.

"Then," said John Basford, "it is probable that the annoyance is done with forever. If the troublesome visitant was still occasionally present it would, no doubt, take care to manifest itself in some mode or place. It was necessary to test the matter to see whether this particular room was still subject to so strange a phenomenon."

This seemed to have an effect on the farmer

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and his wife. The old man urged his suit all the more earnestly, and, after further show of extreme reluctance on the part of his entertainers, finally prevailed.

The consent once being given, the farmer's wife retired to make the necessary arrangements. Our friend heard sundry goings to and fro; but at length it was announced to him that all was ready; the farmer and his wife both repeating that they would be much better pleased if Mr. Basford would be pleased to sleep in some other room. The old man, however, remained firm to his purpose; he was shown to his chamber, and the maid who led the way stood at some distance from the denoted door, and pointing to it, bade him good night, and hurried away.

Mr. Basford found himself alone in the haunted room, he looked round and discovered nothing that should make it differ from any other good and comfortable chamber, or that should give to some invisible agent so singular a propensity to disturb any innocent mortal that nocturnated in it. Whether he felt any nervous terrors, we know not; but as he was come to see all that would or could occur there, he kept himself most vigilantly awake. He lay down in a very good feather bed, extinguished his light, and waited in patience. Time and tide, as they will wait for no man, went on. All sounds of life ceased in the house; nothing could be heard but the rushing wind without, and the bark of the yard-dog occasionally amid the laughing blast. Midnight came, and found John Basford wide-awake and watchfully expectant. Nothing stirred, but he lay still on the watch. At length—was it so? Did he hear a rustling movement, as it were, near his door, or was it his excited fancy? He raised his head from his pillow, and listened intensely. Hush! there is something!—no!—it was his contagious mind ready to hear and see—what? There was an actual sound of the latch! He could hear it raised! He could not be mistaken. There was a sound as if his door was cautiously opened. List! it was true. There were soft, stealthy footsteps on the carpet; they came directly toward the bed; they paused at its foot; the curtains were agitated; there were steps on the bed; something crept—did not the heart and the very flesh of the rash old man now creep too?—and upon him sank a palpable form, palpable from its pressure, for the night was dark as an oven. There was a heavy weight on his chest, and in the same instant something almost icy cold touched his face.

With a sudden, convulsive action, the old man suddenly flung up his arms, clutched at the terrible object which thus oppressed him, and shouted with a loud cry,

"I have got him! I have got him!"

There was a sound as of a deep growl, a vehement struggle, but John Basford held fast his hold, and felt that he had something within it huge, shaggy, and powerful. Once more he raised his voice loud enough to have roused the whole house; but it seemed no voice of terror, but one of triumph and satisfaction. In the next instant, the farmer rushed into the room with a light in his hand, and revealed to John Basford that he held in his arms the struggling form of a huge Newfoundland dog!

"Let him go, sir, in God's name!" exclaimed the farmer, on whose brow drops of real anguish stood, and glistened in the light of the candle "Down stairs, Cæsar!" and the dog, released from the hold of the Quaker, departed as if much ashamed.

In the same instant, the farmer and his wife, who now also came in dressed, and evidently never having been to bed, were on their knees by the bedside.

"You know it all, sir," said the farmer; "you see through it. You were too deep and strong-minded to be imposed on. We were, therefore, afraid of this when you asked to sleep in this room. Promise us now, that while we live you will never reveal what you know?"

They then related to him, that this house and chamber had never been haunted by any other than this dog, which had been trained to play the part. That, for generations, their family had lived on this farm; but some years ago, their landlord having suddenly raised their rent to an amount that they felt they could not give, they were compelled to think of quitting the farm. This was to them an insuperable source of grief. It was the place that all their lives and memories were bound up with. They were extremely cast down. Suddenly it occurred to them to give an ill name to the house. They hit on this scheme, and, having practiced it well, did not long want an opportunity of trying it. It had succeeded beyond their expectations. The fears of their guests were found to be of a force which completely blinded them to any discovery of the truth. There had been occasions where they thought some clumsy accident must have stripped away the delusion; but no! there seemed a thick vail of blindness, a fascination of terror cast over the strongest minds, which nothing could pierce through. Case after case occurred; and the house and farm acquired such a character, that no money or consideration of any kind would have induced a fresh tenant to live there. The old tenants continued at their old rent; and the comfortable ghost stretched himself every night in a capacious kennel, without any need of disturbing his slumbers by calls to disturb those of the guests of the haunted chamber.

Having made this revelation, the farmer and his wife again implored their guest to preserve their secret.

He hesitated.

"Nay," said he, "I think it would not be right to do that. That would be to make myself a party to a public deception. It would be a kind of fraud on the world and the landlord. It would serve to keep up those superstitious terrors which should be as speedily as possible dissipated."

The farmer was in agony. He rose and

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strode to and fro in the room. His countenance grew red and wrathful. He cast dark glances at his guest, whom his wife continued to implore, and who sate silent, and, as it were, lost in reflection.

"And do you think it a right thing, sir," said the farmer, "thus to force yourself into a stranger's house and family, and, in spite of the strongest wishes expressed to the contrary, into his very chambers, and that only to do him a mischief? Is that your religion, sir? I thought you had something better in you than that. Am I now to think your mildness and piety were only so much hypocrisy put on to ruin me?"

"Nay, friend, I don't want to ruin thee," said the Quaker.

"But ruin me you will, though, if you publish this discovery. Out I must turn, and be the laughing-stock of the whole country to boot. Now, if that is what you mean, say so, and I shall know what sort of a man you are. Let me know at once whether you are an honest man or a cockatrice?"

"My friend," said the Quaker, "canst thou call thyself an honest man, in practicing this deception for all these years, and depriving thy landlord of the rent he would otherwise have got from another? And dost thou think it would be honest in me to assist in the continuance of this fraud?"

"I rob the landlord of nothing," replied the farmer. "I pay a good, fair rent; but I don't want to quit the old spot. And if you had not thrust yourself into this affair, you would have had nothing to lay on your conscience concerning it. I must, let me tell you, look on it as a piece of unwarrantable impertinence to come thus to my house and be kindly treated only to turn Judas against me."

The word Judas seemed to hit the Friend a great blow.

"A Judas!"

"Yes—a Judas! a real Judas!" exclaimed the wife. "Who could have thought it!"

"Nay, nay," said the old man. "I am no Judas. It is true, I forced myself into it; and if you pay the landlord an honest rent, why, I don't know that it is any business of mine—at least while you live."

"That is all we want," replied the farmer, his countenance changing, and again flinging himself by his wife on his knees by the bed. "Promise us never to reveal it while we live, and we shall be quite satisfied. We have no children, and when we go, those may come to th' old spot who will."

"Promise me never to practice this trick again," said John Basford.

"We promise faithfully," rejoined both farmer and wife.

"Then I promise too," said the Friend, "that not a whisper of what has passed here shall pass my lips during your lifetime."

With warmest expressions of thanks, the farmer and his wife withdrew; and John Basford, having cleared the chamber of its mystery, lay down and passed one of the sweetest nights he ever enjoyed.

The farmer and his wife lived a good many years after this, but they both died before Mr. Basford; and after their death, he related to his friends the facts which are here detailed. He, too, has passed, years ago, to his longer night in the grave, and to the clearing up of greater mysteries than that of—the Haunted House of Charnwood Forest.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

LEDRU ROLLIN—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

LEDRU ROLLIN is now in his forty-fourth or forty-fifth year, having been born in 1806 or 1807. He is the grandson of the famous *Prestidigateur*, or Conjurer Comus, who, about four or five-and-forty years ago, was in the acme of his fame. During the Consulate, and a considerable portion of the Empire, Comus traveled from one department of France to the other, and is even known to have extended his journeys beyond the Rhine and the Moselle on one side, and beyond the Rhône and Garonne on the other. Of all the conjurors of his day he was the most famous and the most successful, always, of course, excepting that Corsican conjuror who ruled for so many years the destinies of France. From those who have seen that famous trickster, we have learned that the Charleses, the Alexandres, even the Robert-Houdins, were children compared with the magical wonder-worker of the past generation. The fame of Comus was enormous, and his gains proportionate; and when he had shuffled off this mortal coil it was found he had left to his descendants a very ample—indeed, for France, a very large fortune. Of the descendants in a right line, his grandson, Ledru Rollin, was his favorite, and to him the old man left the bulk of his fortune, which, during the minority of Ledru Rollin, grew to a sum amounting to nearly, if not fully, £4000 per annum of our money.

The scholastic education of the young man who was to inherit this considerable fortune, was nearly completed during the reign of Louis XVIII., and shortly after Charles X. ascended the throne *il commençait à faire sur droit*, as they phrase it in the *pays Latin*. Neither during the reign of Louis XVIII., nor indeed now, unless in the exact and physical sciences, does Paris afford a very solid and substantial education. Though the Roman poets and historians are tolerably well studied and taught, yet little attention is paid to Greek literature. The physical and exact sciences are unquestionably admirably taught at the Polytechnique and other schools; but neither at the College of St. Barbe, nor of Henry IV., can a pupil be so well grounded in the rudiments and humanities as in our grammar and public schools. A studious, painstaking, and docile youth, will, no doubt, learn a great deal, no matter where he has been placed in pupilage; but we have heard from a contem-

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porary of M. Rollin, that he was not particularly distinguished either for his industry or his docility in early life. The earliest days of the reign of Charles X. saw M. Ledru Rollin an *étudiant en droit* in Paris. Though the schools of law had been re-established during the Consulate pretty much after the fashion in which they existed in the time of Louis XIV., yet the application of the *alumni* was fitful and desultory, and perhaps there were no two classes in France, at the commencement of 1825, who were more imbued with the Voltarian philosophy, and the doctrines and principles of Rosseau, than the *élèves* of the schools of law and medicine.

Under a king so skeptical and voluptuous, so much of a *philosophe* and *pyrrhonéste*, as Louis XVIII., such tendencies were likely to spread themselves through all ranks of society—to permeate from the very highest to the very lowest classes; and not all the lately acquired asceticism of the monarch, his successor, nor all the efforts of the Jesuits, could restrain or control the tendencies of the *étudiants en droit*. What the law students were antecedently and subsequent to 1825, we know from the *Physiologie de l' Homme de Loi;* and it is not to be supposed that M. Ledru Rollin, with more ample pecuniary means at command, very much differed from his fellows. After undergoing a three years' course of study, M. Rollin obtained a diploma as a *licencié en droit*, and commenced his career as *stagiare* somewhere about the end of 1826, or the beginning of 1827. Toward the close of 1829, or in the first months of 1830, he was, we believe, placed on the roll of advocates: so that he was called to the bar, or, as they say in France, received an advocate, in his twenty-second or twenty-third year.

The first years of an advocate, even in France, are generally passed in as enforced an idleness as in England. Clients come not to consult the greenhorn of the last term; nor does any *avoué* among our neighbors, any more than any attorney among ourselves, fancy that an old head is to be found on young shoulders. The years 1830 and 1831 were not marked by any oratorical effort of the author of the *Decline of England;* nor was it till 1832 that, being then one of the youngest of the bar of Paris, he prepared and signed an opinion against the placing of Paris in a state of siege consequent on the insurrections of June. Two years after he prepared a memoir, or *factum*, on the affair of the Rue Transonian, and defended Dupoty, accused of *complicité morale*, a monstrous doctrine, invented by the Attorney-general Hebert. From 1834 to 1841 he appeared as counsel in nearly all the cases of *émeute* or conspiracy where the individuals prosecuted were Republicans or *quasi*-Republicans. Meanwhile, he had become the proprietor and *rédacteur en chief* of the *Réforme* newspaper, a political journal of an ultra-liberal—indeed, of a republican—complexion, which was then called of extreme opinions, as he had previously been editor of a legal newspaper called *Journal du Palais*. *La Réforme* had been originally conducted by Godefroy Cavaignac, the brother of the general, who continued editor till the period of the fatal illness which preceded his death. The defense of Dupoty, tried and sentenced under the ministry of Thiers to five years' imprisonment, as a regicide, because a letter was found open in the letter-box of the paper of which he was editor, addressed to him by a man said to be implicated in the conspiracy of Quenisset, naturally brought M. Rollin into contact with many of the writers in *La Réforme;* and these persons, among others Guinard Arago, Etienne Arago, and Flocon, induced him to embark some portion of his fortune in the paper. From one step he was led on to another, and ultimately became one of the chief, indeed, is not the chief proprietor. The speculation was far from successful in a pecuniary sense; but M. Rollin, in furtherance of his opinions, continued for some years to disburse considerable sums in the support of the journal. By this he no doubt increased his popularity and his credit with the republican party, but it can not be denied that he very materially injured his private fortune. In the earlier portion of his career M. Rollin was, it is known, not indisposed to seek a seat in the chamber under the auspicies of M. Barrot, but subsequently to his connection with the *Réforme*, he had himself become thoroughly known to the extreme party in the departments, and on the death of Garnier Pagès the elder, was elected in 1841 for Le Mans, in the department of La Sarthe.

In addressing the electors after his return, M. Rollin delivered a speech much more republican than monarchical. For this he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, but the sentence was appealed against and annulled on a technical ground, and the honorable member was ultimately acquitted by the Cour d'Assizes of Angers.

The parliamentary *début* of M. Rollin took place in 1842. His first speech was delivered on the subject of the secret-service money. The elocution was easy and flowing, the manner oratorical, the style somewhat turgid and bombastic. But in the course of the session M. Rollin improved, and his discourse on the modification of the criminal law, on other legal subjects, and on railways, were more sober specimens of style. In 1843 and 1844 M. Rollin frequently spoke; but though his speeches were a good deal talked of outside the walls of the chamber, they produced little effect within it. Nevertheless, it was plain to every candid observer that he possessed many of the requisites of the orator—a good voice, a copious flow of words, considerable energy and enthusiasm, a sanguine temperament and jovial and generous disposition. In the sessions of 1845–46, M. Rollin took a still more prominent part. His purse, his house in the Rue Tournon, his counsels and advice, were all placed at the service of the men of the movement; and by the beginning of 1847 he seemed to be acknowl-

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edged by the extreme party as its most conspicuous and popular member. Such, indeed, was his position when the electoral reform banquets, on a large scale, began to take place in the autumn of 1847. These banquets, promoted and forwarded by the principal members of the opposition to serve the cause of electoral reform, were looked on by M. Rollin and his friends in another light. While Odillon Barrot, Duvergier d'Hauranne, and others, sought by means of them to produce an enlarged constituency, the member for Sarthe looked not merely to functional, but to organic reform—not merely to an enlargement of the constituency, but to a change in the form of the government. The desire of Barrot was *à la vérité, à la sincerité des institutions conquises en Julliet* 1830; whereas the desire of Rollin was, *à l'amélioration des classes laborieuses:* the one was willing to go on with the dynasty of Louis Philippe and the Constitution of July improved by diffusion and extension of the franchise, the other looked to a democratic and social republic. The result is now known. It is not here our purpose to go over the events of the Revolution of February, 1848, but we may be permitted to observe, that the combinations by which that event was effected were ramified and extensive, and were long silently and secretly in motion.

The personal history of Ledru Rollin, since February, 1848, is well known and patent to all the world. He was the *ame damnée* of the Provisional Government—the man whose extreme opinions, intemperate circulars, and vehement patronage of persons professing the political creed of Robespierre—indisposed all moderate men to rally around the new system. It was in covering Ledru Rollin with the shield of his popularity that Lamartine lost his own, and that he ceased to be the political idol of a people of whom he must ever be regarded as one of the literary glories and illustrations. On the dissolution of the Provisional Government, Ledru Rollin constituted himself one of the leaders of the movement party. In ready powers of speech and in popularity no man stood higher; but he did not possess the power of restraining his followers or of holding them in hand, and the result was, that instead of being their leader he became their instrument. Fond of applause, ambitious of distinction, timid by nature, destitute of pluck, and of that rarer virtue moral courage, Ledru Rollin, to avoid the imputation of faint-heartedness, put himself in the foreground, but the measures of his followers being ill-taken, the plot in which he was mixed up egregiously failed, and he is now in consequence an exile in England.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

IT was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle but was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant forecastle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tall, powerful young seaman; "I don't think there are many sharks about: what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group: "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner." In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trowsers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh: they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

"You no swim to-day, Ned?" said he, addressing me. "Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel." I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried out, "A shark! a shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us: each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the forecastle. "Go it, Sambo!" cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, "A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!"

"Lay aft, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim, for God's sake!" cried the captain, who was now on deck; "he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!" My heart stood still: I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me

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like rain: the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices; "they never take black when they can get white."

I did swim, and that desperately: the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move: the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand, in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

"He sees you now!" was shouted; "he is after you!" Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of every thing at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship: fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

"Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time: a slight struggle ensued: I had the highest hold. Regardless of every thing but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

[From Howitt's Country Year-Book.]

THE TWO THOMPSONS.

BY the wayside, not far from the town of Mansfield—on a high and heathy ground, which gives a far-off view of the minster of Lincoln—you may behold a little clump of trees, encircled by a wall. That is called THOMPSON'S GRAVE. But who is this Thompson; and why lies he so far from his fellows? In ground unconsecrated; in the desert, or on the verge of it—for cultivation now approaches it? The poor man and his wants spread themselves, and corn and potatoes crowd upon Thompson's grave. But who is this Thompson; and why lies he here?

In the town of Mansfield there was a poor boy, and this poor boy became employed in a hosier's warehouse. From the warehouse his assiduity and probity sent him to the counting-house; from the counting-house, abroad. He traveled to carry stockings to the Asiatic and the people of the south. He sailed up the rivers of Persia, and saw the tulips growing wild on their banks, with many a lily and flower of our proudest gardens. He traveled in Spain and Portugal, and was in Lisbon when the great earthquake shook his house over his head. He fled. The streets reeled; the houses fell; church towers dashed down in thunder across his path. There were flying crowds, shrieks, and dust, and darkness. But he fled on. The farther, the more misery. Crowds filled the fields when he reached them—naked, half-naked, terrified, starving, and looking in vain for a refuge. He fled across the hills, and gazed. The whole huge city rocked and staggered below. There were clouds of dust, columns of flame, the thunder of down-crashing buildings, the wild cries of men. He suffered amid ten thousand suffering outcasts.

At length, the tumult ceased; the earth became stable. With other ruined and curious men he climbed over the heaps of desolation in quest of what once was his home, and the depository of his property. His servant was nowhere to be seen: Thompson felt that he must certainly have been killed. After many days' qnest, and many uncertainties, he found the spot where his house had stood; it was a heap of rubbish. His servant and merchandise lay beneath it. He had money enough, or credit enough, to set to work men to clear away some of the fallen materials, and to explore whether any amount of property were recoverable. What is that sound? A subterranean, or subruinan, voice? The workmen stop, and are ready to fly with fear. Thompson exhorts them, and they work on. But again that voice! No *human* creature can be living there. The laborers again turn to fly. They are a poor, ignorant, and superstitious crew; but Thompson's commands, and Thompson's gold, arrest them. They work on, and out walks Thompson's living servant, still in the body, though a body not much more substantial than a ghost. All cry, "How have you managed to live?"

"I fled to the cellar. I have sipped the wine; but now I want bread, meat, every thing!" and the living skeleton walked staggeringly on, and looked voraciously for shops and loaves, and saw only brickbats and ruins.

Thompson recovered his goods, and retreated as soon as possible to his native land. Here, in his native town, the memory of the earthquake still haunted him. He used almost daily to hasten out of the place, and up the forest hill, where he imagined that he saw Lisbon reeling, tottering, churches falling, and men flying. But he saw only the red tiles of some thousand peaceful houses, and the twirling of a dozen windmill sails. Here he chose his burial-ground; walled it, and planted it, and left special directions for his burial. The grave should be deep, and the spades of resurrection-men disappointed by repeated layers of straw, not easy to dig through. In the church-yard of Mansfield, meantime, he found the grave of his parents, and honored it with an inclosure of iron palisades.

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He died. How? Not in travel; not in sailing over the ocean, nor up tulip-margined rivers of Persia or Arabia Felix; nor yet in an earthquake—but in the dream of one. One night he was heard crying in a voice of horror, "There! there!—fly! fly!—the town shakes! the house falls! Ha! the earth opens!—away!" Then the voice ceased; but in the morning it was found that he had rolled out of bed, lodged between the bedstead and the wall, and there, like a sandbag wedged in a windy crevice, he was—dead!

There is, therefore, a dead Thompson in Sherwood Forest, where no clergyman laid him, and yet he sleeps; and there is also a living Thompson.

In the village of Edwinstowe, on the very verge of the beautiful old Birkland, there stands a painter's house. In his little parlor you find books, and water-color-paintings on the walls, which show that the painter has read and looked about him in the world. And yet he is but a house-painter, who owes his establishment here to his love of nature rather than to his love of art. In the neighboring Dukery, some one of the wealthy wanted a piece of oak-painting done; but he was dissatisfied with the style in which painters now paint oak; a style very splendid, but as much resembling genuine oak as a frying-pan resembles the moon. Christopher Thompson determined to try *his* hand; and for this purpose he did not put himself to school to some great master of the art, who had copied the copy of a hundred consecutive copies of a piece of oak, till the thing produced was very fine, but like no wood that ever grew or ever will grow. Christopher Thompson went to nature. He got a piece of well-figured, real oak, well planed and polished, and copied it precisely. When the different specimens of the different painters were presented to the aforesaid party, he found only one specimen at all like oak, and that was Thompson's. The whole crowd of master house-painters were exasperated and amazed. Such a fellow preferred to them! No; they were wrong; it was nature that was preferred.

Christopher Thompson was a self-taught painter. He had been tossed about the world in a variety of characters—errand-boy, brickmakers' boy, potter, shipwright, sailor, sawyer, strolling player; and here he finally settled down as painter, and, having achieved a trade, he turned author, and wrote his life. That life—*The Autobiography of an Artisan*—is one of the best written and most interesting books of its class that we ever read. It is full of the difficulties of a poor man's life, and of the resolute spirit that conquers them. It is, moreover, full of a desire to enlighten, elevate, and in every way better the condition of his fellow-men. Christopher Thompson is not satisfied to have made his own way; he is anxious to pave the way for the whole struggling population. He is a zealous politician, and advocate of the Odd Fellow system, as calculated to link men together and give them power, while it gives them a stimulus to social improvement. He has labored to diffuse a love of reading, and to establish mechanics' libraries in neglected and obscure places.

Behold the Thompson of Edwinstowe. Time, in eight-and-forty years, has whitened his hair, though it has left the color of health on his cheek, and the fire of intelligence in his eye. With a well-built frame and figure, and a comely countenance, there is a buoyancy of step, an energy of manner about him, that agree with what he has written of his life and aspirations. Such are the men that England is now, ever and anon, in every nook and corner of the island, producing. She produces them because they are needed. They are the awakeners who are to stir up the sluggish to what the time demands of them.

The two Thompsons of Sherwood are types of their ages. He of the grave—lies solitary and apart from his race. He lived to earn money—his thought was for himself—and there he sleeps, alone in his glory—such as it is. He was no worse, nay, he was better than many of his contemporaries. He had no lack of benevolence; but trade and the spirit of his age, cold and unsympathetic, absorbed him. He was content to lie alone in the desert, amid the heath "that knows not when good cometh," and where the lonely raven perches on the blasted tree.

The living Thompson is, too, the man of his age; for it is an age of awakening enterprise, of wider views, of stronger sympathies. He lives and works, not for himself alone. His motto is Progress; and while the forest whispers to him of the past, books and his own heart commune with him of the future. Such men belong to both. When the present becomes the past, their work will survive them; and their tomb will not be a desert, but the grateful memories of improved men. May they spring up in every hamlet, and carry knowledge and refinement to every cottage fireside!

[From Five Years' Hunting Adventures in South Africa.]

HABITS OF THE AFRICAN LION.

THE night of the 19th was to me rather a memorable one, as being the first on which I had the satisfaction of hearing the deep-toned thunder of the lion's roar. Although there was no one near to inform me by what beast the haughty and impressive sounds which echoed through the wilderness were produced, I had little difficulty in divining. There was no mistake about it; and on hearing it I at once knew, as well as if accustomed to the sound from my infancy, that the appalling roar which was uttered within half a mile of me was no other than that of the mighty and terrible king of beasts. Although the dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion has long rendered him famous among his fellow quadrupeds, and his appearance and

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habits have oftener been described by abler pens than mine, nevertheless I consider that a few remarks, resulting from my own personal experience, formed by a tolerable long acquaintance with him, both by day and by night, may not prove uninteresting to the reader. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature.

Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle: the lion also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelopes, and on both varieties of the gnoo. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favorite object of his pursuit.

Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feast upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcasses of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle. The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families of lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked that it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake. It is a common thing to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large young ones nearly full-grown; at other times, full-grown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship: two, three, and four full-grown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together.

The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances, almost sweeps the ground. The color of these manes varies, some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of "Schwart fore life" and "Chiel fore life:" this idea, however, is erroneous. The color of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-gray, pepper-and-salt sort of color. These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting forest districts.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice.

The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerable good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy

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and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain, a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

Lions are ever most active, daring, and presuming in dark and stormy nights, and consequently, on such occasions, the traveler ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. By this acute system many a grisly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forests of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my "Westley Richards." Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. Lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men. A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation, which confirmed the reports I had before heard from the natives. One day, when out elephant-hunting in the territory of the "Baseleka," accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing toward us with a dignified step and undaunted bearing, the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his terribly expressive eye resolutely fixed upon us, and displaying a show of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid "Bechuanas," he approached. A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result; and, in the confusion of the moment, four couples of my dogs, which they had been leading, were allowed to escape in their couples. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with which the lioness was retreating in the background. Facing about, he followed after them with a haughty and independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs which trotted along on either side of him. Three troops of elephants having been discovered a few minutes previous to this, upon which I was marching for the attack, I, with the most heartfelt reluctance, reserved my fire. On running down the hill side to endeavor to recall my dogs, I observed, for the first time, the retreating lioness with four cubs. About twenty minutes afterward two noble elephants repaid my forbearance.

Among Indian Nimrods, a certain class of royal tigers is dignified with the appellation of "man-eaters." These are tigers which, having once tasted human flesh, show a predilection for the same, and such characters are very naturally famed and dreaded among the natives. Elderly gentlemen of similar tastes and habits are occasionally met with among the lions in the interior of South Africa, and the danger of such neighbors may be easily imagined. I account for lions first acquiring this taste in the following manner: the Bechuana tribes of the far interior do not bury their dead, but unceremoniously carry them forth, and leave them lying exposed in the forest or on the plain, a prey to the lion and hyæna, or the jackal and vulture; and I can readily imagine that a lion, having thus once tasted human flesh, would have little hesitation, when opportunity presented itself, of springing upon and carrying off the unwary traveler or "Bechuana" inhabiting his country. Be this as it may, man-eaters occur; and on my fourth hunting expedition, a horrible tragedy was acted one dark night in my little lonely camp by one of these formidable characters, which deprived me, in the far wilderness, of my most valuable servant. In winding up these few observations on the lion, which I trust will not have been tiresome to the reader, I may remark that lion-hunting, under any circumstances, is decidedly a dangerous pursuit. It may nevertheless be followed, to a certain extent, with comparative safety by those who have naturally a turn for that sort of thing. A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession, an acquaintance with the disposition and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly-celebrated king of beasts.

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[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE OLD CHURCH-YARD TREE.

A PROSE POEM.

THERE is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dark quiet corner of the church-yard.

And a child was at play beneath its wide-spreading branches, one fine day in the early spring. He had his lap full of flowers, which the fields and lanes had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune to himself as he wove them into garlands.

And a little girl at play among the tomb-stones crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon his garland, that he did not hear the gentle footsteps, as they trod softly over the fresh green grass. When his work was finished, and all the flowers that were in his lap were woven together in one long wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she looked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets hanging down upon her neck. The little girl was so startled by his sudden movement, that she let fall all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and help him to make more garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends.

Twenty years passed away. Again, he was seated beneath the old yew tree in the church-yard.

It was summer now; bright, beautiful summer, with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scenting the air with their perfume.

But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl steal near on tiptoe, fearful of being heard. She was seated by his side, and his arm was round her, and she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together was passed here: we will spend the first evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy place." And he drew her closer to him as she spoke.

The summer is gone; and the autumn; and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away since that evening, in the old church-yard.

A young man, on a bright moonlight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings, and is presently followed by others like unto himself, or worse. So, they all laugh at the dark solemn head of the yew tree, and throw stones up at the place where the moon has silvered the boughs.

Those same boughs are again silvered by the moon, and they droop over his mother's grave. There is a little stone which bears this inscription·

"HER HEART BRAKE IN SILENCE."

But the silence of the church-yard is now broken by a voice—not of the youth—nor a voice of laughter and ribaldry.

"My son! dost thou see this grave? and dost thou read the record in anguish, whereof may come repentance?"

"Of what should I repent?" answers the son; "and why should my young ambition for fame relax in its strength because my mother was old and weak?"

"Is this indeed our son?" says the father, bending in agony over the grave of his beloved.

"I can well believe I am not;" exclaimeth the youth. "It is well that you have brought me here to say so. Our natures are unlike; our courses must be opposite. Your way lieth here—mine yonder!"

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave.

Again a few years are passed. It is winter, with a roaring wind and a thick gray fog. The graves in the church-yard are covered with snow, and there are great icicles in the church-porch. The wind now carries a swathe of snow along the tops of the graves, as though the "sheeted dead" were at some melancholy play; and hark! the icicles fall with a crash and jingle, like a solemn mockery of the echo of the unseemly mirth of one who is now coming to his final rest.

There are two graves near the old yew tree; and the grass has overgrown them. A third is close by; and the dark earth at each side has just been thrown up. The bearers come; with a heavy pace they move along; the coffin heaveth up and down, as they step over the intervening graves.

Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and worn out his life; and premature decay soon seized upon the son, and gnawed away his vain ambition, and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, not the way yonder that was most opposite to his father and his mother, but even the same way they had gone—the way which leads to the Old Church-yard Tree.

THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

BY HOWITT.

THE English peasant is generally reckoned a very simple, monotonous animal; and most people, when they have called him a clown, or a country-hob, think they have described him. If you see a picture of him, he is a long, silly-looking fellow, in a straw hat, a white slop, and a pair of ankle-boots, with a bill in his hand—just as the London artist sees him in the juxta metropolitan districts; and that is the English peasant. They who have gone farther into England, however, than Surrey, Kent, or Middlesex, have seen the English peasant in some

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different costume, under a good many different aspects; and they who will take the trouble to recollect what they have heard of him, will find him a rather multifarious creature. He is, in truth, a very Protean personage. What is he, in fact? A day-laborer, a woodman, a plowman, a wagoner, a collier, a worker in railroad and canal making, a gamekeeper, a poacher, an incendiary, a charcoal-burner, a keeper of village ale-houses, and Tom-and-Jerrys; a tramp, a pauper, pacing sullenly in the court-yard of a parish-union, or working in his frieze jacket on some parish-farm; a boatman, a road-side stone-breaker, a quarryman, a journeyman bricklayer, or his clerk; a shepherd, a drover, a rat-catcher, a mole-catcher, and a hundred other things; in any one of which, he is as different from the sheepish, straw-hatted, and ankle-booted, bill-holding fellow of the print-shop windows, as a cockney is from a Newcastle keelman.

In the matter of costume only, every different district presents him in a different shape. In the counties round London, eastward and westward, through Berkshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, etc., he is the *white-slopped* man of the London prints, with a longish, rosy-cheeked face, and a stupid, quiet manner. In Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and in that direction, he sports his *olive-green* slop, and his wide-awake, larking hat, bit-o'-blood, or whatever else the hatters call those round-crowned, turned-up-brimmed felts of eighteen-pence or two shillings cost, which have of late years so wonderfully taken the fancy of the country-chaps. In the Midland counties, especially Leicestershire, Derby, Nottingham, Warwick, and Staffordshire, he dons a *blue-slop*, called the Newark frock, which is finely gathered in a square piece of puckerment on the back and breast, on the shoulders and at the wrists; is adorned also, in those parts, with flourishes of white thread, and as invariably has a little white heart stitched in at the bottom of the slit at the neck. A man would not think himself a man, if he had not one of those slops, which are the first things that he sees at a market or a fair, hung aloft at the end of the slop-vender's stall, on a crossed pole, and waving about like a scarecrow in the wind.

Under this he generally wears a coarse blue jacket, a red or yellow shag waistcoat, stout blue worsted stockings, tall laced ankle-boots, and corduroy breeches or trowsers. A red handkerchief round his neck is his delight, with two good long ends dangling in front. In many other parts of the country, he wears no slop at all, but a corduroy or fustian jacket, with capacious pockets, and buttons of giant size.

That is his every-day, work-a-day style; but see him on a Sunday, or a holiday—see him turn out to church, wake, or fair—there's a *beau* for you! If he has not his best slop on, which has never yet been defiled by touch of labor, he is conspicuous in his blue, brown, or olive-green coat, and waistcoat of glaring color—scarlet, or blue, or green striped—but it must be showy; and a pair of trowsers, generally blue, with a width nearly as ample as a sailor's, and not only guiltless of the foppery of being strapped down, but if he find the road rather dirty, or the grass dewy, they are turned up three or four inches at the bottom, so as to show the lining. On those days, he has a hat of modern shape, that has very lately cost him four-and-sixpence; and if he fancy himself rather handsome, or stands well with the women, he cocks it a little on one side, and wears it with a knowing air. He wears the collar of his coarse shirt up on a holiday, and his flaming handkerchief round his neck puts forth dangling ends of an extra length, like streamers. The most troublesome business of a full-dress day is to know what to do with his hands. He is dreadfully at a loss where to put them. On other days, they have plenty of occupation with their familiar implements, but to-day they are miserably sensible of a vacuum; and, except he be very old, he wears no gloves. They are sometimes diving into his trowser-pockets, sometimes into his waistcoat-pocket, and at others into his coat-pockets behind, turning his laps out like a couple of tails.

The great remedy for this inconvenience is a stick, or a switch; and in the corner of his cottage, between the clock-case and the wall, you commonly see a stick of a description that indicates its owner. It is an ash-plant, with a face cut on its knob; or a thick hazel, which a woodbine has grown tightly round, and raised on it a spiral, serpentine swelling; or it is a switch, that is famous for cutting off the heads of thistles, docks, and nettles, as he goes along.

The women, in their paraphernalia, generally bear a nearer resemblance to their sisters of the town; the village dressmaker undertaking to put them into the very newest fashion which has reached that part of the country; and truly, were it not for the genuine country manner in which their clothes are thrown on, they might pass very well, too, at the market.

But the old men and old women, they are of the ancient world, truly. There they go, tottering and stooping along to church! It is now their longest journey. The old man leans heavily on his stout stick. His thin white hair covers his shoulders; his coat, with large steel buttons, and square-cut collar, has an antique air; his breeches are of leather, and worn bright with age, standing up at the knees, like the lids of tankards; and his loose shoes have large steel buckles. By his side, comes on his old dame, with her little, old-fashioned black bonnet; her gown, of a large flowery pattern, pulled up through the pocket-hole, showing a well-quilted petticoat, black stockings, high-heeled shoes, and large buckles also. She has on a black mode cloak, edged with old-fashioned lace, carefully darned; or if winter, her warm red cloak, with a narrow edging of fur down the front. You see, in fancy, the oaken chest in which that drapery has been kept for the last half century; and you wonder who is to wear it next. Not their children—for the fashions of this world are

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changed; they must be cut down into primitive raiment for the grandchildren.

But who says the English peasant is dull and unvaried in his character? To be sure, he has not the wild wit, the voluble tongue, the reckless fondness for laughing, dancing, carousing, and shillalying of the Irish peasant; nor the grave, plodding habits and intelligence of the Scotch one. He may be said, in his own phraseology, to be "betwixt and between." He has wit enough when it is wanted; he can be merry enough when there is occasion; he is ready for a row when his blood is well up; and he will take to his book, if you will give him a schoolmaster. What is he, indeed, but the rough block of English character? Hew him out of the quarry of ignorance; dig him out of the slough of everlasting labor; chisel him, and polish him; and he will come out whatever you please. What is the stuff of which your armies have been chiefly made, but this English peasant? Who won your Cressys, your Agincourts, your Quebecs, your Indies, East and West, and your Waterloos, but the English peasant, trimmed and trained into the game-cock of war? How many of them have been carried off to man your fleets, to win your Camperdowns and Trafalgars? and when they came ashore again, were no longer the simple, slouching Simons of the village; but jolly tars, with rolling gait, quid in mouth, glazed hats, with crowns of one inch high, and brims of five wide, and with as much glib slang, and glib money to treat the girls with, as any Jack of them all.

Cowper has drawn a capital picture of the ease and perfection with which the clownish chrysalis may be metamorphosed into the scarlet moth of war. Catch the animal young, and you may turn him into any shape you please. He will learn to wear silk stockings, scarlet plush breeches, collarless coats, with silver buttons; and swing open a gate with a grace, or stand behind my lady's carriage with his wand, as smoothly impudent as any of the tribe. He will clerk it with a pen behind his ear; or mount a pulpit, as Stephen Duck, the thresher, did, if you will only give him the chance. The fault is not in him, it is in fortune. He has rich fallows in his soul, if any body thought them worth turning. But keep him down, and don't press him too hard; feed him pretty well, and give him plenty of work; and, like one of his companions, the cart-horse, he will drudge on till the day of his death.

So in the north of England, where they give him a cottage and his food, and keep no more of his species than will just do the work, letting all the rest march off to the Tyne collieries; he is a very patient creature; and if they did not show him books, would not wince at all. So in the fens of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdon, and on many a fat and clayey level of England, where there are no resident gentry, and but here and there a farm-house, you may meet the English peasant in his most sluggish and benumbed condition. He is then a long-legged, staring creature, considerably "lower than the angels," who, if you ask him a question, gapes like an Indian frog, which, when its mouth is open, has its head half off; and neither understands your language, nor, if he did, could grasp your ideas. He is there a walking lump, a thing with members, but very little membership with the intellectual world; but with a soul as stagnant as one of his own dykes. All that has been wanted in him has been cultivated, and is there—good sturdy limbs, to plow and sow, reap and mow, and feed bullocks; and even in those operations, his sinews have been half-superseded by machinery. There never was any need of his mind; and, therefore, it never has been minded.

This is the English peasant, where there is nobody to breathe a soul into the clod. But what is he where there are thousands of the wealthy and the wise? What is he round London—the great, the noble, and the enlightened? Pretty much the same, and from pretty much the same causes. Few trouble themselves about him. He feels that he is a mere serf, among the great and free; a mere machine in the hands of the mighty, who use him as such. He sees the sunshine of grandeur, but he does not feel its warmth. He hears that the great folks are wise; but all he knows is, that their wisdom does not trouble itself about his ignorance. He asks, with "The Farmer's Boy,"

> Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome, cold?
> Whence this new grandeur that mine eyes behold?—
> The widening distance that I daily see?
> Has wealth done this? Then wealth's a foe to me!—
> Foe to my rights, that leaves a powerful few
> The paths of emulation to pursue.

Beneath the overwhelming sense of his position, that he belongs to a neglected, despised caste, he is, in the locality alluded to, truly a dull fellow. That the peasant there is not an ass or a sheep, you only know by his standing on end. You hear no strains of country drollery, and no characters of curious or eccentric humor; all is dull, plodding, and lumpish.

But go forth, my masters, to a greater distance from the luminous capital of England; get away into the Midland and more Northern counties, where the pride of greatness is not so palpably before the poor man's eyes—where the peasantry and villagers are numerous enough to keep one another in countenance; and there you shall find the English peasant a "happier and a wiser man." Sunday-schools, and village day-schools, give him at least the ability to read the Bible. There, the peasant feels that he is a man; he speaks in a broad dialect, indeed, but he is "a fellow of infinite jest." Hear him in the hay-field, in the corn-field, at the harvest-supper, or by the village ale-house fire, if he be not very refined, he is, nevertheless, a very independent fellow. Look at the man indeed! None of your long, lanky fellows, with a sleepy visage; but a sturdy, square-built chap, propped on a pair of legs, that have self-will, and the spirit of Hampden in them, as plain as the rib

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of the gray-worsted stockings that cover them. What thews, what sinews, what a pair of *calves!* why, they more resemble a couple of full-grown *bulls!* See to his salutation, as he passes any of his neighbors—hear it. Does he touch his hat, and bow his head, and look down, as the great man goes by in his carriage? No! he leaves that to the cowed bumpkin of the south. He looks his rich neighbor full in the face, with a fearless, but respectful gaze, and bolts from his manly breast a hearty, "Good day to ye, sir!" To his other neighbor, his equal in worldly matters, he extends his broad hand, and gives him a shake that is felt to the bottom of the heart. "Well, and how are you, John?—and how's Molly, and all the little ankle-biters?—and how goes the pig on, and the 'garden—eh?"

Let me hear the dialogue of those two brave fellows; there is the soul of England's brightest days in it. I am sick of slavish poverty on the one hand, and callous pride on the other. I yearn for the sound of language breathed from the lungs of humble independence, and the cordial, earnest greetings of poor, but warm-hearted men, as I long for the breeze of the mountains and the sea. Oh! I doubt much if this

Bold peasantry, a country's pride,

is lowered in its tone, both of heart-wholeness, boldness, and affection, by the harsh times and harsh measures that have passed over every district, even the most favored; or why all these emigrations, and why all these parish-unions? What, then, is not the English peasant what he was? If I went among them where I used to go, should I not find the same merry groups seated among the sheaves, or under the hedge-rows, full of laughter, and full of droll anecdotes of all the country round? Should I not hear of the farmer who never wrote but one letter in his life, and that was to a gentleman forty miles off; who, on opening it, and not being able to puzzle out more than the name and address of his correspondent, mounted his horse in his vexation, and rode all the way to ask the farmer to read the letter himself; and he could not do it—could not read his own writing? Should I not hear Jonathan Moore, the stout old mower, rallied on his address to the bull, when it pursued him till he escaped into a tree? How Jonathan, sitting across a branch, looked down with the utmost contempt on the bull, and endeavored to convince him that he was a bully and a coward? "My! what a vaporing coward art thou! Where's the fairness, where's the equalness of the match? I tell thee, my heart's good enough; but what's my strength to thine?"

Should I not once more hear the hundred-times-told story of Jockey Dawes, and the man who sold him his horse? Should I not hear these, and scores of such anecdotes, that show the simple life of the district, and yet have more hearty merriment in them than much finer stories in much finer places? Hard times and hard measures may have quenched some of the ancient hilarity of the English peasant, and struck a silence into lungs that were wont to "crow like chanticleer;" yet I will not believe but that, in many a sweet and picturesque district, on many a brown moor-land, in many a far-off glen and dale of our wilder and more primitive districts, where the peasantry are almost the sole inhabitants—whether shepherds, laborers, hewers of wood, or drawers of waters—

The ancient spirit is not dead;

that homely and loving groups gather round evening fires, beneath low and smoky rafters, and feel that they have labor and care enough, as their fathers had, but that they have the pride of homes, hearts, and sympathies still.

Let England take care that these are the portion of the English peasant, and he will never cease to show himself the noblest peasant on the face of the earth. Is he not that, in his patience with penury with him, and old age, and the union before him? Is he not that, when his landlord has given him his sympathy? When he has given him an ALLOTMENT—who so grateful, so industrious, so provident, so contented, and so respectable?

The English peasant has in his nature all the elements of the English character. Give him ease, and who so readily pleased; wrong him, and who so desperate in his rage?

In his younger days, before the care of a family weighs on him, he is a clumsy, but a very light-hearted creature. To see a number of young country fellows get into play together, always reminds one of a quantity of heavy cart-horses turned into a field on a Sunday. They gallop, and kick, and scream. There is no malice, but a dreadful jeopardy of bruises and broken ribs. Their play is truly called horse-play; it is all slaps and bangs, tripping-up, tumbles, and laughter. But to see the young peasant in his glory, you should see him hastening to the Michaelmas-fair, statute, bull-roasting, or mop. He has served his year; he has money in his pocket, his sweetheart on his arm, or he is sure to meet her at the fair. Whether he goes again to his old place or a new one, he will have a week's holiday. Thus, on old Michaelmas-day, he and all his fellows, all the country over, are let loose, and are on the way to the fair. The houses are empty of them—the highways are full of them; there they go, lads and lasses, streaming along, all in their finery, and with a world of laughter and loud talk. See, here they come, flocking into the market-town! And there, what preparations for them! shows, strolling theatres, stalls of all kinds—bearing clothes of all kinds, knives, combs, queen-cakes, and gingerbread, and a hundred inventions to lure those hard-earned wages out of his fob. And he does not mean to be stingy to-day; he will treat his lass, and buy her a new gown into the bargain. See, how they go rolling on together! He holds up his elbow sharply by his side; she thrusts her arm through his, *up to the*

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elbow, and away they go—a walking miracle that they can walk together at all. As to keeping step, that is out of the question; but, besides this, they wag and roll about in such a way, that, keeping their arms tightly linked, it is amazing that they don't pull off one or the other; but they don't. They shall see the shows, and stand all in a crowd before them, with open eyes and open mouths, wondering at the beauty of the dancing-women, and their gowns all over spangles, and at all the wit and grimaces, and somersets of harlequin and clown. They have had a merry dinner and a dance, like a dance of elephants and hippopotami; and then—

To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.

And these are the men that become sullen and desperate—that become poachers and incendiaries. How and why! It is not plenty and kind words that make them so? What, then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and the Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury, and reveling with vengeance? Hunger and hardship!

When the English peasant is gay, at ease, well-fed and clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put into the other—then that which seemed a mere playful puppy, suddenly starts up a snarling, red-eyed monster! How sullen he grows! With what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or gamekeepers. How the man who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks, a villainous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match, to his neighbor's rick! Monster! Can this be the English peasant? 'Tis the same!—'tis the very man! But what has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame?—or is there another?

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

[*Continued from Page* 340.]

CHAPTER IX.

A SCRAPE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN I reached the quarters of the état major, I found the great court-yard of the "hotel" crowded with soldiers of every rank and arm of the service. Some were newly-joined recruits waiting for the orders to be forwarded to their respective regiments. Some were invalids just issued from the hospital, some were sick and wounded on their way homeward. There were sergeants with billet rolls, and returns, and court-martial sentences. Adjutants with regimental documents, hastening hither and thither. Mounted orderlies, too, continually came and went; all was bustle, movement, and confusion. Officers in staff uniforms called out the orders from the different windows, and dispatches were sent off here and there with hot haste. The building was the ancient palace of the dukes of Lorraine, and a splendid fountain of white marble in the centre of the "Cour," still showed the proud armorial bearings of that princely house. Around the sculptured base of this now were seated groups of soldiers; their war-worn looks and piled arms contrasting strangely enough with the great porcelain vases of flowering plants that still decorated the rich "plateau." Chakos, helmets, and great coats were hung upon the orange trees. The heavy boots of the cuirassier, the white leather apron of the "sapeur," were drying along the marble benches of the terrace. The richly traceried veining of gilt iron-work, which separated the court from the garden, was actually covered with belts, swords, bayonets, and horse gear, in every stage and process of cleaning. Within the garden itself, however, all was silent and still. Two sentries, who paced backward and forward beneath the "grille," showing that the spot was to be respected by those whose careless gestures and reckless air betrayed how little influence the mere "genius of the place" would exercise over them.

To me, the interest of every thing was increasing; and whether I lingered to listen to the raw remarks of the new recruit, in wonder at all he saw, or stopped to hear the campaigning stories of the old soldiers of the army, I never wearied. Few, if any, knew whither they were going; perhaps to the north to join the army of Sambre; perhaps to the east, to the force upon the Rhine. It might be that they were destined for Italy: none cared! Meanwhile, at every moment, detachments moved off, and their places were filled by fresh arrivals—all dusty and way-worn from the march. Some had scarcely time to eat a hurried morsel, when they were called on to "fall in," and again the word "forward" was given. Such of the infantry as appeared too weary for the march were sent on in great charrettes drawn by six or eight horses, and capable of carrying forty men in each; and of these, there seemed to be no end. No sooner was one detachment away, than another succeeded. Whatever their destination, one thing seemed evident, the urgency that called them was beyond the common. For a while I forgot all about myself in the greater interest of the scene; but then came the thought, that I, too, should have my share in this onward movement, and now I set out to seek for my young friend, the "Sous-Lieutenant." I had not asked his name, but his regiment I knew to be the 22d Chasseurs à Cheval. The uniform was light green, and easily enough to be recognized; yet nowhere was it to be seen. There were cuirassiers, and hussars, heavy dragoons, and carabiniers in abundance—every thing, in short, but what I sought.

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At last I asked of an old quartermaster where the 22d were quartered, and heard, to my utter dismay, that they had marched that morning at eight o'clock. There were two more squadrons expected to arrive at noon, but the orders were that they were to proceed without further halt.

"And whither to?" asked I.

"To Treves, on the Moselle," said he, and turned away as if he would not be questioned further. It was true that my young friend could not have been much of a patron, yet the loss of him was deeply felt by me. He was to have introduced me to his colonel, who probably might have obtained the leave I desired at once; and now I knew no one, not one even to advise me how to act. I sat down upon a bench to think, but could resolve on nothing; the very sight of that busy scene had now become a reproach to me. There were the veterans of a hundred battles hastening forward again to the field; there were the young soldiers just flushed with recent victory; even the peasant boys were "eager for the fray;" but I alone was to have no part in the coming glory. The enthusiasm of all around only served to increase and deepen my depression. There was not one there, from the old and war-worn veteran of the ranks to the merest boy, with whom I would not gladly have exchanged fortunes. Some hours passed over in these gloomy reveries, and when I looked up from the stupor my own thoughts had thrown over me, "the Cour" was almost empty. A few sick soldiers waiting for their billets of leave, a few recruits not yet named to any corps, and a stray orderly or two standing beside his horse, were all that remained.

I arose to go away, but in my pre-occupation of mind, instead of turning toward the street, I passed beneath a large arch-way into another court of the building, somewhat smaller, but much richer in decoration and ornament than the outer one. After spending some time admiring the quaint devices and grim heads which peeped out from all the architraves and friezes, my eye was caught by a low, arched door-way, in the middle of which was a small railed window, like the grille of a convent. I approached, and perceived that it led into a garden, by a long, narrow walk of clipped yew, dense and upright as a wall. The trimly-raked gravel, and the smooth surface of the hedge, showed the care bestowed on the grounds to be a wide contrast to the neglect exhibited in the mansion itself; a narrow border of hyacinths and carnations ran along either side of the walk, the gorgeous blossoms appearing in strong relief against the back-ground of dark foliage.

The door, as I leaned against it, gently yielded to the pressure of my arm, and almost without knowing it, I found myself standing within the precincts of the garden. My first impulse, of course, was to retire and close the door again, but somehow, I never knew exactly why, I could not resist the desire to see a little more of a scene so tempting. There was no mark of footsteps on the gravel, and I thought it likely the garden was empty. On I went, therefore, at first with cautious and uncertain steps; at last, with more confidence, for as I issued from the hedge-walk, and reached an open space beyond, the solitude seemed unbroken. Fruit trees, loaded with their produce, stood in a closely shaven lawn, through which a small stream meandered, its banks planted with daffodills and water-lilies. Some pheasants moved about through the grass, but without alarm at my presence; while a young fawn boldly came over to me, and although in seeming disappointment at not finding an old friend, continued to walk beside me as I went.

The grounds appeared of great extent; paths led off in every direction; and while, in some places, I could perceive the glittering roof and sides of a conservatory, in others, the humble culture of a vegetable garden was to be seen. There was a wondrous fascination in the calm and tranquil solitude around; and coming, as it did, so immediately after the busy bustle of the "soldiering," I soon not only forgot that I was an intruder there, but suffered myself to wander "fancy free," following out the thoughts each object suggested. I believe at that moment, if the choice were given me, I would rather have been the "Adam of that Eden" than the proudest of those generals that ever led a column to victory! Fortunately, or unfortunately—it would not be easy to decide which—the alternative was not open to me. It was while I was still musing, I found myself at the foot of a little eminence, on which stood a tower, whose height and position showed it had been built for the view it afforded over a vast tract of country. Even from where I stood, at its base, I could see over miles and miles of a great plain, with the main roads leading toward the north and eastward. This spot was also the boundary of the grounds, and a portion of the old boulevard of the town formed the defense against the open country beyond. It was a deep ditch, with sides of sloping sward, cropped neatly, and kept in trimmest order; but, from its depth and width, forming a fence of a formidable kind. I was peering cautiously down into the abyss, when I heard a voice so close to my ear, that I started with surprise. I listened, and perceived that the speaker was directly above me; and leaning over the battlements at the top of the tower.

"You're quite right, cried he, as he adjusted a telescope to his eye, and directed his view toward the plain. He *has* gone wrong! He has taken the Strasbourg road, instead of the northern one."

An exclamation of anger followed these words, and now I saw the telescope passed to another hand, and to my astonishment, that of a lady.

"Was there ever stupidity like that? He saw the map like the others, and yet—Parbleu! it's too bad!"

I could perceive that a female voice made some rejoinder, but not distinguish the words; when the man again spoke:

"No, no; it's all a blunder of that old major;

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and here am I without an orderly to send after him. Diable! it *is* provoking."

"Isn't that one of your people at the foot of the tower?" said the lady, as she pointed to where I stood, praying for the earth to open, and close over me; for as he moved his head to look down, I saw the epaulets of a staff officer.

"Halloa!" cried he, "are you on duty?"

"No, sir; I was—"

Not waiting for me to finish an explanation, he went on,

"Follow that division of cavalry that has taken the Strasbourg road, and tell Major Roquelard that he has gone wrong; he should have turned off to the left at the suburbs. Lose no time, but away at once. You are mounted, of course?"

"No, sir, my horse is at quarters; but I can—"

"No, no; it will be too late," he broke in again. "Take my troop horse, and be off. You'll find him in the stable, to your left."

Then turning to the lady I heard him say—

"It may save Roquelard from an arrest."

I did not wait for more, but hurried off in the direction he had pointed. A short gravel walk brought me in front of a low building, in the cottage style, but which, decorated with emblems of the chase, I guessed to be the stable. Not a groom was to be seen; but the door being unlatched, I entered freely. Four large and handsome horses were feeding at the racks, their glossy coats and long silky manes showing the care bestowed upon them. Which is the trooper? thought I, as I surveyed them all with keen and scrutinizing eye. All my skill in such matters was unable to decide the point; they seemed all alike valuable and handsome—in equally high condition, and exhibiting equal marks of careful treatment. Two were stamped on the haunches with the letters "R. F.;" and these, of course, were cavalry horses. One was a powerful black horse, whose strong quarters and deep chest bespoke great action, while the backward glances of his eye indicated the temper of a "tartar." Making choice of him without an instant's hesitation, I threw on the saddle, adjusted the stirrups to my own length, buckled the bridle, and led him forth. In all my "school experience" I had never seen an animal that pleased me so much; his well-arched neck and slightly-dipped back showed that an Arab cross had mingled with the stronger qualities of the Norman horse. I sprung to my saddle with delight; to be astride such a beast was to kindle up all the enthusiasm of my nature, and as I grasped the reins, and urged him forward, I was half wild with excitement.

Apparently the animal was accustomed to more gentle treatment, for he gave a loud snort, such as a surprised or frightened horse will give, and then bounded forward once or twice, as if to dismount me. This failing, he reared up perfectly straight, pawing madly, and threatening even to fall backward. I saw that I had, indeed, selected a wicked one; for in every bound and spring, in every curvet and leap, the object was clearly to unseat the rider. At one instant he would crouch, as if to lie down, and then bound up several feet in the air, with a toss up of his haunches that almost sent me over the head. At another he would spring from side to side, writhing and twisting like a fish, till the saddle seemed actually slipping away from his lithe body. Not only did I resist all these attacks, but vigorously continued to punish with whip and spur the entire time—a proceeding, I could easily see, he was not prepared for. At last, actually maddened with his inability to throw me, and enraged by my continuing to spur him, he broke away, and dashing headlong forward, rushed into the very thickest of the grove. Fortunately for me, the trees were either shrubs or of stunted growth, so that I had only to keep my saddle to escape danger; but suddenly emerging from this, he gained the open sward, and as if his passion became more furious as he indulged it, he threw up his head, and struck out in full gallop. I had but time to see that he was heading for the great fosse of the boulevard, when we were already on its brink. A shout, and a cry of I know not what, came from the tower; but I heard nothing more. Mad as the maddened animal himself, perhaps at that moment just as indifferent to life, I dashed the spurs into his flanks, and over we went, lighting on the green sward as easily as a seagull on a wave. To all seeming, the terrible leap had somewhat sobered *him;* but on me it had produced the very opposite effect. I felt that I had gained the mastery, and resolved to use it. With unrelenting punishment, then, I rode him forward, taking the country as it lay straight before me. The few fences which divided the great fields were too insignificant to be called leaps, and he took them in the "sling" of his stretching gallop. He was now subdued, yielding to every turn of my wrist, and obeying every motive of my will like an instinct. It may read like a petty victory; but he who has ever experienced the triumph over an enraged and powerful horse, well knows that few sensations are more pleasurably exciting. High as is the excitement of being borne along in full speed, leaving village and spire, glen and river, bridge and mill behind you—now careering up the mountain side, with the fresh breeze upon your brow; now diving into the dark forest, startling the hare from her cover, and sending the wild deer scampering before you—it is still increased by the sense of a victory, by feeling that the mastery is with you, and that each bound of the noble beast beneath you has its impulse in your own heart.

Although the cavalry squadrons I was dispatched to overtake had quitted Nancy four hours before, I came up with them in less than an hour, and inquiring for the officer in command, rode up to the head of the division. He was a thin, gaunt-looking, stern-featured man.

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who listened to my message without changing a muscle.

"Who sent you with this order?" said he.

"A general officer, sir, whose name I don't know; but who told me to take his own horse and follow you."

"Did he tell you to kill the animal, sir," said he, pointing to the heaving flanks and shaking tail of the exhausted beast.

"He bolted with me at first, major, and having cleared the ditch of the Boulevard, rode away with me."

"Why it's Colonel Mahon's Arab, 'Aleppo,' said another officer; what could have persuaded him to mount an orderly on a best worth ten thousand francs?"

I thought I'd have fainted, as I heard these words; the whole consequences of my act revealed themselves before me, and I saw arrest, trial, sentence, imprisonment, and heaven knew what afterward, like a panorama rolling out to my view.

"Tell the colonel, sir," said the major, "that I have taken the north road, intending to cross over at Beaumont; that the artillery trains have cut up the Metz road so deeply that cavalry can not travel; tell him that I thank him much for his politeness in forwarding this dispatch to me; and tell him, that I regret the rules of active service should prevent my sending back an escort to place yourself under arrest, for the manner in which you have ridden—you hear, sir?"

I touched my cap in salute.

"Are you certain, sir, that you have my answer correctly?"

"I am, sir."

"Repeat it, then."

I mentioned the reply, word for word, as he spoke it.

"No, sir," said he, as I concluded; "I said for unsoldierlike and cruel treatment to your horse."

One of his officers whispered something in his ear, and he quietly added—

"I find that I had not used these words, but I ought to have done so; give the message, therefore, as you heard it at first."

"Mahon will shoot him, to a certainty," muttered one of the captains.

"I'd not blame him," joined another; "that horse saved his life at Quiberon, when he fell in with a patrol; and look at him now!"

The major made a sign for me to retire, and I turned and set out toward Nancy, with the feelings of a convict on the way to his fate.

If I did not feel that these brief records of an humble career were "upon honor," and that the only useful lesson a life so unimportant can teach is, the conflict between opposing influences, I might possibly be disposed to blink the avowal, that, as I rode along toward Nancy, a very great doubt occurred to me as to whether I ought not to desert! It is a very ignoble expression; but it must out. There were not in the French service any of those ignominious punishments which, once undergone, a man is dishonored forever, and no more admissible to rank with men of character than if convicted of actual crime; but there were marks of degradation, almost as severe, then in vogue, and which men dreaded with a fear nearly as acute—such, for instance, as being ordered for service at the Bagne de Brest, in Toulon—the arduous duty of guarding the galley slaves, and which was scarcely a degree above the condition of the condemned themselves. Than such a fate as this, I would willingly have preferred death It was, then, this thought that suggested desertion; but I soon rejected the unworthy temptation, and held on my way toward Nancy.

Aleppo, if at first wearied by the severe burst, soon rallied, while he showed no traces of his fiery temper, and exhibited few of fatigue; and as I walked along at his side, washing his mouth and nostrils at each fountain I passed, and slackening his saddle-girths, to give him freedom, long before we arrived at the suburbs he had regained all his looks, and much of his spirit.

At last we entered Nancy about nightfall, and, with a failing heart, I found myself at the gate of the Ducal palace. The sentries suffered me to pass unmolested, and entering, I took my way through the court-yard, toward the small gate of the garden, which, as I had left it, was unlatched.

It was strange enough, the nearer I drew toward the eventful moment of my fate, the more resolute and composed my heart became. It is possible, thought I, that in a fit of passion he will send a ball through me, as the officer said. Be it so—the matter is the sooner ended If, however, he will condescend to listen to my explanation, I may be able to assert my innocence, at least so far as intention went. With this comforting conclusion, I descended at the stable door. Two dragoons in undress were smoking, as they lay at full length upon a bench, and speedily arose as I came up.

"Tell the colonel he's come, Jacques," said one, in a loud voice, and the other retired; while the speaker, turning toward me, took the bridle from my hand, and led the animal in, without vouchsafing a word to me.

"An active beast that," said I, affecting the easiest and coolest indifference. The soldier gave me a look of undisguised amazement, and I continued,

"He has had a bad hand on him, I should say—some one too flurried and too fidgety to give confidence to a hot-tempered horse."

Another stare was all the reply.

"In a little time, and with a little patience, I'd make him as gentle as a lamb."

"I am afraid you'll not have the opportunity," replied he, significantly; "but the colonel, I see, is waiting for you, and you can discuss the matter together."

The other dragoon had just then returned, and made me a sign to follow him A few paces brought us to the door of a small pavilion,

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at which a sentry stood, and having motioned to me to pass in, my guide left me. An orderly sergeant at the same instant appeared, and beckoning to me to advance, he drew aside a curtain, and pushing me forward, let the heavy folds close behind me; and now I found myself in a richly-furnished chamber, at the farther end of which an officer was at supper with a young and handsome woman. The profusion of wax lights on the table—the glitter of plate, and glass, and porcelain—the richness of the lady's dress, which seemed like the costume of a ball—were all objects distracting enough, but they could not turn me from the thought of my own condition; and I stood still and motionless, while the officer, a man of about fifty, with dark and stern features, deliberately scanned me from head to foot. Not a word did he speak, not a gesture did he make, but sat, with his black eyes actually piercing me. I would have given any thing for some outbreak of anger, some burst of passion, that would have put an end to this horrible suspense, but none came; and there he remained several minutes, as if contemplating something too new and strange for utterance. "This must have an end," thought I—"here goes;" and so, with my hand in salute, I drew myself full up, and said,

"I carried your orders, sir, and received for answer that Major Roquelard had taken the north road advisedly, as that by Beaumont was cut up by the artillery trains; that he would cross over to the Metz Chaussée as soon as possible; that he thanked you for the kindness of your warning, and regretted that the rules of active service precluded his dispatching an escort of arrest along with me, for the manner in which I had ridden with the order."

"Any thing more?" asked the colonel, in a voice that sounded thick and guttural with passion.

"Nothing more, sir."

"No further remark or observation?"

"None, sir—at least from the major."

"What then—from any other?"

"A captain, sir, whose name I do not know, did say something."

"What was it?"

"I forget the precise words, sir, but their purport was, that Colonel Mahon would certainly shoot me when I got back."

"And you replied?"

"I don't believe I made any reply at the time, sir."

"But you thought, sir—what were your thoughts?"

"I thought it very like what I'd have done myself in a like case, although certain to be sorry for it afterward."

Whether the emotion had been one for some time previous restrained, or that my last words had provoked it suddenly, I can not tell, but the lady here burst out into a fit of laughter, but which was as suddenly checked by some sharp observation of the colonel, whose stern features grew sterner and darker every moment.

"There we differ, sir," said he, "for *I* should not." At the same instant he pushed his plate away, to make room on the table for a small portfolio, opening which he prepared to write.

"You will bring this paper," continued he, "to the 'Prevot Marshal.' To-morrow morning you shall be tried by a regimental court-martial, and as your sentence may probably be the galleys and hard labor—"

"I'll save them the trouble," said I, quietly drawing my sword; but scarcely was it clear of the scabbard when a shriek broke from the lady, who possibly knew not the object of my act; at the same instant the colonel bounded across the chamber, and striking me a severe blow upon the arm, dashed the weapon from my hand to the ground.

"You want the 'fusillade'—is that what you want?" cried he, as, in a towering fit of passion, he dragged me forward to the light. I was now standing close to the table; the lady raised her eyes toward me, and at once broke out into a burst of laughter; such hearty, merry laughter, that, even with the fear of death before me, I could almost have joined in it.

"What is it—what do you mean, Laure?" cried the colonel angrily.

"Don't you see it?" said she, still holding her kerchief to her face—"can't you perceive it yourself? He has only one mustache!"

I turned hastily toward the mirror beside me, and there was the fatal fact revealed—one gallant curl disported proudly over the left cheek, while the other was left bare.

"Is the fellow mad—a mountebank?" said the colonel, whose anger was now at its white heat.

"Neither, sir," said I, tearing off my remaining mustache, in shame and passion together. "Among my other misfortunes I have that of being young; and what's worse, I was ashamed of it; but I begin to see my error, and know that a man may be old without gaining either in dignity or temper."

With a stroke of his closed fist upon the table, the colonel made every glass and decanter spring from their places, while he uttered an oath that was only current in the days of that army. "This is beyond belief," cried he. "Come, gredin, you have at least had one piece of good fortune: you've fallen precisely into the hands of one who can deal with you. Your regiment?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"Your name."

"Tiernay."

"Tiernay; that's not a French name?"

"Not originally; we were Irish once."

"Irish!" said he, in a different tone from what he had hitherto used. "Any relative of a certain Comte Maurice de Tiernay, who once served in the Royal Guard?"

"His son, sir."

"What—his son! Art certain of this, lad? You remember your mother's name, then; what was it?"

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"I never knew which was my mother," said I. "Mademoiselle de la Lasterie, or—"

He did not suffer me to finish, but throwing his arms around my neck, pressed me to his bosom.

"You are little Maurice, then," said he, "the son of my old and valued comrade! Only think of it, Laure—I was that boy's godfather."

Here was a sudden change in my fortunes; nor was it without a great effort that I could credit the reality of it, as I saw myself seated between the colonel and his fair companion, both of whom overwhelmed me with attention. It turned out that Colonel Mahon had been a fellow-guardsman with my father, for whom he had ever preserved the warmest attachment. One of the few survivors of the "Garde du Corps," he had taken service with the republic, and was already reputed as one of the most distinguished cavalry officers.

"Strange enough, Maurice," said he to me, "there was something in your look and manner, as you spoke to me there, that recalled your poor father to my memory; and, without knowing or suspecting why, I suffered you to bandy words with me, while at another moment I would have ordered you to be ironed and sent to prison."

Of my mother, of whom I wished much to learn something, he would not speak, but adroitly changed the conversation to the subject of my own adventures, and these he made me recount from the beginning. If the lady enjoyed all the absurdities of my checkered fortune with a keen sense of the ridiculous, the colonel apparently could trace in them but so many resemblances to my father's character, and constantly broke out into exclamations of "How like him!" "Just what he would have done himself!" "His own very words!" and so on.

It was only in a pause of the conversation, as the clock on the mantle-piece struck eleven, that I was aware of the lateness of the hour, and remembered that I should be on the punishment-roll the next morning, for absence from quarters.

"Never fret about that, Maurice, I'll return your name as on a special service; and to have the benefit of truth on our side, you shall be named one of my orderlies, with the grade of corporal."

"Why not make him a sous-lieutenant?" said the lady, in a half whisper. "I'm sure he is better worth his epaulets than any I have seen on your staff."

"Nay, nay," muttered the colonel, "the rules of the service forbid it. He'll win his spurs time enough, or I'm much mistaken."

While I thanked my new and kind patron for his goodness, I could not help saying that my heart was eagerly set upon the prospect of actual service; and that, proud as I should be of his protection, I would rather merit it by my conduct, than owe my advancement to favor.

"Which simply means that you are tired of Nancy, and riding drill, and want to see how men comport themselves where the manœuvres are not arranged beforehand. Well, so far you are right, boy. I shall, in all likelihood, be stationed here for three or four months, during which you may have advanced a stage or so toward those epaulets my fair friend desires to see upon your shoulders. You shall, therefore, be sent forward to your own corps. I'll write to the colonel to confirm the rank of corporal: the regiment is at present on the Moselle, and, if I mistake not, will soon be actively employed. Come to me to-morrow, before noon, and be prepared to march with the first detachments that are sent forward."

A cordial shake of the hand followed these words; and the lady having also vouchsafed me an equal token of her good-will, I took my leave, the happiest fellow that ever betook himself to quarters after hours, and as indifferent to the penalties annexed to the breach of discipline as if the whole code of martial law were a mere fable.

CHAPTER X.

AN ARISTOCRATIC REPUBLICAN

If the worthy reader would wish to fancy the happiest of all youthful beings, let him imagine what I must have been, as, mounted upon Aleppo, a present from my godfather, with a purse of six shining Louis in my pocket, and a letter to my colonel, I set forth for Metz. I had breakfasted with Colonel Mahon, who, amid much good advice for my future guidance, gave me, half slyly, to understand that the days of Jacobinism had almost run their course, and that a reactionary movement had already set in. The republic, he added, was as strong, perhaps stronger than ever, but that men had grown weary of mob tyranny, and were, day by day, reverting to the old loyalty, in respect for whatever pretended to culture, good breeding, and superior intelligence. "As in a shipwreck, the crew instinctively turn for counsel and direction to the officers, you will see that France will, notwithstanding all the libertinism of our age, place her confidence in the men who have been the tried and worthy servants of former governments. So far, then, from suffering on account of your gentle blood, Maurice, the time is not distant when it will do you good service, and when every association that links you with family and fortune will be deemed an additional guarantee of your good conduct. I mention these things," continued he, "because your colonel is what they call a 'Gros-bleu,' that is, a coarse-minded, inveterate republican, detesting aristocracy and all that belongs to it. Take care, therefore, to give him no just cause for discontent, but be just as steady in maintaining your position as the descendant of a noble house, who has not forgotten what were once the privileges of his rank. Write to me frequently and freely, and I'll take care that you want for nothing, so far as my small means go, to sustain whatever grade you occupy. Your own conduct shall decide whether I ever desire to have any other

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inheritor than the son of my oldest friend in the world."

Such were his last words to me, as I set forth, in company with a large party, consisting, for the most part, of under officers and employées attached to the medical staff of the army. It was a very joyous and merry fraternity, and, consisting of ingredients drawn from different pursuits and arms of the service, infinitely amusing from contrast of character and habits. My chief associate among them was a young sous-lieutenant of dragoons, whose age, scarcely much above my own, joined to a joyous, reckless temperament, soon pointed him out as the character to suit me: his name was Eugene Santron. In appearance he was slightly formed, and somewhat under-sized, but with handsome features, their animation rendered sparkling by two of the wickedest black eyes that ever glistened and glittered in a human head. I soon saw that, under the mask of affected fraternity and equality, he nourished the most profound contempt for the greater number of associates, who, in truth, were, however "braves gens," the very roughest and least-polished specimens of the polite nation. In all his intercourse with them, Eugene affected the easiest tone of camaraderé and equality, never assuming in the slightest, nor making any pretensions to the least superiority on the score of position or acquirements, but on the whole consoling himself, as it were, by "playing them off," in their several eccentricities, and rendering every trait of their vulgarity and ignorance tributary to his own amusement. Partly from seeing that he made me an exception to this practice, and partly from his perceiving the amusement it afforded me, we drew closer toward each other, and before many days elapsed, had become sworn friends.

There is probably no feature of character so very attractive to a young man as frankness. The most artful of all flatteries is that which addresses itself by candor, and seems at once to select, as it were, by intuition, the object most suited for a confidence. Santron carried me by a *coup de main* of this kind, as taking my arm one evening, as I was strolling along the banks of the Moselle, he said,

"My dear Maurice, it's very easy to see that the society of our excellent friends yonder is just as distasteful to you as to me. One can not always be satisfied laughing at their solecisms in breeding and propriety. One grows weary at last of ridiculing their thousand absurdities; and then there comes the terrible retribution in the reflection of what the devil brought me into such company? a question that, however easily answered, grows more and more intolerable the oftener it is asked. To be sure, in my case there was little choice in the matter, for I was not in any way the arbiter of my own fortune. I saw myself converted from a royal page to a printer's devil by a kind old fellow, who saved my life by smearing my face with ink, and covering my scarlet uniform with a filthy blouse; and since that day I have taken the hint, and often found the lesson a good one—the dirtier the safer!

"We were of the old nobility of France, but as the name of our family was the cause of its extinction, I took care to change it. I see you don't clearly comprehend me, and so I'll explain myself better. My father lived unmolested during the earlier days of the revolution, and might so have continued to the end, if a detachment of the Garde Republicaine had not been dispatched to our neighborhood of Sarre Louis, where it was supposed some lurking regard for royalty yet lingered. These fellows neither knew nor cared for the ancient noblesse of the country, and one evening a patrol of them stopped my father as he was taking his evening walk along the ramparts. He would scarcely deign to notice the insolent 'Qui va la!' of the sentry, a summons *he* at least thought superfluous in a town which had known his ancestry for eight or nine generations. At the repetition of the cry, accompanied by something that sounded ominous, in the sharp click of a gun-lock, he replied, haughtily, 'Je suis le Marquis de Saint-Trone.'

"'There are no more marquises in France!' was the savage answer.

"My father smiled contemptuously, and briefly said, 'Saint-Trone.'

"'We have no saints either,' cried another.

"'Be it so, my friend,' said he, with mingled pity and disgust. 'I suppose some designation may at least be left to me, and that I may call myself Trone.'

"'We are done with thrones long ago,' shouted they in chorus, 'and we'll finish you also.'

"Ay, and they kept their word, too. They shot him that same evening, on very little other charge than his own name! If I have retained the old sound of my name, I have given it a more plebeian spelling, which is, perhaps, just as much of an alteration as any man need submit to for a period that will pass away so soon."

"How so, Eugene? you fancy the republic will not endure in France. What, then, can replace it?"

"Any thing, every thing; for the future all is possible. We have annihilated legitimacy, it is true, just as the Indians destroy a forest, by burning the trees, but the roots remain, and if the soil is incapable of sending up the giant stems as before, it is equally unable to furnish a new and different culture. Monarchy is just as firmly rooted in a Frenchman's heart, but he will have neither patience for its tedious growth, nor can he submit to restore what has cost him so dearly to destroy. The consequences will, therefore, be a long and continued struggle between parties, each imposing upon the nation the form of government that pleases it in turn. Meanwhile, you and I, and others like us, must serve whatever is uppermost—the cleverest fellow he who sees the coming change, and prepares to take advantage of it."

"Then are you a royalist?" asked I.

"A royalist! what! stand by a monarch who

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deserted his aristocracy, and forgot his own order; defend a throne that he had reduced to the condition of a fauteuil de Bourgeois?"

"You are then for the republic?"

"For what robbed me of my inheritance—what degraded me from my rank, and reduced me to a state below that of my own vassals! Is this a cause to uphold?"

"You are satisfied with military glory, perhaps," said I, scarcely knowing what form of faith to attribute to him.

"In an army where my superiors are the very dregs of the people; where the canaille have the command, and the chivalry of France is represented by a sans-culotte!"

"The cause of the Church—"

A burst of ribald laughter cut me short, and laying his hand on my shoulder, he looked me full in the face, while, with a struggle to recover his gravity he said,

"I hope, my dear Maurice, you are not serious, and that you do not mean this for earnest! Why, my dear boy, don't you talk of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Delphic Oracle, of Alchemy, Astrology—of any thing, in short, of which the world, having amused itself, has, at length, grown weary? Can't you see that the Church has passed away, and these good priests have gone the same road as their predecessors. Is any acuteness wanting to show that there is an end of this superstition that has enthralled men's minds for a couple of thousand years? No, no, their game is up, and forever. These pious men, who despised this world, and yet had no other hold upon the minds of others than by the very craft and subtlety that world taught them. These heavenly souls, whose whole machinations revolved about earthly objects and the successes of this groveling planet! Fight for *them!* No, *parbleu;* we owe them but little love or affection. Their whole aim in life has been to disgust one with whatever is enjoyable, and the best boon they have conferred upon humanity, that bright thought, of locking up the softest eyes and fairest cheeks of France in cloisters and nunneries! I can forgive our glorious revolution much of its wrong when I think of the Prêtre; not but that they could have knocked down the Church without suffering the ruins to crush the chateau!"

Such, in brief, were the opinions my companion held, and of which I was accustomed to hear specimens every day; at first, with displeasure and repugnance; later on, with more of toleration; and, at last, with a sense of amusement at the singularity of the notions, or the dexterity with which he defended them. The poison of his doctrines was the more insidious, because, mingled with a certain dash of good nature, and a reckless, careless easiness of disposition, always attractive to very young men. His reputation for courage, of which he had given signal proofs, elevated him in my esteem; and, ere long, all my misgivings about him, in regard of certain blemishes, gave way before my admiration of his heroic bearing, and a readiness to confront peril, wherever to be found.

I had made him the confidant of my own history, of which I told him every thing, save the passages which related to the Père Michel These I either entirely glossed over, or touched so lightly as to render unimportant; a dread of ridicule restraining me from any mention of those earlier scenes of my life, which were alone of all those I should have avowed with pride. Perhaps it was from mere accident—perhaps some secret shame to conceal my forlorn and destitute condition may have had its share in the motive; but, for some cause or other, I gave him to understand that my acquaintance with Colonel Mahon had dated back to a much earlier period than a few days before, and, the impression once made, a sense of false shame led me to support it.

"Mahon can be a good friend to you," said Eugene; "he stands well with all parties. The Convention trust him, the sansculottes are afraid of him, and the few men of family whom the guillotine has left look up to him as one of their stanchest adherents. Depend upon it, therefore, your promotion is safe enough, even if there were not a field open for every man who seeks the path to eminence. The great point, however, is to get service with the army of Italy. These campaigns here are as barren and profitless as the soil they are fought over; but, in the south, Maurice, in the land of dark eyes and tresses, under the blue skies, or beneath the trelliced vines, there are rewards of victory more glorious than a grateful country, as they call it, ever bestowed. Never forget, my boy, that you or I have no Cause! It is to us a matter of indifference what party triumphs, or who is uppermost. The government may change to-morrow, and the day after, and so on for a month long, and yet *we* remain just as we were. Monarchy, Commonwealth, Democracy—what you will—may rule the hour, but the sous-lieutenant is but the servant who changes his master. Now, in revenge for all this, we have one compensation, which is, to 'live for the day.' To make the most of that brief hour of sunshine granted us, and to taste of every pleasure, to mingle in every dissipation, and enjoy every excitement that we can. This is my philosophy, Maurice, and just try it."

Such was the companion with whom chance threw me in contact, and I grieve to think how rapidly his influence gained the mastery over me.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE PASSAGE OF THE RHINE."

I PARTED from my friend Eugene at Treves, where he remained in garrison, while I was sent forward to Coblentz to join my regiment, at that time forming part of Ney's division.

Were I to adhere in my narrative to the broad current of great events, I should here have to speak of that grand scheme of tactics by which

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Kleber, advancing from the Lower Rhine, engaged the attention of the Austrian Grand Duke, in order to give time and opportunity for Hoche's passage of the river at Strasbourg, and the commencement of that campaign which had for its object the subjugation of Germany. I have not, however, the pretension to chronicle those passages which history has forever made memorable, even were my own share in them of a more distinguished character. The insignificance of my station must, therefore, be my apology if I turn from the description of great and eventful incidents to the humble narrative of my own career.

Whatever the contents of Colonel Mahon's letter, they did not plead very favorably for me with Colonel Hacque, my new commanding officer; neither, to all seeming, did my own appearance weigh any thing in my favor. Raising his eyes at intervals from the letter to stare at me, he uttered some broken phrases of discontent and displeasure; at last he said—"What's the object of this letter, sir; to what end have you presented it to me?"

"As I am ignorant of its contents, mon colonel," said I calmly, "I can scarcely answer the question."

"Well, sir, it informs me that you are the son of a certain Count Tiernay, who has long since paid the price of his nobility; and that being a special protégé of the writer, he takes occasion to present you to me; now I ask again, with what object?"

"I presume, sir, to obtain for me the honor which I now enjoy—to become personally known to you."

"I know every soldier under my command, sir," said he, rebukingly, "as you will soon learn if you remain in my regiment. I have no need of recommendatory letters on that score. As to your grade of corporal, it is not confirmed; time enough when your services shall have shown that you deserve promotion. Parbleu, sir, you'll have to show other claims than your ci-devant countship."

"Colonel Mahon gave me a horse, sir, may I be permitted to retain him as a regimental mount?" asked I, timidly.

"We want horses—what is he like?"

"Three quarters Arab, and splendid in action, sir."

"Then of course, unfit for service and field manœuvres. Send him to the Etat Major. The Republic will find a fitting mount for *you;* you may retire."

And I did retire, with a heart almost bursting between anger and disappointment. What a future did this opening present to me! What a realization this of all my flattering hopes!

This sudden reverse of fortune, for it was nothing less, did not render me more disposed to make the best of my new condition, nor see in the most pleasing light the rough and rude fraternity among which I was thrown. The Ninth Hussars were reputed to be an excellent service-corps, but, off duty, contained some of the worst ingredients of the army. Play, and its consequence dueling, filled up every hour not devoted to regimental duty; and low as the tone of manners and morals stood in the service generally, "Hacques Tapageurs," as they were called, enjoyed the unflattering distinction of being the leaders. Self-respect was a quality utterly unknown among them—none felt ashamed at the disgrace of punishment—and as all knew that, at the approach of the enemy, prison doors would open, and handcuffs fall off, they affected to think the Salle de Police was a pleasant alternative to the fatigue and worry of duty. These habits not only stripped soldiering of all its chivalry, but robbed freedom itself of all its nobility. These men saw nothing but licentiousness in their newly-won liberty. Their "Equality" was the permission to bring every thing down to a base and unworthy standard; their "Fraternity," the appropriation of what belonged to one richer than themselves.

It would give me little pleasure to recount, and the reader, in all likelihood, as little to hear, the details of my life among such associates. They are the passages of my history most painful to recall, and least worthy of being remembered; nor can I even yet write without shame the confession, how rapidly *their* habits became *my own*. Eugene's teachings had prepared me, in a manner, for their lessons. His skepticism extending to every thing and every one, had made me distrustful of all friendship, and suspicious of whatever appeared a kindness. Vulgar association, and daily intimacy with coarsely-minded men, soon finished what he had begun; and in less time than it took me to break my troop-horse to regimental drill, I had been myself "broke in" to every vice and abandoned habit of my companions.

It was not in my nature to do things by halves; and thus I became, and in a brief space too, the most inveterate Tapageur of the whole regiment. There was not a wild prank or plot in which I was not foremost, not a breach of the discipline unaccompanied by my name or presence, and more than half the time of our march to meet the enemy, I passed in double irons under the guard of the Provost-marshal.

It was at this pleasant stage of my education that our brigade arrived in Strasbourg, as part of the corps d'armée under the command of General Moreau.

He had just succeeded to the command on the dismissal of Pichegru, and found the army not only dispirited by the defeats of the past campaign, but in a state of rudest indiscipline and disorganization. If left to himself, he would have trusted much to time and circumstances for the reform of abuses that had been the growth of many months long. But Regnier, the second in command, was made of "different stuff;" he was a harsh and stern disciplinarian, who rarely forgave a first, never a second offense, and who deeming the Salle de Police as an incumbrance to an army on service, which, besides, required a guard of picked men, that

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might be better employed elsewhere, usually gave the preference to the shorter sentence of "four spaces and a fusillade." Nor was he particular in the classification of those crimes he thus expiated: from the most trivial excess to the wildest scheme of insubordination, all came under the one category. More than once, as we drew near to Strasbourg, I heard the project of a mutiny discussed, day after day. Some one or other would denounce the "scelerat Regnier," and proclaim his readiness to be the executioner; but the closer we drew to head-quarters, the more hushed and subdued became these mutterings, till at last they ceased altogether; and a dark and forboding dread succeeded to all our late boastings and denunciations.

This at first surprised and then utterly disgusted me with my companions. Brave as they were before the enemy, had they no courage for their own countrymen? Was all their valor the offspring of security, or could they only be rebellious when the penalty had no terrors for them? Alas! I was very young, and did not then know that men are never strong against the right, and that a bad cause is always a weak one.

It was about the middle of June when we reached Strasbourg, where now about forty thousand troops were assembled. I shall not readiforget the mingled astonishment and disappointment our appearance excited as the regiment entered the town. The Tapageurs, so celebrated for all their terrible excesses and insubordination, were seen to be a fine corps of soldier-like fellows, their horses in high condition, their equipments and arms in the very best order. Neither did our conduct at all tally with the reputation that preceded us. All was orderly and regular in the several billets; the parade was particularly observed; not a man late at the night muster. What was the cause of this sudden and remarkable change? Some said we were marching against the enemy; but the real explanation lay in a few words of a general order read to us by our colonel the day before we entered the city:

"The 9th Hussars have obtained the unworthy reputation of being an ill-disciplined and ill-conducted regiment, relying upon their soldier-like qualities in face of the enemy to cover the disgrace of their misconduct in quarters. This is a mistake that must be corrected. All Frenchmen are brave; none can arrogate to themselves any prerogative of valor. If any wish to establish such a belief, a campaign can always attest it. If any profess to think so without such proof, and acting in conformity with this impression, disobey their orders or infringe regimental discipline, I will have them shot.

"REGNIER,
"*Adjutant-general.*"

This was, at least, a very straight-forward and intelligible announcement, and as such my comrades generally acknowledged it. I, however, regarded it as a piece of monstrous and intolerable tyranny, and sought to make converts to my opinion by declaiming about the rights of Frenchmen, the liberty of free discussion, the glorious privilege of equality, and so on; but these arguments sounded faint in presence of the drum-head; and while some slunk away from the circle around me, others significantly hinted that they would accept no part of the danger my doctrines might originate.

However I might have respected my comrades, had they been always the well-disciplined body I now saw them, I confess, that this sudden conversion from fear, was in nowise to my taste, and rashly confounded their dread of punishment with a base and ignoble fear of death. "And these are the men," thought I, "who talk of their charging home through the dense squares of Austria—who have hunted the leopard into the sea! and have carried the flag of France over the high Alps!"

A bold rebel, whatever may be the cause against which he revolts, will always be sure of a certain ascendency. Men are prone to attribute power to pretension, and he who stands foremost in the breach will at least win the suffrages of those whose cause he assumes to defend. In this way it happened that exactly as my comrades fell in my esteem, I was elevated in theirs; and while I took a very depreciating estimate of their courage, *they* conceived a very exalted opinion of mine.

It was altogether inexplicable to see these men, many of them the bronzed veterans of a dozen campaigns—the wounded and distinguished soldiers in many a hard-fought field, yielding up their opinions and sacrificing their convictions to a raw and untried stripling, who had never yet seen an enemy.

With a certain fluency of speech I possessed also a readiness at picking up information, and arraying the scattered fragments of news into a certain consistence, which greatly imposed upon my comrades. A quick eye for manœuvres, and a shrewd habit of combining in my own mind the various facts that came before me, made me appear to them a perfect authority on military matters, of which I talked, I shame to say, with all the confidence and presumption of an accomplished general. A few lucky guesses, and a few half hints, accidentally confirmed, completed all that was wanting; and what says "Le Jeune Maurice," was the inevitable question that followed each piece of flying gossip, or every rumor that rose of a projected movement.

I have seen a good deal of the world since that time, and I am bound to confess, that not a few of the great reputations I have witnessed, have stood upon grounds very similar, and not a whit more stable than my own. A bold face, a ready tongue, a promptness to support, with my right hand, whatever my lips were pledged to, and, above all, good luck, made me the king of my company; and although that sovereignty only extended to half a squadron of hussars, it was a whole universe to me.

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So stood matters when, on the 23d of June, orders came for the whole *corps d'armée* to hold itself in readiness for a forward movement. Rations for two days were distributed, and ammunition given out, as if for an attack of some duration. Meanwhile, to obviate any suspicion of our intentions, the gates of Strasbourg, on the eastern side, were closed—all egress in that direction forbidden—and couriers and estafettes sent off toward the north, as if to provide for the march of our force in that direction. The arrival of various orderly dragoons during the previous night, and on that morning early, told of a great attack in force on Manheim, about sixty miles lower down the Rhine, and the cannonade of which some avowed that they could hear at that distance. The rumor, therefore, seemed confirmed, that we were ordered to move to the north, to support this assault.

The secret dispatch of a few dismounted dragoons and some rifle-men to the banks of the Rhine, however, did not strike me as according with this view, and particularly as I saw that, although all were equipped, and in readiness to move, the order to march was not given, a delay very unlikely to be incurred, if we were destined to act as the reserve of the force already engaged.

Directly opposite to us, on the right bank of the river, and separated from it by a low flat, of about two miles in extent, stood the fortress of Kehl, at that time garrisoned by a strong Austrian force; the banks of the river, and the wooded islands in the stream, which communicated with the right by bridges, or fordable passes, being also held by the enemy in force.

These we had often seen, by the aid of telescopes, from the towers and spires of Strasbourg; and now I remarked that the general and his staff seemed more than usually intent on observing their movements. This fact, coupled with the not less significant one, that no preparations for a defense of Strasbourg were in progress, convinced me that, instead of moving down the Rhine to the attack on Manheim, the plan of our general was, to cross the river where we were, and make a dash at the fortress of Kehl. I was soon to receive the confirmation of my suspicion, as the orders came for two squadrons of the ninth to proceed, dismounted, to the bank of the Rhine, and, under shelter of the willows, to conceal themselves there. Taking possession of the various skiffs and fishing boats along the bank, we were distributed in small parties, to one of which, consisting of eight men under the orders of a corporal, I belonged.

About an hour's march brought us to the river side, in a little clump of alder willows, where, moored to a stake, lay a fishing boat with two short oars in her. Lying down beneath the shade, for the afternoon was hot and sultry, some of us smoked, some chatted, and a few dozed away the hours that somehow seemed unusually slow in passing.

There was a certain dogged sullenness about my companions, which proceeded from their belief, that we and all who remained at Strasbourg, were merely left to occupy the enemy's attention, while greater operations were to be carried on elsewhere.

"You see what it is to be a condemned corps," muttered one; "it's little matter what befalls the old ninth, even should they be cut to pieces."

"They did'nt think so at Enghein," said another, "when we rode down the Austrian cuirassiers."

"Plain enough," cried a third, "we are to have skirmishers' duty here, without skirmishers' fortune in having a force to fall back upon."

"Eh! Maurice, is not this very like what you predicted for us?" broke in a fourth ironically.

"I'm of the same mind still," rejoined I, coolly, "the general is not thinking of a retreat; he has no intention of deserting a well-garrisoned, well-provisioned fortress. Let the attack on Manheim have what success it may, Strasbourg will be held still. I overheard Colonel Guyon remark, that the waters of the Rhine have fallen three feet since the drought set in, and Regnier replied, 'that we must lose no time, for there will come rain and floods ere long.' Now what could that mean, but the intention to cross over yonder?"

"Cross the Rhine in face of the fort of Kehl!" broke in the corporal.

"The French army have done bolder things before now!" was my reply, and whatever the opinion of my comrades, the flattery ranged them on *my* side. Perhaps the corporal felt it beneath his dignity to discuss tactics with an inferior, or perhaps he felt unable to refute the specious pretensions I advanced; in any case he turned away, and either slept, or affected sleep, while I strenuously labored to convince my companions that my surmise was correct.

I repeated all my former arguments about the decrease in the Rhine, showing that the river was scarcely two-thirds of its habitual breadth, that the nights were now dark, and well suited for a surprise, that the columns which issued from the town took their departure with a pomp and parade far more likely to attract the enemy's attention than escape his notice, and were, therefore, the more likely to be destined for some secret expedition, of which all this display was but the blind. These, and similar facts, I grouped together with a certain ingenuity, which, if it failed to convince, at least silenced my opponents. And now the brief twilight, if so short a struggle between day and darkness deserved the name, passed off, and night suddenly closed around us—a night black and starless, for a heavy mass of lowering cloud seemed to unite with the dense vapor that arose from the river, and the low-lying grounds alongside of it. The air was hot and sultry, too, like the precursor of a thunder-storm, and the rush of the stream as it washed among the willows, sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness.

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A hazy, indistinct flame, the watch-fire of the enemy, on the island of Eslar, was the only object visible in the murky darkness. After a while, however, we could detect another fire on a smaller island, a short distance higher up the stream. This, at first dim and uncertain, blazed up after a while, and at length we descried the dark shadows of men as they stood around it.

It was but the day before that I had been looking on a map of the Rhine, and remarked to myself that this small island, little more than a mere rock in the stream, was so situated as to command the bridge between Eslar and the German bank, and I could not help wondering that the Austrians had never taken the precaution to strengthen it, or at least place a gun there, to enfilade the bridge. Now, to my extreme astonishment, I saw it occupied by the soldiery, who, doubtless, were artillery, as in such a position small arms would prove of slight efficiency. As I reflected over this, wondering within myself if any intimation of our movements could have reached the enemy, I heard along the ground on which I was lying the peculiar tremulous, dull sound communicated by a large body of men marching. The measured tramp could not be mistaken, and as I listened I could perceive that a force was moving toward the river from different quarters. The rumbling roll of heavy guns and the clattering noise of cavalry were also easily distinguished, and awaking one of my comrades I called his attention to the sounds.

"Parbleu!" said he, "thou'rt right; they're going to make a dash at the fortress, and there will be hot work ere morning. What say you now, corporal, has Maurice hit it off this time?"

"That's as it may be," growled the other, sulkily; "guessing is easy work ever for such as thee! but if he be so clever, let him tell us why are we stationed along the river's bank in small detachments. We have had no orders to observe the enemy, nor to report upon any thing that might go forward; nor do I see with what object we were to secure the fishing boats; troops could never be conveyed across the Rhine in skiffs like these!"

"I think that this order was given to prevent any of the fishermen giving information to the enemy in case of a sudden attack," replied I.

"Mayhap thou wert at the council of war when the plan was decided on," said he, contemptuously. "For a fellow that never saw the smoke of an enemy's gun thou hast a rare audacity in talking of war!"

"Yonder is the best answer to your taunt," said I, as in a little bend of the stream beside us, two boats were seen to pull under the shelter of the tall alders, from which the clank of arms could be plainly heard; and now another larger launch swept past, the dark shadows of a dense crowd of men showing above the gunwale.

"They are embarking, they are certainly embarking," now ran from mouth to mouth. As the troops arrived at the river's bank they were speedily "told off" in separate divisions, of which some were to lead the attack, others to follow, and a third portion to remain as a reserve in the event of a repulse.

The leading boat was manned entirely by volunteers, and I could hear from where I lay the names called aloud as the men stepped out from the ranks. I could hear that the first point of attack was the island of Eslar. So far there was a confirmation of my own guessing, and I did not hesitate to assume the full credit of my skill from my comrades. In truth, they willingly conceded all or even more than I asked for. Not a stir was heard, not a sight seen, not a movement made of which I was not expected to tell the cause and the import; and knowing that to sustain my influence there was nothing for it but to affect a thorough acquaintance with every thing, I answered all their questions boldly and unhesitatingly. I need scarcely observe that the corporal in comparison sunk into down-right insignificance. He had already shown himself a false guide, and none asked his opinion further, and I became the ruling genius of the hour. The embarkation now went briskly forward, several light field guns were placed in the boats, and two or three large rafts, capable of containing two companies each, were prepared to be towed across by boats.

Exactly as the heavy hammer of the cathedral struck one, the first boat emerged from the willows, and darting rapidly forward, headed for the middle of the stream; another and another in quick succession followed, and speedily were lost to us in the gloom; and now, two four-oared skiffs stood out together, having a raft, with two guns, in tow; by some mischance, however, they got entangled in a side current, and the raft swerving to one side, swept past the boats, carrying them down the stream along with it. Our attention was not suffered to dwell on this mishap, for at the same moment the flash and rattle of fire-arms told us the battle had begun. Two or three isolated shots were first heard, and then a sharp platoon fire, accompanied by a wild cheer, that we well knew came from our own fellows. One deep mellow boom of a large gun resounded amid the crash, and a slight streak of flame, higher up the stream, showed that the shot came from the small island I have already spoken of.

"Listen, lads," said I, "that came from the 'Fels Insel.' If they are firing grape yonder, our poor fellows in the boats will suffer sorely from it. By Jove there is a crash!"

As I was speaking a rattling noise like the sound of clattering timber was heard, and with it a sharp, shrill cry of agony, and all was hushed.

"Let's at them, boys; they can't be much above our own number. The island is a mere rock," cried I to my comrades.

"Who commands this party?" said the corporal, "you or I?"

"You, if you lead us against the enemy,"

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said I; "but I'll take it if my comrades will follow me. There goes another shot, lads—yes or no—now is the time to speak."

"We're ready," cried three, springing forward, with one impulse.

At the instant I jumped into the skiff, the others took their places, and then came a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh, leaving the corporal alone on the bank.

"Come along, corporal," cried I, "we'll win your epaulets for you;" but he turned away without a word; and not waiting further, I pushed out the skiff, and sent her skimming down the stream.

"Pull steady, boys, and silently," said I; "we must gain the middle of the current, and then drop down the river without the least noise. Once beneath the trees, we'll give them a volley, and then the bayonet. Remember, lads, no flinching; it's as well to die here as be shot by old Regnier to-morrow."

The conflict on the Eslar island was now, to all seeming, at its height. The roll of musketry was incessant, and sheets of flame, from time to time, streaked the darkness above the river.

"Stronger and together, boys—once more—there it is—we are in the current, now; in with you, men, and look to your carbines—see that the priming is safe; every shot soon will be worth a fusilade. Lie still now, and wait for the word to fire."

The spreading foliage of the nut-trees was rustling over our heads as I spoke, and the sharp skiff, borne on the current, glided smoothly on till her bow struck the rock. With high-beating hearts we clambered up the little cliff; and as we reached the top, beheld immediately beneath us, in a slight dip of the ground, several figures around a gun, which they were busy in adjusting. I looked right and left to see that my little party were all assembled, and without waiting for more, gave the order—fire!

We were within pistol range, and the discharge was a deadly one. The terror, however, was not less complete; for all who escaped death fled from the spot, and dashing through the brushwood, made for the shallow part of the stream, between the island and the right bank.

Our prize was a brass eight pounder, and an ample supply of ammunition. The gun was pointed toward the middle of the stream, where the current being strongest, the boats would necessarily be delayed; and in all likelihood some of our gallant comrades had already experienced its fatal fire. To wheel it right about, and point it on the Eslar bridge, was the work of a couple of minutes; and while three of our little party kept up a steady fire on the retreating enemy, the others loaded the gun and prepared to fire.

Our distance from the Eslar island and bridge, as well as I could judge from the darkness, might be about two hundred and fifty yards; and as we had the advantage of a slight elevation of ground, our position was admirable.

"Wait patiently, lads," said I, restraining, with difficulty, the burning ardor of my men. "Wait patiently, till the retreat has commenced over the bridge. The work is too hot to last much longer on the island: to fire upon them there, would be to risk our own men as much as the enemy. See what long flashes of flame break forth among the brushwood: and listen to the cheering now. That was a French cheer! and there goes another! Look! look, the bridge is darkening already! That was a bugle-call, and they are in full retreat. Now, lads—now!"

As I spoke, the gun exploded, and the instant after we heard the crashing rattle of the timber, as the shot struck the bridge, and splintered the wood-work in all directions.

"The range is perfect, lads," cried I. "Load and fire with all speed."

Another shot, followed by a terrific scream from the bridge, told how the work was doing. Oh! the savage exultation, the fiendish joy of my heart, as I drank in that cry of agony, and called upon my men to load faster.

Six shots were poured in with tremendous precision and effect, and the seventh tore away one of the main supports of the bridge, and down went the densely crowded column into the Rhine; at the same instant, the guns of our launches opened a destructive fire upon the banks, which soon were swept clean of the enemy.

High up on the stream, and for nearly a mile below also, we could see the boats of our army pulling in for shore; the crossing of the Rhine had been effected, and we now prepared to follow.

To be continued.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

AN AERIAL VOYAGE.

OF all the wonderful discoveries which modern science has given birth to, there is perhaps not one which has been applied to useful purposes on a scale so unexpectedly contracted as that by which we are enabled to penetrate into the immense ocean of air with which our globe is surrounded, and to examine the physical phenomena which are manifested in its upper strata. One would have supposed that the moment the power was conferred upon us to leave the surface of the earth, and rise above the clouds into the superior regions, a thousand eager inquirers would present themselves as agents in researches in a region so completely untrodden, if such a term may here be permitted.

Nevertheless, this great invention of aerial navigation has remained almost barren. If we except the celebrated aerial voyage of Gay-Lussac in 1804, the balloon, with its wonderful powers, has been allowed to degenerate into a mere theatrical exhibition, exciting the vacant and unreflecting wonder of the multitude. Instead of being an instrument of philosophical

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research, it has become a mere expedient for profit in the hands of charlatans, so much so, that, on the occasion to which we are now about to advert, the persons who engaged in the project incurred failure, and risked their lives, from their aversion to avail themselves of the experience of those who had made aerostation a mere spectacle for profit. They thought that to touch pitch they must be defiled, and preferred danger and the risk of failure to such association.

It is now about two months since M. Barral, a chemist of some distinction at Paris, and M. Bixio, a member of the Legislative Assembly (whose name will be remembered in connection with the bloody insurrection of June, 1848, when, bravely and humanely discharging his duty in attempting to turn his guilty fellow-citizens from their course, he nearly shared the fate of the Archbishop, and was severely wounded), resolved upon making a grand experiment with a view to observe and record the meteorological phenomena of the strata of the atmosphere, at a greater height and with more precision than had hitherto been accomplished. But from the motives which we have explained, the project was kept secret, and it was resolved that the experiment should be made at an hour of the morning, and under circumstances, which would prevent it from degenerating into an exhibition. MM. Arago and Regnault undertook to supply the aerial voyagers with a programme of the proposed performance, and instruments suited to the projected observations. M. Arago prepared the programme, in which was stated clearly what observations were to be made at every stage of the ascentional movement.

It was intended that the balloon should be so managed as to come to rest at certain altitudes, when barometric, thermometric, hygrometric, polariscopic, and other observations, were to be taken and noted; the balloon after each series of observations to make a new ascent.

The precious instruments by which these observations were to be made were prepared, and in some cases actually fabricated and graduated, by the hands of M. Regnault himself.

To provide the balloon and its appendages, recourse was had to some of those persons who have followed the fabrication of balloons as a sort of trade, for the purposes of exhibition.

In this part of their enterprise the voyagers were not so fortunate, as we shall presently see, and still less so in having taken the resolution to ascend alone, unaccompanied by a practiced æronaut. It is probable that if they had selected a person, such as Mr. Green, for example, who had already made frequent ascents for the mere purpose of exhibition, and who had become familiar with the practical management of the machine, a much more favorable result would have ensued. As it was, the two voyagers ascended for the first time, and placed themselves in a position like that of a natural philosopher, who, without previous practice, should undertake to drive a locomotive, with its train, on a railway at fifty miles an hour, rejecting the humble but indispensable aid of an experienced engine-driver.

The necessary preparations having been made, and the programme and the instruments prepared, it was resolved to make the ascent from the garden behind the Observatory at Paris, a plateau of some elevation, and free from buildings and other obstacles, at day-break of Saturday, the 29th June. At midnight the balloon was brought to the spot, but the inflation was not completed until nearly 10 o'clock, A.M.

It has since been proved that the balloon was old and worn, and that it ought not to have been supplied for such an occasion.

It was obviously patched, and it is now known that two seamstresses were employed during the preceding day in mending it, and some stitching even was found necessary after it had arrived at the Observatory.

The net-work which included and supported the car was new, and not originally made with a view to the balloon it inclosed, the consequences of which will be presently seen.

The night, between Friday and Saturday, was one of continual rain, and the balloon and its netting became thoroughly saturated with moisture. By the time the inflation had been completed, it became evident that the net-work was too small; but in the anxiety to carry into effect the project, the consequences of this were most unaccountably overlooked. We say unaccountably, because it is extremely difficult to conceive how experimental philosophers and practiced observers, like MM. Arago and Regnault, to say nothing of numerous subordinate scientific agents who were present, did not anticipate what must have ensued in the upper regions of the air. Nevertheless, such was the fact.

On the morning of Saturday, the instruments being duly deposited in the car, the two enterprising voyagers placed themselves in it, and the balloon, which previously had been held down by the strength of twenty men, was liberated, and left to plunge into the ocean of air, at twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock.

The weather, as we have already stated, was unfavorable, the sky being charged with clouds. As it was the purpose of this project to examine much higher regions of the atmosphere than those which it had been customary for aeronautic exhibitors to rise to, the arrangements of ballast and inflation which were adopted, were such as to cause the ascent to be infinitely more rapid than in the case of public exhibitions; in short, the balloon darted upward with the speed of an arrow, and in two minutes from the moment it was liberated, that is to say, at twenty-nine minutes past ten, plunged into the clouds, and was withdrawn from the anxious view of the distinguished persons assembled in the garden of the Observatory.

While passing through this dense cloud, the

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voyagers carefully observed the barometer, and knew by the rapid fall of the mercury that they were ascending with a great velocity. Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged from the cloud; when they did so, however, a glorious spectacle presented itself. The balloon, emerging from the superior surface of the cloud, rose under a splendid canopy of azure, and shone with the rays of a brilliant sun. The cloud which they had just passed, was soon seen several thousand feet below them. From the observations taken with the barometer and thermometer, it was afterward found that the thickness of the cloud through which they had passed, was 9800 feet—a little less than two miles. On emerging from the cloud, our observers examined the barometer, and found that the mercury had fallen to the height of 18 inches; the thermometer showed a temperature of 45° Fahr. The height of the balloon above the level of the sea was then 14,200 feet. At the moment of emerging from the cloud, M. Barral made polariscopic observation, which established a fact foreseen by M. Arago, that the light reflected from the surface of the clouds, was unpolarized light.

The continued and somewhat considerable fall of the barometer informed the observers that their ascent still continued to be rapid. The rain which had previously fallen, and which wetted the balloon, and saturated the cordage forming the net-work, had now ceased, or, to speak more correctly, the balloon had passed above the region in which the rain prevailed. The strong action of the sun, and almost complete dryness of the air in which the vast machine now floated, caused the evaporation of the moisture which enveloped it. The cordage and the balloon becoming dry, and thus relieved of a certain weight of liquid, was affected as though a quantity of ballast had been thrown out, and it darted upward with increased velocity.

It was within one minute of eleven, when the observers finding the barometer cease the upward motion, and finding that the machine oscillated round a position of equilibrium by noticing the bearing of the sun, they found the epoch favorable for another series of observations. The barometer there indicated that the balloon had attained the enormous height of 19,700 feet. The moisture which had invested the thermometer had frozen upon it, and obstructed, for the moment, observations with it. It was while M. Barral was occupied in wiping the icicles from it, that, turning his eye upward, he beheld what would have been sufficient to have made the stoutest heart quail with fear.

To explain the catastrophe which at this moment, and at nearly 20,000 feet above the surface of the earth, and about a mile above the highest strata of the clouds, menaced the voyagers, we must recur to what we have already stated in reference to the balloon and the net-work. As it was intended to ascend to an unusual altitude, it was of course known, that in consequence of the highly rarefied state of the atmosphere, and its very much diminished pressure, the gas contained in the balloon would have a great tendency to distend, and, consequently, space must be allowed for the play of this effect. The balloon, therefore, at starting, was not nearly filled with gas, and yet, as we have explained it, very nearly filled the net-work which inclosed it. Is it not strange that some among the scientific men present did not foresee, that when it would ascend into a highly rarefied atmosphere, it would necessarily distend itself to such a magnitude, that the netting would be utterly insufficient to contain it? Such effect, so strangely unforeseen, now disclosed itself practically realized to the astonished and terrified eyes of M. Barral.

The balloon, in fact, had so swelled as not only completely to fill the netting which covered it, but to force its way, in a frightful manner, through the hoop under it, from which the car and the voyagers were suspended.

In short, the inflated silk protruding downward through the hoop, now nearly touched the heads of the voyagers. In this emergency the remedy was sufficiently obvious.

The valve must be opened, and the balloon breathed, so as to relieve it from the over-inflation. Now, it is well known, that the valve in this machine is placed in a sort of sleeve, of a length more or less considerable, connected with the lower part of the balloon, through which sleeve the string of the valve passes. M. Barral, on looking for this sleeve, found that it had disappeared. Further search showed that the balloon being awkwardly and improperly placed in the inclosing net-work, the valve-sleeve, instead of hanging clear of the hoop, had been gathered up in the net-work above the hoop; so that, to reach it, it would have been necessary to have forced a passage between the inflated silk and the hoop.

Now, here it must be observed, that such an incident could never have happened to the most commonly-practiced balloon exhibitor, whose first measure, before leaving the ground, would be to secure access to, and the play of the valve. This, however, was, in the present case, fatally overlooked. It was, in fine, now quite apparent, that either of two effects must speedily ensue—viz.: either the car and the voyagers would be buried in the inflated silk which was descending upon them, and thus they would be suffocated, or that the force of distention must burst the balloon. If a rupture were to take place in that part immediately over the car, then the voyagers would be suffocated by an atmosphere of hydrogen; if it should take place at a superior part, then the balloon, rapidly discharged of its gas, would be precipitated to the earth, and the destruction of its occupants rendered inevitable.

Under these circumstances the voyagers did not lose their presence of mind, but calmly considered their situation, and promply decided upon the course to be adopted. M. Barral

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climbed up the side of the car, and the net-work suspending it, and forced his way through the hoop, so as to catch hold of the valve-sleeve. In this operation, however, he was obliged to exercise a force which produced a rent in a part of the silk below the hoop, and immediately over the car. In a moment the hydrogen gas issued with terrible force from the balloon, and the voyagers found themselves involved in an atmosphere of it.

Respiration became impossible, and they were nearly suffocated. A glance at the barometer, however, showed them that they were falling to the ground with the most fearful rapidity.

During a few moments they experienced all the anguish attending asphyxia. From this situation, however, they were relieved more speedily than they could then have imagined possible; but the cause which relieved them soon became evident, and inspired them with fresh terrors.

M. Barral, from the indications of the barometer, knew that they were being precipitated to the surface of the earth with a velocity so prodigious, that the passage of the balloon through the atmosphere dispelled the mass of hydrogen with which they had been surrounded.

It was, nevertheless, evident that the small rent which had been produced in the lower part of the balloon, by the abortive attempt to obtain access to the valve, could not have been the cause of a fall so rapid.

M. Barral, accordingly, proceeded to examine the external surface of the balloon, as far as it was visible from the car, and, to his astonishment and terror, he discovered that a rupture had taken place, and that a rent was made, about five feet in length, along the equator of the machine, through which, of course, the gas was now escaping in immense quantities. Here was the cause of the frightful precipitation of the descent, and a source of imminent danger in the fall.

M. Barral promptly decided on the course to be taken.

It was resolved to check the descent by the discharge of the ballast, and every other article of weight. But this process, to be effectual, required to be conducted with considerable coolness and skill. They were some thousand feet above the clouds. If the ballast were dismissed too soon, the balloon must again acquire a perilous velocity before it would reach the earth. If, on the other hand, its descent were not moderated in time, its fall might become so precipitate as to be ungovernable. Nine or ten sand-bags being, therefore, reserved for the last and critical moment, all the rest of the ballast was discharged. The fall being still frightfully rapid, the voyagers cast out, as they descended through the cloud already mentioned, every article of weight which they had, among which were the blankets and woolen clothing which they had brought to cover them in the upper regions of the atmosphere, their shoes, several bottles of wine, all, in fine, save and except the philosophical instruments. These they regarded as the soldier does his flag, not to be surrendered save with life. M. Bixio, when about to throw over a trifling apparatus, called an aspirator, composed of copper, and filled with water, was forbidden by M. Barral, and obeyed the injunction.

They soon emerged from the lower stratum of the cloud, through which they had fallen in less than two minutes, having taken fifteen minutes to ascend through it. The earth was now in sight, and they were dropping upon it like a stone. Every weighty article had been dismissed, except the nine sand-bags, which had been designedly reserved to break the shock on arriving at the surface. They observed that they were directly over some vine-grounds near Lagny, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and could distinctly see a number of laborers engaged in their ordinary toil, who regarded with unmeasured astonishment the enormous object about to drop upon them. It was only when they arrived at a few hundred feet from the surface that the nine bags of sand were dropped by M. Barral, and by this manœuvre the lives of the voyagers were probably saved. The balloon reached the ground, and the car struck among the vines. Happily the wind was gentle; but gentle as it was it was sufficient, acting upon the enormous surface of the balloon, to drag the car along the ground, as if it were drawn by fiery and ungovernable horses. Now arrived a moment of difficulty and danger, which also had been foreseen and provided for by M. Barral. If either of the voyagers had singly leaped from the car, the balloon, lightened of so much weight, would dart up again into the air. Neither voyager would consent, then, to purchase his own safety at the risk of the other. M. Barral, therefore, threw his body half down from the car, laying hold of the vine-stakes, as he was dragged along, and directing M. Bixio to hold fast to his feet. In this way the two voyagers, by their united bodies, formed a sort of anchor, the arms of M. Barral playing the part of the fluke, and the body of M. Bixio that of the cable.

In this way M. Barral was dragged over a portion of the vineyard rapidly, without any other injury than a scratch or contusion of the face, produced by one of the vine-stakes.

The laborers just referred to meanwhile collected, and pursued the balloon, and finally succeeded in securing it, and in liberating the voyagers, whom they afterward thanked for the bottles of excellent wine which, as they supposed, had fallen from the heavens, and which, wonderful to relate, had not been broken from the fall, although, as has been stated, they had been discharged above the clouds. The astonishment and perplexity of the rustics can be imagined on seeing these bottles drop in the vineyard.

This fact also shows how perpendicularly the balloon must have dropped, since the bottles

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dismissed from such a height, fell in the same field where, in a minute afterward, the balloon also dropped.

The entire descent from the altitude of twenty thousand feet was effected in seven minutes, being at the average rate of fifty feet per second.

In fine, we have to report that these adventurous partisans of science, nothing discouraged by the catastrophe which has occurred have resolved to renew the experiment under, as may be hoped, less inauspicious circumstances; and we trust that on the next occasion they will not disdain to avail themselves of the co-operation and presence of some one of those persons, who having hitherto practiced aerial navigation for the mere purposes of amusement, will, doubtless, be too happy to invest one at least of their labors with a more useful and more noble character.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

ANDREW CARSON'S MONEY; A STORY OF GOLD.

THE night of a bitter winter day had come; frost, and hail, and snow carried a sense of new desolation to the cold hearths of the moneyless, while the wealthy only drew the closer to their bright fires, and experienced stronger feelings of comfort.

In a small back apartment of a mean house, in one of the poorest quarters of Edinburgh, a young man sat with a pen in his fingers, endeavoring to write, though the blue tint of his nails showed that the blood was almost frozen in his hands. There was no fire in the room; the old iron grate was rusty and damp, as if a fire had not blazed in it for years; the hail dashed against the fractured panes of the window; the young man was poorly and scantily dressed, and he was very thin, and bilious to all appearance; his sallow, yellow face and hollow eyes told of disease, misery, and the absence of hope.

His hand shook with cold, as, by the light of the meanest and cheapest of candles, he slowly traced line after line, with the vain thought of making money by his writings. In his boyish days he had entered the ranks of literature, with the hopes of fame to lead him on, but disappointment after disappointment, and miserable circumstances of poverty and suffering had been his fate: now the vision of fame had become dim in his sick soul—he was writing with the hope of gaining money, any trifle, by his pen.

Of all the ways of acquiring money to which the millions bend their best energies, that of literature is the most forlorn. The artificers of necessaries and luxuries, for the animal existence, have the world as their customers; but those who labor for the mind have but a limited few, and therefore the supply of mental work is infinitely greater than the demand, and thousands of the unknown and struggling, even though possessed of much genius, must sink before the famous few who monopolize the literary market, and so the young writer is overlooked. He may be starving, but his manuscripts will be returned to him; the emoluments of literature are flowing in other channels; he is one added to the thousands too many in the writing world; his efforts may bring him misery and madness, but not money.

The door of the room opened, and a woman entered; and advancing near the little table on which the young man was writing, she fixed her eyes on him with a look in which anger, and the extreme wretchedness which merges on insanity, were mingled. She seemed nearly fifty; her features had some remaining traces of former regularity and beauty, but her whole countenance now was a volume filled with the most squalid suffering and evil passions; her cheeks and eyes were hollow, as if she had reached the extreme of old age; she was emaciated to a woeful degree; her dress was poor, dirty, and tattered, and worn without any attempt at proper arrangement.

"Writing! writing! writing! Thank God, Andrew Carson, the pen will soon drop from your fingers with starvation."

The woman said this in a half-screaming, but weak and broken-down voice.

"Mother, let me have some peace," said the young writer, turning his face away, so that he might not see her red glaring eyes fixed on him.

"Ay, Andrew Carson, I say thank God that the force of hunger will soon now make you drop that cursed writing. Thank God, if there *is* the God that my father used to talk about in the long nights in the bonnie highland glen, where it's like a dream of lang syne that I ever lived."

She pressed her hands on her breast, as if some recollections of an overpowering nature were in her soul.

"The last rag in your trunk has gone to the pawn; you have neither shirt, nor coat, nor covering now, except what you've on. Write—write—if you can, without eating; to-morrow you'll have neither meat nor drink here, nor aught now to get money on."

"Mother, I am in daily expectation of receiving something for my writing now; the post this evening may bring me some good news."

He said this with hesitation, and there was little of hope in the expression of his face.

"Good news! good news about your writing! that's the good news 'ill never come; never, you good-for-nothing scribbler!"

She screamed forth the last words in a voice of frenzy. Her tone was a mixture of Scotch and Irish accents. She had resided for some years of her earlier life in Ireland.

As the young writer looked at her and listened to her, the pen shook in his hand.

"Go out, and work, and make money. Ay, the working people can live on the best, while you, with that pen in your fingers, are starving yourself and me."

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"Mother, I am not strong enough for labor, and my tastes are strongly, very strongly, for literature."

"Not strong enough! you're twenty past. It's twenty long years since the cursed night I brought you into the world."

The young writer gazed keenly on his mother, for he was afraid she was under the influence of intoxication, as was too often the case; but he did not know how she could have obtained money, as he knew there was not a farthing in the house. The woman seemed to divine the meaning of his looks—

"I'm not drunk, don't think it," she cried; "it's the hunger and the sorrow that's in my nead."

"Well, mother, perhaps this evening's post may have some good intelligence."

"What did the morning's post bring? There, there—don't I see it—them's the bonnie hopes of yours."

She pointed to the table, where lay a couple of returned manuscripts. Andrew glanced toward the parcel, and made a strong effort to suppress the deep sigh which heaved his breast.

"Ay, there it is—there's a bundle of that stuff ye spend your nights and days writing; taking the flesh off your bones, and making that face of yours so black and yellow; it's your father's face, too—ay—well it's like him now, indeed—the ruffian. I wish I had never seen him, nor you, nor this world."

"My father," said Andrew, and a feeling of interest overspread his bloodless face. "You have told me little of him. Why do you speak of him so harshly?"

"Go and work, and make money, I say. I tell you I must get money; right or wrong, I must get it; there's no living longer, and enduring what I've endured. I dream of being rich; I waken every morning from visions where my hands are filled with money; that wakening turns my head, when I know and see there is not a halfpenny in the house, and when I see you, my son, sitting there, working like a fool with pen and brain, but without the power to earn a penny for me. Go out and work with your hands, I say again, and let me get money—do any thing, if it brings money. There is the old woman over the way, who has a working son; his mother may bless God that he is a shoemaker and not a poet; she is the happy woman, so cozily covered with warm flannel and stuff this weary weather, and her mutton, and her tea, and her money jingling in her pocket forever; that's what a working son can do—a shoemaker can do that."

At this some noise in the kitchen called Mrs. Carson away, to the great relief of Andrew. He rose, and closed the door gently after her. He seated himself again, and took up his pen, but his head fell listlessly on his hand; he felt as if his mother's words were yet echoing in his ears. From his earliest infancy he had regarded her with fear and wonder, more than love.

Mrs. Carson was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who was suspected by his brethren in the ministry of entertaining peculiar views of religion on some points, and also of being at intervals rather unsound in his mind. He bestowed, however, a superior education on his only daughter, and instructed her carefully himself until his death, which occurred when she was not more than fourteen. As her father left her little if any support, she was under the necessity of going to reside with relations in Ireland, who moved in a rather humble rank. Of her subsequent history little was known to Andrew; she always maintained silence regarding his father, and seemed angry when he ventured to question her. Andrew was born in Ireland, and resided there until about his eighth year, when his mother returned to Scotland.

It was from his mother Andrew had gained all the little education that had been bestowed on him. That education was most capriciously imparted, and in its extent only went the length of teaching him to read partially; for whatever further advances he had made he was indebted to his own self-culture. At times his mother would make some efforts to impress on him the advantages of education: she would talk of poetry, and repeat specimens of the poets which her memory had retained from the period of her girlhood in her father's house; but oftenest the language of bitterness, violence, and execration was on her lips. With the never-ceasing complaints of want—want of position, want of friends, but, most of all, want of money—sounding in his ears, Andrew grew up a poet. The unsettled and aimless mind of his mother, shadowed as it was with perpetual blackness, prevented her from calmly and wisely striving to place her son in some position by which he could have aided in supporting himself and her. As a child, Andrew was shy and solitary, caring little for the society of children of his own years, and taking refuge from the never-ceasing violence of his mother's temper in the privacy of his own poor bedroom, with some old book which he had contrived to borrow, or with his pen, for he was a writer of verses from an early age.

Andrew was small-sized, sickly, emaciated, and feeble in frame; his mind had much of the hereditary weakness visible in his mother; his imagination and his passions were strong, and easily excited to such a pitch as to overwhelm for the moment his reason. With a little-exercised and somewhat defective judgment; with no knowledge of the world; with few books; with a want of that tact possessed by some intellects, of knowing and turning to account the tendencies of the age in literature, it was hardly to be expected that Andrew would soon succeed as a poet, though his imagination was powerful, and there was pathos and even occasional sublimity in his poetry. For five long years he had been toiling and striving without any success whatever in his vocation, in the way of realizing either fame or emolument.

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Now, as he sat with his eyes fixed on the two returned manuscripts on his table, his torturing memory passed in review before him the many times his hopes had been equally lost. He was only twenty years of age, yet he had endured so many disappointments! He shook and trembled with a convulsive agony as he recalled poem after poem, odes, sonnets, epics, dramas—he had tried every thing; he had built so many glorious expectations on each as, night after night, shivering with cold and faint with sickness, he had persisted in gathering from his mind, and arranging laboriously, the brightest and most powerful of his poetical fancies, and hoped, and was often almost sure, they would spread broadly, and be felt deeply in the world. But there they had all returned to him—there they lay, unknown, unheard of—they were only so much waste paper.

As each manuscript had found its way back to him, he had received every one with an increasing bitterness and despair, which gradually wrought his brain almost to a state of mental malady. By constitution he was nervous and melancholy: the utmost of the world's success would hardly have made him happy; he had no internal strength to cope with disappointment—no sanguine hopes pointing to a brighter future: he was overwhelmed with present failures. One moment he doubted sorely the power of his own genius: and the thought was like death to him, for without fame—without raising himself a name and a position above the common masses—he felt he could not live. Again, he would lay the whole blame on the undiscerning publishers to whom his poetry had been sent; he would anathematize them all with the fierce bitterness of a soul which was, alas! unsubdued in many respects by the softening and humbling influences of the religion of Christ. He had not the calm reflection which might have told him that, young, uneducated, utterly unlearned in the world and in books as he was, his writings must of necessity have a kind of inferiority to the works of those possessed of more advantages. He had no deep, sober principles or thoughts; his thoughts were feelings which bore him on their whirlwind course to the depths of agony, and to the brink of the grave, for his health was evidently seriously impaired by the indulgence of long-continued emotions of misery.

He took up one of the rejected manuscripts in his hand: it was a legendary poem, modeled something after the style of Byron, though the young author would have violently denied the resemblance. He thought of the pains he had bestowed on it—of the amount of thought and dreams—the sick, languid headaches, the pained breast, the weary mind it had so often occasioned him; then he saw the marks of tears on it—the gush of tears which had come as if to extinguish the fire of madness which had kindled in his brain. When he saw that manuscript returned to him, the marks of the tears were there staining the outside page. He looked fixedly on that manuscript. and his thin face became darker, and more expressive of all that is hopeless in human sorrow; the bright light of success shone as if so far away from him now—away at an endless distance, which neither his strength of body or mind could ever carry him over.

At that moment the sharp, rapid knock of the postman sounded in his ears. His heart leaped up, and then suddenly sank with suffocating fear, for the dark mood of despair was on him—could it be another returned manuscript? He had only one now in the hands of a publisher; the one on which he had expended all his powers—the one to which he had trusted most: it was a tragedy. He had dreamed the preceding night that it had been accepted; he had dreamed it had brought him showers of gold; he had been for a moment happy beyond the bounds of human happiness, though he had awoke with a sense of horror on his mind, he knew not why. The publisher to whom he had sent his tragedy was to present it to the manager of one of the London theatres. Had it been taken, performed, successful?—a dream of glory, as if heaven had opened on him, bewildered his senses.

The door was rudely pushed open; his mother entered, and flung the manuscript of the returned tragedy on the table.

"There—there's another of them!" she cried, rage choked her voice for a moment.

Andrew was stunned. Despair seemed to have frozen him all at once into a statue. He mechanically took up the packet, and, opening it, he read the cold, polite, brief note, which told of the rejection of his play both by theatres and publishers.

"Idiot—fool—scribbling fool!"

The unfortunate poet's mother sank into a chair, as if unable to support the force of her anger.

"Fool!—scribbling madman! will ye never give over?"

Andrew made no answer; but every one of his mother's furious words sank into his brain, adding to the force of his unutterable misery.

"Will ye go now, and take to some other trade, will ye?—will ye, I say?"

Andrew's lips moved for a moment, but no sound came from them.

"Will ye go out, and make money, I say, at some sensible work? Make money for me, will you? I'll force you out to make money at some work by which there's money to be made; not the like of that idiot writing of yours, curse it. Answer me, and tell me you'll go out and work for money now?"

She seized his arm, and shook it violently; but still he made no response.

"You will not speak. Listen, then—listen to me, I say; I'll tell it all now; you'll hear what you never heard before. I did not tell you before, because I pitied you—because I thought you would work for me, and earn money; but you will not promise it. Now, then, listen. You are the very child of money—brought into existence by the influence of

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money; you would never have been in being had it not been for money. I always told you I was married to your father; I told you a falsehood—he bound me to him by the ties of money only."

A violent shudder passed over Andrew's frame at this intelligence, but still he said nothing.

"You shall hear it all—I shall tell you particularly the whole story. It was not for nothing you were always afraid of being called a bastard. It's an ugly word, but it belongs to you—ay, ay, ye always trembled at that word, since ye were able to go and play among the children in the street. They called ye that seven years ago—ten years ago, when we came here first, and you used to come crying to me, for you could not bear it, you said. I denied it then—I told you I was married to your father; I told you a lie: I told you that, because I thought you would grow up and work for me, and get me money. You won't do it; you will only write—write all day and all night, too, though I've begged you to quit it. You have me here starving. What signifies the beggarly annuity your father left to me, and you, his child? It's all spent long before it comes, and here we are with nothing, not a crust, in the house, and it's two months till next paying time.

"Listen—I'll tell you the whole story of your birth; maybe that will put you from writing for a while, if you have the spirit you used to have when they told you what you were."

She shook his arm again, without receiving any answer; his head had fallen on his hands, and he remained fixed in one position. His mother's eyes glared on him with a look in which madness was visible, together with a tigress-like expression of ferocity which rarely appears on the face of a mother, or of any human being, where insanity does not exist. When she spoke, however, her words were collected, and her manner was impressive and even dignified; the look of maniac anger gradually wore away from her face, and in every sentence she uttered there were proofs that something of power had naturally existed in her fallen and clouded mind.

"Want of money was the earliest thing I remember to feel," she said, as she seated herself, with something more of composure in her manner. "There was never any money in my father's house. I wondered at first where it could all go; I watched and reflected, and used all means of finding out the mystery. At last I knew it—my father drank; in the privacy of his room, when no eye was on him, he drank, drank. He paid strict enough attention to my education. I read with him much; he had stores of books. I read the Bible with him, too; often he spent long evenings expounding it to me. But I saw the hollowness of it all—he hardly believed himself; he doubted—doubted all, while he would fain have made me a believer. I saw it well: I heard him rave of it in a fever, into which drink had thrown him. All was dark to him, he said, when he was near dying; but he had taught his child to believe; he had done his best to make her believe. He did not know my heart; I was his own child; I longed for sensual things; my heart burned with a wish for money, but it all went for drink. Had I but been able then to procure food and clothes as others of my rank did, the burning wish for money that consumed my heart then and now might never have been kindled, and I might have been rich as those often become who have never wished for riches. Yes, the eagerness of my wishes has always driven money far away from me; that cursed gold and silver, it flows on them who have never worshiped it—never longed for it till their brain turned; and it will not come to such as me, whose whole life has been a desire for it. Well, my father died, and I was left without a penny; all the furniture went to pay the spirit-merchant. I went to Ireland; I lived with relations who were poor and ignorant: I heard the cry of want of money there too. A father and mother and seven children, and me, the penniless orphan: we all wanted money—all cried for it. At last my cry was answered in a black way; I saw the sight of money at last; a purse heaped, overflowing with money, was put into my hands. My brain got giddy at the sight; sin and virtue became all one to me at the sight. Gold, gold! my father would hardly ever give me one poor shilling; the people with whom I lived hardly ever had a shilling among them. I became the mistress of a rich man—a married man; his wife and children were living there before my eyes—a profligate man; his sins were the talk of the countryside. I hated him; he was old, deformed, revolting; but he chained me to him by money. Then I enjoyed money for a while; I kept that purse in my hand; I laid it down so as my eyes would rest on it perpetually. I dressed; I squandered sum after sum; the rich man who kept me had many other expenses; his money became scantier; we quarreled; another offered me more money—I went to him."

A deep groan shook the whole frame of the unfortunate young poet at this statement—a groan which in its intensity might have separated soul and body.

"Let me go—let me go!" he cried, raising himself for a moment, and then sinking back again in his chair in a passive state.

His mother seemed a little softened by his agitation, though she made no comment on it, but continued her narrative as if no interruption had taken place.

"Money took me to a new master; he was richer than the first; he bound my heart to him by the profusion of his money. He was old and withered, but his gold and silver reflected so brightly on his face, I came to think him handsome; he was your father; you were born; after your birth I think I even loved him. I urged him to marry me; he listened; he even

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promised—yes, marriage and money—money—they were almost in my very grasp. I was sure—sure—when he went to England to arrange some business, he said; he wrote fondly for a while; I lived in an elysium; money and an honorable marriage were my own. I had not one doubt; but he ceased to write tc me—all at once he ceased; had it been a gradual drawing off, my brain would not have reeled as it did. At last, when fear and anxiety had almost thrown me into a fever, a letter came. It announced in a few words that your father was married to a young, virtuous, and wealthy lady; he had settled a small annuity on me for life, and never wished to see or hear from me again. A violent illness seized me then; it was a kind of burning fever. All things around me seemed to dazzle, and assume the form of gold and silver; I struggled and writhed to grasp the illusion; they were forced to tie my hands—to bind me down in my bed. I recovered at last, but I had grown all at once old, withered, stricken in mind and body by that sickness. For a long time—for years—I lived as if in a lingering dream; I had no keen perceptions of life; my wishes had little energy; my thoughts were confused and wandering; even the love of money and the want of money failed to stir me into any kind of action. I have something of the same kind of feeling still," she said, raising her hand to her head. "The burning fever into which I was thrown when your father's love vanished from me, is often here even yet, though its duration is brief; but it is sufficient to make me incapable of any exertion by which I could make money. I have trusted to you; I have hoped that you might be the means of raising me from my poverty; I have long hoped to see the gold and silver of your earning. I did not say much at first, when I saw you turning a poet; I had heard that poetry was the sure high-road to poverty, but I said little then. I was hardly able to judge and know rightly what you should do when you commenced writing in your boyhood; but my head is a little cooler now; the scorching fire of the money your father tempted me with, and then withdrew, is quenched a little by years. Now at last I see that you are wasting your time and health with that pen; you have not made one shilling—one single sixpence for me, yet, with that pen of yours; your health is going fast; I see the color of the grave on your thin cheeks. Now I command you to throw away your pen, and make money for me at any trade, no matter how low or mean."

As she spoke, there was a look approaching to dignity in her wasted face, and her tones were clear and commanding—the vulgar Irishism and Scoticism of dialect which, on common occasions, disfigured her conversation, had disappeared, and it was evident that her intellect had at one period been cultivated, and superior to the ordinary class of minds.

Andrew rose without saying one syllable in answer to his mother's communication; he threw his manuscripts and the sheets which he had written into a desk; he locked it with a nervous, trembling hand, and then turned to leave the room. His face was of the most ghastly paleness; his eyes were calm and fixed; he seemed sick at heart by the disclosure he had heard; his lips trembled and shook with agitation.

"Where are you going, Andrew? It's a bitter night."

"Mother, it is good enough for me—for a—"

He could not speak the hated word which rose to his lips; he had an early horror of that word; he had dreaded that his was a dishonorable birth: even in his boyish days he had feared it; his mother had often asserted to the contrary, but now she had dispelled the belief in which he had rested.

He opened the door hastily, and passed out into the storm, which was rushing against the windows.

A feeling of pity for him—a feeling of a mother's affection and solicitude, was stirred in Mrs. Carson's soul, as she listened to his departing footsteps, and then went and seated herself beside the embers of a dying fire in the kitchen; it was a small, cold, miserably-furnished kitchen; the desolation of the severe season met no counterbalancing power there; no cheering appearances of food, or fire, or any comforts were there. But the complaining spirit which cried and sighed perpetually was for once silent within Mrs. Carson's mind; something—perhaps the death-like aspect of her son, or a voice from her long stifled conscience—was telling her how ill she had fulfilled the duties of a mother. She felt remorse for the reproaches she had heaped on him before he had gone out in the storm.

She waited to hear his knock at the door; she longed for his returning steps; she felt that she would receive him with more of kindness than she had for a length of time displayed to him; she kept picturing to herself perpetually his thin face and emaciated figure, and a fear of his early death seized on her for the first time; she had been so engrossed by her own selfish wants, that she had scarcely remarked the failing health of her son. She started with horror at the probabilities which her naturally powerful fancy suggested. She resolved to call in medical aid immediately, for she was sure now that Andrew's constitution was sinking fast. But how would she pay for medical aid? she had not one farthing to procure advice. At this thought the yearning, burning desire for money which had so long made a part of her existence came back with full force; she sat revolving scheme after scheme, plan after plan, of how she could procure it. Hours passed away, but still she sat alone, silently cowering over the cinders of the fire.

At length she started up, fully awake, to a sense of wonder and dread at Andrew's long absence. She heard the sound of distant clocks striking twelve. It was unusual for Andrew to to be out so late, for he had uniformly kept himself aloof from evil companions. The high poetical spirit within him, a spirit which utterly

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engrossed him, had kept him from the haunts of vice. His mother went to the door, and opening it, gazed on the narrow, mean street. The storm had passed away; the street was white with hail and snow; the moon shone clearly down between the tall but dilapidated houses of which the street or lane was composed; various riotous-looking people were passing by; and from a neighboring house the brisk strains of a violin came, together with the sound of voices and laughter. The house had a bad repute in the neighborhood, but Mrs. Carson never for an instant suspected her son was there. She looked anxiously along the street, and at every passing form she gazed earnestly, but none resembled her son.

For a long time she stood waiting and watching for the appearance of Andrew, but he did not come. At last, sinking with cold and weariness, and with a host of phantom fears rising up in her bewildered brain, and almost dragging her mind down into the gulf of utter madness, on the brink of which she had so long been, Mrs. Carson returned to the kitchen. As she looked on the last ember dying out on the hearth, a feeling of frenzy shook her frame. Andrew would soon return, shivering with cold, and she had no fire to warm him—no money to purchase fire. She thought of the wealthy—of their bright fires—and bitter envy and longing for riches gnawed her very heart and life. A broken deal chair was in a corner of the kitchen; she seized it, and after some efforts succeeded in wrenching off a piece, which she placed on the dying ember, and busied herself for some time in fanning; then she gathered every remaining fragment of coals from the recess at one side of the fire-place, in which they were usually kept, and with the pains and patience which poverty so sorely teaches, she employed herself in making some appearance of a fire. Had she been in her usual mood, she would have sat anathematizing her son for his absence at such an hour; but now every moment, as she sat awaiting his return, her heart became more kindly disposed toward him, and an uneasy feeling of remorse for her past life was each instant gaining strength amidst the variety of strange spectral thoughts and fancies which flitted through her diseased mind. At some moments she fancied she saw her father seated opposite to her on the hearth, and heard him reading from the Bible, as he did so often in her girlish days: then again he was away in the privacy of his own room, and she was watching him through a crevice of the door, and she saw him open the cabinet he kept there, and take out liquor, ardent spirits, and he drank long and deep draughts, until gradually he sank down on his bed in the silent, moveless state of intoxication which had so long imposed on her, for she had once believed that her father was subject to fits of a peculiar kind. She groaned and shuddered as this vision was impressed on her; she saw the spirit of evil which had destroyed her father attaching itself next to her own fate, and leading her into the depths of guilt, and she trembled for her son. Had he now fallen in sin? was some evil action detaining him to such an hour? He was naturally inclined to good, she knew—strangely good and pure had his life been, considering he was her child, and reared so carelessly as she had reared him; but now he had been urged to despair by her endless cry for money, and, perhaps, he was at that very instant engaged in some robbery, by which he would be able to bring money to his mother.

So completely enslaved had her mind become to a lust for money, that the thought of his gaining wealth by any means was for some time delightful to her; she looked on their great poverty, and she felt, in her darkened judgment, that they had something of a right to take forcibly a portion of the superabundant money of the rich. Her eyes glared with eagerness for the sight of her son returning with money, even though that money was stolen; the habitual mood of her mind prevailed rapidly over the impressions of returning goodness and affection which for a brief period had awoke within her.

In the midst of the return of her overwhelming desire for money, Andrew's knock came to the door. The eager inquiry whether he had brought any money with him was bursting from her lips the moment she opened the door and beheld him, but she was checked by the sight of two strangers who accompanied him. Andrew bade the men follow him, and walked rapidly to the kitchen; the tones of his voice were so changed and hollow that his mother hardly recognized him to be her son.

He requested the men to be seated, telling them that when the noise on the street would be quiet and the people dispersed they would get that for which they had come. At that moment a drunken broil on the street had drawn some watchmen to the neighborhood.

He bade his mother follow him, and proceeded hastily to his own room. By the aid of a match he lighted the miserable candle by which, some hours previously, he had been writing.

"Mother, here is money—gold—here—your hand." He pressed some gold coins into her hand.

"Gold! ay, gold, gold, indeed!" gasped his mother, the intensity of her joy repressing for the instant all extravagant demonstrations of it.

"Go, go away to the kitchen; in about five or ten minutes let the men come here, and they will get what I have sold them."

"Money! money at last; gold—gold!" cried his mother, altogether unconscious of what her son was saying, and only awake to the blessed sense of having at last obtained money.

"Away, I say; go to the kitchen. I have no time to lose."

"Money! blessings, blessings on you and God—money!" She seemed still in ignorance of Andrew's request that she would withdraw.

"Away, I say, I must be alone; away to the kitchen, and leave me alone; but let the men come here in a few minutes and take what they have purchased."

He spoke with a strange energy. She obeyed

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him at last, and left the room: she remembered afterward that his face was like that of a dead man when he addressed her.

She returned to the kitchen. The two men were seated where she had left them, and were conversing together: their strong Irish accent told at once their country. Mrs. Carson paid no attention to them; she neither spoke to them nor looked at them; she held tightly clasped in her hand the few gold coins her son had given her; she walked about like one half distracted, addressing audible thanksgiving to God one instant, and the next felicitating herself in an insane manner on having at last obtained some money. The two men commented on her strange manners, and agreed that she was mad, stating their opinions aloud to each other, but she did not hear them.

The noise and quarreling on the street continued for some time, and the men manifested no impatience while it lasted. All became quiet after a time; the desertion and silence of night seemed at last to have settled down on the street. The two men then manifested a strong wish to finish the business on which they had come.

"I say, whereabouts is it—where's the snatch, my good woman?" said one of the men, addressing Mrs. Carson.

She looked on him and his companion with amazement mingled with something of fear, for the aspects of both were expressive of low ruffianism.

"She's mad, don't you see," said the one who had not addressed her.

The other cursed deeply, saying that as they had given part payment, they would get their errand, or their money back again.

At this, a gleam of recollection crossed Mrs. Carson's mind, and she informed them that her son had mentioned about something they had purchased, which was in his room. She thought at the instant, that perhaps he had disposed of one of his manuscripts at last, though she wondered at the appearance of the purchasers of such an article.

"That's it," cried the men; "show us the way to the room fast; it's all quiet now."

Anxious to get rid of the men, Mrs. Carson proceeded hastily to her son's room, followed closely by the men. The first object she saw, on opening the door, was Andrew, leaning on his desk; the little desk stood on the table, and Andrew's head and breast were lying on it, as if he was asleep. There was something in his fixed attitude which struck an unpleasant feeling to his mother's heart.

"Andrew!" she said; "Andrew, the men are here."

All was silent. No murmur of sleep or life came from Andrew. His mother ran to his side, and grasped his arm: there was no sound, no motion. She raised his head with one hand, while at the same time she glanced at an open letter, on which a few lines were scrawled in a large, hurried hand. Every word and letter seemed to dilate before her eyes, as in a brief instant of time she read the following:

"Mother, I have taken poison. I have sold my body to a doctor for dissection; the money I gave you is part of the price. You have upbraided me for never making money; I have sold all I possess—my body—and given you money. You have told me of the stain on my birth; I can not live and write after that; all the poetical fame in this world would not wash away such a stain. Your bitter words, my bitter fate, I can bear no longer; I go to the other world; God will pardon me. Yes, yes, from the bright moon and stars this night, there came down a voice, saying, God would take me up to happiness amid his own bright worlds. Give my body to the men who are waiting for it, and so let every trace of Andrew Carson vanish from your earth."

With a lightning rapidity Mrs. Carson scanned each word; and not until she had read it all, did a scream of prolonged and utter agony, such as is rarely heard even in this world of grief burst from her lips; and with a gesture of frenzied violence she flung the money she had kept closely grasped in her hand at the men. One of them stooped to gather it up, and the other ran toward Andrew, and raised his inanimate body a little from its recumbent position. He was quite dead, however; a bottle, marked "Prussic Acid," was in his hand. The two men, having recovered the money, hurried away, telling Mrs. Carson they would send immediate medical aid, to see if any thing could be done for the unfortunate young man. Mrs. Carson did not hear them; a frenzied paroxysm seized her, and she lay on the floor screaming in the wild tones of madness, and utterly incapable of any exertion. She saw the money she had received with such rapture carried away from before her eyes, but she felt nothing: money had become terrible to her at last.

Her cries attracted a watchman from the street. A doctor was soon on the spot; but Andrew Carson was no more connected with flesh, and blood, and human life; he was away, beyond recall, in the spirit-world.

An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of temporary insanity returned, as is usual in such cases of suicide. The young poet was buried, and soon forgotten.

Mrs. Carson lingered for some weeks; her disease assumed something of the form of violent brain-fever; in her ravings she fancied perpetually that she was immersed in streams of fluid burning gold and silver. They were forcing her to drink draughts of that scorching gold, she would cry; all was burning gold and silver: all drink, all food, all air, and light, and space around her. At the very last she recovered her senses partially, and calling, with a feeble but calm voice, on her only beloved child, Andrew, she died.

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[Neander in the Lecture Room.]

NEANDER

GERMANY has just lost one of her greatest Protestant theologians, AUGUSTUS NEANDER. He was born at Göttingen, Jan. 16, 1789, and died at Berlin, July 13, 1850, in his sixty-second year. He was of Jewish descent, as his strongly-marked features sufficiently evidence; but at the age of seventeen he embraced the Christian religion, to the defense of which his labors, and to the exemplification of which his life, were thenceforth devoted. Having studied theology at Halle, under Schleiermacher, he was appointed private lecturer at Heidelberg in 1811, and in the following year the first Professor of Theology at the Royal University of Berlin, which post he held to the time of his death, a period of thirty-eight years. Deservedly high as is his reputation abroad, it is still higher in his own country, where he was known not only as an author, but as a teacher, a preacher, and a man. The following is a list of his published works: The Emperor Julian and his Times, 1812; Bernard and his Times, 1813; Genetical Development of the Principal Gnostic Systems, 1818; Chrysostom and the Church in his Times, 1820 and 1832; Memorabilia from the History of Christianity and the Christian Life, 1822 and 1845–46; A Collection of Miscellanies, chiefly exegetical and historical, 1829; A Collection of Miscellanies, chiefly biographical, 1840; The Principle of the Reformation, or, Staupitz and Luther, 1840; History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church, 4th ed., 1847; The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connection and Historical Development, 4th ed., 1845; General History of the Christian Religion and Church, 1842–47. Neander is best known to readers of English by the last two works, both of which have been made accessible to them by American scholars.

The Life of Christ was undertaken to counteract the impression made by STRAUSS's "Life of Christ," in which the attempt was made to apply the mythical theory to the entire structure of evangelical history. According to Strauss

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the sum of the historical truth contained in the narratives of the evangelists is, that Jesus lived and taught in Judea, where he gathered disciples who believed that he was the Messiah. According to their preconceived notions, the life of the Messiah, and the period in which he lived, were to be illustrated by signs and wonders. Messianic legends existed ready-made, in the hopes and expectations of the people, only needing to be transferred to the person and character of Jesus. The appearance of this work produced a great sensation in Germany. It was believed by many that the book should be prohibited; and the Prussian government was inclined to this measure. Neander, however, advised that the book should rather be met by argument. His Life of Christ which was thus occasioned, wears, in consequence, a somewhat polemical aspect. It has taken the rank of a standard authority, both in German and in English, into which it has been admirably translated by Professors M'Clintock and Blumenthal.

The great work of Neander's life, and of which his various writings in the departments of Ecclesiastical History, Biography, Patristics, and Dogmatics are subsidiary, is the General History of the Christian Religion and Church. The first part of this, containing the history of the first three centuries, was published in 1825, and, improved and enlarged, in 1842–43. The second part, which brings the history down to the close of the sixth century, appeared originally in 1828, and in a second edition in 1846–47. These two parts, comprising four volumes of the German edition, are well known to English readers through the excellent version of Professor Torrey. This is a history of the inner development of Christian doctrines and opinions rather than of the external progress of the Church, and in connection with Gieseler's Text-Book, furnishes by far the best apparatus for the study of ecclesiastical history now extant.

A correspondent of the *Boston Traveler*, writing under date of Berlin, July 22, gives the following graphic sketch of the personal characteristics of Neander:

"Neander is no more! He who for thirty-eight years has defeated the attacks upon the church from the side of rationalism and philosophy—who, through all the controversies among theologians in Germany, has remained true to the faith of his adoption, the pure and holy religion of Jesus Christ—Neander, the philosopher, the scholar—better, the great and good man—has been taken from the world.

"He was never married, but lived with his maiden sister. Often have I seen the two walking arm in arm upon the streets and in the parks of the city. Neander's habit of abstraction and short-sightedness rendered it necessary for him to have some one to guide the way whenever he left his study for a walk or to go to his lecture room. Generally, a student walked with him to the University, and just before it was time for his lecture to close, his sister could be seen walking up and down on the opposite side of the street, waiting to accompany him home.

"Many anecdotes are related of him illustrative of his absence of mind, such as his appearing in the lecture room half dressed—if left alone, always going to his old residence, after he had removed to another part of the city—walking in the gutter, &c., &c. In the lecture room, his manner was in the highest degree peculiar. He put his left arm over the desk, clasping the book in his hand, and after bringing his face close to the corner of his desk, effectually concealed it by holding his notes close to his nose.

"In one hand was always a quill, which, during the lecture, he kept constantly twirling about and crushing. He pushed the desk forward upon two legs, swinging it back and forth, and every few minutes would plunge forward almost spasmodically, throwing one foot back in a way leading you to expect that he would the next moment precipitate himself headlong down upon the desks of the students. Twirling his pen, occasional spitting, jerking his foot backward, taken with his dress, gave him a most eccentric appearance in the lecture room. Meeting him upon the street, with his sister, you never would have suspected that such a strange looking being could be Neander. He formerly had two sisters, but a few years ago the favorite one died. It was a trying affliction, and for a short interval he was quite overcome, but suddenly he dried his tears, calmly declared his firm faith and reliance in the wise purpose of God in taking her to himself, and resumed his lectures immediately as if nothing had overtaken him to disturb his serenity

"Neander's charity was unbounded. Poor students were not only presented with tickets to his lectures, but were also often provided by him with money and clothing. Not a farthing of the money received for his lectures ever went to supply his own wants; it was all given away for benevolent purposes. The income from his writings was bestowed upon the Missionary, Bible, and other societies, and upon hospitals. Thoughts of himself never seemed to have obtruded upon his mind. He would sometimes give away to a poor student all the money he had about him at the moment the request was made of him, even his new coat, retaining the old one for himself. You have known this great man in your country more on account of his learning, from his books, than in any other way; but here, where he has lived, one finds that his private character, his piety, his charity, have distinguished him above all others.

"It would be difficult to decide whether the influence of his example has not been as great as that of his writings upon the thousands of young men who have been his pupils. Protestants, Catholics, nearly all the leading preachers throughout Germany, have attended his lectures, and all have been more or less guided by him. While philosophy has been for years

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attempting to usurp the place of religion, Neander has been the chief instrument in combating it, and in keeping the true faith constantly before the students.

"He was better acquainted with Church History and the writings of the Fathers than any one of his time. It has been the custom upon the recurrence of his birth-day, for the students to present to him a rare edition of one of the Fathers, and thus he has come to have one of the most complete sets of their writings to be found in any library. Turning from his great literary attainments, from all considerations suggested by his profound learning, it is pleasant to contemplate the pure Christian character of the man. Although born a Jew, his whole life seemed to be a sermon upon the text, 'That disciple whom Jesus loved said unto Peter, *It is the Lord!*' Neander's life resembled more 'that disciple's' than any other. He was the loving John, the new Church Father of our times.

"His sickness was only of a few days' duration. On Monday he held his lecture as usual. The next day he was seized with a species of cholera. A day or two of pain was followed by a lucid interval, when the physicians were encouraged to hope for his recovery. During this interval he dictated a page in his Church History, and then said to his sister—'I am weary—let us go home.' He had no time to die. He needed no further preparation; his whole life had been the best preparation, and up to the last moment we see him active in his master's service. The disease returned with redoubled force; a day or two more of suffering, and on Sunday, less than a week from the day of attack, he was dead.

"On the 17th of July I attended the funeral services. The procession of students was formed at the university, and marched to his dwelling. In the meantime, in the house, the theological students, the professors from Berlin, and from the University of Halle, the clergy, relatives, high officers of government, etc., were assembled to hear the funeral discourse. Professor Strauss, for forty-five years an intimate friend of Neander, delivered a sermon. During the exercises, the body, not yet placed in the coffin, was covered with wreaths and flowers, and surrounded with burning candles.

"The procession was of great length, was formed at 10 A.M. and moved through Unter den Linden as far as Frederick-street, and then the whole length of Frederick-street as far as the Elizabeth-street Cemetery. The whole distance, nearly two miles, the sides of the streets, doors and windows of the houses were filled with an immense concourse of people who had come to look upon the solemn scene. The hearse was surrounded with students, some of them from Halle, carrying lighted candles, and in advance was borne the Bible and Greek Testament which had ever been used by the deceased.

"At the grave, a choir of young men sang appropriate music, and a student from Halle made an affecting address. It was a solemn sight to see the tears gushing from the eyes of those who had been the pupils and friends of Neander. Many were deeply moved, and well might they join with the world in mourning for one who had done more than any one to keep pure the religion of Christ here in Germany.

"After the benediction was pronounced, every one present, according to the beautiful custom here, went to the grave and threw into it a handful of dirt, thus assisting at the burial. Slowly, and in scattered groups the crowd dispersed to their various homes.

"How insignificant all the metaphysical controversies of the age, the vain teachings of man, appeared to us as we stood at the grave-side of Neander. His was a far higher and holier faith, from which, like the Evangelist, he never wavered. In his life, in his death, the belief to which he had been converted, his watchword remained unchanged: 'It is the Lord!' His body has been consigned to the grave, but the sunset glory of his example still illumines our sky, and will forever light us onward to the path he trod."

THE DISASTERS OF A MAN WHO WOULDN'T TRUST HIS WIFE.

A TALE OF A TAILOR.

BY WM. HOWITT.

THERE are a multitude of places in this wide world, that we never heard of since the day of creation, and that never would become known to a soul beyond their own ten miles of circumference, except to those universal discoverers, the tax-gatherers, were it not that some sparks of genius may suddenly kindle there, and carry their fame through all countries and all generations. This has been the case many times, and will be the case again. We are now destined to hear the sound of names that our fathers never dreamed of; and there are other spots, now basking in God's blessed sunshine, of which the world knows and cares nothing, that shall, to our children, become places of worship, and pilgrimage. Something of this sort of glory was cast upon the little town of Rapps, in Bohemia, by the hero whose name stands conspicuously in this article, and whose pleasant adventures I flatter myself that I am destined to diffuse still further. HANS NADELTREIBER was the son of Mr. Strauss Nadeltreiber, who had, as well as his ancestors before him, for six generations, practiced, in the same little place, that most gentlemanly of all professions, a tailor—seeing that it was before all others, and was used and sanctioned by our father Adam.

Now Hans, from boyhood up, was a remarkable person. His father had known his share of troubles, and having two sons, both older than Hans, naturally looked in his old age to reap some comfort and assistance from their united labors. But the two elder sons successively had fled from the shop-board. One had gone for a soldier, and was shot; the other had learned

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the craft of a weaver, but being too fond of his pot, had broken his neck by falling into a quarry, as he went home one night from a carousal. Hans was left the sole staff for the old man to lean upon; and truly a worthy son he proved himself. He was as gentle as a dove, and as tender as a lamb. A cross word from his father, when he had made a cross stitch, would almost break his heart; but half a word of kindness revived him again—and he seldom went long without it; for the old man, though rendered rather testy and crabbed in his temper, by his many troubles and disappointments, was naturally of a loving, compassionate disposition, and, moreover, regarded Hans as the apple of his eye.

Hans was of a remarkably light, slender, active make, full of life and mettle. This moment he was on the board, stitching away with as much velocity as if he were working for a funeral or a wedding, at an hour's notice; the next, he was dispatching his dinner at the same rate; and the third beheld him running, leaping, and playing, among his companions, as blithe as a young kid. If he had a fault, it was being too fond of his fiddle. This was his everlasting delight. One would have thought that his elbow had labor enough, with jerking his needle some thirty thousand times a day; but it was in him a sort of universal joint—it never seemed to know what weariness was. His fiddle stood always on the board in a corner by him, and no sooner had he ceased to brandish his needle, than he began to brandish his fiddlestick. If ever he could be said to be lazy, it was when his father was gone out to measure, or try on; and his fiddle being too strong a temptation for him, he would seize upon it, and labor at it with all his might, till he spied his father turning his next corner homeward. Nevertheless, with this trifling exception, he was a pattern of filial duty; and now the time was come that his father must die—his mother was dead long before; and he was left alone in the world with his fiddle. The whole house, board, trade—what there was of it—all was his. When he came to take stock, and make an inventory—in his head—of what he was worth, it was by no means such as to endanger his entrance into heaven at the proper time. Naturally enough, he thought of the Scripture simile of the rich man, and the camel getting through the eye of a needle; but it did not frighten him. His father never had much beforehand, when he had the whole place to himself; and now, behold! another knight of the steel-bar had come from—nobody knew where—a place often talked of, yet still a *terra incognita;* had taken a great house opposite, hoisted a tremendous sign, and threatened to carry away every shred of Hans's business.

In the depth of his trouble, he took to his fiddle, from his fiddle to his bed, and in his bed he had a dream—I thought we had done with these dreams!—in which he was assured, that could he once save the sum of fifty dollars, it would be the seed of a fortune; that he should flourish far beyond the scale of old Strauss; should drive his antagonist, in utter despair, from the ground; and should, in short, arrive eventually at no less a dignity than—Bürgermeister of Rapps!

Hans was, as I believe I have said, soon set up with the smallest spice of encouragement. He was, moreover, as light and nimble as a grasshopper, and, in his whole appearance, much such an animal, could it be made to stand on end. His dream, therefore, was enough. He vowed a vow of unconquerable might, and to it he went. Springing upon his board, he hummed a tune gayly:

There came the Hippopotamus,
A sort of river-bottom-horse,
Sneezing, snorting, blowing water
From his nostrils, and around him
Grazing up the grass—confound him!
Every mouthful a huge slaughter!

Beetle, grasshopper, and May-fly,
From his muzzle must away fly,
Or he swallowed them by legions;
His huge foot, it was a pillar;
When he drank, it was a swiller!
Soon a desert were those regions.

But the grasshoppers so gallant
Called to arms each nimble callant,
With their wings, and stings, and nippers;
Bee, and wasp, and hornet, awful;
Gave the villain such a jawful,
That he slipped away in slippers!

"Ha! ha!—slipped down into the mud that he emerged from!" cried Hans, and, seizing his fiddle, dashed off the Hippopotamus in a style that did him a world of good, and makes us wish that we had the musical notes of it. Then he fell to, and day and night he wrought. Work came; it was done. He wanted little—a crust of bread and a merry tune were enough for him. His money grew; the sum was nearly accomplished, when, returning one evening from carrying out some work—behold! his door was open! Behold! the lid of his pot where he deposited his treasure was off! The money was gone!

This was a terrible blow. Hans raised a vast commotion. He did not even fail to insinuate that it might be the interloper opposite—the Hippopotamus. Who so likely as he, who had his eye continually on Hans's door? But no matter—the thief was clear off; and the only comfort he got from his neighbors, was being rated for his stinginess. "Ay," said they, "this comes of living like a curmudgeon, in a great house by yourself, working your eyes out to hoard up money. What must a young man like you do with scraping up pots full of money, like a miser? It is a shame!—it is a sin!!—it is a judgment!!! Nothing better could come of it. At all events, you might afford to have a light burning in the house. People are ever likely to rob you. They see a house as dark as an oven; they see nobody in it; they go in and steal; nobody can see them come out—and that is just it. But were there a light burning, they

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would always think there was somebody in. At all events, you might have a light."

"There is something in that," said Hans. He was not at all unreasonable; so he determined to have a light in future: and he fell to work again.

Bad as his luck had been, he resolved not to be cast down: he was as diligent and as thrifty as ever; and he resolved, when he became Bürgermeister of Rapps, to be especially severe on sneaking thieves, who crept into houses that were left to the care of Providence and the municipal authorities. A light was everlastingly burning in his window; and the people, as they passed in the morning, said, "This man must have a good business that requires him to be up thus early;" and they who passed in the evening, said, "This man must be making a fortune, for he is busy early and late." At length Hans leaped down from his board with the work that was to complete his sum, a second time; went; returned, with the future Bürgermeister growing rapidly upon him; when, as he turned the corner of the street—men and mercies!—what a spectacle! His house was in a full burst of flame, illuminating, with a ruddy glow, half the town, and all the faces of the inhabitants, who were collected to witness the catastrophe. Money, fiddle, shop-board—all were consumed! and when poor Hans danced and capered, in the very ecstasy of his distraction—"Ay," said his neighbors, "this comes of leaving a light in an empty house. It was just the thing to happen. Why don't you get somebody to take care of things in your absence?"

Hans stood corrected; for, as I have said, he was soon touched to the quick, and though in his anger he did think it rather unkind that they, who advised the light, now prophesied after the event; when that was a little abated, he thought there was reason in what they now said. So, bating not a jot of his determination to save, and to be Bürgermeister of Rapps, he took the very next house, which luckily happened to be at liberty, and he got a journeyman. For a long time, his case appeared hard and hopeless. He had to pay three hundred per cent. for the piece of a table, two stools, and a couple of bags of hay, which he had procured of a Jew, and which, with an odd pot, and a wooden spoon or two, constituted all his furniture. Then, he had two mouths to feed instead of one; wages to pay; and not much more work done than he could manage himself. But still—he had dreamed; and dreams, if they are genuine, fulfill themselves. The money grew—slowly, very slowly, but still it grew; and Hans pitched upon a secure place, as he thought, to conceal it in. Alas! poor Hans! He had often in his heart grumbled at the slowness of his *Handwerks-Bursch*, or journeyman; but the fellow's eyes had been quick enough, and he proved himself a hand-work's fellow to some purpose, by clearing out Hans's hiding-place, and becoming a journeyman in earnest. The fellow was gone one morning; no great loss—but then the money was gone with him, which *was* a terrible loss.

This was more than Hans could bear. He was perfectly cast down, disheartened, and inconsolable. At first, he thought of running after the fellow; and, as he knew the scamp could not go far without a passport, and as Hans had gone the round of the country himself, in the three years of his *Wandel-Jahre*, as required by the worshipful guild of tailors, he did not doubt but that he should some day pounce upon the scoundrel. But then, in the mean time, who was to keep his trade together? There was the Hippopotamus watching opposite! No! it would not do! and his neighbor, coming in to condole with him, said—"Cheer up, man! there is nothing amiss yet. What signify a few dollars? You will soon get plenty more, with those nimble fingers of yours. You want only somebody to help you to keep them. You must get a wife! Journeymen were thieves from the first generation. You must get married!"

"Get married!" thought Hans. He was struck all on a heap at the very mention of it. "Get married! What! fine clothes to go a-wooing in, and fine presents to go a-wooing with; and parson's fees, and clerk's fees; and wedding-dinner, and dancing, and drinking; and then, doctor's fees, and nurse's fees, and children without end! That is ruin!" thought Hans—"without end!" The fifty dollars and the Bürgermeistership—they might wait till doomsday.

"Well, that is good!" thought Hans, as he took a little more breath. "They first counseled me to get a light—then went house and all in a bonfire; next, I must get a journeyman—then went the money; and now they would have me bring more plagues upon me than Moses brought upon Egypt. Nay, nay!" thought Hans; "you'll not catch me there, neither."

Hans all this time was seated upon his shop-board, stitching, at an amazing rate, upon a garment which the rascally Wagner should have finished to order at six o'clock that morning, instead of decamping with his money; and, ever and anon, so far forgetting his loss in what appeared to him the ludicrousness of this advice, as freely to laugh out. All that day, the idea continued to run in his head; the next, it had lost much of its freshness; the third, it appeared not so odd as awful; the fourth, he began to ask himself whether it might be quite so momentous as his imagination had painted it; the fifth, he really thought it was not so bad neither; the sixth, it had so worked round in his head, that it had fairly got on the other side, and appeared clearly to have its advantages—children did not come scampering into the world all at once, like a flock of lambs into a meadow—a wife might help to gather, as well as spend—might possibly bring something of her own—ay! a new idea!—would be a perpetual watch and storekeeper in his absence—might speak a word of comfort, in troubles when even his

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fiddle was dumb; on the seventh—he was off! Whither?

Why, it so happened that in his "wander-years," Hans had played his fiddle at many a dance—a very dangerous position; for his chin resting on "the merry bit of wood," as the ancient Friend termed that instrument, and his head leaned on one side, he had had plenty of opportunity to watch the movements of plenty of fair maids in the dance, as well as occasionally to whirl them round in the everlasting waltz himself. Accordingly, Hans had left his heart many times, for a week or ten days or so, behind him, in many a town and dorf of Bohemia and Germany; but it always came after him and overtook him again, except on one occasion. Among the damsels of the Böhmer-Wald who had danced to the sound of his fiddle, there was a certain substantial bergman's or master-miner's daughter, who, having got into his head in some odd association with his fiddle, was continually coming up as he played his old airs, and could not be got out again, especially as he fancied that the comely and simple-hearted creature had a lurking fondness for both his music and himself.

Away he went: and he was right. The damsel made no objection to his overtures. Tall, stout, fresh, pleasant growth of the open air and the hills, as she was, she never dreamed of despising the little skipping tailor of Rapps, though he was shorter by the head than herself. She had heard his music, and evidently had danced after it. The fiddler and fiddle together filled up her ambition. But the old people!—they were in perfect hysterics of wrath and indignation. Their daughter!—with the exception of one brother, now absent on a visit to his uncle in Hungary, a great gold-miner in the Carpathian mountains, the sole remnant of an old, substantial house, which had fed their flocks and their herds on the hills for three generations, and now drew wealth from the heart of these hills themselves! It was death! poison! pestilence! The girl must be mad; the hop-o'-my-thumb scoundrel must carry witch-powder!

Nevertheless, as Hans and the damsel were agreed, every thing else—threats, denunciations, sarcasms, cuttings-off with a shilling, and loss of a ponderous dowry—all went for nothing. They were married, as some thousands were before them in just the like circumstances. But if the Bohemian maid was not mad, it must be confessed that Hans was rather so. He was monstrously exasperated at the contempt heaped by the heavy bergman on the future Bürgermeister of Rapps, and determined to show a little spirit. As his fiddle entered into all his schemes, he resolved to have music at his wedding; and no sooner did he and his bride issue from the church, than out broke the harmony which he had provided. The fiddle played merrily, "You'll repent, repent, repent; you'll repent, repent, repent;" and the bassoon answered, in surly tones, "And soon! and soon!" "I hope, my dear," said the bride, "You don't mean the words for us." "No, love," explained Hans, gallantly; "I don't say 'we,' but 'you'—that is, certain haughty people on these hills, that shall be nameless." Then the music played till they reached the inn where they dined, and then set off in a handsome hired carriage for Rapps.

It is true, that there was little happiness in this affair to any one. The old people were full of anger, curses, and threats of total disownment. Hans's pride was pricked, and perforated, till he was as sore as if he had been tattooed with his own needle; and his wife was completely drowned in sorrow at such a parting with her parents, and with no little sense of remorse for her disobedience. Nevertheless, they reached home; things began gradually to assume a more composed aspect. Hans loved his wife; she loved him; he was industrious, she was careful; and they trusted, in time, to bring her parents round, when they should see that they were doing well in the world.

Again the saving scheme began to haunt Hans; but he had one luckless notion, which was destined to cost him no little vexation. With the stock of the shop, he had inherited from his father a stock of old maxims, which, unluckily, had not got burnt in the fire with the rest of the patrimonial heritage. Among these was one, that a woman can not keep a secret. Acting on this creed, Hans not only never told his wife of the project of becoming Bürgermeister of Rapps, but he did not even give her reason to suppose that he laid up a shilling; and that she might not happen to stumble upon his money, he took care to carry it always about him. It was his delight, when he got into a quiet corner, or as he came along a retired lane, from his errands, to take it out and count it; and calculate when it would amount to this and that sum, and when the full sum would be really his own. Now, it happened one day, that having been a good deal absorbed in these speculations, he had loitered a precious piece of time away; and suddenly coming to himself, he set off, as was his wont, on a kind of easy trot, in which, his small, light form thrown forward, his pale, gray-eyed, earnest-looking visage thrown up toward the sky, and his long blue coat flying in a stream behind him, he cut one of the most extraordinary figures in the world; and checking his pace as he entered the town, he involuntarily clapped his hand on his pocket, and behold! his money was gone! It had slipped away through a hole it had worn. In the wildness and bitterness of his loss, he turned back, heartily cursing the spinner and the weaver of that most detestable piece of buckram that composed his breeches-pocket, for having put it together so villainously that it broke down with the carriage of a few dollars, halfpence, thimbles, balls of wax and thread, and a few other sundries, after the trifling wear of seven years, nine months, and nineteen days.

He was peering, step by step, after his lost treasure, when up came his wife, running like

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one wild, and telling him that he must come that instant; for the Ritter of Flachenflaps had brought in new liveries for all his servants, and threatened if he did not see Hans in five minutes, he would carry the work over to the other side of the street. There was a perplexity! The money was not to be found, and if it were found in the presence of his wife, he would regard it as no better than lost. He was therefore obliged to excuse his conduct, being caught in the act of poring after something, to tell, if not a lie, at least the very smallest part of the truth, and say that he had lost his thimble. The money was not found, and to make bad worse, he was in danger of losing a good job, and all the Ritter's work forever, as a consequence.

Away he ran, therefore, groaning inwardly, at full speed, and, arriving out of breath, saw the Ritter's carriage drawn up at his opponent's door. Wormwood upon wormwood! His money was lost; his best customer was lost, and thrown into the jaws of the detested Hippopotamus. There he beheld him and his man in a prime bustle from day to day, while his own house was deserted. All people went where the Ritter went, of course. The Hippopotamus was now grazing and browsing through Hans's richest meadows with a vengeance. He was flourishing out of all bounds. He had got a horse to ride out on and take orders, and to all appearance was likely to become Bürgermeister ten years before Hans had got ten dollars of his own.

It was too much for even his sanguine temperament; he sank down to the very depths of despair; his fiddle had lost its music; he could not abide to hear it; he sate moody and disconsolate, with a beard an inch long. His wife for some time hoped it would go off; but, seeing it come to this, she began to console and advise, to rouse his courage and his spirits. She told him it was that horse which gave the advantage to his neighbor. While he went trudging on foot, wearying himself, and wasting his time, people came, grew weary, and would not wait. She offered, therefore, to borrow her neighbor's ass for him; and advised him to ride out daily a little way. It would look as though he had business in the country. It would look as if his time was precious; it would look well, and do his health good into the bargain. Hans liked her counsel; it sounded well—nay, exceedingly discreet. He always thought her a gem of a woman, but he never imagined her half so able. What a pity a woman could not be trusted with a secret! Were it not for that, she would be a helpmate past all reckoning.

The ass, however, was got: out rode Hans; looked amazingly hurried; and, being half-crazed with care, people thought he was half-crazed with stress of business. Work came in; things went flowingly on again; Hans blessed his stars; and as he grasped his cash, he every day stitched it into the crown of his cap, taking paper-money for the purpose. No more pots, no more hiding-holes, no more breeches-pockets for him; he put it under the guardianship of his own strong thread and dexterous needle; and all went on exceedingly well.

Accidents will, however, occur, if men will not trust their wives; and especially if they will not avoid awkward habits. Now, Hans had a strange habit of sticking his needles on his breeches-knees as he sat at work; and sometimes he would have half-a-dozen on each knee for half-a-dozen days. His wife often told him to take them out when he came down from his board, and often took them out herself; but it was of no use. He was just in this case one day as he rode out to take measure of a gentleman, about five miles off. The ass, to his thinking, was in a remarkably brisk mood. Off it went, without whip or spur, at a good active trot, and, not satisfied with trotting, soon fairly proceeded to a gallop. Hans was full of wonder at the beast. Commonly it tired his arm worse with thrashing it during his hour's ride, than the exercise of his goose and sleeve-board did for a whole day; but now he was fain to pull it in. It was to no purpose; faster than ever it dashed on, prancing, running sideways, wincing, and beginning to show a most ugly temper. What, in the name of all Balaams, could possess the animal, he could not for his life conceive! The only chance of safety appeared to lie in clinging with both arms and legs to it, like a boa-constrictor to its victim, when, shy!—away it flew, as if it were driven by a legion of devils. In another moment, it stopped; down went its head, up went its infernal heels; and Hans found himself some ten yards off, in the middle of a pool. He escaped drowning, but the cap was gone; he had been foolish enough to stitch some dollars, in hard cash, recently received, into it along with his paper, and they sunk it, past recovery! He came home, dripping like a drowned mouse, with a most deplorable tale; but with no more knowledge of the cause of his disaster than the man in the moon, till he tore his fingers on the needles, in abstracting his wet clothes.

Fortune now seemed to have said, as plainly as she could speak, "Hans, confide in your wife. You see all your schemes without her fail. Open your heart to her—deal fairly, generously, and you will reap the merits of it." It was all in vain—he had not yet come to his senses. Obstinate as a mule—he determined to try once more. But good-by to the ass! The only thing he resolved to mount was his shop-board—that bore him well, and brought him continued good, could he only continue to keep it.

His wife, I said, came from the mountains; she, therefore, liked the sight of trees. Now, in Hans's back-yard there was neither tree nor turf, so she got some tubs, and in them she planted a variety of fir-trees, which made a pleasant appearance, and gave a help to her imagination of the noble firs of her native scenes. In one of these tubs, Hans conceived the singular design of depositing his future treasure. "Nobody will meddle with them," he thought, so,

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accordingly, from week to week, he concealed in one of them his acquisitions. It had gone on a long time. He had been out one day, collecting some of his debts—he had succeeded beyond his hopes, and came back exulting. The sum was saved; and, in the gladness of his heart, he bought his wife a new gown. He bounded into the house with the lightness of seventeen. His wife was not there—he looked into the back-yard. Saints and angels! what is that? He beheld his wife busy with the tubs. The trees were uprooted, and laid on the ground, and every particle of soil was thrown out of the tubs. In the delirium of consternation, he flew to ask what she had been doing.

"Oh! the trees, poor things, did not flourish; they looked sickly and pining; she determined to give them some soil more suitable to their natures; she had thrown the earth into the river, at the bottom of the yard."

"And you have thrown into the river," exclaimed Hans, frantically, "the hoarding of three years; the money which had cost me many a weary day—many an anxious night. The money which would have made our fortunes—in short, that would have made me Bürgermeister of Rapps." Completely thrown off his guard, he betrayed his secret.

"Good gracious!" cried his wife, exceedingly alarmed; "why did you not tell me of it?"

"Ay, that is the question!" said he. And it was a question; for, spite of himself, it had occurred to his mind some dozens of times, and now it came so overwhelmingly, that even when he thought he treated it with contempt, it had fixed itself upon his better reason, and never left him till it had worked a most fortunate revolution. He said to himself, "Had I told my wife of it at the first, it could not possibly have happened worse; and it is very likely it would have happened better. For the future, then, be it so."

Thereupon, he unfolded to her the whole history and mystery of his troubles, and his hopes. Now, Mrs. Hans Nadeltreiber had great cause to feel herself offended, most grievously offended; but she was not at all of a touchy temperament. She was a sweet, tender, patient, loving creature, who desired her husband's honor and prosperity beyond any thing; so she sate down, and in the most mild, yet acute and able manner, laid down to him a plan of operations, and promised him such aids and succors, that, struck at once with shame, contrition, and admiration, he sprung up, clasped her to his heart, called her the very gem of womanhood, and skipped two or three times across the floor, like a man gone out of his senses. The truth is, however, he was but just come into them.

From this day, a new life was begun in Hans's house. There he sat at his work; there sat his wife by his side, aiding and contriving with a woman's wit, a woman's love, and a woman's adroitness. She was worth ten journeymen. Work never came in faster; never gave such satisfaction; never brought in so much money; nor, besides this, was there ever such harmony in the house, nor had they ever held such delectable discourse together. There was nothing to conceal. Hans's thoughts flowed like a great stream; and when they grew a little wild and visionary, as they were apt to do, his wife smoothened and reduced them to sobriety, with such a delicate touch, that, so far from feeling offended, he was delighted beyond expression with her prudence. The fifty dollars were raised in almost no time; and, as if prognostic of its becoming the seed of a fortune, it came in most opportunely for purchasing a lot of cloth, which more than trebled its cost, and gave infinite satisfaction to his customers. Hans saw that the tide was rapidly rising with him, and his wife urged him to push on with it; to take a larger house; to get more hands; and to cut such a figure as should at once eclipse his rival. The thing was done; but as their capital was still found scanty enough for such an undertaking, Mrs. Nadeltreiber resolved to try what she could do to increase it.

I should have informed the reader, had not the current of Hans's disasters ran too strong for me, that his wife's parents were dead, and had died without giving her any token of reconciliation—a circumstance which, although it cut her to the heart, did not quite cast her down, feeling that she had done nothing but what a parent might forgive, being all of us creatures alike liable to error, demanding alike some little indulgence for our weaknesses and our fancies. Her brother was now sole representative of the family; and knowing the generosity of his nature, she determined to pay him a visit, although, for the first time since her marriage, in a condition very unfit for traveling. She went. Her brother received her with all his early affection. In his house was born her first child; and so much did she and her bantling win upon his heart, that when the time came that she must return, nothing would serve but he would take her himself. She had been so loud in Hans's praise, that he determined to go and shake him by the hand. It would have done any one good to have seen this worthy mountaineer setting forth, seated in his neat, green-painted wicker wagon; his sister by his side, and the child snugly-bedded in his own corn-hopper at their feet. Thus did they go statelily, with his great black horse drawing them. It would have been equally pleasant to see him set down his charge at the door of Hans's house, and behold with wonder that merry mannikin, all smiles and gesticulation, come forth to receive them. The contrast between Hans and his brother-in-law was truly amusing. He, a shadow-like homunculus, so light and dry, that any wind threatened to blow him before it; the bergman, with a countenance like the rising sun, the stature of a giant, and limbs like an elephant. Hans watched, with considerable anxiety, the experiment of his kinsman seating himself in a chair. The chair, however, stood firm; and the good man surveyed Hans, in return, with a curious and crit-

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ical air, as if doubtful whether he must not hold him in contempt for the want of that solid matter of which he himself had too much. Hans's good qualities, however, got the better of him. "The man's a man, though," said he to himself, very philosophically, "and as he is good to my sister, he shall know of it." Hans delighted him every evening, by the powers of his violin; and the bergman, excessively fond of music, like most of his countrymen, declared that he might perform in the emperor's orchestra, and find nobody there to beat him. When he took his leave, therefore, he seized one of Hans's hands with a cordial gripe that was felt through every limb, and into the other he put a bag of one thousand rix dollars, saying, "My sister ought not to have come dowerless into a good husband's house. This is properly her own: take it, and much good may it do you."

Our story need not be prolonged. The new tailor soon fled before the star of Hans's ascendency. A very few years saw him installed into the office of Bürgermeister, the highest of earthly honors in his eyes; and if he had one trouble left, it was only in the reflection that he might have attained his wishes years before had he understood the heart of a good woman. The worshipful Herr Bürgermeister, and Frau Bürgermeisterin of Rapps, often visited their colossal brother of the Böhmerwald, and were thought to reflect no discredit on the old bergman family.

[From Dickens's "Household Words."]

LITTLE MARY.—A TALE OF THE IRISH FAMINE.

THAT was a pleasant place where I was born, though 'twas only a thatched cabin by the side of a mountain stream, where the country was so lonely, that in summer time the wild ducks used to bring their young ones to feed on the bog, within a hundred yards of our door; and you could not stoop over the bank to raise a pitcher full of water, without frightening a shoal of beautiful speckled trout. Well, 'tis long ago since my brother Richard, that's now grown a fine, clever man, God bless him! and myself, used to set off together up the mountain to pick bunches of the cotton plant and the bog myrtle, and to look for birds' and wild bees' nests. 'Tis long ago—and though I'm happy and well off now, living in the big house as own maid to the young ladies, who, on account of my being foster-sister to poor darling Miss Ellen, that died of decline, treat me more like their equal than their servant, and give me the means to improve myself; still, at times, especially when James Sweeney, a dacent boy of the neighbors, and myself are taking a walk together through the fields in the cool and quiet of a summer's evening, I can't help thinking of the times that are passed, and talking about them to James with a sort of peaceful sadness, more happy, maybe, than if we were laughing aloud.

Every evening, before I say my prayers, I read a chapter in the Bible that Miss Ellen gave me; and last night I felt my tears dropping forever so long over one verse, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." The words made me think of them that are gone—of my father, and his wife that was a true, fond mother to me; and above all, of my little sister Mary, the *clureen bawn** that nestled in her bosom.

I was a wild slip of a girl, ten years of age, and my brother Richard about two years older, when my father brought home his second wife. She was the daughter of a farmer up at Lackabawn, and was reared with care and dacency; but her father held his ground at a rack-rent, and the middleman that was between him and the head landlord did not pay his own rent, so the place was ejected, and the farmer collected every penny he had, and set off with his family to America. My father had a liking for the youngest daughter, and well become him to have it, for a sweeter creature never drew the breath of life; but while her father passed for a *strong*† farmer, he was timorous-like about asking her to share his little cabin; however, when he found how matters stood, he didn't lose much time in finding out that she was willing to be his wife, and a mother to his boy and girl. *That* she was, a patient loving one. Oh! it often sticks me like a knife, when I think how many times I fretted her with my foolishness and my idle ways, and how 'twas a long time before I'd call her "mother." Often, when my father would be going to chastise Richard and myself for our provoking doings, especially the day that we took half-a-dozen eggs from under the hatching hen, to play "Blind Tom" with them, she'd interfere for us, and say, "Tim, *alcagh*, don't touch them this time; sure 'tis only *arch* they are: they'll get more sense in time." And then, after he was gone out, she'd advise us for our good so pleasantly, that a thundercloud itself couldn't look black at her. She did wonders, too, about the house and garden. They were both dirty and neglected enough when she first came over them; for I was too young and foolish, and my father too busy with his out-door work, and the old woman that lived with us in service too feeble and too blind to keep the place either clean or decent; but my mother got the floor raised, and the green pool in front drained, and a parcel of roses and honey-suckles planted there instead. The neighbors' wives used to say, 'twas all pride and upsetting folly, to keep the kitchen-floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes on a dish, instead of emptying them out of the pot into the middle of the table; and, besides, 'twas a cruel, unnatural thing, they said, to take away the pool from the ducks, that they were always used to paddle in so handy. But my

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* White dove. † Rich

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mother was always too busy and too happy to heed what they said; and, besides, she was always so ready to do a kind turn for any of them, that, out of poor shame, they had at last to leave off abusing her "fine English ways."

West of our house there was a straggling, stony piece of ground, where, within the memory of man nothing ever grew but nettles, docks, and thistles. One Monday, when Richard and myself came in from school, my mother told us to set about weeding it, and to bring in some basketfuls of good clay from the banks of the river; she said that if we worked well at it until Saturday, she'd bring me a new frock, and Dick a jacket, from the next market-town; and encouraged by this, we set to work with right good will, and didn't leave off till supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees, when we saw the heap of weeds and stones that we got out, growing big, and the ground looking nice and smooth and red and rich, we got quite anxious about it ourselves, and we built a nice little fence round it to keep out the pigs. When it was manured, my mother planted cabbages, parsnips, and onions in it; and, to be sure, she got a fine crop out of it, enough to make us many a nice supper of vegetables stewed with pepper, and a small taste of bacon or a red herring. Besides, she sold in the market as much as bought a Sunday coat for my father, a gown for herself, a fine pair of shoes for Dick, and as pretty a shawl for myself, as e'er a colleen in the country could show at mass. Through means of my father's industry and my mother's good management, we were, with the blessing of God, as snug and comfortable a poor family as any in Munster. We paid but a small rent, and we had always plenty of potatoes to eat, good clothes to wear, and cleanliness and decency in and about our little cabin.

Five years passed on in this way, and at last little Mary was born. She was a delicate fairy thing, with that look, even from the first, in her blue eyes, which is seldom seen, except where the shadow of the grave darkens the cradle. She was fond of her father, and of Richard, and of myself, and would laugh and crow when she saw us, but *the love in the core of her heart* was for her mother. No matter how tired, or sleepy, or cross the baby might be, one word from *her* would set the bright eyes dancing, and the little rosy mouth smiling, and the tiny limbs quivering, as if walking or running couldn't content her, but she must fly to her mother's arms. And how that mother doted on the very ground she trod! I often thought that the Queen in her state carriage, with her son, God bless him! alongside of her, dressed out in gold and jewels, was not one bit happier than my mother, when she sat under the shade of the mountain ash, near the door, in the hush of the summer's evening, singing and *cronauning* her only one to sleep in her arms. In the month of October, 1845, Mary was four years old. That was the bitter time, when first the food of the earth was turned to poison; when the gardens that used to be so bright and sweet, covered with the purple and white potato blossoms, became in one night black and offensive, as if fire had come down from heaven to burn them up. 'Twas a heart-breaking thing to see the laboring men, the crathurs! that had only the one half-acre to feed their little families, going out, after work, in the evenings to dig their suppers from under the black stalks. Spadeful after spadeful would be turned up, and a long piece of a ridge dug through, before they'd get a small kish full of such withered *crohauneens*,* as other years would be hardly counted fit for the pigs.

It was some time before the distress reached us, for there was a trifle of money in the savings' bank, that held us in meal, while the neighbors were next door to starvation. As long as my father and mother had it, they shared it freely with them that were worse off than themselves; but at last the little penny of money was all spent, the price of flour was raised; and, to make matters worse, the farmer that my father worked for, at a poor eightpence a day, was forced to send him and three more of his laborers away, as he couldn't afford to pay them even *that* any longer. Oh! 'twas a sorrowful night when my father brought home the news. I remember, as well as if I saw it yesterday, the desolate look in his face when he sat down by the ashes of the turf fire that had just baked a yellow meal cake for his supper. My mother was at the opposite side, giving little Mary a drink of sour milk out of her little wooden piggin, and the child didn't like it, being delicate and always used to sweet milk, so she said:

"Mammy, won't you give me some of the nice milk instead of that?"

"I haven't it *asthore*, nor can't get it," said her mother, "so don't ye fret."

Not a word more out of the little one's mouth, only she turned her little cheek in toward her mother, and staid quite quiet, as if she was hearkening to what was going on.

"Judy," said my father, "God is good, and sure 'tis only in Him we must put our trust; for in the wide world I can see nothing but starvation before us."

"God *is* good, Tim," replied my mother; "He won't forsake us."

Just then Richard came in with a more joyful face than I had seen on him for many a day.

"Good news!" says he, "good news, father! there's work for us both on the Droumcarra road. The government works are to begin there to-morrow; you'll get eight-pence a day, and I'll get six-pence."

If you saw our delight when we heard this, you'd think 'twas the free present of a thousand pounds that came to us, falling through the roof, instead of an offer of small wages for hard work.

To be sure the potatoes were gone, and the yellow meal was dear and dry and chippy—it

* Small potatoes.

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hadn't the *nature* about it that a hot potato has for a poor man; but still 'twas a great thing to have the prospect of getting enough of even that same, and not to be obliged to follow the rest of the country into the poor-house, which was crowded to that degree that the crathurs there —God help them!—hadn't room even to die quietly in their beds, but were crowded together on the floor like so many dogs in a kennel. The next morning my father and Richard were off before daybreak, for they had a long way to walk to Droumcarra, and they should be there in time to begin work. They took an Indian meal cake with them to eat for their dinner, and poor dry food it was, with only a draught of cold water to wash it down. Still my father, who was knowledgeable about such things, always said it was mighty wholesome when it was well cooked; but some of the poor people took a great objection against it on account of the yellow color, which they thought came from having sulphur mixed with it—and they said, Indeed it was putting a great affront on the decent Irish to mix up their food as if 'twas for mangy dogs. Glad enough, poor creatures, they were to get it afterward, when sea-weed and nettles, and the very grass by the roadside, was all that many of them had to put into their mouths.

When my father and brother came home in the evening, faint and tired from the two long walks and the day's work, my mother would always try to have something for them to eat with their porridge—a bit of butter, or a bowl of thick milk, or maybe a few eggs. She always gave me plenty as far as it would go; but 'twas little she took herself. She would often go entirely without a meal, and then she'd slip down to the huckster's, and buy a little white bun for Mary; and I'm sure it used to do her more good to see the child eat it, than if she had got a meat-dinner for herself. No matter how hungry the poor little thing might be, she'd always break off a bit to put into her mother's mouth, and she would not be satisfied until she saw her swallow it; then the child would take a drink of cold water out of her little tin porringer, as contented as if it was new milk.

As the winter advanced, the weather became wet and bitterly cold, and the poor men working on the roads began to suffer dreadfully from being all day in wet clothes, and, what was worse, not having any change to put on when they went home at night without a dry thread about them. Fever soon got among them, and my father took it. My mother brought the doctor to see him, and by selling all our decent clothes, she got for him whatever was wanting, but all to no use: 'twas the will of the Lord to take him to himself, and he died after a few days' illness.

It would be hard to tell the sorrow that his widow and orphans felt, when they saw the fresh sods planted on his grave. It was not grief altogether like the grand stately grief of the quality, although maybe the same sharp knife is sticking into the same sore bosom *inside* in both; but the *outside* differs in rich and poor I saw the mistress a week after Miss Ellen died. She was in her drawing-room with the blinds pulled down, sitting in a low chair, with her elbow on the small work-table, and her cheek resting on her hand—not a speck of any thing white about her but the cambric handkerchief, and the face that was paler than the marble chimney-piece.

When she saw me (for the butler, being busy, sent me in with the luncheon-tray), she covered her eyes with her handkerchief, and began to cry, but quietly, as if she did not want it to be noticed. As I was going out, I just heard her say to Miss Alice in a choking voice:

"Keep Sally here always; our poor darling was fond of her." And as I closed the door, I heard her give one deep sob. The next time I saw her, she was quite composed; only for the white cheek and the black dress, you would not know that the burning feel of a child's last kiss had ever touched her lips.

My father's wife mourned for him after another fashion. *She* could not sit quiet, she must work hard to keep the life in them to whom he gave it; and it was only in the evenings when she sat down before the fire with Mary in her arms, that she used to sob and rock herself to and fro, and sing a low, wailing keen for the father of the little one, whose innocent tears were always ready to fall when she saw her mother cry. About this time my mother got an offer from some of the hucksters in the neighborhood, who knew her honesty, to go three times a week to the next market-town, ten miles off, with their little money, and bring them back supplies of bread, groceries, soap, and candles. This she used to do, walking the twenty miles—ten of them with a heavy load on her back—for the sake of earning enough to keep us alive. 'Twas very seldom that Richard could get a stroke of work to do: the boy wasn't strong in himself, for he had the sickness too; though he recovered from it, and always did his best to earn an honest penny wherever he could. I often wanted my mother to let me go in her stead and bring back the load; but she never would hear of it, and kept me at home to mind the house and little Mary. My poor pet lamb! 'twas little minding she wanted. She would go after breakfast and sit at the door, and stop there all day, watching for her mother, and never heeding the neighbors' children that used to come wanting her to play. Through the live-long hours she would never stir, but just keep her eyes fixed on the lonesome *boreen*;* and when the shadow of the mountain-ash grew long, and she caught a glimpse of her mother ever so far off, coming toward home, the joy that would flush on the small, patient face, was brighter than the sunbeam on the river. And faint and weary as the poor woman used to be, before ever she sat down, she'd have Mary nestling in her bosom. No matter how little

* By-road.

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she might have eaten herself that day, she would always bring home a little white bun for Mary; and the child, that had tasted nothing since morning, would eat it so happily, and then fall quietly asleep in her mother's arms.

At the end of some months I got the sickness myself, but not so heavily as Richard did before. Any way, he and my mother tended me well through it. They sold almost every little stick of furniture that was left, to buy me drink and medicine. By degrees I recovered, and the first evening I was able to sit up, I noticed a strange, wild brightness in my mother's eyes, and a hot flush on her thin cheeks—she had taken the fever.

Before she lay down on the wisp of straw that served her for a bed, she brought little Mary over to me: "Take her, Sally," she said—and between every word she gave the child a kiss—"take her; she's safer with you than she'd be with me, for you're over the sickness, and 'tisn't long any way, I'll be with you, my jewel," she said, as she gave the little creature one long close hug, and put her into my arms.

'Twould take long to tell all about her sickness—how Richard and I, as good right we had, tended her night and day; and how, when every farthing and farthing's worth we had in the world was gone, the mistress herself came down from the big house, the very day after the family returned home from France, and brought wine, food, medicine, linen, and every thing we could want.

Shortly after the kind lady was gone, my mother took the change for death; her senses came back, she grew quite strong-like, and sat up straight in the bed.

"Bring me the child, Sally, *aleagh*," she said. And when I carried little Mary over to her, she looked into the tiny face, as if she was reading it like a book.

"You won't be long away from me, my own one," she said, while her tears fell down upon the child like summer-rain.

"Mother," said I, as well as I could speak for crying, "sure you *know* I'll do my best to tend her."

"I know you will, *acushla;* you were always a true and dutiful daughter to me and to him that's gone; but, Sally, there's *that* in my weeny one that won't let her thrive without the mother's hand over her, and the mother's heart for hers to lean against. And now—" It was all she could say: she just clasped the little child to her bosom, fell back on my arm, and in a few moments all was over. At first, Richard and I could not believe that she was dead; and it was very long before the orphan would loose her hold of the stiffening fingers; but when the neighbors came in to prepare for the wake, we contrived to flatter her away.

Days passed on; the child was very quiet; she used to go as usual to sit at the door, and watch, hour after hour, along the road that her mother always took coming home from market, waiting for her that could never come again. When the sun was near setting, her gaze used to be more fixed and eager; but when the darkness came on, her blue eyes used to droop like the flowers that shut up their leaves, and she would come in quietly without saying a word, and allow me to undress her and put her to bed.

It troubled us and the young ladies greatly that she would not eat. It was almost impossible to get her to taste a morsel; indeed the only thing she would let inside her lips was a bit of a little white bun, like those her poor mother used to bring her. There was nothing left untried to please her. I carried her up to the big house, thinking the change might do her good, and the ladies petted her, and talked to her, and gave her heaps of toys and cakes, and pretty frocks and coats; but she hardly noticed them, and was restless and uneasy until she got back to her own low, sunny door-step.

Every day she grew paler and thinner, and her bright eyes had a sad, fond look in them, so like her mother's. One evening she sat at the door later than usual.

"Come in, *alannah*," I said to her. "Won't you come in for your own Sally?"

She never stirred. I went over to her; she was quite still, with her little hands crossed on her lap, and her head drooping on her chest. I touched her—she was cold. I gave a loud scream, and Richard came running; he stopped and looked, and then burst out crying like an infant. Our little sister was dead!

Well, my Mary, the sorrow was bitter, but it was short. You're gone home to Him that comforts as a mother comforteth. *Agra machree*, your eyes are as blue, and your hair as golden, and your voice as sweet, as they were when you watched by the cabin-door; but your cheeks are not pale, *acushla*, nor your little hands thin, and the shade of sorrow has passed away from your forehead like a rain-cloud from the summer sky. She that loved you so on earth, has clasped you forever to her bosom in heaven; and God himself has wiped away all tears from your eyes, and placed you both and our own dear father, far beyond the touch of sorrow or the fear of death.

THE OLD WELL IN LANGUEDOC.

THE proof of the truth of the following statement, taken from the *Courrier de l' Europe*, rests not only upon the known veracity of the narrator, but upon the fact that the whole occurrence is registered in the judicial records of the criminal trials of the province of Languedoc. We give it as we heard it from the lips of the dreamer, as nearly as possible in his own words.

As the junior partner in a commercial house at Lyons, I had been traveling some time on the business of the firm, when, one evening in the month of June, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up at a

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quiet inn in the suburbs, and, being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once; and went to bed almost immediately after, determined to begin very early in the morning my visits to the different merchants.

I was was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me.

I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the day, instead of the evening, as was really the case; that I had stopped at the very same inn, and gone out immediately, as an unoccupied stranger would do, to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street, into another street, crossing it at right angles, and apparently leading into the country. I had not gone very far, when I came to a church, the Gothic portico of which I stopped to examine. When I had satisfied my curiosity, I advanced to a by-path which branched off from the main street. Obeying an impulse which I could neither account for nor control, I struck into the path, though it was winding, rugged, and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several gaps in it, wide enough to admit four carts abreast. I approached an old well, which stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner; and looking down into it, I beheld distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing.

I would have cried out, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. At this moment I awoke, with my hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing my forehead—awoke to find myself comfortably in bed, my trunk standing beside me, birds warbling cheerfully around my window; while a young, clear voice was singing a provincial air in the next room, and the morning sun was shining brightly through the curtains.

I sprung from my bed, dressed myself, and, as it was yet very early, I thought I would seek an appetite for breakfast by a morning stroll. I accordingly entered the main street, and went along. The farther I walked, the stranger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to my view. "It is very strange," I thought; "I have never been here before; and I could swear that I have seen this house, and the next, and that other on the left." On I went, till I came to the corner of a street, crossing the one down which I had come. For the first time, I remembered my dream, but put away the thought as too absurd; still, at every step, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. "Am I still dreaming!" I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill through my whole frame. "Is the agreement to be perfect to the very end?" Before long, I reached the church, with the same architectural features that had attracted my notice in the dream; and then the high-road, along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same by-path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before. There was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, every turn, was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn, and was wholly engrossed in the practical details of commercial business. My mind had never dwelt upon the hallucinations, the presentiments, that science either denies, or is unable to explain; but I must confess, that I now felt myself spell-bound, as by some enchantment; and, with Pascal's words on my lips, "A continued dream would be equal to reality," I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage; and this really was the case. In all its outward circumstances, it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream. Who, then, could wonder that I determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every other point? I entered the garden, and went direct to the spot on which I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well, there was none. I looked in every direction; examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible; but nowhere could I find any vestige of a well.

I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the hotel, in a state of agitation difficult to describe. I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such extraordinary coincidences; but how was any clew to be obtained to the terrible mystery?

I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for some time on different subjects, I came to the point, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on a by-road which I described to him.

"I wonder, sir," said he, "what made you take such particular notice of such a wretched little hovel. It is inhabited by an old man with his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsociable. They rarely leave the house—see nobody, and nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard any thing against them beyond this. Of late, their very existence seems to have been forgotten; and I believe, sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned his steps to the deserted spot."

These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it; and I felt that if I presented myself to the merchants in such a state of excitement, they would think me mad; and, indeed, I felt very much excited. I paced up and down the room, looked out at the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object, but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street; but the garden and the cottage preoccupied my mind; and, at last, snatching my hat, I cried, "I will go, come what may."

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him

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the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by my statement.

"It is, indeed, very strange," said he, "and after what has happened, I do not think I am at liberty to leave the matter without further inquiry. Important business will prevent my accompanying you in a search, but I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants, and search every part of it. You may, perhaps, make some important discovery."

I suffered but a very few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and after waiting for some time, an old man opened the door. He received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion. nor, indeed, of any other emotion, when we told him we wished to search the house.

"Very well, gentlemen; as fast, and as soon as you please," he replied.

"Have you a well here?" I inquired.

"No, sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance."

We searched the house, which I did, I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meantime, the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage without seeing any thing that could confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more; and a number of idlers having been by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men engaged in searching the premises, I made inquiries of some of them whether they knew any thing about a well in that place. I could get no information at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well!" cried she; "is it the well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember, as if it were only yesterday, many a time, when I was a young girl, how I used to amuse myself by throwing stones into it, and hearing the splash they used to make in the water."

"And could you tell where that well used to be?" I asked, almost breathless with excitement.

"As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor is standing," said the old woman.

"I could have sworn it!" thought I, springing from the place as if I had trod upon a scorpion.

Need I say, that we set to work to dig up the ground. At about eighteen inches deep, we came to a layer of bricks, which, being broken up, gave to view some boards, which were easily removed; after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite sure it was here," said the woman. "What a fool the old fellow was to stop it up, and then have so far to go for water!"

A sounding-line, furnished with hooks, was let down into the well; the crowd pressing around us, and breathlessly bending over the dark and fœtid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times without any result. At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught an old chest, upon the top of which had been thrown a great many large stones; and after much effort and time, we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no locksmith to open it; and we found within, what I was certain we should find, and which paralyzed with horror all the spectators, who had not my preconvictions—we found the remains of a human body.

The police-officers who had accompanied me now rushed into the house, and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife, no one could at first tell what had become of her. After some search, however, she was found hidden behind a bundle of fagots.

By this time, nearly the whole town had gathered around the spot; and now that this horrible fact had come to light, every body had some crime to tell, which had been laid to the charge of the old couple. The people who predict after an event, are numerous.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities, and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted in his denial, most pertinaciously; but his wife at length confessed, that, in concert with her husband, she had once—a very long time ago—murdered a peddler, whom they had met one night on the high-road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep induced by fatigue, to strangle him; his body had been put into the chest, the chest thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

The peddler being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no inquiry; there was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from every eye, the two criminals had good reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience; they fled from the sight of their fellow-men; they trembled at the slightest noise, and silence thrilled them with terror. They had often formed a determination to leave the scene of their crime—to fly to some distant land; but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their victim.

Terrified by the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man at length made a similar confession; and six weeks after, the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse. They died penitent.

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The well was once more shut up, and the cottage leveled to the ground. It was not, however, until fifty years had in some measure deadened the memory of the terrible transaction, that the ground was cultivated. It is now a fine field of corn.

Such was the dream and its result.

I never had the courage to revisit the town where I had been an actor in such a tragedy.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

SUMMER PASTIME.

DO you ask how I'd amuse me
When the long bright summer comes,
And welcome leisure woos me
To shun life's crowded homes;
To shun the sultry city,
Whose dense, oppressive air
Might make one weep with pity
For those who must be there?

I'll tell you then—I would not
To foreign countries roam,
As though my fancy could not
Find occupance at home;
Nor to home-haunts of fashion
Would I, least of all, repair,
For guilt, and pride, and passion,
Have summer-quarters there.

Far, far from watering-places
Of note and name I'd keep,
For there would vapid faces
Still throng me in my sleep;
Then contact with the foolish,
The arrogant, the vain,
The meaningless—the mulish,
Would sicken heart and brain.

No—I'd seek some shore of ocean
Where nothing comes to mar
The ever-fresh commotion
Of sea and land at war;
Save the gentle evening only
As it steals along the deep,
So spirit-like and lonely,
To still the waves to sleep.

There long hours I'd spend in viewing
The elemental strife,
My soul the while subduing
With the littleness of life;
Of life, with all its paltry plans,
Its conflicts and its cares—
The feebleness of all that's man's—
The might that's God's and theirs!

And when eve came I'd listen
To the stilling of that war,
Till o'er my head should glisten
The first pure silver star;
Then, wandering homeward slowly,
I'd learn my heart the tune
Which the dreaming billows lowly,
Were murmuring to to the moon!

R. C.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE CHEMISTRY OF A CANDLE.

THE Wilkinsons were having a small party, it consisted of themselves and Uncle Bagges, at which the younger members of the family, home for the holidays, had been just admitted to assist after dinner. Uncle Bagges was a gentleman from whom his affectionate relatives cherished expectations of a testamentary nature. Hence the greatest attention was paid by them to the wishes of Mr. Bagges, as well as to every observation which he might be pleased to make.

"Eh! what? you sir," said Mr. Bagges, facetiously addressing himself to his eldest nephew, Harry—"Eh! what? I am glad to hear, sir, that you are doing well at school. Now—eh! now, are you clever enough to tell me where was Moses when he put the candle out?"

"That depends, uncle," answered the young gentleman, "on whether he had lighted the candle to see with at night, or by daylight to seal a letter."

"Eh! very good, now! 'Pon my word, very good," exclaimed Uncle Bagges. "You must be Lord Chancellor, sir—Lord Chancellor, one of these days."

"And now, uncle," asked Harry, who was a favorite with the old gentleman, "can you tell me what you do when you put a candle out?"

"Clap an extinguisher on it, you young rogue, to be sure."

"Oh! but I mean, you cut off its supply of oxygen," said Master Harry.

"Cut off its ox's—eh? what? I shall cut off your nose, you young dog, one of these fine days."

"He means something he heard at the Royal Institution," observed Mrs. Wilkinson. "He reads a great deal about chemistry, and he attended Professor Faraday's lectures there on the chemical history of a candle, and has been full of it ever since."

"Now, you sir, said Uncle Bagges, "come you here to me, and tell me what you have to say about this chemical, eh? or comical; which? this comical chemical history of a candle."

"He'll bore you, Bagges," said Mrs. Wilkinson. "Harry, don't be troublesome to your uncle."

"Troublesome! Oh, not at all. He amuses me. I like to hear him. So let him teach his old uncle the comicality and chemicality of a farthing rushlight."

"A wax candle will be nicer and cleaner, uncle, and answer the same purpose. There's one on the mantle-shelf. Let me light it."

"Take care you don't burn your fingers, or set any thing on fire," said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Now, uncle," commenced Harry, having drawn his chair to the side of Mr. Bagges, "we have got our candle burning. What do you see?"

"Let me put on my spectacles," answered the uncle.

"Look down on the top of the candle around

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the wick. See, it is a little cup full of melted wax. The heat of the flame has melted the wax just round the wick. The cold air keeps the outside of it hard, so as to make the rim of it. The melted wax in the little cup goes up through the wick to be burnt, just as oil does in the wick of a lamp. What do you think makes it go up, uncle?"

"Why—why, the flame draws it up, doesn't it?"

"Not exactly, uncle. It goes up through little tiny passages in the cotton wick, because very, very small channels, or pipes, or pores, have the power in themselves of sucking up liquids. What they do it by is called cap—something."

"Capillary attraction, Harry," suggested Mr. Wilkinson.

"Yes, that's it; just as a sponge sucks up water, or a bit of lump-sugar the little drop of tea or coffee left in the bottom of a cup. But I mustn't say much more about this, or else you will tell me I am doing something very much like teaching my grandmother to—you know what."

"Your grandmother, eh, young sharpshins?"

"No—I mean my uncle. Now, I'll blow the candle out, like Moses; not to be in the dark, though, but to see into what it is. Look at the smoke rising from the wick. I'll hold a bit of lighted paper in the smoke, so as not to touch the wick. But see, for all that, the candle lights again. So this shows that the melted wax sucked up through the wick is turned into vapor; and the vapor burns. The heat of the burning vapor keeps on melting more wax, and that is sucked up too within the flame, and turned into vapor, and burnt, and so on till the wax is all used up, and the candle is gone. So the flame, uncle, you see is the last of the candle, and the candle seems to go through the flame into nothing—although it doesn't, but goes into several things, and isn't it curious, as Professor Faraday said, that the candle should look so splendid and glorious in going away."

"How well he remembers, doesn't he?" observed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"I dare say," proceeded Harry, "that the flame of the candle looks flat to you; but if we were to put a lamp glass over it, so as to shelter it from the draught, you would see it is round, round sideways, and running up to a peak. It is drawn up by the hot air; you know that hot air always rises, and that is the way smoke is taken up the chimney. What should you think was in the middle of the flame?"

"I should say, fire," replied Uncle Bagges.

"Oh, no! The flame is hollow. The bright flame we see is something no thicker than a thin peel, or skin; and it doesn't touch the wick. Inside of it is the vapor I told you of just now. If you put one end of a bent pipe into the middle of the flame, and let the other end of the pipe dip into a bottle, the vapor or gas from the candle will mix with the air there; and if you set fire to the mixture of gas from the candle and air in the bottle, it would go off with a bang."

"I wish you'd do that, Harry," said Master Tom, the younger brother of the juvenile lecturer.

"I want the proper things," answered Harry. "Well, uncle, the flame of the candle is a little shining case, with gas in the inside of it, and air on the outside, so that the case of flame is between the air and the gas. The gas keeps going into the flame to burn, and when the candle burns properly, none of it ever passes out through the flame; and none of the air ever gets in through the flame to the gas. The greatest heat of the candle is in this skin, or peel, or case of flame."

"Case of flame!" repeated Mr. Bagges. "Live and learn. I should have thought a candle flame was as thick as my poor old noddle."

"I can show you the contrary," said Harry. "I take this piece of white paper, look, and hold it a second or two down upon the candle flame, keeping the flame very steady. Now I'll rub off the black of the smoke, and—there—you find that the paper is scorched in the shape of a ring; but inside the ring it is only dirtied, and not singed at all."

"Seeing is believing," remarked the uncle.

"But," proceeded Harry, "there is more in the candle flame than the gas that comes out of the candle. You know a candle won't burn without air. There must be always air around the gas, and touching it like to make it burn. If a candle hasn't got enough air, it goes out, or burns badly, so that some of the vapor inside of the flame comes out through it in the form of smoke, and this is the reason of a candle smoking. So now you know why a great clumsy dip smokes more than a neat wax candle; it is because the thick wick of the dip makes too much fuel in proportion to the air that can get to it."

"Dear me! Well, I suppose there is a reason for every thing," exclaimed the young philosopher's mamma.

"What should you say, now," continued Harry, "if I told you that the smoke that comes out of a candle is the very thing that makes a candle light? Yes; a candle shines by consuming its own smoke. The smoke of a candle is a cloud of small dust, and the little grains of the dust are bits of charcoal, or carbon, as chemists call it. They are made in the flame, and burned in the flame, and, while burning, make the flame bright. They are burned the moment they are made; but the flame goes on making more of them as fast as it burns them; and that is how it keeps bright. The place they are made in, is in the case of flame itself, where the strongest heat is. The great heat separates them from the gas which comes from the melted wax, and, as soon as they touch the air on the outside of the thin case of flame, they burn."

"Can you tell how it is that the little bits of

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carbon cause the brightness of the flame?" asked Mr. Wilkinson.

"Because they are pieces of solid matter," answered Harry. "To make a flame shine, there must always be some solid—or at least liquid—matter in it."

"Very good," said Mr. Bagges—"solid stuff necessary to brightness."

"Some gases and other things," resumed Harry, "that burn with a flame you can hardly see, burn splendidly when something solid is put into them. Oxygen and hydrogen—tell me if I use too hard words, uncle—oxygen and hydrogen gases, if mixed together and blown through a pipe, burn with plenty of heat but with very little light. But if their flame is blown upon a piece of quick-lime, it gets so bright as to be quite dazzling. Make the smoke of oil of turpentine pass through the same flame, and it gives the flame a beautiful brightness directly."

"I wonder," observed Uncle Bagges, "what has made you such a bright youth."

"Taking after uncle, perhaps," retorted his nephew. "Don't put my candle and me out. Well, carbon or charcoal is what causes the brightness of all lamps, and candles, and other common lights; so, of course, there is carbon in what they are all made of."

"So carbon is smoke, eh? and light is owing to your carbon. Giving light out of smoke, eh? as they say in the classics," observed Mr. Bagges.

"But what becomes of the candle," pursued Harry, "as it burns away? where does it go?"

"Nowhere," said his mamma, "I should think. It burns to nothing."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Harry, "every thing—every body goes somewhere."

"Eh!—rather an important consideration that," Mr. Bagges moralized.

"You can see it goes into smoke, which makes soot, for one thing," pursued Harry. "There are other things it goes into, not to be seen by only looking, but you can get to see them by taking the right means—just put your hand over the candle, uncle."

"Thank you, young gentleman, I had rather be excused."

"Not close enough down to burn you, uncle; higher up. There—you feel a stream of hot air; so something seems to rise from the candle. Suppose you were to put a very long, slender gas-burner over the flame, and let the flame burn just within the end of it, as if it were a chimney, some of the hot steam would go up and come out at the top, but a sort of dew would be left behind in the glass chimney, if the chimney was cold enough when you put it on. There are ways of collecting this sort of dew, and when it is collected it turns out to be really water. I am not joking, uncle. Water is one of the things which the candle turns into in burning—water coming out of fire. A jet of oil gives above a pint of water in burning. In some lighthouses they burn, Professor Faraday says, up to two gallons of oil in a night, and if the windows are cold, the steam from the oil clouds the inside of the windows, and, in frosty weather, freezes into ice."

"Water out of a candle, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Bagges. "As hard to get, I should have thought, as blood out of a post. Where does it come from?"

"Part from the wax, and part from the air, and yet not a drop of it comes either from the air or the wax. What do you make of that, uncle?"

"Eh? Oh! I'm no hand at riddles. Give it up."

"No riddle at all, uncle. The part that comes from the wax isn't water, and the part that comes from the air isn't water, but when put together they become water. Water is a mixture of two things, then. This can be shown. Put some iron wire or turnings into a gun-barrel open at both ends. Heat the middle of the barrel red-hot in a little furnace. Keep the heat up, and send the steam of boiling water through the red-hot gun-barrel. What will come out at the other end of the barrel won't be steam; it will be gas, which doesn't turn to water again when it gets cold, and which burns if you put a light to it. Take the turnings out of the gun-barrel, and you will find them changed to rust, and heavier than when they were put in. Part of the water is the gas that comes out of the barrel, the other part is what mixes with the iron turnings, and changes them to rust, and makes them heavier. You can fill a bladder with the gas that comes out of the gun-barrel, or you can pass bubbles of it up into a jar of water turned upside down in a trough, and, as I said, you can make this part of the water burn."

"Eh?" cried Mr. Bagges. "Upon my word! One of these days, we shall have you setting the Thames on fire."

"Nothing more easy," said Harry, "than to burn part of the Thames, or any other water; I mean the gas that I have just told you about, which is called hydrogen. In burning, hydrogen produces water again, like the flame of the candle. Indeed, hydrogen is that part of the water, formed by a candle burning, that comes from the wax. All things that have hydrogen in them produce water in burning, and the more there is in them, the more they produce. When pure hydrogen burns, nothing comes from it but water, no smoke or soot at all. If you were to burn one ounce of it, the water you would get would be just nine ounces. There are many ways of making hydrogen, besides out of steam by the hot gun-barrel. I could show it you in a moment by pouring a little sulphuric acid mixed with water into a bottle upon a few zinc or steel filings, and putting a cork in the bottle with a little pipe through it, and setting fire to the gas that would come from the mouth of the pipe. We should find the flame very hot, but having scarcely any brightness. I should like you to see the curious qualities of hydrogen, particularly how light it is, so as to carry things

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up in the air; and I wish I had a small balloon to fill with it and make go up to the ceiling, or a bag-pipe full of it to blow soap-bubbles with, and show how much faster they rise than common ones, blown with the breath."

"So do I," interposed Master Tom.

"And so," resumed Harry, "hydrogen, you know, uncle, is part of water, and just one-ninth part."

"As hydrogen is to water, so is a tailor to an ordinary individual, eh?" Mr. Bagges remarked.

"Well, now, then, uncle, if hydrogen is the tailor's part of the water, what are the other eight parts? The iron turnings used to make hydrogen in the gun-barrel, and rusted, take just those eight parts from the water in the shape of steam, and are so much the heavier. Burn iron turnings in the air, and they make the same rust, and gain just the same in weight. So the other eight parts must be found in the air for one thing, and in the rusted iron turnings for another, and they must also be in the water; and now the question is, how to get at them?"

"Out of the water? Fish for them, I should say," suggested Mr. Bagges.

"Why, so we can," said Harry. "Only instead of hooks and lines, we must use wires—two wires, one from one end, the other from the other, of a galvanic battery. Put the points of these wires into water, a little distance apart, and they instantly take the water to pieces. If they are of copper, or a metal that will rust easily, one of them begins to rust, and air-bubbles come up from the other. These bubbles are hydrogen. The other part of the water mixes with the end of the wire and makes rust. But if the wires are of gold, or a metal that does not rust easily, air-bubbles rise from the ends of both wires. Collect the bubbles from both wires in a tube, and fire them, and they turn to water again; and this water is exactly the same weight as the quantity that has been changed into the two gases. Now, then, uncle, what should you think water was composed of?"

"Eh? well—I suppose of those very identical two gases, young gentleman."

"Right, uncle. Recollect that the gas from one of the wires was hydrogen, the one-ninth of water. What should you guess the gas from the other wire to be?"

"Stop—eh?—wait a bit—eh—oh!—why, the other eight-ninths, to be sure."

"Good again, uncle. Now this gas that is eight-ninths of water is the gas called oxygen that I mentioned just now. This is a very curious gas. It won't burn in air at all itself, like gas from a lamp, but it has a wonderful power of making things burn that are lighted and put into it. If you fill a jar with it—"

"How do you manage that?" Mr. Bagges inquired.

"You fill the jar with water," answered Harry, "and you stand it upside down in a vessel full of water too. Then you let bubbles of the gas up into the jar, and they turn out the water and take its place. Put a stopper in the neck of the jar, or hold a glass plate against the mouth of it, and you can take it out of the water, and so have bottled oxygen. A lighted candle put into a jar of oxygen blazes up directly and is consumed before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' Charcoal burns away in it as fast, with beautiful bright sparks—phosphorus with a light that dazzles you to look at—and a piece of iron or steel just made red-hot at the end first, is burnt in oxygen quicker than a stick would be in common air. The experiment of burning things in oxygen beats any fireworks."

"Oh, how jolly!" exclaimed Tom.

"Now we see, uncle," Harry continued, "that water is hydrogen and oxygen united together, that water is got wherever hydrogen is burnt in common air, that a candle won't burn without air, and that when a candle burns there is hydrogen in it burning, and forming water. Now, then, where does the hydrogen of the candle get the oxygen from, to turn into water with it?"

"From the air, eh?"

"Just so. I can't stop to tell you of the other things which there is oxygen in, and the many beautiful and amusing ways of getting it. But as there is oxygen in the air, and as oxygen makes things burn at such a rate, perhaps you wonder why air does not make things burn as fast as oxygen. The reason is, that there is something else in the air that mixes with the oxygen and weakens it."

"Makes a sort of gaseous grog of it, eh?" said Mr. Bagges. "But how is that proved?"

"Why, there is a gas, called nitrous gas, which, if you mix it with oxygen, takes all the oxygen into itself, and the mixture of the nitrous gas and oxygen, if you put water with it, goes into the water. Mix nitrous gas and air together in a jar over water, and the nitrous gas takes away the oxygen, and then the water sucks up the mixed oxygen and nitrous gas, and that part of the air which weakens the oxygen is left behind. Burning phosphorus in confined air will also take all the oxygen from it, and there are other ways of doing the same thing. The portion of air left behind is called nitrogen. You wouldn't know it from common air by the look: it has no color, taste, nor smell, and it won't burn. But things won't burn in it either; and any thing on fire put into it goes out directly. It isn't fit to breathe; and a mouse, or any animal, shut up in it dies. It isn't poisonous, though; creatures only die in it for want of oxygen. We breathe it with oxygen, and then it does no harm, but good; for if we breathe pure oxygen, we should breathe away so violently, that we should soon breathe our life out. In the same way, if the air were nothing but oxygen, a candle would not last above a minute.

"What a tallow-chandler's bill we should have!" remarked Mrs. Wilkinson.

"'If a house were on fire in oxygen,' as

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Professor Faraday said, 'every iron bar, or rafter, or pillar, every nail and iron tool, and the fire-place itself; all the zinc and copper roofs, and leaden coverings, and gutters, and pipes, would consume and burn, increasing the combustion.'"

"That would be, indeed, burning 'like a house on fire,'" observed Mr. Bagges.

"'Think,'" said Harry, continuing his quotation, "'of the Houses of Parliament, or a steam-engine manufactory. Think of an iron-proof chest—no proof against oxygen. Think of a locomotive and its train—every engine, every carriage, and even every rail would be set on fire and burnt up.' So now, uncle, I think you see what the use of nitrogen is, and especially how it prevents a candle from burning out too fast."

"Eh?" said Mr. Bagges. "Well, I will say I do think we are under considerable obligations to nitrogen."

"I have explained to you, uncle," pursued Harry, "how a candle, in burning, turns into water. But it turns into something else besides that; there is a stream of hot air going up from it that won't condense into dew; some of that is the nitrogen of the air which the candle has taken all the oxygen from. But there is more in it than nitrogen. Hold a long glass tube over a candle, so that the stream of hot air from it may go up through the tube. Hold a jar over the end of the tube to collect some of the stream of hot air. Put some lime-water, which looks quite clear, into the jar; stop the jar, and shake it up. The lime-water, which was quite clear before, turns milky. Then there is something made by the burning of the candle that changes the color of the lime-water. That is a gas, too, and you can collect it, and examine it. It is to be got from several things, and is a part of all chalk, marble, and the shells of eggs or of shell-fish. The easiest way to make it is by pouring muriatic or sulphuric acid on chalk or marble. The marble or chalk begins to hiss or bubble, and you can collect the bubbles in the same way that you can oxygen. The gas made by the candle in burning, and which also is got out of the chalk and marble, is called carbonic acid. It puts out a light in a moment; it kills any animal that breathes it, and it is really poisonous to breathe, because it destroys life even when mixed with a pretty large quantity of common air. The bubbles made by beer when it ferments, are carbonic acid, so is the air that fizzes out of soda-water—and it is good to swallow though it is deadly to breathe. It is got from chalk by burning the chalk as well as by putting acid to it, and burning the carbonic acid out of chalk makes the chalk lime. This is why people are killed sometimes by getting in the way of the wind that blows from lime-kilns."

"Of which it is advisable carefully to keep to the windward," Mr. Wilkinson observed.

"The most curious thing about carbonic acid gas," proceeded Harry, "is its weight. Although it is only a sort of air, it is so heavy that you can pour it from one vessel into another. You may dip a cup of it and pour it down upon a candle, and it will put the candle out, which would astonish an ignorant person; because carbonic acid gas is as invisible as the air, and the candle seems to be put out by nothing. A soap-bubble of common air floats on it like wood on water. Its weight is what makes it collect in brewers' vats; and also in wells, where it is produced naturally; and owing to its collecting in such places it causes the deaths we so often hear about of those who go down into them without proper care. It is found in many springs of water, more or less; and a great deal of it comes out of the earth in some places. Carbonic acid gas is what stupefies the dogs in the Grotto del Cane. Well, but how is carbonic acid gas made by the candle?"

"I hope with your candle you'll throw some light upon the subject," said Uncle Bagges.

"I hope so," answered Harry. "Recollect it is the burning of the smoke, or soot, or carbon of the candle that makes the candle-flame bright. Also that the candle won't burn without air. Likewise that it will not burn in nitrogen, or air that has been deprived of oxygen. So the carbon of the candle mingles with oxygen, in burning, to make carbonic acid gas, just as the hydrogen does to form water. Carbonic acid gas, then, is carbon or charcoal dissolved in oxygen. Here is black soot getting invisible and changing into air; and this seems strange, uncle, doesn't it?"

"Ahem! Strange, if true," answered Mr. Bagges. "Eh? well! I suppose it's all right."

"Quite so, uncle. Burn carbon or charcoal either in the air or in oxygen, and it is sure always to make carbonic acid, and nothing else, if it is dry. No dew or mist gathers in a cold glass jar if you burn dry charcoal in it. The charcoal goes entirely into carbonic acid gas, and leaves nothing behind but ashes, which are only earthy stuff that was in the charcoal, but not part of the charcoal itself. And now, shall I tell you something about carbon?"

"With all my heart," assented Mr. Bagges.

"I said that there was carbon or charcoal in all common lights—so there is in every common kind of fuel. If you heat coal or wood away from the air, some gas comes away, and leaves behind coke from coal, and charcoal from wood; both carbon, though not pure. Heat carbon as much as you will in a close vessel, and it does not change in the least; but let the air get to it, and then it burns and flies off in carbonic acid gas. This makes carbon so convenient for fuel. But it is ornamental as well as useful, uncle. The diamond is nothing else than carbon."

"The diamond, eh? You mean the black diamond."

"No; the diamond, really and truly. The diamond is only carbon in the shape of a crystal."

"Eh? and can't some of your clever chemists crystallize a little bit of carbon, and make a Koh-i-noor?"

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"Ah, uncle, perhaps we shall, some day. In the mean time, I suppose, we must be content with making carbon so brilliant as it is in the flame of a candle. Well; now you see that a candle-flame is vapor burning, and the vapor, in burning, turns into water and carbonic acid gas. The oxygen of both the carbonic acid gas and the water comes from the air, and the hydrogen and carbon together are the vapor. They are distilled out of the melted wax by the heat. But, you know, carbon alone can't be distilled by any heat. It can be distilled, though, when it is joined with hydrogen, as it is in the wax, and then the mixed hydrogen and carbon rise in gas of the same kind as the gas in the streets, and that also is distilled by heat from coal. So a candle is a little gas manufactory in itself, that burns the gas as fast as it makes it."

"Haven't you pretty nearly come to your candle's end?" said Mr. Wilkinson.

"Nearly. I only want to tell uncle, that the burning of a candle is almost exactly like our breathing. Breathing is consuming oxygen, only not so fast as burning. In breathing we throw out water in vapor and carbonic acid from our lungs, and take oxygen in. Oxygen is as necessary to support the life of the body, as it is to keep up the flame of a candle."

"So," said Mr. Bagges, "man is a candle, eh? and Shakspeare knew that, I suppose (as he did most things), when he wrote

"'Out, out, brief candle!'

Well, well; we old ones are moulds, and you young squires are dips and rushlights, eh? Any more to tell us about the candle?"

"I could tell you a great deal more about oxygen, and hydrogen, and carbon, and water, and breathing, that Professor Faraday said, if I had time; but you should go and hear him yourself, uncle."

"Eh? well! I think I will. Some of us seniors may learn something from a juvenile lecture, at any rate, if given by a Faraday. And now, my boy, I will tell you what," added Mr. Bagges, "I am very glad to find you so fond of study and science: and you deserve to be encouraged: and so I'll give you a what-d'ye-call-it? a Galvanic Battery on your next birth-day; and so much for your teaching your old uncle the chemistry of a candle."

THE MYSTERIOUS COMPACT.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the latter years of the last century, two youths, Ferdinand von Hallberg, and Edward von Wensleben were receiving their education in the military academy of Marienvheim. Among their schoolfellows they were called Orestes and Pylades, or Damon and Pythias, on account of their tender friendship, which constantly recalled to their schoolfellows' minds the history of these ancient worthies. Both were sons of officers, who had long served the state with honor, both were destined for their father's profession, both accomplished and endowed by nature with no mean talents. But fortune had not been so impartial in the distribution of her favors—Hallberg's father lived on a small pension, by means of which he defrayed the expenses of his son's schooling at the cost of the government; while Wensleben's parents willingly paid the handsomest salary in order to insure to their only child the best education which the establishment afforded. This disparity in circumstances at first produced a species of proud reserve, amounting to coldness, in Ferdinand's deportment, which yielded by degrees to the cordial affection that Edward manifested toward him on every occasion. Two years older than Edward, of a thoughtful and almost melancholy turn of mind, Ferdinand soon gained a considerable influence over his weaker friend, who clung to him with almost girlish dependence.

Their companionship had now lasted with satisfaction and happiness to both, for several years, and the youths had formed for themselves the most delightful plans—how they were never to separate, how they were to enter the service in the same regiment, and if a war broke out, how they were to fight side by side and conquer, or die together. But destiny, or rather Providence, whose plans are usually opposed to the designs of mortals, had ordained otherwise for the friends than they anticipated.

Earlier than was expected, Hallberg's father found an opportunity to have his son appointed to an infantry regiment, and he was ordered immediately to join the staff in a small provincial town, in an out-of-the-way mountainous district. This announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the two friends; but Ferdinand considered himself by far the more unhappy, since it was ordained that he should be the one to sever the happy bond that bound them, and to inflict a deep wound on his loved companion. His schoolfellows vainly endeavored to console him by calling his attention to his new commission, and the preference which had been shown him above so many others. He only thought of the approaching separation; he only saw his friend's grief, and passed the few remaining days that were allowed him at the academy by Edward's side, who husbanded every moment of his Ferdinand's society with jealous care, and could not bear to lose sight of him for an instant. In one of their most melancholy hours, excited by sorrow and youthful enthusiasm, they bound themselves by a mysterious vow, namely, that the one whom God should think fit to call first from this world should bind himself (if conformable to the Divine will) to give some sign of his remembrance and affection to the survivor.

The place where this vow was made was a solitary spot in the garden, by a monument of gray marble, overshadowed by dark firs, which the former director of the institution had caused to be erected to the memory of his son, whose premature death was recorded on the stone.

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Here the friends met at night, and by the fitful light of the moon they pledged themselves to the rash and fanciful contract, and confirmed and consecrated it the next morning, by a religious ceremony. After this they were able to look the approaching separation in the face more manfully, and Edward strove hard to quell the melancholy feeling which had lately arisen in his mind on account of the constant foreboding that Ferdinand expressed of his own early death. "No," thought Edward, "his pensive turn of mind and his wild imagination cause him to reproach himself without a cause for my sorrow and his own departure. Oh, no, Ferdinand will not die early—he will not die before me. Providence will not leave me alone in the world."

The lonely Edward strove hard to console himself, for after Ferdinand's departure, the house, the world itself, seemed a desert; and absorbed by his own memories, he now recalled to mind many a dark speech which had fallen from his absent friend, particularly in the latter days of their intercourse, and which betokened but too plainly a presentiment of early death. But time and youth exercised, even over these sorrows, their irresistible influence. Edward's spirits gradually recovered their tone; and as the traveler always has the advantage over the one who remains behind, in respect of new objects to occupy his mind, so was Ferdinand even sooner calmed and cheered, and by degrees he became engrossed by his new duties, and new acquaintances, not to the exclusion, indeed, of his friend's memory, but greatly to the alleviation of his own sorrow. It was natural, in such circumstances, that the young officer should console himself sooner than poor Edward. The country in which Hallberg found himself was wild and mountainous, but possessed all the charms and peculiarities of "far off" districts—simple, hospitable manners, old-fashioned customs, many tales and legends which arise from the credulity of the mountaineers, who invariably lean toward the marvelous, and love to people the wild solitudes with invisible beings.

Ferdinand had soon, without seeking for it, made acquaintance with several respectable families in the town; and, as it generally happens in such cases, he had become quite domesticated in the best country houses in the neighborhood; and the well-mannered, handsome, and agreeable youth was welcomed every where. The simple, patriarchal life in these old mansions and castles—the cordiality of the people, the wild, picturesque scenery, nay, the very legends themselves were entirely to Hallberg's taste. He adapted himself easily to his new mode of life, but his heart remained tranquil. This could not last. Before half a year had passed, the battalion to which he belonged was ordered to another station, and he had to part with many friends. The first letter which he wrote after this change, bore the impression of impatience at the breaking up of a happy time. Edward found this natural enough; but he was surprised in the following letters to detect signs of a disturbed and desultory state of mind, wholly foreign to his friend's nature. The riddle was soon solved. Ferdinand's heart was touched for the first time, and, perhaps, because the impression had been made late, it was all the deeper. Unfavorable circumstances opposed themselves to his hopes: the young lady was of an ancient family, rich, and betrothed since her childhood to a relation, who was expected shortly to arrive in order to claim her promised hand. Notwithstanding this engagement, Ferdinand and the young girl had become sincerely attached to each other, and had both resolved to dare every thing with the hope of being united. They pledged their troth in secret; the darkest mystery enveloped not only their plans, but their affections; and as secrecy was necessary to the advancement of their projects. Ferdinand entreated his friend to forgive him if he did not intrust his whole secret to a sheet of paper that had at least sixty miles to travel, and which must pass through so many hands. It was impossible from his letter to guess the name of the person or the place in question. "You know that I love," he wrote, "therefore you know that the object of my secret passion is worthy of any sacrifice; for you know your friend too well to believe him capable of any blind infatuation, and this must suffice for the present. No one must suspect what we are to each other; no one here or round the neighborhood must have the slightest clew to our plans. An awful personage will soon make his appearance among us. His violent temper, his inveterate obstinacy (according to all that one hears of him), are well calculated to confirm in *her* a well-founded aversion. But family arrangements and legal contracts exist, the fulfillment of which the opposing party are bent on enforcing. The struggle will be hard, perhaps unsuccessful; notwithstanding, I will strain every nerve. Should I fall, you must console yourself, my dear Edward, with the thought, that it will be no misfortune to your friend to be deprived of an existence rendered miserable by the failure of his dearest hopes, and separation from his dearest friend. Then may all the happiness which heaven has denied me be vouchsafed to you and her, so that my spirit may look down contentedly from the realms of light, and bless and protect you both."

Such was the usual tenor of the letters which Edward received during that period. His heart was full of anxiety—he read danger and distress in the mysterious communications of Ferdinand; and every argument that affection and good sense could suggest did he make use of, in his replies, to turn his friend from this path of peril which threatened to end in a deep abyss. He tried persuasion, and urged him to desist for the sake of their long-tried affection. But when did passion ever listen to the expostulations of friendship?

Ferdinand only saw one aim in life—the possession of the beloved one. All else faded

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from before his eyes, and even his correspondence slackened; for his time was much taken up in secret excursions, arrangements of all kinds, and communications with all manner of persons; in fact every action of his present life tended to the furtherance of his plan.

All of a sudden his letters ceased. Many posts passed without a sign of life. Edward was a prey to the greatest anxiety; he thought his friend had staked and lost. He imagined an elopement, a clandestine marriage, a duel with a rival, and all these casualties were the more painful to conjecture, since his entire ignorance of the real state of things gave his fancy full range to conjure up all sorts of misfortunes. At length, after many more posts had come in without a line to pacify Edward's fears, without a word in reply to his earnest entreaties for some news, he determined on taking a step which he had meditated before, and only relinquished out of consideration for his friend's wishes. He wrote to the officer commanding the regiment, and made inquiries respecting the health and abode of Lieutenant von Hallberg, whose friends in the capital had remained for nearly two months without news of him, he who had hitherto proved a regular and frequent correspondent.

Another fortnight dragged heavily on, and at length the announcement came in an official form. Lieutenant von Hallberg had been invited to the castle of a nobleman whom he was in the custom of visiting, in order to be present at the wedding of a lady; that he was indisposed at the time, that he grew worse, and on the third morning had been found dead in his bed, having expired during the night from an attack of apoplexy.

Edward could not finish the letter, it fell from his trembling hand. To see his worst fears realized so suddenly, overwhelmed him at first. His youth withstood the bodily illness which would have assailed a weaker constitution, and perhaps mitigated the anguish of his grief. He was not dangerously ill, but they feared many days for his reason; and it required all the kind solicitude of the director of the college, combined with the most skillful medical aid, to stem the torrent of his sorrow, and to turn it gradually into a calmer channel, until by degrees the mourner recovered both health and reason. His youthful spirits, however, had received a blow from which they never rebounded, and one thought lay heavy on his mind which he was unwilling to share with any other person, and which, on that account, grew more and more painful. It was the memory of that holy promise which had been mutually contracted, that the survivor was to receive some token of his friend's remembrance of him after death. Now two months had already passed since Ferdinand's earthly career had been arrested, his spirit was free, why no sign? In the moment of death Edward had had no intimation, no message from the passing spirit, and this apparent neglect, so to speak, was another deep wound in Edward's breast. Do the affections cease with life? Was it contrary to the will of the Almighty that the mourner should taste this consolation? Did individuality lose itself in death and with it memory? Or did one stroke destroy spirit and body? These anxious doubts, which have before now agitated many who reflect on such subjects, exercised their power over Edward's mind with an intensity that none can imagine save one whose position is in any degree similar.

Time gradually deadened the intensity of his affliction. The violent paroxysms of grief subsided into a deep but calm regret; it was as if a mist had spread itself over every object which presented itself before him, robbing them indeed of half their charms, yet leaving them visible, and in their real relation to himself. During this mental change the autumn arrived, and with it the long-expected commission. It did not indeed occasion the joy which it might have done in former days, when it would have led to a meeting with Ferdinand, or at all events to a better chance of meeting, but it released him from the thralldom of college, and it opened to him a welcome sphere of activity. Now it so happened that his appointment led him accidentally into the very neighborhood where Ferdinand had formerly resided, only with this difference, that Edward's squadron was quartered in the lowlands, about a short day's journey from the town and woodland environs in question.

He proceeded to his quarters, and found an agreeable occupation in the exercise of his new duties.

He had no wish to make acquaintances, yet he did not refuse the invitations that were pressed upon him, lest he should be accused of eccentricity and rudeness; and so he found himself soon entangled in all sorts of engagements with the neighboring gentry and nobility. If these so-called gayeties gave him no particular pleasure, at least for the time they diverted his thoughts; and, with this view, he accepted an invitation (for the new year and carnival were near at hand) to a great shooting-match which was to be held in the mountains—a spot which it was possible to reach in one day with favorable weather and the roads in a good state. The day was appointed, the air tolerably clear; a mild frost had made the roads safe and even, and Edward had every expectation of being able to reach Blumenberg in his sledge before night, as on the following morning the match was to take place. But as soon as he got near the mountains, where the sun retires so early to rest, snow-clouds drove from all quarters, a cutting wind came roaring through the ravines, and a heavy fall of snow began. Twice the driver lost his way, and daylight was gone before he had well recovered it; darkness came on sooner than in other places, walled in as they were by dark mountains, with dark clouds above their heads. It was out of the question to dream of reaching Blumenberg that night; but in this hospitable land, where every house-

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holder welcomes the passing traveler, Edward was under no anxiety as to shelter. He only wished, before the night quite set in, to reach some country house or castle; and now that the storm had abated in some degree, that the heavens were a little clearer, and that a few stars peeped out, a large valley opened before them, whose bold outline Edward could distinguish, even in the uncertain light. The well-defined roofs of a neat village were perceptible, and behind these, half-way up the mountain that crowned the plain, Edward thought he could discern a large building which glimmered with more than one light. The road led straight into the village. Edward stopped and inquired.

That building was, indeed, a castle; the village belonged to it, and both were the property of the Baron Friedenberg. "Friedenberg!" repeated Edward: the name sounded familiar to him, yet he could not call to mind when and where he had heard it. He inquired if the family were at home, hired a guide, and arrived at length, by a rugged path which wound itself round steep rocks, to the summit of them, and finally to the castle, which was perched there like an eagle's nest. The tinkling of the bells on Edward's sledge attracted the attention of the inmates; the door was opened with prompt hospitality—servants appeared with torches; Edward was assisted to emerge from under the frozen apron of his carriage, out of his heavy pelisse, stiff with hoar frost, and up a comfortable staircase into a long saloon of simple construction, where a genial warmth appeared to welcome him from a spacious stove in the corner. The servants here placed two large burning candles in massive silver sconces, and went out to announce the stranger.

The fitting-up of the room, or rather saloon, was perfectly simple. Family portraits, in heavy frames, hung roung the walls, diversified by some maps. Magnificent stags' horns were arranged between; and the taste of the master of the house was easily detected in the hunting-knives, powder-flasks, carbines, smoking-bags, and sportsmen's pouches, which were arranged, not without taste, as trophies of the chase. The ceiling was supported by large beams, dingy with smoke and age; and on the sides of the room were long benches, covered and padded with dark cloth, and studded with large brass nails; while round the dinner-table were placed several arm-chairs, also of an ancient date. All bore the aspect of the "good old times," of a simple patriarchal life with affluence. Edward felt as if there were a kind welcome in the inanimate objects which surrounded him, when the inner door opened, and the master of the house entered, preceded by a servant, and welcomed his guest with courteous cordiality.

Some apologies which Edward offered on account of his intrusion, were silenced in a moment.

"Come, now, lieutenant," said the baron, "I must introduce you to my family. You are no such a stranger to us, as you fancy."

With these words he took Edward by the arm, and, lighted by the servant, they passed through several lofty rooms, which were very handsomely furnished, although in an old-fashioned style, with faded Flemish carpets, large chandeliers, and high-backed chairs: everything in keeping with what the youth had already seen in the castle. Here were the ladies of the house. At the other end of the room, by the side of an immense stove, ornamented with a large shield of the family arms, richly emblazoned, and crowned by a gigantic Turk, in a most comfortable attitude of repose sat the lady of the house, an elderly matron of tolerable circumference, in a gown of dark red satin, with a black mantle, and a snow-white lace cap. She appeared to be playing cards with the chaplain, who sat opposite to her at the table, and the Baron Friedenberg to have made the third hand at ombre, till he was called away to welcome his guest. On the other side of the room were two young ladies, an elder person, who might be a governess, and a couple of children, very much engrossed by a game at loto.

As Edward entered, the ladies rose to greet him; a chair was placed for him near the mistress of the house, and very soon a cup of chocolate and a bottle of tokay were served on a rich silver salver, to restore the traveler after the cold and discomfort of his drive; in fact it was easy for him to feel that these "far-away" people were by no means displeased at his arrival. An agreeable conversation soon began among all parties. His travels, the shooting match, the neighborhood, agriculture, all afforded subjects, and in a quarter of an hour Edward felt as if he had long been domesticated with these simple but truly well informed people.

Two hours flew swiftly by, and then a bell sounded for supper; the servants returned with lights, announced that the supper was on the table, and lighted the company into the dining-room—the same into which Edward had first been ushered. Here, in the background, some other characters appeared on the scene—the agent, a couple of subalterns, and the physician. The guests ranged themselves round the table. Edward's place was between the baron and his wife. The chaplain said a short grace, when the baroness, with an uneasy look, glanced at her husband over Edward's shoulder, and said, in a low whisper,

"My love, we are thirteen—that will never do."

The baron smiled, beckoned to the youngest of the clerks, and whispered to him. The youth bowed, and withdrew. The servant took the cover away, and served his supper in the next room.

"My wife," said Friedenberg, "is superstitious, as all mountaineers are. She thinks it unlucky to dine thirteen. It certainly has hap-

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pened twice (whether from chance or not who can tell?) that we have had to mourn the death of an acquaintance who had, a short time before, made the thirteenth at our table."

"This idea is not confined to the mountains. I know many people in the capital who think with the baroness," said Edward. "Although in a town such ideas, which belong more especially to the olden time, are more likely to be lost in the whirl and bustle which usually silences every thing that is not essentially matter of fact."

"Ah, yes, lieutenant," replied the baroness, smiling good-humoredly, "we keep up old customs better in the mountains. You see that by our furniture. People in the capital would call this sadly old-fashioned."

"That which is really good and beautiful can never appear out of date," rejoined Edward, courteously; "and here, if I mistake not, presides a spirit that is ever striving after both. I must confess, baron, that when I first entered your house, it was this very aspect of the olden time that enchanted me beyond measure."

"That is always the effect which simplicity has on every unspoiled mind," answered Friedenberg; "but townspeople have seldom a taste for such things."

"I was partly educated on my father's estate," said Edward, "which was situated in the Highlands; and it appeared to me as if, when I entered your house, I were visiting a neighbor of my father's, for the general aspect is quite the same here as with us."

"Yes," said the chaplain, "mountainous districts have all a family likeness: the same necessities, the same struggles with nature, the same seclusion, all produce the same way of life among mountaineers."

"On that account the prejudice against the number thirteen was especially familiar to me," replied Edward. "We also dislike it; and we retain a consideration for many supernatural, or at least inexplicable things, which I have met with again in this neighborhood."

"Yes, here, almost more than any where else," continued the chaplain. "I think we excel all other mountaineers in the number and variety of our legends and ghost stories. I assure you that there is not a cave, or a church, or, above all, a castle, for miles round about, of which we could not relate something supernatural."

The baroness, who perceived the turn which the conversation was likely to take, thought it better to send the children to bed; and when they were gone, the priest continued, "Even here, in this castle—"

"Here!" inquired Edward, "in this very castle?"

"Yes, yes, lieutenant!" interposed the baron, "this house has the reputation of being haunted; and the most extraordinary thing is, that the matter can not be denied by the skeptical, or accounted for by the reasonable."

"And yet," said Edward, "the castle looks so cheerful, so habitable."

"Yes, this part which we live in," answered the baron; "but it consists of only a few apartments sufficient for my family and these gentlemen; the other portion of the building is half in ruins, and dates from the period when men established themselves on the mountains for greater safety."

"There are some who maintain," said the physician, "that a part of the walls of the eastern tower itself are of Roman origin; but that would surely be difficult to prove."

"But, gentlemen," observed the baroness, "you are losing yourselves in learned descriptions as to the erection of the castle, and our guest is kept in ignorance of what he is anxious to hear."

"Indeed, madam," replied the chaplain, "this is not entirely foreign to the subject, since in the most ancient part of the building lies the chamber in question."

"Where apparitions have been seen?" inquired Edward, eagerly.

"Not exactly," replied the baroness; "there is nothing fearful to be seen."

"Come, let us tell him at once," interrupted the baron. "The fact is, that every guest who sleeps for the first time in this room (and it has fallen to the lot of many, in turn, to do so), is visited by some important, significant dream or vision, or whatever I ought to call it, in which some future event is prefigured to him, or some past mystery cleared up, which he had vainly striven to comprehend before."

"Then," interposed Edward, "it must be something like what is known in the Highlands under the name of second sight, a privilege, as some consider it, which several persons and several families enjoy."

"Just so," said the physician, "the cases are very similar; yet the most mysterious part of this affair is, that it does not appear to originate with the individual, or his organization, or his sympathy with beings of the invisible world; no, the individual has nothing to say to it—the locality does it all. Every one who sleeps in that room has his mysterious dream, and the result proves its truth."

"At least in most instances," continued the baron, "when we have had an opportunity of hearing the cases confirmed. I remember once in particular. You may recollect, lieutenant, that when you first came in I had the honor of telling you, you were not quite a stranger to me."

"Certainly, baron; and I have been wishing for a long time to ask an explanation of these words."

"We have often heard your name mentioned by a particular friend of yours—one who could never pronounce it without emotion."

"Ah!" cried Edward, who now saw clearly why the baron's name had sounded familiar to him also; "ah! you speak of my friend Hallberg; truly do you say, we were indeed dear to each other."

"Were!" echoed the baron, in a faltering

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tone, as he observed the sudden change in Edward's voice and countenance; "can the blooming, vigorous youth be—"

"Dead!" exclaimed Edward; and the baron deeply regretted that he had touched so tender a chord, as he saw the young officer's eyes fill with tears, and a dark cloud pass over his animated features.

"Forgive me," he continued, while he leaned forward and pressed his companion's hand; "I grieve that a thoughtless word should have awakened such deep sorrow. I had no idea of his death; we all loved the handsome young man, and by his description of you were already much interested in you before we had ever seen you."

The conversation now turned entirely on Hallberg. Edward related the particulars of his death. Every one present had something to say in his praise; and although this sudden allusion to his dearest friend had agitated Edward in no slight degree, yet it was a consolation to him to listen to the tribute these worthy people paid to the memory of Ferdinand, and to see how genuine was their regret at the tidings of his early death. The time passed swiftly away in conversation of much interest, and the whole company were surprised to hear ten o'clock strike; an unusually late hour for this quiet, regular family. The chaplain read prayers, in which Edward devoutly joined, and then he kissed the matron's hand, and felt almost as if he were in his father's house. The baron offered to show his guest to his room, and the servant preceded them with lights. The way led past the staircase, and then on one side into a long gallery, which communicated with another wing of the castle.

The high-vaulted ceilings, the curious carving on the ponderous doorways, the pointed gothic windows, through many broken panes of which a sharp night wind whistled, proved to Edward that he was in the old part of the castle, and that the famous chamber could not be far off.

"Would it be impossible for me to be quartered there," he began, rather timidly; "I should like it of all things."

"Really!" inquired the baron, rather surprised; "have not our ghost stories alarmed you?"

"On the contrary," was the reply, "they have excited the most earnest wish—"

"Then, if that be the case," said the baron, "we will return. The room was already prepared for you, being the most comfortable and the best in the whole wing; only I fancied, after our conversation—"

"Oh, certainly not," exclaimed Edward; "I could only long for such dreams."

During this discourse they had arrived at the door of the famous room. They went in. They found themselves in a lofty and spacious apartment, so large that the two candles which the servant carried, only shed a glimmering twilight over it, which did not penetrate to the furthest corner. A high-canopied bed, hung with costly but old-fashioned damask, of a dark green, in which were swelling pillows of snowy whiteness, tied with green bows, and a silk coverlet of the same color, looked very inviting to the tired traveler. Sofa and chairs of faded needlework, a carved oak commode and table, a looking-glass in heavy framework, a prie-dieu and crucifix above it, constituted the furniture of the room, where, above all things, cleanliness and comfort preponderated, while a good deal of silver plate was spread out on the toilet-table.

Edward looked round. "A beautiful room!" he said. "Answer me one question, baron, if you please. Did he ever sleep here?"

"Certainly," replied Friedenberg; "it was his usual room when he was here, and he had a most curious dream in that bed, which, as he assured us, made a great impression on him."

"And what was it?" inquired Edward, eagerly.

"He never told us, for, as you well know, he was reserved by nature; but we gathered from some words that he let slip, that an early and sudden death was foretold. Alas! your narrative has confirmed the truth of the prediction."

"Wonderful! He always had a similar foreboding, and many a time has he grieved me by alluding to it," said Edward; "yet it never made him gloomy or discontented. He went on his way firmly and calmly, and looked forward with joy, I might almost say, to another life."

"He was a superior man," answered the baron, "whose memory will ever be dear to us. But now I will detain you no longer. Good-night. Here is the bell," he showed him the cord in between the curtains; "and your servant sleeps in the next room."

"Oh, you are too careful of me," said Edward, smiling; "I am used to sleep by myself."

"Still, replied the baron, "every precaution should be taken. Now, once more, good night."

He shook him by the hand, and, followed by the servant, left the room.

Thus Edward found himself alone in the large, mysterious-looking, haunted room, where his deceased friend had so often reposed—where he also was expected to see a vision. The awe which the place itself inspired, combined with the sad and yet tender recollection of the departed Ferdinand, produced a state of mental excitement which was not favorable to his night's rest. He had already undressed with the aid of his servant (whom he had then dismissed), and had been in bed some time, having extinguished the candles. No sleep visited his eyelids; and the thought recurred which had so often troubled him, why he had never received the promised token from Ferdinand, whether his friend's spirit were among the blest—whether his silence (so to speak) proceeded from unwillingness or incapacity to communicate with the living. A mingled train of reflections agitated his mind; his brain grew

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heated; his pulse beat faster and faster. The castle clock tolled eleven—half past eleven. He counted the strokes; and at that moment the moon rose above the dark margin of the rocks which surrounded the castle, and shed her full light into Edward's room. Every object stood out in relief from the darkness. Edward gazed, and thought, and speculated. It seemed to him as if something moved in the furthest corner of the room. The movement was evident—it assumed a form—the form of a man, which appeared to advance, or rather to float forward. Here Edward lost all sense of surrounding objects, and he found himself once more sitting at the foot of the monument, in the garden of the academy, where he had contracted the bond with his friend. As formerly, the moon streamed through the dark branches of the fir-trees, and shed its cold, pale light on the cold, white marble of the monument. Then the floating form which had appeared in the room of the castle became clearer, more substantial, more earthly-looking; it issued from behind the tombstone, and stood in the full moonlight. It was Ferdinand, in the uniform of his regiment, earnest and pale, but with a kind smile on his features.

"Ferdinand, Ferdinand!" cried Edward, overcome by joy and surprise, and he strove to embrace the well-loved form, but it waved him aside with a melancholy look.

"Ah! you are dead," continued the speaker; "and why then do I see you just as you looked when living?"

"Edward," answered the apparition, in a voice that sounded as if it came from afar, "I am dead, but my spirit has no peace."

"You are not with the blest?" cried Edward, in a voice of terror.

"God is merciful," it replied; "but we are frail and sinful creatures; inquire no more, but pray for me."

"With all my heart," cried Edward, in a tone of anguish, while he gazed with affection on the familiar features; "but speak, what can I do for thee?"

"An unholy tie still binds me to earth. I have sinned. I was cut off in the midst of my sinful projects. This ring burns." He slipped a small gold ring from his left hand. "Only when every token of this unholy compact is destroyed, and when I recover the ring which I exchanged for this, only then can my spirit be at rest. Oh, Edward, dear Edward, bring me back my ring!"

"With joy—but where, where am I to seek it?"

"Emily Varnier will give it thee herself; our engagement was contrary to holy duties, to prior engagements, to earlier vows. God denied his blessing to the guilty project, and my course was arrested in a fearful manner. Pray for me, Edward, and bring back the ring, my ring," continued the voice, in a mournful tone of appeal.

Then the features of the deceased smiled sadly but tenderly; then all appeared to float once more before Edward's eyes—the form was lost in mist, the monument, the fir grove, the moonlight, disappeared; a long, gloomy, breathless pause followed. Edward lay, half sleeping, half benumbed, in a confused manner; portions of the dream returned to him—some images, some sounds—above all, the petition for the restitution of the ring. But an indescribable power bound his limbs, closed his eyelids, and silenced his voice; mental consciousness alone was left him, yet his mind was a prey to terror.

At length these painful sensations subsided—his nerves became more braced, his breath came more freely, a pleasing languor crept over his limbs, and he fell into a peaceful sleep. When he awoke it was already broad daylight; his sleep toward the end of the night had been quiet and refreshing. He felt strong and well, but as soon as the recollection of his dream returned, a deep melancholy took possession of him, and he felt the traces of tears which grief had wrung from him on his eyelashes. But what had the vision been? A mere dream engendered by the conversation of the evening, and his affection for Hallberg's memory, or was it at length the fulfillment of the compact?

There, out of that dark corner, had the form risen up, and moved toward him. But might it not have been some effect of light and shade produced by the moonbeams, and the dark branches of a large tree close to the window, when agitated by the high wind? Perhaps he had seen this, and then fallen asleep, and all combined had woven itself into a dream. But the name of Emily Varnier! Edward did not remember ever to have heard it; certainly it had never been mentioned in Ferdinand's letters. Could it be the name of his love, of the object of that ardent and unfortunate passion? Could the vision be one of truth? He was meditating, lost in thought, when there was a knock at his door, and the servant entered. Edward rose hastily, and sprang out of bed. As he did so, he heard something fall with a ringing sound; the servant stooped and picked up a gold ring, plain gold, like a wedding-ring. Edward shuddered; he snatched it from the servant's hand, and the color forsook his cheeks as he read the two words "Emily Varnier" engraved inside the hoop. He stood there like one thunderstruck, as pale as a corpse, with the proof in his hand that he had not merely dreamed, but had actually spoken with the spirit of his friend. A servant of the household came in to ask whether the lieutenant wished to breakfast in his room, or down stairs with the family. Edward would willingly have remained alone with the thoughts that pressed heavily on him, but a secret dread lest his absence should be remarked, and considered as a proof of fear, after all that had passed on the subject of the haunted room, determined him to accept the last proposal. He dressed hastily, and arranged his hair carefully, but the paleness of his face.

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and the traces of tears in his eyes, were not to be concealed, and he entered the saloon, where the family were already assembled at the breakfast-table, with the chaplain and the doctor.

The baron rose to greet him; one glance at the young officer's face was sufficient; he pressed his hand in silence, and led him to a place by the side of the baroness. An animated discussion now began concerning the weather, which was completely changed; a strong south wind had risen in the night, so there was now a thaw. The snow was all melted—the torrents were flowing once more, and the roads impassable.

"How can you possibly reach Blumenberg, to-day?" the baron inquired of his guest.

"That will be well nigh impossible," said the doctor. "I am just come from a patient at the next village, and I was nearly an hour performing the same distance in a carriage that is usually traversed on foot in a quarter of an hour."

Edward had not given a thought this morning to the shooting-match. Now that it had occurred to him to remember it, he felt little regret at being detained from a scene of noisy festivity which, far from being desirable, appeared to him actually distasteful in his present frame of mind. Yet he was troubled by the thought of intruding too long on the hospitality of his new friends; and he said, in a hesitating manner,

"Yes! but I must try how far—"

"That you shall not do," interrupted the baron. "The road is always bad, and in a thaw it is really dangerous. It would go against my conscience to allow you to risk it. Remain with us; we have no shooting-match or ball to offer you, but—"

"I shall not certainly regret either," cried Edward, eagerly.

"Well, then, remain with us, lieutenant," said the matron, lying her hand on his arm, with a kind, maternal gesture. "You are heartily welcome; and the longer you stay with us, the better shall we be pleased."

The youth bowed, and raised the lady's hand to his lips, and said,

"If you will allow me—if you feel certain that I am not intruding—I will accept your kind offer with joy. I never care much for a ball, at any time, and to-day in particular—" he stopped short, and then added, "In such bad weather as this, the small amusement—"

"Would be dearly bought," interposed the baron. "Come, I am delighted you will remain with us."

He shook Edward warmly by the hand.

"You know you are with old friends."

"And, besides," said the doctor, with disinterested solicitude, "it would be imprudent, for M. de Wensleben does not look very well. Had you a good night, sir?"

"Very good," replied Edward.

"Without much dreaming?" continued the other, pertinaciously.

"Dreaming! oh, nothing wonderful, answered the officer.

"Hem!" said the doctor, shaking his head, portentously. "No one yet—"

"Were I to relate my dream," replied Edward, "you would understand it no more than I did. Confused images—"

The baroness, who saw the youth's unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, here observed,

"That some of the visions had been of no great importance—those which she had heard related, at least."

The chaplain led the conversation from dreams themselves, to their origin, on which subject he and the doctor could not agree; and Edward and his visions were left in peace at last. But when every one had departed, each to his daily occupation, Edward followed the baron into his library.

"I answered in that manner," he said, "to get rid of the doctor and his questioning. To you I will confess the truth. Your room has exercised its mysterious influence over me."

"Indeed!" said the baron, eagerly.

"I have seen and spoken with my Ferdinand, for the first time since his death. I will trust to your kindness—your sympathy—not to require of me a description of this exciting vision. But I have a question to put to you."

"Which I will answer in all candor, if it be possible."

"Do you know the name of Emily Varnier?"

"Varnier!—certainly not."

"Is there no one in this neighborhood who bears that name?"

"No one; it sounds like a foreign name."

"In the bed in which I slept I found this ring," said Edward, while he produced it; and the apparition of my friend pronounced that name.

"Wonderful! As I tell you, I know no one so called—this is the first time I ever heard the name. But it is entirely unaccountable to me, how the ring should have come into that bed. You see, M. von Wensleben, what I told you is true. There is something very peculiar about that room; the moment you entered, I saw that the spell had been working on you also, but I did not wish to forestall or force your confidence."

"I felt the delicacy, as I do now the kindness, of your intentions. Those who are as sad as I am can alone tell the value of tenderness and sympathy."

Edward remained this day and the following at the castle, and felt quite at home with its worthy inmates. He slept twice in the haunted room. He went away, and came back often; was always welcomed cordially, and always quartered in the same apartment. But, in spite of all this, he had no clew, he had no means of lifting the vail of mystery which hung round the fate of Ferdinand Hallberg and of Emily Varnier.

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PART II.—CONCLUSION.

Several weeks passed away. Edward spared no pains to discover some trace of the lady in question, but all in vain. No one in the neighborhood knew the family; and he had already determined, as soon as the spring began, to ask for leave of absence, and to travel through the country where Ferdinand had formed his unfortunate attachment, when a circumstance occurred which coincided strangely with his wishes. His commanding officer gave him a commission to purchase some horses, which, to his great consolation, led him exactly into that part of the country where Ferdinand had been quartered. It was a market-town of some importance. He was to remain there some time, which suited his plans exactly; and he made use of every leisure hour to cultivate the acquaintance of the officers, to inquire into Ferdinand's connections and acquaintance, to trace the mysterious name if possible, and thus fulfill a sacred duty. For to him it appeared a sacred duty to execute the commission of his departed friend—to get possession of the ring, and to be the means, as he hoped, of giving rest to the troubled spirit of Ferdinand.

Already, on the evening of the second day, he was sitting in the coffee-room with burghers of the place and officers of different regiments.

A newly-arrived cornet was inquiring whether the neighborhood were a pleasant one, of an infantry officer, one of Hallberg's corps. "For," said he, "I come from charming quarters."

"There is not much to boast of," replied the captain. "There is no good fellowship, no harmony among the people."

"I will tell you why that is," cried an animated lieutenant; "that is because there is no house as a point of reunion, where one is sure to find and make acquaintances, and to be amused, and where each individual ascertains his own merits by the effect they produce on society at large."

"Yes, we have had nothing of that kind since the Varniers left us," said the captain.

"Varniers!" cried Edward, with an eagerness he could ill conceal. "The name sounds foreign."

"They were not Germans—they were emigrants from the Netherlands, who had left their country on account of political troubles," replied the captain.

"Ah, that was a charming house," cried the lieutenant, "cultivation, refinement, a sufficient competency, the whole style of the establishment free from ostentation, yet most comfortable; and Emily—Emily was the soul of the whole house."

"Emily Varnier!" echoed Edward, while his heart beat fast and loud.

"Yes, yes! that was the name of the prettiest, most graceful, most amiable girl in the world," said the lieutenant.

"You seem bewitched by the fair Emily," observed the cornet.

"I think you would have been too, had you known her," rejoined the lieutenant; "she was the jewel of the whole society. Since she went away there is no bearing their stupid balls and assemblies."

"But you must not forget," the captain resumed once more, "when you attribute every thing to the charms of the fair girl, that not only she but the whole family has disappeared, and we have lost that house which formed, as you say, so charming a point of reunion in our neighborhood."

"Yes, yes; exactly so," said an old gentleman, a civilian, who had been silent hitherto; "the Varniers' house is a great loss in the country, where such losses are not so easily replaced as in a large town. First, the father died, then came the cousin and carried the daughter away."

"And did this cousin marry the young lady?" inquired Edward, in a tone tremulous with agitation.

"Certainly," answered the old gentleman; "it was a very great match for her; he bought land to the value of half a million about here."

"And he was an agreeable, handsome man, we must all allow," remarked the captain.

"But she would never have married him," exclaimed the lieutenant, "if poor Hallberg had not died."

Edward was breathless, but he did not speak a word.

"She would have been compelled to do so in any case," said the old man; "the father had destined them for each other from infancy, and people say he made his daughter take a vow as he lay on his death-bed."

"That sounds terrible," said Edward; "and does not speak much for the good feeling of the cousin."

"She could not have fulfilled her father's wish," interposed the lieutenant; "her heart was bound up in Hallberg, and Hallberg's in her. Few people, perhaps, knew this, for the lovers were prudent and discreet; I, however, knew it all."

"And why was she not allowed to follow the inclination of her heart?" asked Edward.

"Because her father had promised her," replied the captain: "you used just now the word terrible; it is a fitting expression, according to my version of the matter. It appears that one of the branches of the house of Varnier had committed an act of injustice toward another, and Emily's father considered it a point of conscience to make reparation. Only through the marriage of his daughter with a member of the ill-used branch could that act be obliterated and made up for, and, therefore, he pressed the matter sorely."

"Yes, and the headlong passion which Emily inspired her cousin with abetted his designs."

"Then her cousin loved Emily?" inquired Edward.

"Oh, to desperation," was the reply. "He was a rival to her shadow, who followed her

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not more closely than he did. He was jealous of the rose that she placed on her bosom."

"Then poor Emily is not likely to have a calm life with such a man," said Edward.

"Come," interposed the old gentleman, with an authoritative tone, "I think you, gentlemen, go a little too far. I know D'Effernay; he is an honest, talented man, very rich, indeed, and generous; he anticipates his wife in every wish. She has the most brilliant house in the neighborhood, and lives like a princess."

"And trembles," insisted the lieutenant, "when she hears her husband's footstep. What good can riches be to her? She would have been happier with Hallberg."

"I do not know," rejoined the captain, "why you always looked upon that attachment as something so decided. It never appeared so to me; and you yourself say that D'Effernay is very jealous, which I believe him to be, for he is a man of strong passions; and this very circumstance causes me to doubt the rest of your story. Jealousy has sharp eyes, and D'Effernay would have discovered a rival in Hallberg, and not proved himself the friend he always was to our poor comrade."

"That does not follow at all," rejoined the lieutenant, "it only proves that the lovers were very cautious. So far, however, I agree with you. I believe that if D'Effernay had suspected any thing of the kind he would have murdered Hallberg."

A shudder passed through Edward's veins.

"Murdered!" he repeated in a hollow voice; "do you not judge too harshly of this man when you hint the possibility of such a thing?"

"That does he, indeed," said the old man; "these gentlemen are all angry with D'Effernay, because he has carried off the prettiest girl in the country. But I am told he does not intend remaining where he now lives. He wishes to sell his estates."

"Really," inquired the captain, "and where is he going?"

"I have no idea," replied the other; "but he is selling every thing off. One manor is already disposed of, and there have been people already in negotiation for the place where he resides."

The conversation now turned on the value of D'Effernay's property, and of land in general, &c.

Edward had gained materials enough for reflection; he rose soon, took leave of the company, and gave himself up, in the solitude of his own room, to the torrent of thought and feeling which that night's conversation had let loose. So, then, it was true; Emily Varnier was no fabulous being! Hallberg had loved her, his love had been returned, but a cruel destiny had separated them. How wonderfully did all he had heard explain the dream at the Castle, and how completely did that supply what had remained doubtful, or had been omitted in the officer's narrative. Emily Varnier, doubtless, possessed that ring, to gain possession of which now seemed his bounden duty. He resolved not to delay its fulfillment a moment, however difficult it might prove, and he only reflected on the best manner in which he should perform the task allotted to him. The sale of the property appeared to him a favorable opening. The fame of his father's wealth made it probable that the son might wish to be a purchaser of a fine estate, like the one in question. He spoke openly of such a project, made inquiries of the old gentleman, and the captain, who seemed to him to know most about the matter; and as his duties permitted a trip for a week or so, he started immediately, and arrived on the second day at the place of his destination. He stopped in the public house in the village to inquire if the estate lay near, and whether visitors were allowed to see the house and grounds. Mine host, who doubtless had had his directions, sent a messenger immediately to the Castle, who returned before long, accompanied by a chasseur, in a splendid livery, who invited the stranger to the Castle in the name of M. D'Effernay.

This was exactly what Edward wished, and expected. Escorted by the chasseur he soon arrived at the Castle, and was shown up a spacious staircase into a modern, almost, one might say, a magnificently-furnished room, where the master of the house received him. It was evening, toward the end of winter, the shades of twilight had already fallen, and Edward found himself suddenly in a room quite illuminated with wax candles. D'Effernay stood in the middle of the saloon, a tall, thin young man. A proud bearing seemed to bespeak a consciousness of his own merit, or at least of his position. His features were finely formed, but the traces of stormy passion, or of internal discontent, had lined them prematurely.

In figure he was very slender, and the deep sunken eye, the gloomy frown which was fixed between his brows, and the thin lips, had no very prepossessing expression, and yet there was something imposing in the whole appearance of the man.

Edward thanked him civilly for his invitation, spoke of his idea of being a purchaser as a motive for his visit, and gave his own, and his father's name. D'Effernay seemed pleased with all he said. He had known Edward's family in the metropolis; he regretted that the late hour would render it impossible for them to visit the property to-day, and concluded by pressing the lieutenant to pass the night at the Castle. On the morrow they would proceed to business, and now he would have the pleasure of presenting his wife to the visitor. Edward's heart beat violently—at length then he would see her! Had he loved her himself he could not have gone to meet her with more agitation. D'Effernay led his guest through many rooms, which were all as well furnished, and as brilliantly lighted, as the first he had entered. At length he opened the door of a small boudoir, where there was no light, save that which the faint, gray twilight imparted through the windows.

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The simple arrangement of this little room, with dark green walls, only relieved by some engravings and coats of arms, formed a pleasing contrast to Edward's eyes, after the glaring splendor of the other apartments. From behind a piano-forte, at which she had been seated in a recess, rose a tall, slender female form, in a white dress of extreme simplicity.

"My love," said D'Effernay, "I bring you a welcome guest, Lieutenant Wensleben, who is willing to purchase the estate."

Emily courtesied; the friendly twilight concealed the shudder that passed over her whole frame, as she heard the familiar name which aroused so many recollections.

She bade the stranger welcome, in a low, sweet voice, whose tremulous accents were not unobserved by Edward; and while the husband made some further observation, he had leisure to remark, as well as the fading light would allow, the fair outline of her oval face, the modest grace of her movements, her pretty nymph-like figure—in fact, all those charms which seemed familiar to him through the impassioned descriptions of his friend.

"But what can this fancy be, to sit in the dark?" asked D'Effernay, in no mild tone; "you know that is a thing I can not bear:" and with these words, and without waiting his wife's answer, he rang the bell over her sofa, and ordered lights.

While these were placed on the table, the company sat down by the fire, and conversation commenced. By the full light Edward could perceive all Emily's real beauty—her pale, but lovely face, the sad expression of her large blue eyes, so often concealed by their dark lashes, and then raised, with a look full of feeling, a sad, pensive, intellectual expression; and he admired the simplicity of her dress, and of every object that surrounded her: all appeared to him to bespeak a superior mind.

They had not sat long, before D'Effernay was called away. One of his people had something important, something urgent to communicate to him, which admitted of no delay. A look of fierce anger almost distorted his features; in an instant his thin lips moved rapidly, and Edward thought he muttered some curses between his teeth. He left the room, but in so doing, he cast a glance of mistrust and ill-temper on the handsome stranger with whom he was compelled to leave his wife alone. Edward observed it all. All that he had seen to-day—all that he had heard from his comrades of the man's passionate and suspicious disposition, convinced him that his stay here would not be long, and that, perhaps, a second opportunity of speaking alone with Emily might not offer itself.

He determined, therefore, to profit by the present moment: and no sooner had D'Effernay left the room, than he began to tell Emily she was not so complete a stranger to him as it might seem; that long before he had had the pleasure of seeing her—even before he he l heard her name—she was known to him, so to speak, in spirit.

Madame D'Effernay was moved. She was silent for a time, and gazed fixedly on the ground; then she looked up; the mist of unshed tears dimmed her blue eyes, and her bosom heaved with the sigh she could not suppress.

"To me also the name of Wensleben is familiar. There is a link between our souls. Your friend has often spoken of you to me."

But she could say no more; tears checked her speech.

Edward's eyes were glistening also, and the two companions were silent; at length he began once more:

"My dear lady," he said, "my time is short, and I have a solemn message to deliver to you. Will you allow me to do so now?"

"To me?" she asked, in a tone of astonishment.

"From my departed friend," answered Edward, emphatically.

"From Ferdinand? and that now—after—" she shrunk back, as if in terror.

"Now that he is no longer with us, do you mean? I found the message in his papers, which have been intrusted to me only lately, since I have been in the neighborhood. Among them was a token which I was to restore to you." He produced the ring. Emily seized it wildly, and trembled as she looked upon it.

"It is indeed my ring," she said at length, "the same which I gave him when we plighted our troth in secret. You are acquainted with every thing, I perceive; I shall therefore risk nothing if I speak openly" She wept, and pressed the ring to her lips.

"I see that my friend's memory is dear to you," continued Edward. "You will forgive the prayer I am about to make to you; my visit to you concerns his ring."

"How—what is it you wish?" cried Emily, terrified.

"It was *his* wish," replied Edward. "He evinced an earnest desire to have this pledge of an unfortunate and unfulfilled engagement restored."

"How is that possible? You did not speak with him before his death; and this happened so suddenly after, that, to give you the commission—"

"There was no time for it! that is true," answered Edward, with an inward shudder, although outwardly he was calm. "Perhaps this wish was awakened immediately before his death. I found it, as I told you, expressed in those papers."

"Incomprehensible!" she exclaimed. "Only a short time before his death, we cherished—deceitful, indeed, they proved, but, oh, what blessed hopes!—we reckoned on casualties, on what might possibly occur to assist us. Neither of us could endure to dwell on the idea of separation; and yet—yet since— Oh, my God!" she cried, overcome by sorrow, and she hid her face between her hands.

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Edward was lost in confused thought. For a time both again were silent; at length Emily started up—

"Forgive me, M. de Wenslében. What you have related to me, what you have asked of me, has produced so much excitement, so much agitation, that it is necessary that I should be alone for a few moments, to recover my composure."

"I am gone," cried Edward, springing from his chair.

"No! no!" she replied, "you are my guest; remain here. I have a household duty which calls me away." She laid a stress on these words.

She leant forward, and with a sad, sweet smile, she gave her hand to the friend of her lost Ferdinand, pressing his gently, and disappeared through the inner door.

Edward stood stunned, bewildered; then he paced the room with hasty steps, threw himself on the sofa, and took up one of the books that lay on the table, rather to have something in his hand, than to read. It proved to be Young's "Night Thoughts." He looked through it, and was attracted by many passages, which seemed, in his present frame of mind, fraught with peculiar meaning; yet his thoughts wandered constantly from the page to his dead friend. The candles, unheeded both by Emily and him, burned on with long wicks, giving little light in the silent room, over which the red glare from the hearth shed a lurid glow. Hurried footsteps sounded in the ante-room; the door was thrown open. Edward looked up, and saw D'Effernay staring at him, and round the room, in an angry, restless manner.

Edward could not but think there was something almost unearthly in those dark looks and that towering form.

"Where is my wife?" was D'Effernay's first question.

"She is gone to fulfill some household duty," replied the other.

"And leaves you here alone in this miserable darkness? Most extraordinary!—indeed, most unaccountable!" and, as he spoke, he approached the table and snuffed the candles, with a movement of impatience.

"She left me here with old friends," said Edward, with a forced smile. "I have been reading."

"What, in the dark?" inquired D'Effernay, with a look of distrust. "It was so dark when I came in, that you could not possibly have distinguished a letter."

"I read for some time, and then I fell into a train of thought, which is usually the result of reading Young's "Night Thoughts."

"Young! I can not bear that author. He is so gloomy."

"But you are fortunately so happy, that the lamentations of the lonely mourner can find no echo in your breast."

"You think so!" said D'Effernay, in a churlish tone, and he pressed his lips together tightly, as Emily came into the room: he went to meet her.

"You have been a long time away," was his observation, as he looked into her eyes, where the trace of tears might easily be detected. "I found our guest alone."

"M. de Wensleben was good enough to excuse me," she replied, "and then I thought you would be back immediately."

They sat down to the table; coffee was brought, and the past appeared to be forgotten.

The conversation at first was broken by constant pauses. Edward saw that Emily did all she could to play the hostess agreeably, and to pacify her husband's ill humor.

In this attempt the young man assisted her, and at last they were successful. D'Effernay became more cheerful; the conversation more animated; and Edward found that his host could be a very agreeable member of society when he pleased, combining a good deal of information with great natural powers. The evening passed away more pleasantly than it promised at one time; and after an excellent and well-served supper, the young officer was shown into a comfortable room, fitted up with every modern luxury; and weary in mind and body, he soon fell asleep. He dreamed of all that had occupied his waking thoughts—of his friend, and his friend's history.

But in that species of confusion which often characterizes dreams, he fancied that he was Ferdinand, or at least, his own individuality seemed mixed up with that of Hallberg. He felt that he was ill. He lay in an unknown room, and by his bedside stood a small table, covered with glasses and phials, containing medicine, as is usual in a sick room.

The door opened, and D'Effernay came in, in his dressing-gown, as if he had just left his bed: and now in Edward's mind dreams and realities were mingled together, and he thought that D'Effernay came, perhaps, to speak with him on the occurrences of the preceding day. But no! he approached the table on which the medicines stood, looked at the watch, took up one of the phials and a cup, measured the draught, drop by drop, then he turned and looked round him stealthily, and then he drew from his breast a pale blue, coiling serpent, which he threw into the cup, and held it to the patient's lips, who drank, and instantly felt a numbness creep over his frame which ended in death. Edward fancied that he was dead; he saw the coffin brought, but the terror lest he should be buried alive, made him start up with a sudden effort, and he opened his eyes.

The dream had passed away; he sat in his bed safe and well; but it was long ere he could in any degree recover his composure, or get rid of the impression which the frightful apparition had made on him. They brought his breakfast, with a message from the master of the house to inquire whether he would like to visit the park, farms, &c. He dressed quickly, and descended to the court, where he found his

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host in a riding-dress, by the side of two fine horses, already saddled. D'Effernay greeted the young man courteously; but Edward felt an inward repugnance as he looked on that gloomy though handsome countenance, now lighted up by the beams of the morning sun, yet recalling vividly the dark visions of the night. D'Effernay was full of attentions to his new friend. They started on their ride, in spite of some threatening clouds, and began the inspection of meadows, shrubberies, farms, &c., &c. After a couple of hours, which were consumed in this manner, it began to rain a few drops, and at last burst out into a heavy shower. It was soon impossible even to ride through the woods for the torrents that were pouring down, and so they returned to the castle.

Edward retired to his room to change his dress, and to write some letters, he said, but more particularly to avoid Emily, in order not to excite her husband's jealousy. As the bell rang for dinner he saw her again, and found to his surprise that the captain, whom he had first seen in the coffee-room, and who had given him so much information, was one of the party. He was much pleased, for they had taken a mutual fancy to each other. The captain was not at quarters the day Edward had left them, but as soon as he heard where his friend had gone, he put horses to his carriage and followed him, for he said he also should like to see these famous estates. D'Effernay seemed in high good humor to-day, Emily far more silent than yesterday, and taking little part in the conversation of the men, which turned on political economy. After coffee she found an opportunity to give Edward (unobserved) a little packet. The look with which she did so, told plainly what it contained, and the young man hurried to his room as soon as he fancied he could do so without remark or comment. The continued rain precluded all idea of leaving the house any more that day. He unfolded the packet; there were a couple of sheets, written closely in a woman's fair hand, and something wrapped carefully in a paper, which he knew to be the ring. It was the fellow to that which he had given the day before to Emily, only Ferdinand's name was engraved inside instead of hers. Such were the contents of the papers:

"Secrecy would be misplaced with the friend of the dead. Therefore will I speak to you of things which I have never uttered to a human being until now. Jules D'Effernay is nearly related to me. We knew each other in the Netherlands, where our estates joined. The boy loved me already with a love that amounted to passion; this love was my father's greatest joy, for there was an old and crying injustice which the ancestors of D'Effernay had suffered from ours, that could alone, he thought, be made up by the marriage of the only children of the two branches. So we were destined for each other almost from our cradles; and I was content it should be so, for Jules's handsome face and decided preference for me were agreeable to me, although I felt no great affection for him. We were separated: Jules traveled in France, England, and America, and made money as a merchant, which profession he had taken up suddenly. My father, who had a place under government, left his country in consequence of political troubles, and came into this part of the world, where some distant relations of my mother's lived. He liked the neighborhood; he bought land; we lived very happily; I was quite contented in Jules's absence; I had no yearning of the heart toward him, yet I thought kindly of him, and troubled myself little about my future. Then—then I learned to know your friend. Oh, then! I felt, when I looked upon him, when I listened to him, when we conversed together, I felt, I acknowledged, that there might be happiness on earth of which I had hitherto never dreamed. Then I loved for the first time, ardently, passionately, and was beloved in return. Acquainted with the family engagements, he did not dare openly to proclaim his love, and I knew I ought not to foster the feeling; but, alas! how seldom does passion listen to the voice of reason and of duty. Your friend and I met in secret; in secret we plighted our troth, and exchanged those rings, and hoped and believed that by showing a bold front to our destiny we should subdue it to our will. The commencement was sinful, it has met with a dire retribution. Jules's letters announced his speedy return. He had sold every thing in his own country, had given up all his mercantile affairs, through which he had greatly increased an already considerable fortune, and now he was about to join us, or rather me, without whom he could not live. This appeared to me like the demand for payment of a heavy debt. This debt I owed to Jules, who loved me with all his heart, who was in possession of my father's promised word and mine also. Yet I could not give up your friend. In a state of distraction I told him all; we meditated flight. Yes, I was so far guilty, and I make the confession in hopes that some portion of my errors may be expiated by repentance. My father, who had long been in a declining state, suddenly grew worse, and this delayed and hindered the fulfillment of our designs. Jules arrived. During the five years he had been away he was much changed in appearance, and that advantageously. I was struck when I first saw him, but it was also easy to detect in those handsome features and manly bearing, a spirit of restlessness and violence which had already shown itself in him as a boy, and which passing years, with their bitter experience and strong passions, had greatly developed. The hope that we had cherished of D'Effernay's possible indifference to me, of the change which time might have wrought in his attachment, now seemed idle and absurd. His love was indeed impassioned. He embraced me in a manner that made me shrink from him, and altogether his deportment toward me was a strange contrast to the gentle, tender, refined

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affection of our dear friend. I trembled whenever Jules entered the room, and all that I had prepared to say to him, all the plans which I had revolved in my mind respecting him, vanished in an instant before the power of his presence, and the almost imperative manner in which he claimed my hand. My father's illness increased; he was now in a very precarious state, hopeless indeed. Jules rivaled me in filial attentions to him, that I can never cease to thank him for; but this illness made my situation more and more critical, and it accelerated the fulfillment of the contract. I was to renew my promise to him by the death-bed of my father. Alas, alas! I fell senseless to the ground when this announcement was made to me. Jules began to suspect. Already my cold, embarrassed manner toward him since his return had struck him as strange. He began to suspect, I repeat, and the effect that this suspicion had on him, it would be impossible to describe to you. Even now, after so long a time, now that I am accustomed to his ways, and more reconciled to my fate by the side of a noble, though somewhat impetuous man, it makes me tremble to think of those paroxysms, which the idea that I did not love him called forth. They were fearful; he nearly sank under them. During two days his life was in danger. At last the storm passed, my father died; Jules watched over me with the tenderness of a brother, the solicitude of a parent; for that indeed I shall ever be grateful. His suspicion once awakened, he gazed round with penetrating looks to discover the cause of my altered feelings. But your friend never came to our house; we met in an unfrequented spot, and my father's illness had interrupted these interviews. Altogether I can not tell if Jules discovered any thing. A fearful circumstance rendered all our precautions useless, and cut the knot of our secret connection, to loose which voluntarily I felt I had no power. A wedding-feast, at a neighboring castle, assembled all the nobility and gentry, and officers quartered near, together; my deep mourning was an excuse for my absence. Jules, though he usually was happiest by my side, could not resist the invitation, and your friend resolved to go, although he was unwell; he feared to raise suspicion by remaining away, when I was left at home. With great difficulty he contrived the first day to make one at a splendid hunt, the second day he could not leave his bed. A physician, who was in the house, pronounced his complaint to be violent fever, and Jules, whose room joined that of the sick man, offered him every little service and kindness which compassion and good feeling prompted; and I can not but praise him all the more for it, as who can tell, perhaps, his suspicion might have taken the right direction? On the morning of the second day—but let me glance quickly at the terrible time, the memory of which can never pass from my mind—a fit of apoplexy most unexpectedly, but gently, ended the noblest life, and separated us forever! Now you know all. I inclose the ring. I can not write more. Farewell!"

The conclusion of the letter made a deep impression on Edward. His dream rose up before his remembrance, the slight indisposition, the sudden death, the fearful nurse-tender, all arranged themselves in order before his mind, and an awful whole rose out of all these reflections, a terrible suspicion which he tried to throw off. But he could not do so, and when he met the captain and D'Effernay in the evening, and the latter challenged his visitors to a game of billiards, Edward glanced from time to time at his host in a scrutinizing manner, and could not but feel that the restless discontent which was visible in his countenance, and the unsteady glare of his eyes, which shunned the fixed look of others, only fitted too well into the shape of the dark thoughts which were crossing his own mind. Late in the evening, after supper, they played whist in Emily's boudoir. On the morrow, if the weather permitted, they were to conclude their inspection of the surrounding property, and the next day they were to visit the iron foundries, which, although distant from the castle several miles, formed a very important item in the rent-roll of the estates. The company separated for the night. Edward fell asleep; and the same dream, with the same circumstances, recurred, only with the full consciousness that the sick man was Ferdinand. Edward felt overpowered, a species of horror took possession of his mind, as he found himself now in regular communication with the beings of the invisible world.

The weather favored D'Effernay's projects. The whole day was passed in the open air. Emily only appeared at meals, and in the evening when they played at cards. Both she and Edward avoided, as if by mutual consent, every word, every look that could awaken the slightest suspicion, or jealous feeling in D'Effernay's mind. She thanked him in her heart for this forbearance, but her thoughts were in another world; she took little heed of what passed around her. Her husband was in an excellent temper; he played the part of host to perfection, and when the two officers were established comfortably by the fire, in the captain's room, smoking together, they could not but do justice to his courteous manners.

"He appears to be a man of general information," remarked Edward.

"He has traveled a great deal, and read a great deal, as I told you when we first met; he is a remarkable man, but one of uncontrolled passions, and desperately jealous."

"Yet he appears very attentive to his wife."

"Undoubtedly he is wildly in love with her; yet he makes her unhappy, and himself too."

"He certainly does not appear happy, there is so much restlessness."

"He can never bear to remain in one place for any length of time together. He is now going to sell the property he only bought last

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year. There is an instability about him; every thing palls on him."

"That is the complaint of many who are rich and well to do in the world."

"Yes; only not in the same degree. I assure you it has often struck me that man must have a bad conscience."

"What an idea!" rejoined Edward, with a forced laugh, for the captain's remark struck him forcibly. "He seems a man of honor."

"Oh, one may be a man of honor, as it is called, and yet have something quite bad enough to reproach yourself with. But I know nothing about it, and would not breathe such a thing except to you. His wife, too, looks so pale and so oppressed."

"But, perhaps, that is her natural complexion and expression."

"Oh, no! no! the year before D'Effernay came from Paris, she was as fresh as a rose. Many people declare that your poor friend loved her. The affair was wrapped in mystery, and I never believed the report, for Hallberg was a steady man, and the whole country knew that Emily had been engaged a long time."

"Hallberg never mentioned the name in his letters," answered Edward, with less candor than usual.

"I thought not. Besides D'Effernay was very much attached to him, and mourned his death."

"Indeed!"

"I assure you the morning that Hallberg was found dead in his bed so unexpectedly, D'Effernay was like one beside himself."

"Very extraordinary. But as we are on the subject, tell me, I pray you, all the circumstances of my poor Ferdinand's illness, and awfully sudden death."

"I can tell you all about it, as well as any one, for I was one of the guests at that melancholy wedding. Your friend, and I, and many others were invited. Hallberg had some idea of not going; he was unwell, with violent headache and giddiness. But we persuaded him, and he consented to go with us. The first day he felt tolerably well. We hunted in the open field; we were all on horseback, the day hot. Hallberg felt worse. The second day he had a great deal of fever; he could not stay up. The physician (for fortunately there was one in the company) ordered rest, cooling medicine, neither of which seemed to do him good. The rest of the men dispersed, to amuse themselves in various ways. Only D'Effernay remained at home; he was never very fond of large societies, and we voted that he was discontented and out of humor because his betrothed bride was not with him. His room was next to the sick man's, to whom he gave all possible care and attention, for poor Hallberg, besides being ill, was in despair at giving so much trouble in a strange house. D'Effernay tried to calm him on this point; he nursed him, amused him with conversation, mixed his medicines, and, in fact, showed more kindness and tenderness, than any of us would have given him credit for. Before I went to bed I visited Hallberg, and found him much better, and more cheerful; the doctor had promised that he should leave his bed next day. So I left him and retired with the rest of the world, rather late, and very tired, to rest. The next morning I was awoke by the fatal tidings. I did not wait to dress, I ran to his room, it was full of people."

"And how, how was the death first discovered?" inquired Edward, in breathless eagerness.

"The servant, who came in to attend on him, thought he was asleep, for he lay in his usual position, his head upon his hand. He went away and waited for some time; but hours passed, and he thought he ought to wake his master to give him his medicine. Then the awful discovery was made. He must have died peacefully, for his countenance was so calm, his limbs undisturbed. A fit of apoplexy had terminated his life, but in the most tranquil manner."

"Incomprehensible," said Edward, with a deep sigh. "Did they take no measures to restore animation?"

"Certainly; all that could be done was done, bleeding, fomentation, friction; the physician superintended, but there was no hope, it was all too late. He must have been dead some hours, for he was already cold and stiff. If there had been a spark of life in him he would have been saved. It was all over; I had lost my good lieutenant, and the regiment one of its finest officers."

He was silent, and appeared lost in thought. Edward, for his part, felt overwhelmed by terrible suspicions and sad memories. After a long pause he recovered himself: "and where was D'Effernay?" he inquired.

"D'Effernay," answered the captain, rather surprised at the question; "oh! he was not in the castle when we made the dreadful discovery: he had gone out for an early walk, and when he came back late, not before noon, he learned the truth, and was like one out of his senses. It seemed so awful to him, because he had been so much, the very day before, with poor Hallberg."

"Ay," answered Edward, whose suspicions were being more and more confirmed every moment. "And did he see the corpse? did he go into the chamber of death?"

"No," replied the captain; "he assured us it was out of his power to do so; he could not bear the sight; and I believe it. People with such uncontrolled feelings as this D'Effernay, are incapable of performing those duties which others think it necessary and incumbent on them to fulfill."

"And where was Hallberg buried?"

"Not far from the Castle where the mournful event took place. To-morrow, if we go to the iron foundry, we shall be near the spot."

"I am glad of it," cried Edward, eagerly, while a host of projects rose up in his mind. "But now, captain, I will not trespass any longer on your kindness. It is late, and we

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must be up betimes to-morrow. How far have we to go?"

"Not less than four leagues, certainly. D'Effernay has arranged that we shall drive there, and see it all at our leisure: then we shall return in the evening. Good night, Wensleben."

They separated: Edward hurried to his room; his heart overflowed. Sorrow on the one hand, horror and even hatred on the other, agitated him by turns. It was long before he could sleep. For the third time the vision haunted him; but now it was clearer than before; now he saw plainly the features of him who lay in bed, and of him who stood beside the bed—they were those of Hallberg and of D'Effernay.

This third apparition, the exact counterpart of the two former (only more vivid), all that he had gathered from conversations on the subject, and the contents of Emily's letter, left scarcely the shadow of a doubt remaining as to how his friend had left the world.

D'Effernay's jealous and passionate nature seemed to allow of the possibility of such a crime, and it could scarcely be wondered at, if Edward regarded him with a feeling akin to hatred. Indeed the desire of visiting Hallberg's grave, in order to place the ring in the coffin, could alone reconcile Wensleben to the idea of remaining any longer beneath the roof of a man whom he now considered the murderer of his friend. His mind was a prey to conflicting doubts: detestation for the culprit, and grief for the victim, pointed out one line of conduct, while the difficulty of proving D'Effernay's guilt, and still more, pity and consideration for Emily, determined him at length to let the matter rest, and to leave the murderer, if such he really were, to the retribution which his own conscience and the justice of God would award him. He would seek his friend's grave, and then he would separate from D'Effernay, and never see him more. In the midst of these reflections the servant came to tell him, that the carriage was ready. A shudder passed over his frame as D'Effernay greeted him; but he commanded himself, and they started on their expedition.

Edward spoke but little, and that only when it was necessary, and the conversation was kept up by his two companions; he had made every inquiry, before he set out, respecting the place of his friend's interment, the exact situation of the tomb, the name of the village, and its distance from the main road. On their way home, he requested that D'Effernay would give orders to the coachman to make a round of a mile or two, as far as the village of ——, with whose rector he was particularly desirous to speak. A momentary cloud gathered on D'Effernay's brow, yet it seemed no more than his usual expression of vexation at any delay or hinderance; and he was so anxious to propitiate his rich visitor, who appeared likely to take the estate off his hands, that he complied with all possible courtesy. The coachman was directed to turn down a by-road, and a very bad one it was. The captain stood up in the carriage and pointed out the village to him, at some distance off; it lay in a deep ravine at the foot of the mountains.

They arrived in the course of time, and inquired for the clergyman's house, which, as well as the church, was situated on rising ground. The three companions alighted from the carriage, which they left at the bottom of the hill, and walked up together in the direction of the rectory. Edward knocked at the door and was admitted, while the two others sat on a bench outside. He had promised to return speedily, but to D'Effernay's restless spirit, one quarter of an hour appeared interminable.

He turned to the captain and said, in a tone of impatience, "M. de Wensleben must have a great deal of business with the rector: we have been here an immense time, and he does not seem inclined to make his appearance."

"Oh, I dare say he will come soon. The matter can not detain him long."

"What on earth can he have to do here?"

"Perhaps you would call it a mere fancy—the enthusiasm of youth."

"It has a name, I suppose?"

"Certainly, but—"

"Is it sufficiently important, think you, to make us run the risk of being benighted on such roads as these?"

"Why, it is quite early in the day."

"But we have more than two leagues to go. Why will you not speak? there can not be any great mystery."

"Well, perhaps not a mystery exactly, but just one of those subjects on which we are usually reserved with others."

"So! so!" rejoined D'Effernay, with a little sneer. "Some love affair; some girl or another who pursues him, that he wants to get rid of."

"Nothing of the kind, I can assure you," replied the captain, drily. "It could scarcely be more innocent. He wishes, in fact, to visit his friend's grave."

The listener's expression was one of scorn and anger. "It is worth the trouble, certainly," he exclaimed, with a mocking laugh. "A charming sentimental pilgrimage, truly; and pray who is this beloved friend, over whose resting-place he must shed a tear, and plant a forget-me-not? He told me he had never been in the neighborhood before."

"No more he had; neither did he know where poor Hallberg was buried until I told him."

"Hallberg!" echoed the other in a tone that startled the captain, and caused him to turn and look fixedly in the speaker's face. It was deadly pale, and the captain observed the effort which D'Effernay made to recover his composure.

"Hallberg!" he repeated again, in a calmer tone, "and was Wensleben a friend of his?"

"His bosom friend from childhood. They were brought up together at the academy. Hallberg left it a year earlier than his friend."

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"Indeed!" said D'Effernay, scowling as he spoke, and working himself up into a passion. "And this lieutenant came here on this account, then, and the purchase of the estates was a mere excuse?"

"I beg your pardon," observed the captain, in a decided tone of voice; "I have already told you that it was I who informed him of the place where his friend lies buried."

"That may be, but it was owing to his friendship, to the wish to learn something further of his fate, that we are indebted for the visit of this romantic knight-errant."

"That does not appear likely," replied the captain, who thought it better to avert, if possible, the rising storm of his companion's fury. "Why should he seek for news of Hallberg here, when he comes from the place where he was quartered for a long time, and where all his comrades now are."

"Well, I don't know," cried D'Effernay, whose passion increased every moment. "Perhaps you have heard what was once gossiped about the neighborhood, that Hallberg was an admirer of my wife before she married."

"Oh yes, I have heard that report, but never believed it. Hallberg was a prudent, steady man, and every one knew that Mademoiselle Varnier's hand had been promised for some time."

"Yes! yes! but you do not know to what lengths passion and avarice may lead: for Emily was rich. We must not forget that, when we discuss the matter; an elopement with the rich heiress would have been a fine thing for a poor, beggarly lieutenant."

"Shame! shame! M. D'Effernay. How can you slander the character of that upright young man? If Hallberg were so unhappy as to love Mademoiselle Varnier—"

"That he did! you may believe me so far. I had reason to know it, and I did know it."

"We had better change the conversation altogether, as it has taken so unpleasant a turn. Hallberg is dead; his errors, be they what they may, lie buried with him. His name stands high with all who knew him. Even you, M. D'Effernay—you were his friend."

"I his friend? I hated him; I loathed him!" D'Effernay could not proceed; he foamed at the mouth with rage.

"Compose yourself!" said the captain, rising as he spoke, "you look and speak like a madman."

"A madman! Who says I am mad? Now I see it all—the connection of the whole—the shameful conspiracy."

"Your conduct is perfectly incomprehensible to me," answered the captain, with perfect coolness. "Did you not attend Hallberg in his last illness, and give him his medicines with your own hand?"

"I!" stammered D'Effernay. "No! no! no!" he cried, while the captain's growing suspicions increased every moment, on account of the perturbation which his companion displayed. "I never gave his medicines; whoever says that is a liar."

"I say it!" exclaimed the officer, in a loud tone, for his patience was exhausted. "I say it, because I know that it was so, and I will maintain that fact against any one at any time. If you choose to contradict the evidence of my senses, it is you who are a liar!"

"Ha! you shall give me satisfaction for this insult. Depend upon it, I am not one to be trifled with, as you shall find. You shall retract your words.

"Never! I am ready to defend every word I have uttered here on this spot, at this moment, if you please. You have your pistols in the carriage, you know."

D'Effernay cast a look of hatred on the speaker, and then dashing down the little hill, to the surprise of the servants, he dragged the pistols from the sword-case, and was by the captain's side in a moment. But the loud voices of the disputants had attracted Edward to the spot, and there he stood on D'Effernay's return; and by his side a venerable old man, who carried a large bunch of keys in his hand.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" cried Wensleben.

"What are you about to do?" interposed the rector, in a tone of authority, though his countenance was expressive of horror. "Are you going to commit murder on this sacred spot, close to the precincts of the church?"

"Murder! who speaks of murder?" cried D'Effernay. "Who can prove it?" and as he spoke, the captain turned a fierce, penetrating look upon him, beneath which he quailed.

"But, I repeat the question," Edward began once more, "what does all this mean? I left you a short time ago in friendly conversation. I come back and find you both armed—both violently agitated—and M. D'Effernay, at least, speaking incoherently. What do you mean by 'proving it?'—to what do you allude?" At this moment, before any answer could be made, a man came out of the house with a pick-ax and shovel on his shoulder, and advancing toward the rector, said respectfully, "I am quite ready, sir, if you have the key of the churchyard."

It was now the captain's turn to look anxious: "What are you going to do, you surely don't intend—?" but, as he spoke, the rector interrupted him.

"This gentleman is very desirous to see the place where his friend lies buried."

"But these preparations, what do they mean?"

"I will tell you," said Edward, in a voice and tone that betrayed the deepest emotion, "I have a holy duty to perform. I must cause the coffin to be opened."

"How, what?" screamed D'Effernay, once again. "Never—I will never permit such a thing."

"But, sir," the old man spoke, in a tone of calm decision, contrasting wonderfully with the violence of him whom he addressed, "you have

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no possible right to interfere. If this gentleman wishes it, and I accede to the proposition, no one can prevent us from doing as we would."

"I tell you I will not suffer it," continued D'Effernay, with the same frightful agitation. "Stir at your peril," he cried, turning sharply round upon the grave-digger, and holding a pistol to his head; but the captain pulled his arm away, to the relief of the frightened peasant.

"M. D'Effernay," he said, "your conduct for the last half-hour has been most unaccountable—most unreasonable."

"Come, come," interposed Edward, "let us say no more on the subject; but let us be going," he addressed the rector; "we will not detain these gentlemen much longer."

He made a step toward the church-yard, but D'Effernay clutched his arm, and, with an impious oath, "you shall not stir," he said; "that grave shall not be opened."

Edward shook him off, with a look of silent hatred, for now indeed all his doubts were confirmed.

D'Effernay saw that Wensleben was resolved, and a deadly pallor spread itself over his features, and a shudder passed visibly over his frame.

"You are going!" he cried, with every gesture and appearance of insanity. "Go, then;" . . . . . and he pointed the muzzle of the pistol to his mouth, and before any one could prevent him, he drew the trigger, and fell back a corpse. The spectators were motionless with surprise and horror; the captain was the first to recover himself in some degree. He bent over the body with the faint hope of detecting some sign of life. The old man turned pale and dizzy with a sense of terror, and he looked as if he would have swooned, had not Edward led him gently into his house, while the two others busied themselves with vain attempts to restore life. The spirit of D'Effernay had gone to its last account!

It was, indeed, an awful moment. Death in its worst shape was before them, and a terrible duty still remained to be performed.

Edward's cheek was blanched; his eye had a fixed look, yet he moved and spoke with a species of mechanical action, which had something almost ghastly in it. Causing the body to be removed into the house, he bade the captain summon the servants of the deceased, and then motioning with his hand to the awe-struck sexton, he proceeded with him to the church-yard. A few clods of earth alone were removed ere the captain stood by his friend's side.

Here we must pause. Perhaps it were better altogether to emulate the silence that was maintained then and afterward by the two comrades. But the sexton could not be bribed to entire secrecy, and it was a story he loved to tell, with details we gladly omit, of how Wensleben solemnly performed his task—of how no doubt could any longer exist as to the cause of Hallberg's death. Those who love the horrible must draw on their own imaginations to supply what we resolutely withhold.

Edward, we believe, never alluded to D'Effernay's death, and all the awful circumstances attending it, but twice—once, when, with every necessary detail, he and the captain gave their evidence to the legal authorities; and once, with as few details as possible, when he had an interview with the widow of the murderer, the beloved of the victim. The particulars of this interview he never divulged, for he considered Emily's grief too sacred to be exposed to the prying eyes of the curious and the unfeeling. She left the neighborhood immediately, leaving her worldly affairs in Wensleben's hands, who soon disposed of the property for her. She returned to her native country, with the resolution of spending the greater part of her wealth in relieving the distresses of others, wisely seeking, in the exercise of piety and benevolence, the only possible alleviation of her own deep and many-sided griefs. For Edward, he was soon pronounced to have recovered entirely, from the shock of these terrible events. Of a courageous and energetic disposition, he pursued the duties of his profession with a firm step, and hid his mighty sorrow deep in the recesses of his heart. To the superficial observer, tears, groans, and lamentations are the only proofs of sorrow; and when they subside, the sorrow is said to have passed away also. Thus the captive, immured within the walls of his prison-house, is as one dead to the outward world, though the jailer be a daily witness to the vitality of affliction.

WORDSWORTH'S POSTHUMOUS POEM.*

THIS is a voice that speaks to us across a gulf of nearly fifty years. A few months ago Wordsworth was taken from us at the ripe age of fourscore, yet here we have him addressing the public, as for the first time, with all the fervor, the unworn freshness, the hopeful confidence of thirty. We are carried back to the period when Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Rogers, and Moore were in their youthful prime. We live again in the stirring days when the poets who divided public attention and interest with the Fabian struggle in Portugal and Spain, with the wild and terrible events of the Russian campaign, with the uprising of the Teutonic nations, and the overthrow of Napoleon, were in a manner but commencing their cycle of songs. This is to renew, to antedate, the youth of a majority of the living generation. But only those whose memory still carries them so far back can feel within them any reflex of that eager excitement, with which the news of battles fought and won, or mail-coach copies of some new work of Scott, or Byron, or the *Edinburgh Review*, were looked for and received in those already old days.

We need not remind the readers of the *Ex-*

* *The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind: an Autobiographical Poem.* By William Wordsworth. London, Moxon. New York, Appleton & Co.

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cursion, that when Wordsworth was enabled, by the generous enthusiasm of Raisley Calvert, to retire with a slender independence to his native mountains, there to devote himself exclusively to his art, his first step was to review and record in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. This was at once an exercise in versification, and a test of the kind of poetry for which he was by temperament fitted. The result was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of man, of nature, and of society. This ambitious conception has been doomed to share the fate of so many other colossal undertakings. Of the three parts of his *Recluse*, thus planned, only the second (the *Excursion*, published in 1814) has been completed. Of the other two there exists only the first book of the first, and the plan of the third. The *Recluse* will remain in fragmentary greatness, a poetical Cathedral of Cologne.

Matters standing thus, it has not been without a melancholy sense of the uncertainty of human projects, and of the contrast between the sanguine enterprise and its silent evaporation (so often the "history of an individual mind"), that we have perused this *Prelude* which no completed strain was destined to follow. Yet in the poem itself there is nothing to inspire depression. It is animated throughout with the hopeful confidence in the poet's own powers, so natural to the time of life at which it was composed; it evinces a power and soar of imagination unsurpassed in any of his writings; and its images and incidents have a freshness and distinctness which they not seldom lost, when they came to be elaborated, as many of them were, in his minor poems of a later date.

The *Prelude*, as the title page indicates, is a poetical autobiography, commencing with the earliest reminiscences of the author, and continued to the time at which it was composed. We are told that it was begun in 1799 and completed in 1805. It consists of fourteen books. Two are devoted to the infancy and schooltime of the poet; four to the period of his University life; two to a brief residence in London, immediately subsequent to his leaving Cambridge, and a retrospect of the progress his mind had then made; and three to a residence in France, chiefly in the Loire, but partly in Paris, during the stormy period of Louis the Sixteenth's flight and capture, and the fierce contest between the Girondins and Robespierre. Five books are then occupied with an analysis of the internal struggle occasioned by the contradictory influences of rural and secluded nature in boyhood, and of society when the young man first mingles with the world. The surcease of the strife is recorded in the fourteenth book, entitled "Conclusion."

The poem is addressed to Coleridge; and, apart from its poetical merits, is interesting as at once a counterpart and supplement to that author's philosophical and beautiful criticism of the *Lyrical Ballads* in his *Biographia Literaria*. It completes the explanation, there given, of the peculiar constitution of Wordsworth's mind, and of his poetical theory. It confirms and justifies our opinion that that theory was essentially partial and erroneous; but at the same time, it establishes the fact that Wordsworth was a true and a great poet in despite of his theory.

The great defect of Wordsworth, in our judgment, was want of sympathy with, and knowledge of men. From his birth till his entry at college, he lived in a region where he met with none whose minds might awaken his sympathies, and where life was altogether uneventful. On the other hand, that region abounded with the inert, striking, and most impressive objects of natural scenery. The elementary grandeur and beauty of external nature came thus to fill up his mind to the exclusion of human interests. To such a result his individual constitution powerfully contributed. The sensuous element was singularly deficient in his nature. He never seems to have passed through that erotic period out of which some poets have never emerged. A soaring, speculative imagination, and an impetuous, resistless self-will, were his distinguishing characteristics. From first to last he concentrated himself within himself; brooding over his own fancies and imaginations to the comparative disregard of the incidents and impressions which suggested them; and was little susceptible of ideas originating in other minds. We behold the result. He lives alone in a world of mountains, streams, and atmospheric phenomena, dealing with moral abstractions, and rarely encountered by even shadowy spectres of beings outwardly resembling himself. There is measureless grandeur and power in his moral speculations. There is intense reality in his pictures of external nature. But though his human characters are presented with great skill of metaphysical analysis, they have rarely life or animation. He is always the prominent, often the exclusive, object of his own song.

Upon a mind so constituted, with its psychological peculiarities so cherished and confirmed, the fortunes and fates of others, and the stirring events of his time, made vivid but very transient impressions. The conversation and writings of contemporaries trained among books, and with the faculty of speech more fully developed than that of thought, seemed colorless and empty to one with whom natural objects and grandeurs were always present in such overpowering force. Excluded by his social position from taking an active part in the public events of the day, and repelled by the emptiness of the then fashionable literature, he turned to private and humble life as possessing at least a reality. But he thus withheld himself from the contemplation of those great mental excitements which only great public struggles can awaken. He contracted a habit of exaggerating the importance of every-day incidents and emotions. He ac-

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customed himself to see in men and in social relations only what he was predetermined to see there, and to impute to them a value and importance derived mainly from his own self-will. Even his natural good taste contributed to confirm him in his error. The two prevailing schools of literature in England, at that time, were the trashy and mouthing writers who adopted the sounding language of Johnson and Darwin, unenlivened by the vigorous thought of either; and the "dead-sea apes" of that inflated, sentimental, revolutionary style which Diderot had unconsciously originated, and Kotzebue carried beyond the verge of caricature. The right feeling and manly thought of Wordsworth were disgusted by these shallow word-mongers, and he flew to the other extreme. Under the influences—repulsive and attractive—we have thus attempted to indicate, he adopted the theory that as much of grandeur and profound emotion was to be found in mere domestic incidents and feelings, as on the more conspicuous stage of public life; and that a bald and naked simplicity of language was the perfection of style. Singularly enough, he was confirmed in these notions by the very writer of the day whose own natural genius, more than any of his contemporaries, impelled him to riot in great, wild, supernatural conceptions; and to give utterance to them in gorgeous language. Coleridge was perhaps the only contemporary from whom Wordsworth ever took an opinion; and that he did so from him, is mainly attributable to the fact that Coleridge did little more than reproduce to him his own notions, sometimes rectified by a subtler logic, but always rendered more attractive by new and dazzling illustrations.

Fortunately it is out of the power of the most perverse theory to spoil the true poet. The poems of Wordsworth must continue to charm and elevate mankind, in defiance of his crotchets, just as Luther, Henri Quatre, and other living impersonations of poetry do, despite all quaint peculiarities of the attire, the customs, or the opinions of their respective ages, with which they were embued. The spirit of truth and poetry redeems, ennobles, hallows, every external form in which it may be lodged. We may "pshaw" and "pooh" at *Harry Gill* and the *Idiot Boy;* but the deep and tremulous tenderness of sentiment, the strong-winged flight of fancy, the excelling and unvarying purity, which pervade all the writings of Wordsworth, and the exquisite melody of his lyrical poems, must ever continue to attract and purify the mind. The very excesses into which his one-sided theory betrayed him, acted as a useful counter-agent to the prevailing bad taste of his time.

The *Prelude* may take a permanent place as one of the most perfect of Wordsworth's compositions. It has much of the fearless felicity of youth; and its imagery has the sharp and vivid outline of ideas fresh from the brain. The subject—the development of his own great powers—raises him above that willful dallying with trivialities which repels us in some of his other works. And there is real vitality in the theme, both from our anxiety to know the course of such a mind, and from the effect of an absorbing interest in himself excluding that languor which sometimes seized him in him efforts to impart or attribute interest to themes possessing little or none in themselves. Its mere narrative, though often very homely, and dealing in too many words, is often characterized also by elevated imagination, and always by eloquence. The bustle of London life, the prosaic uncouthness of its exterior, the earnest heart that beats beneath it, the details even of its commonest amusements, from Bartholomew Fair to Sadler's Wells, are portrayed with simple force and delicate discrimination; and for the most part skillfully contrasted with the rural life of the poet's native home. There are some truthfu and powerful sketches of French character and life, in the early revolutionary era. But above all, as might have been anticipated, Wordsworth's heart revels in the elementary beauty and grandeur of his mountain theme; while his own simple history is traced with minute fidelity and is full of unflagging interest.—*London Examiner.*

[From the North British Review.]

THE LITERARY PROFESSION—AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

IT is a common complaint that the publishers make large fortunes and leave the authors to starve—that they are, in fact, a kind of moral vampire, sucking the best blood of genius, and destroying others to support themselves. A great deal of very unhealthy, one-sided cant has been writen upon this subject. Doubtless, there is much to be said on both sides. That publishers look at a manuscript very much as a corn-dealer looks at sample of wheat, with an eye to its selling qualities, is not to be denied. If books are not written only to be sold, they are printed only to be sold. Publishers must pay their printers and their paper-merchants; and they can not compel the public to purchase their printed paper. When benevolent printers shall be found eager to print gratuitously works of unsalable genius, and benevolent paper-merchants to supply paper for the same, publishers may afford to think less of a manuscript as an article of sale—may reject with less freedom unlikely manuscripts, and haggle less savagely about the price of likely ones. An obvious common-place this, and said a thousand times before, but not yet recognized by the world of writers at large. Publishing is a trade, and, like all other trades, undertaken with the one object of making money by it. The profits are not ordinarily large; they are, indeed, very uncertain—so uncertain that a large proportion of those who embark in the publishing business some time or other find their way into the Gazette. When a publishing firm is ruined by printing unsalable books, authors seldom or never have

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any sympathy with a member of it. They have, on the other hand, an idea that he is justly punished for his offenses; and so perhaps he is, but not in the sense understood by the majority of those who contemplate his downfall as a retributive dispensation. The fact is, that reckless publishing is more injurious to the literary profession than any thing in the world beside. The cautious publisher is the author's best friend. If a house publish at their own risk a number of works which they can not sell, they must either go into the Gazette at last, or make large sums of money by works which they *can* sell. When a publisher loses money by a work, an injury is inflicted upon the literary profession. The more money he can make by publishing, the more he can afford to pay for authorship. It is often said that the authors of successful works are inadequately rewarded in proportion to their success; that publishers make their thousands, while authors only make their hundreds. But it is forgotten that the profits of the one successful work are often only a set-off to the losses incurred by the publication of half a dozen unsuccessful ones. If a publisher purchase a manuscript for £500, and the work prove to be a "palpable hit" worth £5000, it may seem hard that the publisher does not share his gains more equitably with the author. With regard to this it is to be said, in the first place, that he very frequently *does*. There is hardly a publisher in London, however "grasping" he may be, who has not, time after time, paid to authors sums of money not "in the bond." But if the fact were not as we have stated it, we can hardly admit that publishers are under any kind of obligation to exceed the strict terms of their contracts. If a publisher gives gives £500 for a copyright, expecting to sweep the same amount into his own coffers, but instead of making that sum, loses it by the speculation, he does not ask the author to refund—nor does the author offer to do it. The money is in all probability spent long before the result of the venture is ascertained; and the author would be greatly surprised and greatly indignant, if it were hinted to him, even in the most delicate way, that the publisher having lost money by his book, would be obliged to him if he would make good a portion of the deficit by sending a check upon his bankers.

We repeat, then, that a publisher who loses money by one man's books, must make it by another's, or go into the Gazette. There are publishers who trade entirely upon this principle, which, indeed, is a kind of literary gambling. They publish a dozen works, we will suppose, of which six produce an absolute loss; four just cover their expenses; and the other two realize a profit. The publisher, especially if he be his own printer, may find this answer in the end; it may at least just keep him out of the Bankruptcy Court, and supply his family with bread. But the system can not be a really advantageous one either to publishers or authors. To the latter, indeed, it is destruction. No inconsiderable portion of the books published every year entail a heavy loss on author or publisher, or on both—and the amount of this loss may be set down, in most instances, as so much taken from the gross profits of the literary profession. If Mr. Bungay lose a hundred pounds by the poems of the Hon. Percy Popjoy, he has a hundred pounds less to give to Mr. Arthur Pendennis for his novel. Instead of protesting against the over-caution of publishers, literary men, if they really knew their own interests, would protest against their want of caution. Authors have a direct interest in the prosperity of publishers. The misfortune of authorship is not that publishers make so much money, but that they make so little. If Paternoster Row were wealthier than it is, there would be better cheer in Grub-street.

It is very true that publishers, like other men, make mistakes; and that sometimes a really good and salable work is rejected. Many instances of this might readily be adduced—instances of works, whose value has been subsequently proved by extensive popularity, having been rejected by one or more experienced member of the publishing craft. But their judgment is on the whole remarkably correct. They determine with surprising accuracy the market value of the greater number of works that are offered to them. It is not supposed that in the majority of cases, the publisher himself decides the question upon the strength of his own judgment. He has his minister, or ministers of state, to decide these knotty questions for him. A great deal has been written at different times, about the baneful influence of this middleman, or "reader"—but we can see no more justice in the complaint than if it were raised against the system which places a middleman or minister between the sovereign and his people. To complain of the incapacity of the publisher himself, and to object to his obtaining the critical services of a more competent party, were clearly an inconsistency and an injustice. If the publisher himself be not capable of deciding upon the literary merits or salable properties of the works laid before him, the best thing that he can do is to secure the assistance of some one who *is*. Hence the office of the "reader." It is well known that in some large publishing houses there is a resident "reader" attached to the establishment; others are believed to lay the manuscripts offered to them for publication before some critic of established reputation out-of-doors; while more than one eminent publisher might be named who has trusted solely to his own judgment, and rarely found that judgment at fault. In either of these cases there is no reason to assume the incompetency of the judge. Besides, as we have said, the question to be solved by the publisher or reader, is not a purely literary question. It is mainly indeed a commercial question; and the merits of the work are often freely acknowledged while the venture is politely declined.

Much more might be said of the relations between publishers and authors, but we are

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compelled to economize our space. The truth, indeed, as regards the latter, is simply this: It is not so much that authors do not know how to make money, as that they do not know how to spend it. The same income that enables a clergyman, a lawyer, a medical practitioner, a government functionary, or any other member of the middle classes earning his livelihood by professional labor, to support himself and his family in comfort and respectability, will seldom keep a literary man out of debt and difficulty—seldom provide him with a comfortable well-ordered home, creditable to himself and his profession. It is ten to one that he lives untidily; that every thing about him is in confusion, that the amenities of domestic life are absent from his establishment; that he is altogether in a state of elaborate and costly disorder, such as we are bound to say is the characteristic of no other kind of professional life. He seldom has a settled home—a fixed position. He appears to be constantly on the move. He seldom lives, for any length of time, in the same place; and is rarely at home when you call upon him. It would be instructive to obtain a return of the number of professional writers who retain pews in church, and are to be found there with their families on Sundays. There is something altogether fitful, irregular, spasmodic in their way of life. And so it is with their expenditure. They do not live like other men, and they do not spend like other men. At one time, you would think, from their lavish style of living, that they were worth three thousand a year; and at another, from the privations that they undergo, and the difficulty they find in meeting small claims upon them, that they were not worth fifty. There is generally, indeed, large expenditure abroad, and painful stinting at home. The "res angusta *domi*" is almost always there; but away from his home, your literary man is often a prince and a millionaire. Or, if he be a man of domestic habits, if he spends little on tavern suppers, little on wine, little on cab hire, the probability is, that he is still impulsive and improvident, still little capable of self-denial; that he will buy a costly picture when his house-rent is unpaid; that he will give his wife a guitar when she wants a gown; and buy his children a rocking-horse when they are without stockings. His house and family are altogether in an inelegant state of elegant disorder; and with really a comfortable income, if properly managed, he is eternally in debt.

Now all this may appear very strange, but it is not wholly unaccountable. In the *first* place, it may be assumed, as we have already hinted, that no small proportion of those who adopt literature as a profession have enlisted in the army of authors because they have lacked the necessary amount of patience and perseverance—the systematic orderly habits—the industry and the self-denial by which alone it is possible to attain success in other paths of professional life. With talent enough to succeed in any, they have not had sufficient method to succeed in any. They have been trained perhaps for the bar, but wanted assiduity to master the dry details of the law, and patience to sustain them throughout a long round of briefless circuits. They have devoted themselves to the study of physic, and recoiled from or broken down under examination; or wanted the hopeful sanguine temperament which enables a man to content himself with small beginnings, and to make his way by a gradually widening circle to a large round of remunerative practice. They have been intended for the Church, and drawn back in dismay at the thought of its restraints and responsibilities; or have entered the army, and have forsaken with impatience and disgust the slow road to superior command.

In any case, it may be assumed that the original profession has been deserted for that of authorship, mainly because the aspirant has been wanting in those orderly methodical habits, and that patience and submissiveness of temperament which secure success in those departments of professional labor which are only to be overcome by progressive degrees. In a word, it may be often said of the man of letters, that he is not wanting in order because he is an author, but he is an author because he is wanting in order. He is capable of occasional paroxysms of industry; his spasms of energy are often great and triumphant. Where results are to be obtained *per saltum* he is equal to any thing and is not easily to be frightened back. He has courage enough to carry a fortress by assault, but he has not system enough to make his way by regular approaches. He is weary of the work before he has traced out the first parallel. In this very history of the rise of professional authorship, we may often see the causes of its fall. The calamities of authors are often assignable to the very circumstances that made them authors. Wherefore is it that in many cases authors are disorderly and improvident? simply because it is their nature to be so—because in any other path of life they would be equally disorderly and improvident. The want of system is not to be attributed to their profession. The evil which we deplore arises in the first instance only from an inability to master an inherent defect.

But it must be admitted that there are many predisposing circumstances in the environments of literary life—that many of the causes which aggravate, if they do not originate the malady, are incidental to the profession itself. The absolute requirements of literary labor not unfrequently compel an irregular distribution of time, and with it irregular social and moral habits. It would be cruel to impute that as a fault to the literary laborer which is in reality his misfortune. We who lay our work once every quarter before the public, and they who once a year, or less frequently, present themselves with their comely octavo volumes of fiction or biography—history or science—to the reading world, may dine at home every day with their children, ring the bell at ten o'clock for family prayers, rise early

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and retire early every day, and with but few deviations throughout the year, regularly toil through, with more or less of the afflatus upon them, their apportioned hours of literary labor; but a large proportion of the literary practitioners of the age are connected, in some capacity or other, with the newspaper press; they are the slaves of time, not its masters; and must bend themselves to circumstances, however repugnant to the will. Late hours are unfortunately a condition of press life The sub-editors, the summary writers, the reporters, the musical and theatrical critics, and many of the leading-article writers are compelled to keep late hours. Their work is not done till past—in many cases till *long* past—midnight; and it can not be done at home. It is a very unhappy condition of literary life that it so often compels night-work. Night-work of this kind seems to demand a resource to stimulants; and the exigencies of time and place compel a man to betake himself to the most convenient tavern. Much that we read in the morning papers, wondering at the rapidity with which important intelligence or interesting criticism is laid before us, is written, after midnight, at some contiguous tavern, or in the close atmosphere of a reporter's room, which compels a subsequent resort to some house of nocturnal entertainment. If, weary with work and rejoicing in the thought of its accomplishment, the literary laborer, in the society perhaps of two or three of his brethren, betakes himself to a convenient supper house, and there spends on a single meal, what would keep himself and his family in comfort throughout the next day, perhaps it is hardly just to judge him too severely; at all events, it is right that we should regard the suffering, and weigh the temptation. What to us, in many cases, "seems vice may be but woe." It is hard to keep to this night-work and to live an orderly life. If a man from choice, not from necessity, turns night into day, and day into night (we have known literary men who have willfully done so), we have very little pity for him. The shattered nerves—the disorderly home—the neglected business—the accounts unkept and the bills unpaid, which are the necessary results of nights of excitement and days of languor, are then to be regarded as the consequences not of the misfortunes, but the faults of the sufferer. It is a wretched way of life any how.

Literary men are sad spendthrifts, not only of their money, but of themselves. At an age when other men are in the possession of vigorous faculties of mind and strength of body, they are often used-up, enfeebled, and only capable of effort under the influence of strong stimulants. If a man has the distribution of his own time—if his literary avocations are of that nature that they can be followed at home—if they demand only continuous effort, there is no reason why the waste of vital energy should be greater in his case than in that of the follower of any other learned profession. A man soon discovers to what extent he can safely and profitably tax his powers. To do well in the world he must economize himself no less than his money. Rest is often a good investment. A writer at one time is competent to do twice as much and twice as well as at another; and if his leisure be well employed, the few hours of labor will be more productive than the many, at the time; and the faculty of labor will remain with him twice as long. Rest and recreation, fresh air and bodily exercise, are essential to an author, and he will do well never to neglect them. But there are professional writers who can not regulate their hours of labor, and whose condition of life it is to toil at irregular times and in an irregular manner. It is difficult, we know, for them to abstain from using themselves up prematurely. Repeated paroxysms of fever wear down the strongest frames; and many a literary man is compelled to live a life of fever, between excitement and exhaustion of the mind. We would counsel all public writers to think well of the best means of economizing themselves—the best means of spending their time off duty. Rest and recreation, properly applied, will do much to counteract the destroying influences of spasmodic labor at unseasonable hours, and to ward off premature decay. But if they apply excitement of one kind to repair the ravages of excitement of another kind, they must be content to live a life of nervous irritability, and to grow old before their time.

THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE.

WILLIAM and Charles Grant were the sons of a farmer in Inverness-shire, whom a sudden flood stript of every thing, even to the very soil which he tilled. The farmer and his son William made their way southward, until they arrived in the neighborhood of Bury, in Lancashire, and there found employment in a print work, in which William served his apprenticeship. It is said that, when they reached the spot near which they ultimately settled, and arrived at the crown of the hill near Walmesley, they were in doubt as to what course was best next to be pursued. The surrounding country lay disclosed before them, the river Irwell making its circuitous way through the valley. What was to be done to induce their decision as to the route they were to take to their future home? A stick was put up, and where it fell, in that direction would they betake themselves. And thus their decision was made, and they betook themselves toward the village of Ramsbotham, not far distant. In this place, these men pitched their tent, and in the course of many long years of industry, enterprise, and benevolence, they accumulated nearly a million sterling of money; earning, meanwhile, the good-will of thousands, the gratitude of many, and the respect of all who knew them. They afterward erected, on the top of the hill overlooking Walmesley, a lofty tower, in commemoration of the fortunate choice they had made, and not improbably as a kind of public thank-offering for the

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signal prosperity they had reaped. Cotton mills, and print works, were built by them of great extent, employing an immense number of hands; and they erected churches, founded schools, and gave a new life to the district. Their well-directed diligence made the valley teem with industry, activity, health, joy, and opulence; they never forgot the class from which they themselves had sprung, that of working-men, whose hands had mainly contributed to their aggrandizement, and, therefore, they spared no expense in the moral, intellectual, and physical interests of their work-people.

A brief anecdote or two will serve to show what manner of men these Grants were, and that Dickens, in his Brothers Cheeryble, has been guilty of no exaggeration. Many years ago, a warehouseman published an exceedingly scurrilous pamphlet against the firm of Grant Brothers, holding up the elder partner to ridicule as "Billy Button." William was informed by some "kind friend," of the existence and nature of the pamphlet, and his observation was, that the man would live to repent of its publication. "Oh!" said the libeler, when informed of this remark, "he thinks that some time or other I shall be in his debt, but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. It turned out that the libeler shortly became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly libeled men had now an opportunity of revenging themselves upon the libeler, for he could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without that he could not again commence business. But it seemed to the bankrupt to be a hopeless case to expect that they would give their signature—they whom he had so wantonly held up to public ridicule. The claims of a wife and children, however, at last forced him to make the application. He presented himself at the counting-house door, and found that "Billy Button" was in. He entered, and William Grant, who was alone, rather sternly bid him, "shut the door, sir!" The libeler trembled before the libeled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once," exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; instead of which, Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the supplicant, who expected to find written upon it "rogue, scoundrel, libeler," instead of which, there was written only the signature of the firm, completing the bankrupt's certificate. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were any thing else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah!" continued Mr. Grant, "my saying was true, I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet; I did not mean it as a threat, I only meant that some day you would know us better, and repent that you had tried to injure us; I see you repent it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man, "I do, indeed, bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the mean time?" and the answer was that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessaries of life, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will never do, your wife and family must not suffer; be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me—there, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will all be well with you yet; keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his hand to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

In company with a gentleman who had written and lectured much on the advantages of early religious, moral, and intellectual training, Mr Grant asked—"Well, how do you go on in establishing schools for infants?" The reply was, "Very encouragingly indeed; wherever I have gone, I have succeeded either in inducing good people to establish them, or in procuring better support to those that are already established. But I must give over my labors, for, what with printing bills, coach-fare, and other expenses, every lecture I deliver in any neighboring town, costs me a sovereign, and I can not afford to ride my hobby such a rate." He said, "You must not give over your labors; God has blessed them with success; He has blessed you with talents, and me with wealth, if you give your time, I ought to give my money. You must oblige me by taking this twenty-pound note, and spending it in promoting the education of the poor." The twenty-pound note was taken, and so spent; and probably a thousand children are now enjoying the benefit of the impulse that was thus given to a mode of instruction as delightful as it was useful.

Mr. Grant was waited on by two gentlemen, who were raising a subscription for the widow of a respectable man, who, some years before his death, had been unfortunate in business. "We lost £200 by him," said Mr. Grant; "and how do you expect I should subscribe for his widow?" "Because," answered one of them, "what you have lost by the husband does not alter the widow's claim on your benevolence." "Neither it shall," said he, "here are five pounds, and if you can not make up the sum you want for her, come to me, and I'll give you more."

Many other anecdotes, equally characteristic of the kind nature of William Grant, could be

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added. For fifteen years did he and his brother Charles ride into Manchester on market days, seated side-by-side, looking of all things like a pair of brothers, happy in themselves, and in each other. William died a few years ago, and was followed to the grave by many blessings. The firm still survives, and supports its former character. Long may the merchant princes of England continue to furnish such beautiful speoimens of humanity as the now famous Brothers Cheeryble!—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

[From the North British Review.]

WRITING FOR PERIODICALS.

LORD LYNDHURST once said, at a public dinner, with reference to the numberless marvels of the press, that it might seem a very easy thing to write a leading article, but that he would recommend any one with strong convictions on that point, only to *try*. We confidently appeal to the experience of all the conductors of the leading journals of Great Britain, from the quarterly reviews to the daily journals, convinced that they will all tell the same unvarying tale of the utter incompetency of thousands of very clever people to write articles, review books, &c. They will all have the same experiences to relate of the marvelous failures of men of genius and learning—the crude cumbrous state in which they have sent their so-called articles for publication—the labor it has taken to mould their fine thoughts and valuable erudition into comely shape—the utter impossibility of doing it at all. As Mr. Carlyle has written of the needle-women of England, it is the saddest thing of all, that there should be sempstresses few or none, but "botchers" in such abundance, capable only of "a distracted puckering and botching—not sewing—only a fallacious hope of it—a fond imagination of the mind;" so of literary labor is it the saddest thing of all, that there should be so many botchers in the world, and so few skilled article-writers—so little article-writing, and so much "distracted puckering and botching." There may be nothing in this article-writing, when once we know how to do it, as there is nothing in balancing a ladder on one's chin, or jumping through a hoop, or swallowing a sword. All we say is, if people think it easy, let them try, and abide by the result. The amateur articles of very clever people are generally what an amateur effort at coat-making would be. It may seem a very easy thing to make a coat; but very expert craftsmen—craftsmen that can produce more difficult and elaborate pieces of workmanship, fail utterly when they come to a coat. The only reason why they can not make a coat is, that they are not tailors. Now there are many very able and learned men, who can compass greater efforts of human intellect than the production of a newspaper article, but who can not write a newspaper at all, because they are not newspaper-writers, or criticise a book with decent effect, because they are not critics. Article-writing comes "by art not chance." The efforts of chance writers, if they be men of genius and learning, are things to break one's heart over.

It is not enough to think and to know. It requires the faculty of utterance, and a peculiar kind of utterance. Certain things are to be said in a certain manner; and your amateur article-writer is sure to say them in any manner but the right. Perhaps of all styles of writing there is none in which excellency is so rarely attained as that of newspaper-writing. A readable leading article may not be a work of the loftiest order, or demand for its execution the highest attributes of genius; but, whatever it may be, the power of accomplishing it with success is not shared by "thousands of clever fellows." Thousands of clever fellows, fortified by Mr. Thackeray's opinion, may think that they could write the articles which they read in the morning journals; but let them take pen and paper and *try*.

We think it only fair that professional authors should have the credit of being able to do what other people can not. They do not claim to themselves a monoply of talent. They do not think themselves capable of conducting a case in a court of law, as cleverly as a queen's counsel, or of getting a sick man through the typhus fever as skillfully as a practiced physician. But it is hard that they should not receive credit for being able to write better articles than either the one or the other; or, perhaps it is more to the purpose to say, than the briefless lawyers and patientless medical students who are glad to earn a guinea by their pens. Men are not born article-writers any more than they are born doctors of law, or doctors of physic; as the ludicrous failures, which are every day thrown into the rubbish-baskets of all our newspaper offices, demonstrate past all contradiction. Incompetency is manifested in a variety of ways, but an irrepressible tendency to fine writing is associated with the greater number of them Give a clever young medical student a book about aural or dental surgery to review, and the chances are ten to one that the criticism will be little else than a high-flown grandiloquent treatise on the wonders of the creation. A regular "literary hack" will do the thing much better.

If there be any set of men—we can not call it a *class*, for it is drawn from all classes—who might be supposed to possess a certain capacity for periodical writing, it is the fraternity of members of Parliament. They are in the habit of selecting given subjects for consideration—of collecting facts and illustrations—of arranging arguments—and of expressing themselves after a manner. They are for the most part men of education, of a practical turn of mind, well acquainted with passing events, and, in many instances, in possession just of that kind of available talent which is invaluable to periodical writers. But very few of them can write an article, either for a newspaper or a review, without inflicting immense trouble upon the

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editor. Sometimes the matter it contains will be worth the pains bestowed upon it; but it very often happens that it is *not*. It is one thing to make a speech—another to write an article. But the speech often, no less than the article, requires editorial supervision. The reporter is the speaker's editor, and a very efficient one too. In a large number of cases, the speaker owes more to the reporter than he would willingly acknowledge. The speech as spoken would often be unreadable, but that the reporter finishes the unfinished sentences, and supplies meanings which are rather suggested than expressed. It would be easy to name members who are capable of writing admirable articles; but many of them owe their position in the House to some antecedent connection with the press, or have become, in some manner regularly "connected with the press;" and have acquired, by long practice, the capacity of article-writing. But take any half-dozen members indiscriminately out of the House, and set them down to write articles on any subject which they may have just heard debated, and see how grotesque will be their efforts? They may be very "clever fellows," but that they can write articles as well as men whose profession it is to write them, we take upon ourselves emphatically to deny.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CLIVE.

ALTHOUGH of a gloomy temperament, and from the earliest age evincing those characteristics of pride and shyness which rendered him unsocial, and therefore unpopular in general society, this nobleman, in the private walks of life, was amiable, and peculiarly disinterested While in India, his correspondence with those of his own family evinced in a remarkable degree those right and kindly feelings which could hardly have been expected from Clive, considering the frowardness of early life and the inflexible sternness of more advanced age. When the foundation of his fortune was laid, Lord Clive evinced a praiseworthy recollection of the friends of his early days. He bestowed an annuity of £800 on his parents, while to other relations and friends he was proportionately liberal. He was a devotedly attached husband, as his letters to Lady Clive bear testimony. Her maiden name was Maskelyne, sister to the eminent mathematician, so called, who long held the post of astronomer royal. This marriage, which took place in 1752, with the circumstances attending it, are somewhat singular, and worth recording: Clive, who was at that period just twenty-seven, had formed a previous friendship with one of the lady's brothers, like himself a resident at Madras. The brother and sister, it appears, kept up an affectionate and constant correspondence—that is, as constant an interchange of epistolary communication as could be accomplished nearly a century ago, when the distance between Great Britain and the East appeared so much more formidable, and the facilities of postal conveyance so comparatively tardy. The epistles of the lady, through the partiality of her brother, were frequently shown to Clive, and they bespoke her to be what from all accounts she was—a woman of very superior understanding, and of much amiability of character. Clive was charmed with her letters, for in those days, be it remembered, the fair sex were not so familiarized to the pen as at the present period. At that time, to indite a really good epistle as to penmanship and diction, was a formidable task, and what few ladies, comparatively speaking, could attain to. The accomplished sister of Dr. Maskelyne was one of the few exceptions, and so strongly did her epistolary powers attract the interest, and gain for her the affections of Clive, that it ended by his offering to marry the young lady, if she could be induced to visit her brother at Madras. The latter, through whom the suggestion was to be made, hesitated, and seemed inclined to discourage the proposition; but Clive in this instance evinced that determination of purpose which was so strong a feature in his character. He could urge, too, with more confidence a measure on which so much of his happiness depended—for he was now no longer the poor neglected boy, sent out to seek his fortune, but one who had already acquired a fame which promised future greatness. In short, he would take no refusal; and then was the brother of Miss Maskelyne forced to own, that highly as his sister was endowed with every mental qualification, nature had been singularly unfavorable to her—personal attractions she had none. The future hero of Plassy was not, however, to be deterred—but he made this compromise: If the lady could be prevailed upon to visit India, and that neither party, on a personal acquaintance, felt disposed for a nearer connection, the sum of £5000 was to be presented to her. With this understanding all scruples were overcome. Miss Maskelyne went out to India, and immediately after became the wife of Clive, who, already prejudiced in her favor, is said to have expressed himself surprised that she should ever have been represented to him as plain. So much for the influence of mind and manner over mere personal endowments. With the sad end of this distinguished general every reader is familiar. His lady survived the event by many years, and lived to a benevolent and venerable old age.

[From The Ladies' Companion.]

THE IMPRISONED LADY.

WE derive the following curious passage of life one hundred years since, from the second series of Mr. Burke's "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy:"

Lady Cathcart was one of the four daughters of Mr. Malyn, of Southwark and Battersea, in Surrey. She married four times, but never had any issue. Her first husband was James Fleet, Esq., of the City of London, Lord of the Manor

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of Tewing; her second, Captain Sabine, younger brother of General Joseph Sabine, of Quinohall; her third, Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart, of the kingdom of Scotland, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the West Indies; and her fourth,* Hugh Macguire, an officer in the Hungarian service, for whom she bought a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the British army, and whom she also survived. She was not encouraged, however, by his treatment, to verify the resolution, which she inscribed as a posy on her wedding-ring:

"If I survive,
I will have five."

Her avowed motives for these several engagements were, for the first, obedience to her parents; for the second, money; for the third, title; and for the fourth, submission to the fact that "the devil owed her a grudge, and would punish her for her sins." In the last union she met with her match. The Hibernian fortune-hunter wanted only her money. Soon after their marriage, she discovered her grievous mistake, and became alarmed lest the colonel, who was desperately in love, not with the widow, but with the "widow's jointured land," designed to carry her off, and to get absolute power over all her property; to prepare for the worst, her ladyship plaited some of her jewels in her hair, and quilted others in her petticoat. Meanwhile the mistress of the colonel so far insinuated herself into his wife's confidence that she learned where her will was deposited; and Macguire getting sight of it, insisted on an alteration in his favor, under a threat of instant death. Lady Cathcart's apprehensions of the loss of her personal freedom proved to be not without foundation; one morning, when she and her husband went out from Tewing to take an airing, she proposed, after a time, to return, but he desired to go a little further. The coachman drove on; she remonstrated, "they should not be back by dinner-time." "Be not the least uneasy on that account," rejoined Macguire; "we do not dine to-day at Tewing, but at Chester, whither we are journeying." Vain were all the lady's efforts and expostulations. Her sudden disappearance excited the alarm of her friends, and an attorney was sent in pursuit, with a writ of *habeas corpus* or *ne exeat regno*. He overtook the travelers at an inn at Chester, and succeeding in obtaining an interview with the husband, demanded a sight of Lady Cathcart. The colonel, skilled in expedients, and aware that his wife's person was unknown, assured the attorney that he should see her ladyship immediately, and he would find that she was going to Ireland with her own free consent. Thereupon Macguire persuaded a woman, whom he had properly tutored, to personate his wife. The attorney asked the supposed captive, if she accompanied Colonel Macguire to Ireland of her own good-will? "Perfectly so," said the woman. Astonished at such an answer, he begged pardon, made a low bow, and set out again for London. Macguire thought that possibly Mr. Attorney might recover his senses, find how he had been deceived, and yet stop his progress; and in order to make all safe, he sent two or three fellows after him, with directions to plunder him of all he had, particularly of his papers. They faithfully executed their commission; and when the colonel had the writ in his possession, he knew that he was safe. He then took my lady over to Ireland, and kept her there, a prisoner, locked up in his own house at Tempo, in Fermanagh, for many years; during which period he was visited by the neighboring gentry, and it was his regular custom at dinner to send his compliments to Lady Cathcart, informing her that the company had the honor to drink her ladyship's health, and begging to know whether there was any thing at table that she would like to eat? The answer was always—"Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has every thing she wants." An instance of honesty in a poor Irishwoman deserves to be recorded. Lady Cathcart had some remarkably fine diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, and which she was anxious to get out of the house, lest he should discover them. She had neither servant nor friend to whom she could intrust them, but she had observed a beggar who used to come to the house, she spoke to her from the window of the room in which she was confined; the woman promised to do what she desired, and Lady Cathcart threw a parcel, containing the jewels, to her.

The poor woman carried them to the person to whom they were directed; and several years afterward, when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty, she received her diamonds safely. At Colonel Macguire's death, which occurred in 1764, her ladyship was released. When she was first informed of the fact, she imagined that the news could not be true, and that it was told only with an intention of deceiving her. At the time of her deliverance she had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover her; she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupefied: she said that she scarcely knew one human creature from another: her imprisonment had lasted nearly twenty years. The moment she regained her freedom she hastened to England, to her house at Tewing, but the tenant, a Mr. Joseph Steele, refusing to render up possession, Lady Cathcart had to bring an action of ejectment, attended the assizes in person, and gained the cause. At Tewing she continued to reside for the remainder of her life. The only subsequent notice we find of her is, that, at the age of eighty, she took part in the gayeties of the Welwyn Assembly, and danced with the spirit of a girl. She did not die until 1789, when she was in her ninety-eighth year.

In the mansion-house of Tempo, now the property of Sir John Emerson Tennent, the room is still shown in which Lady Cathcart was imprisoned

* Lady Cathcart's marriage to Macguire took place 18th May, 1745.

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LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

FROM OUR FOREIGN FILES, AND UNPUBLISHED BOOKS.

SIDNEY SMITH'S account of the origin of the *Edinburgh Review* is well known. The following statement was written by Lord JEFFREY, at the request of Robert Chambers, in November, 1846, and is now first made public: "I can not say exactly where the project of the *Edinburgh Review* was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in *Buccleugh-place* (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr. John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willson's printing office, in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time Constable was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after, the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had (for a long time at least) a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy. Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willson's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back approaches or different lanes! He also had so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than any body. Brown took offense at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time in a magazine the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after."

Constable soon remunerated the editor with a liberality corresponding to that with which contributors were treated. From 1803 to 1809 Jeffrey received 200 guineas for editing each number. For the ensuing three years, the account-books are missing; but from 1813 to 1826 he is credited £700 for editing each number.

The "*Economist*" closes an article upon the late Sir ROBERT PEEL with the following just and eloquent summation:

"Sir Robert was a scholar, and a liberal and discerning patron of the arts. Though not social, he was a man of literary interests and of elegant and cultivated taste. Possessed of immense wealth, with every source and avenue of enjoyment at his command, it is no slight merit in him that he preferred to such refined enjoyment the laborious service of his country. He was no holiday or *dillettanti* statesman. His industry was prodigious, and he seemed actually to love work. His toil in the memorable six months of 1835 was something absolutely prodigious; in 1842 and 1843 scarcely less so. His work was always done in a masterly and business-like style, which testified to the conscientious diligence he had bestowed upon it His measures rarely had to be altered or modified in their passage through the House. In manners he was always decorous—never overbearing or insulting, and if ever led by the heat of contest into any harsh or unbecoming expression, was always prompt to apologize or retract. By his unblemished private character, by his unrivaled administrative ability, by his vast public services, his unvarying moderation, he had impressed not only England but the world at large with a respect and confidence such as few attain. After many fluctuations of repute, he had at length reached an eminence on which he stood—independent of office, independent of party—one of the acknowledged potentates of Europe; face to face, in the evening of life, with his work and his reward—his work, to aid the progress of those principles on which, after much toil, many sacrifices, and long groping toward the light, he had at length laid a firm grasp; his guerdon, to watch their triumph. Nobler occupation man could not aspire to; sublimer power no ambition need desire; greater earthly reward, God, out of all the riches of his boundless treasury has not to bestow."

Numerous projects for monuments to the deceased statesman have been broached. In reference to these, and to the poverty of thought,

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and waste of means, which in the present age builds for all time with materials so perishable as statues, a correspondent of the *Athenæum* suggests, as a more intelligent memorial, the foundation of a national university for the education of the sons of the middle classes. Ours, he says, are not the days for copying the forms of ancient Rome as interpreters of feelings and aspirations which the Romans never knew. While the statues which they reared are dispersed, and the columns they erected are crumbling to decay, their thoughts, as embodied in their literature, are with us yet, testifying forever of the great spirits which perished from among them, but left, in this sure and abiding form, the legacy of their minds.

The effect upon civilization of the Ownership of the Land being in the hands of a few, or of the many, has been earnestly discussed by writers on political and social economy. Two books have recently been published in England, which have an important bearing upon this subject. One is by SAMUEL LAING, Esq. the well known traveler, and the other by JOSEPH KAY, Esq. of Cambridge. Both these writers testify that in the continental countries which they have examined—more especially in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland—they have found a state of society which does fulfill in a very eminent degree all the conditions of a most advanced civilization. They have found in those countries education, wealth, comfort, and self-respect; and they have found that the whole body of the people in those countries participate in the enjoyment of these great blessings to an extent which very far exceeds the participation in them of the great mass of the population of England. These two travelers perfectly agree in the declaration that during the last thirty or forty years the inequality of social condition among men—the deterioration toward two great classes of very rich and very poor—has made very little progress in the continental states with which they are familiar. They affirm that a class of absolute paupers in any degree formidable from its numbers has yet to be created in those states. They represent in the most emphatic language the immense superiority in education, manners, conduct, and the supply of the ordinary wants of a civilized being, of the German, Swiss, Dutch, Belgian and French peasantry over the peasantry and poorer classes not only of Ireland, but also of England and Scotland. This is the general and the most decided result with reference to the vital question of the condition and prospects of the peasantry and poorer classes, neither Mr. Laing nor Mr. Kay have any doubt whatever that the advantage rests in the most marked manner with the continental states which they have examined over Great Britain. According to Mr. Laing and Mr. Kay, the cause of this most important difference is—*the distribution of the ownership of land.* On the continent, the people *own* and *cultivate* the land. In the British islands the land is held in large masses by a few persons; the class practically employed in agriculture are either *tenants* or *laborers*, who do not act under the stimulus of a personal interest in the soil they cultivate.

A self-taught artist named Carter has recently died at Coggshall, Essex, where he had for many years resided. He was originally a farm laborer, and by accident lost the power of every part of his body but the head and neck. By the force of perseverance and an active mind, however, he acquired the power of drawing and painting, by holding the pencil between his lips and teeth, when placed there by the kind offices of an affectionate sister. In this manner he had not only whiled away the greater part of fourteen years of almost utter physical helplessness, but has actually produced works which have met with high commendation. His groups and compositions are said to have been "most delicately worked and highly finished." The poor fellow had contemplated the preparation of some grand work for the International Exhibition, but the little of physical life remaining in him was lately extinguished by a new accident.

CONVERSATION OF LITERARY MEN.—Literary men talk less than they did. They seldom "lay out" much for conversation. The conversational, like the epistolary age, is past; and we have come upon the age of periodical literature. People neither put their best thoughts and their available knowledge into their letters, nor keep them for evening conversation. The literary men of 1850 have a keener eye to the value of their stock-in-trade, and keep it well garnered up, for conversion, as opportunity offers, into the current coin of the realm. There is some periodical vehicle, nowadays, for the reception of every possible kind of literary ware. The literary man converses now through the medium of the Press, and turns every thing into copyright at once. He can not afford to drop his ideas by the way-side; he must keep them to himself, until the printing-press has made them inalienably his own. If a happy historical or literary illustration occurs to him, it will do for a review article; if some un-hackneyed view of a great political question presents itself to him, it may be worked into his next leader; if some trifling adventure has occurred to him, or he has picked up a novel anecdote in the course of his travels, it may be reproduced in a page of magazine matter, or a column of a cheap weekly serial. Even puns are not to be distributed gratis. There is a property in a *double-entente*, which its parent will not willingly forego. The smallest jokelet is a marketable commodity. The dinner-table is sacrificed to *Punch*. There is too much competition in these days, too many hungry candidates for the crumbs that fall from the thinker's table, not to make him chary of his offerings. In these days, every scrap of knowledge—every happy thought—every felicitous turn of expression, is of some value to a literary

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man; the forms of periodical literature are so many and so varied. He can seldom afford to give any thing away; and there is no reason why he should. It is not so easy a thing to turn one's ideas into bread, that a literary man need be at no pains to preserve his property in them. We do not find that artists give away their sketches, or that professional singers perform promiscuously at private parties. Perhaps, in these days of much publishing, professional authors are wise in keeping the best of themselves for their books and articles. We have known professional writers talk criticism; but we have generally found it to be the very reverse of what they have published.

Rewards of Literature.—Literature has been treated with much ingratitude, even by those who owe most to it. If we do not quite say with Goldsmith, that it supports many dull fellows in opulence, we may assert, with undeniable truth, that it supports, or ought to support, many clever ones in comfort and respectability. If it does not it is less the fault of the profession than the professors themselves. There are many men now in London, Edinburgh, and other parts of the country, earning from £1000 to £300 per annum by their literary labors, and some, with very little effort, earning considerably more. It is no part of our plan in the present article to mix up modern instances with our wise saws, else might we easily name writers who, for contributions to the periodical press, for serial installments of popular tales, and other literary commodities, demanding no very laborious efforts of intellectual industry, have received from flourishing newspaper proprietors and speculative booksellers, sums of money which it would be difficult to earn with equal facility in any other learned profession. An appointment on the editorial staff of a leading daily paper is in itself a small fortune to a man. The excellence of the articles is, for the most part, in proportion to the sum paid for them; and a successful morning journal will generally find it good policy to pay its contributors in such a manner as to secure the entire produce of their minds, or, at all events, to get the best fruits that they are capable of yielding. If a man can earn a comfortable independence by writing three or four leading articles a week, there is no need that he should have his pen ever in his hand, that he should be continually toiling at other and less profitable work. But if he is to keep himself ever fresh and ever vigorous for one master he must be paid for it. There are instances of public writers who had shown evident signs of exhaustion when employed on one paper—who had appeared, indeed, to have written themselves out so thoroughly, that the proprietors were fain to dispense with their future services—transferring those services to another paper, under more encouraging circumstances of remuneration, and, as though endued with new life, striking out articles fresh, vigorous, and brilliant. They gave themselves to the one paper; they had only given a part of themselves to the other.

Schamyl, the Prophet of the Caucasus, through whose inspiriting leadership the Caucasians have maintained a successful struggle against the gigantic power of Russia for many years, is described by a recent writer as a man of middle stature; he has light hair, gray eyes, shaded by bushy and well-arched eyebrows; a nose finely moulded, and a small mouth. His features are distinguished from those of his race by a peculiar fairness of complexion and delicacy of skin: the elegant form of his hands and feet is not less remarkable. The apparent stiffness of his arms, when he walks, is a sign of his stern and impenetrable character His address is thoroughly noble and dignified. Of himself he is completely master; and he exerts a tacit supremacy over all who approach him. An immovable, stony calmness, which never forsakes him, even in moments of the utmost danger, broods over his countenance. He passes a sentence of death with the same composure with which he distributes "the sabre of honor" to his bravest Murids, after a bloody encounter. With traitors or criminals whom he has resolved to destroy he will converse without betraying the least sign of anger or vengeance. He regards himself as a mere instrument in the hands of a higher Being; and holds, according to the Sufi doctrine, that all his thoughts and determinations are immediate inspirations from God. The flow of his speech is as animating and irresistible as his outward appearance is awful and commanding. "He shoots flames from his eyes, and scatters flowers from his lips," said Bersek Bey, who sheltered him for some days after the fall of Achulgo, when Schamyl dwelt for some time among the princes of the Djighetes and Ubiches, for the purpose of inciting the tribes on the Black Sea to rise against the Russians. Schamyl is now fifty years old, but still full of vigor and strength; it is however said, that he has for some years past suffered from an obstinate disease of the eyes, which is constantly growing worse. He fills the intervals of leisure which his public charges allow him, in reading the Koran, fasting, and prayer. Of late years he has but seldom, and then only on critical occasions, taken a personal share in warlike encounters. In spite of his almost supernatural activity, Schamyl is excessively severe and temperate in his habits. A few hours of sleep are enough for him; at times he will watch for the whole night, without showing the least trace of fatigue on the following day. He eats little, and water is his only beverage. According to Mohammedan custom, he keeps several wives. In 1844 he had *three*, of which his favorite (Pearl of the Harem, as she was called) was an Armenian, of exquisite beauty.

A Frankfort journal states that the colossal statue of Bavaria, by Schwanthaler, which is to

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be placed on the hill of Seudling, surpasses in its gigantic proportions all the works of the moderns. It will have to be removed in pieces from the foundry where it is cast to its place of destination, and each piece will require sixteen horses to draw it. The great toes are each half a mètre in length. In the head two persons could dance a polka very conveniently, while the nose might lodge the musician. The thickness of the robe, which forms a rich drapery descending to the ankles, is about six inches, and its circumference at the bottom about two hundred mètres. The Crown of Victory which the figure holds in her hands weighs one hundred quintals (a quintal is a hundred weight).

Wordsworth's prose writings are not numerous; and with the exception of the well-known prefaces to his minor poems, they are little known. A paper or two in Coleridge's *Friend*, and a political tract occasioned by the convention of Cintra, form important and valuable contributions to the prose literature of the country. We would especially call attention to the introductory part of the third volume of the *Friend*, as containing a very beautiful development of Mr. Wordsworth's opinions on the moral worth and intellectual character of the age in which it was his destiny to live. The political tract is very scarce; but we may safely affirm, that it contains some of the finest writing in the English language. Many of its passages can be paralleled only by the majestic periods of Milton's prose, or perhaps by the vehement and impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes. Its tone is one of sustained elevation, and in sententious moral and political wisdom it will bear a comparison with the greatest productions of Burke. We trust that this pamphlet will be republished. A collection and separate publication of all Mr. Wordsworth's prose writings would form a valuable addition to English literature.

Mr. Wordsworth's conversation was eminently rich, various, and instructive. Attached to his mountain home, and loving solitude as the nurse of his genius, he was no recluse, but keenly enjoyed the pleasures of social intercourse. He had seen much of the world, and lived on terms of intimate friendship with some of the most illustrious characters of his day. His reading was extensive, but select; indeed, his mind could assimilate only the greater productions of intellect. To criticism he was habitually indifferent; and when solicited for his opinions, he was generally as reserved in his praise as he was gentle in his censures. For some of his contemporaries he avowed the highest respect; but Coleridge was the object of his deepest affection as a friend, and of his veneration as a philosopher. Of the men who acted important parts in the political drama of the last century, the homage of his highest admiration was given to Burke, who, after Shakspeare and Bacon, he thought the greatest being that Nature had ever created in the human form.

The last few years of Mr. Wordsworth's life were saddened by affliction. They who were admitted to the privilege of occasional intercourse with the illustrious poet in his later days, will long dwell with deep and affectionate interest upon his earnest conversation while he wandered through the shaded walks of the grounds which he loved so well, and ever and anon paused to look down upon the gleaming lake as its silver radiance was reflected through the trees which embosomed his mountain home Long will the accents of that "old man eloquent" linger in their recollection, and their minds retain the impression of that pensive and benevolent countenance. The generation of those who have gazed upon his features will pass away and be forgotten. The marble, like the features which it enshrines, will crumble into dust. *Ut vultus hominum ita simulacra vultus imbecilla ac mortalia sunt, forma mentis æterna;* the attributes of his mighty intellect are stamped for ever upon his works which will be transmitted to future ages as a portion of their most precious inheritance.

No man is more enshrined in the heart of the French people than the poet Beranger. A few weeks since he went one evening with one of his nephews to the *Clos des Lilas*, a garden in the students' quarter devoted to dancing in the open air, intending to look for a few minutes upon a scene he had not visited since his youth, and then withdraw. But he found it impossible to remain unknown and unobserved. The announcement of his presence ran through the garden in a moment. The dances stopped, the music ceased, and the crowd thronged toward the point where the still genial and lovely old man was standing. At once there rose from all lips the cry of *Vive Beranger!* which was quickly followed by that of *Vive la Republique!* The poet, whose diffidence is excessive, could not answer a word, but only smiled and blushed his thanks at this enthusiastic reception. The acclamations continuing, an agent of the police invited him to withdraw, lest his presence might occasion disorder. The illustrious song-writer at once obeyed; by a singular coincidence the door through which he went out opened upon the place where Marshal Ney was shot.

The Paris Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres is constantly sending forth the most valuable contributions, to the history of the middle ages especially. It is now completing the publication of the sixth volume of the Charters, Diplomas, and other documents relating to French history. This volume, which was prepared by M. Pardessus, includes the period from the beginning of 1220 to the end of 1270, and comprehends the reign of St. Louis. The seventh volume, coming down some fifty years later, is also nearly ready for the printer. Its editor is M. Laboulaye. The first volume of the Oriental Historians of the Crusaders, translated into French, is now going through the press, and the second is in course

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of preparation. The greater part of the first volume of the Greek Historians of the same chivalrous wars is also printed, and the work is going rapidly forward. The Academy is also preparing a collection of Occidental History on the same subject. When these three collections are published, all the documents of any value relating to the Crusades will be easily accessible, whether for the use of the historian or the romancer. The Academy is also now engaged in getting out the twenty-first volume of the History of the Gauls and of France, and the nineteenth of the Literary History of France, which brings the annals of French letters down to the thirteenth century. It is also publishing the sixteenth volume of its own Memoirs, which contains the history of the Academy for the last four years, and the work of Freret on Geography, besides several other works of less interest. From all this some idea may be formed of the labors and usefulness of the institution.

In speaking of the advantage of education to Mechanics, Robert Hall says that it has a tendency to exalt the character, and, in some measure, to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. It enables the possessor to beguile his leisure moments (and every man has such) in an innocent, at least, if not in a useful manner. The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. His mind can find employment where his body is at rest. There is in the mind of such a man an intellectual spring, urging him to the pursuit of mental good; and if the minds of his family are also a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged. The calm satisfaction which books afford puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely the tranquil delight of conjugal and parental affection; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and to shun whatever would impair that respect.

For producing steel pens the best Dennemora —Swedish iron—or hoop iron is selected. It is worked into sheets or slips about three feet long, and four or five inches broad, the thickness varying with the desired stiffness and flexibility of the pen for which it is intended. By a stamping press pieces of the required size are cut out. The point intended for the nib is introduced into a gauged hole, and by a machine pressed into a semi-cylindrical shape. In the same machine it is pierced with the required slit or slits. This being effected, the pens are cleaned by mutual attrition in tin cylinders, and tempered, as in the case of the steel plate, by being brought to the required color by heat. Some idea of the extent of this manufacture will be formed from the statement, that nearly 150 tons of steel are employed annually for this purpose, producing upward of 250,000,000 pens.

Philosophers abroad are working diligently at many interesting branches of physical science: magneto and muscular electricity, dia-magnetism, vegetable and animal physiology: Matteucci in Italy, Bois-Reymond, Weber, Reichenbach, and Dove in Germany. The two maps of isothermal lines for every month in the year, lately published by the last-mentioned *savant*, are remarkable and most valuable proofs of scientific insight and research. If they are to be depended on, there is but one pole of cold, situate in Northern America; that supposed to exist in the Asiatic continent disappears when the monthly means are taken. These maps will be highly useful to the meteorologist, and indeed to students of natural philosophy generally, and will suggest other and more extended results.

A communication from M. Trémaux, an Abyssinian traveler, has been presented to the French Academy by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire: it gives an account of the sudden difference which occurs in the races of men and animals near Fa Zoglo, in the vicinity of the Blue Nile. The shores of this stream are inhabited by a race of Caucasian origin, whose sheep have woolly coats; but at a few miles' distance, in the mountains of Zaby and Akaro, negro tribes are found whose sheep are hairy. According to M. Trévaux, 'the differences and changes are due to two causes: the one, that vegetable nature, having changed in aspect and production, attracts and supports certain species, while others no longer appear, or the individuals are fewer. As for the second cause, it is the more surprising, since it produces opposite effects on the same point: where man has no longer silken, but woolly hair, there the sheep ceases to be covered with wool.' M. St. Hilaire remarked on these facts, that the degree of domestication of animals is proportional to the degree of civilization of those who possess them. Among savage people dogs are nearly all alike, and not far removed from the wolf or jackal: while among civilized races there is an almost endless variety—the greater part far removed from the primitive type. Are we to infer from this that negroes will cease to be negroes by dint of civilization—that wool will give place to hair, and *vice versâ*? If so, a wide field is opened for experiment and observation.

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THE action of Congress during the past month has been of more than usual interest. The Senate has finally disposed of the Compromise Bill, which has absorbed its discussions for nearly the whole of the session, and has taken definite action upon all the subjects which that bill embraced. On the 30th of July, the bill being before the Senate, a resolution offered by Senator BRADBURY, of Maine, was pending, authorizing the appointment of Commissioners by the United States and Texas, for the adjustment of the boundary line between Texas and New Mexico. To this Mr. DAWSON, of Ga., offered an amendment, providing that until the boundary should have been agreed to, no territorial government should go into operation east of the Rio Grande, nor should any state government be established to include that territory. This amendment was adopted, ayes 30, noes 28. Mr. BRADBURY's resolution, thus amended, was then adopted by the same vote. On the 31st the bill came up for final action. Mr. NORRIS moved to strike out the clause restricting the Legislature of New Mexico from establishing or prohibiting slavery. This was carried, 32 to 20. Mr. PEARCE, of Maryland, then moved to strike out all relating to New Mexico, which was carried by a vote of 33 to 22. He then moved to re-insert it, omitting the amendment of Messrs. Bradbury and Dawson—his object being by this roundabout process (which was the only way in which it could be reached), to reverse the vote adopting that amendment. His motion was very warmly and strongly resisted, and various amendments offered to it were voted down. The motion itself was then put and lost, ayes 25, nays 28. This left nothing in the bill except the provision for admitting California and that establishing a territorial government for Utah. Mr. WALKER, of Wisconsin, then moved to strike out all except that part relating to California. This was lost, ayes 22, nays 33. Mr. ATCHISON, of Missouri, moved to strike out all relating to California. This motion was first lost by a tie vote, but a reconsideration was moved by Mr. WINTHROP and carried, and then the motion prevailed, ayes 34, nays 25. The Bill thus contained nothing but the sections relating to Utah, and in that shape it was passed, ayes 32, nays 18. Thus the Compromise bill, reported early in the session, and earnestly debated from that time forward, was decisively rejected. On the very next day, the 1st of August, the bill for the admission of California was made the special order by a vote of 34 to 23. Mr. FOOTE, of Miss., offered an amendment that California should not exercise her jurisdiction over territory south of 35° 30′. Mr. CLAY, in an earnest and eloquent speech, after regretting the fate of the Compromise Bill, said he wished it to be distinctly understood that if any state or states, or any portion of the people, should array themselves in arms against the Union, he was for testing the strength of the government, to ascertain whether it had the ability to maintain itself. He avowed the most unwavering attachment to the Union, and declared his purpose to raise both his voice and his arm in support of the Union and the Constitution. He had been in favor of passing the several measures together: he was now in favor of passing them separately: but whether passed or not, he was in favor of putting down any and all resistance to the federal authority. After some debate, Mr. FOOTE's amendment was negatived, yeas 23, nays 33. On the 6th of August Mr. TURNEY, of Tennessee, offered an amendment, dividing California into two territories, which may hereafter form state constitutions. This was rejected, ayes 29, nays 32. Mr. YULEE offered an amendment, establishing a provisional government, which he advocated in a speech extending through three days: on the 10th it was rejected by a vote of 12 to 35. An amendment offered by Mr. Foote, erecting the part of California south of 36° 30′ into a distinct territory, was rejected by a vote of 13 to 30. On the 12th the bill was ordered to be engrossed, yeas 33, nays 19; and on the 13th, after a brief but warm debate, in the course of which Senators BERRIEN and CLEMENS denounced the bill as fraught with mischief and peril to the Union, and Mr. HOUSTON ridiculed the apprehensions thus expressed, the bill was finally passed, yeas 34, nays 18, as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Baldwin, Bell, Benton, Bradbury, Bright, Cass, Chase, Cooper, Davis, of Massachusetts, Dickinson, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Dodge, of Iowa, Douglas, Ewing, Felch, Green, Hale, Hamlin, Houston, Jones, Miller, Norris, Phelps, Seward, Shields, Smith, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Upham, Wales, Walker, Whitcomb, and Winthrop—34.

NAYS.—Messrs. Atchison, Barnwell, Berrien, Butler, Clemens, Davis, of Mississippi, Dawson, Foote, Hunter, King, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Soulé, Turney, and Yulee—18.

The next day a Protest against the admission of California, signed by Senators Mason and Hunter, of Virginia, Butler and Barnwell, of South Carolina, Turney, of Tennessee, Soulé, of Louisiana, Davis, of Mississippi, Atchison, of Missouri, and Morton and Yulee, of Florida, was presented, and a request made that it might be entered on the Journal. This, however, the Senate refused. Thus was completed the action of the Senate on the admission of California.

On the 5th of August Mr. PEARCE, of Md introduced a bill, making proposals to Texa

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ior the settlement of her western and northern boundaries. It proposes that the boundary on the north shall commence at the point where the meridian of 100° west longitude intersects the parallel of 36° 30′ north latitude, and shall run due west to the meridian of 103° west longitude: thence it shall run due south to the 32d degree north latitude, thence on the said parallel to the Rio del Norte, and thence with the channel of said river to the Gulf of Mexico. For relinquishing all claims to the United States government for territory beyond the line thus defined, the bill proposes to pay Texas ten millions of dollars. The bill was debated for several successive days, and on the 9th was ordered to be engrossed, yeas 27, nays 24, and received its final passage on the same day, yeas 30, nays 20, as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Badger, Bell, Berrien, Bradbury, Bright, Cass, Clarke, Clemens, Cooper, Davis, of Massachusetts, Dawson, Dickinson, Dodge, of Iowa, Douglas, Felch, Foote, Greene, Houston, King, Norris, Pearce, Phelps, Rusk, Shields, Smith, Spruance, Sturgeon, Wales, Whitcomb, and Winthrop—30.

NAYS.—Messrs. Atchison, Baldwin, Barnwell, Benton, Butler, Chase, Davis, of Mississippi, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Ewing, Hale, Hunter, Mason, Morton, Seward, Soulé, Turney, Underwood, Upham, Walker, and Yulee—20.

Thus was completed the action of the Senate on the second of the great questions which have enlisted so much of public attention during the past few months.——On the 14th the bill providing a territorial government for New Mexico was taken up. Mr. CHASE moved to amend it by inserting a clause prohibiting the existence of slavery within its limits, which was rejected, ayes 20, nays 25. The bill was then ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, which it had, and was finally passed.

In the House of Representatives, no business of importance has been transacted. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill has been discussed, and efforts have been made to change the existing rules of the House so as to facilitate public business; but nothing important has been done.——On the 6th of August President FILLMORE sent to the House a Message, transmitting a letter he had received from Governor BELL, of Texas, announcing that he had sent a commissioner to extend the laws of Texas over that part of New Mexico which she claims, and that he had been resisted by the inhabitants and the United States military authorities. The President says in his Message that he deems it his duty to execute the laws of the United States, and that Congress has given him full power to put down any resistance that may be organized against them. Texas as a state has no authority or power beyond her own limits; and if she attempts to prevent the execution of any law of the United States, in any state or territory beyond her jurisdiction, the President is bound by his oath to resist such attempts by all the power which the Constitution has placed at his command. The question is then considered whether there is any law in New Mexico, resistance to which would call for the interposition of the Executive authority. The President regards New Mexico as a territory of the United States, with the same boundaries which it had before the war with Mexico, and while in possession of that country. By the treaty of peace the boundary line between the two countries is defined, and perfect security and protection in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property, and in the free exercise of their religion, is guaranteed to those Mexicans who may choose to reside on the American side of that line. This treaty is part of the law of the land, and as such must be maintained until superseded or displaced by other legal provisions; and if it be obstructed, the case is regarded as one which comes within the provisions of law, and which obliges the President to enforce these provisions. "Neither the Constitution or the laws," says Mr. FILLMORE, "nor my duty or my oath of office, leave me any alternative, or any choice, in my mode of action." The Executive has no power or authority to determine the true line of boundary, but it is his duty, in maintaining the laws, to have regard to the actual state of things as it existed at the date of the treaty—all must be now regarded as New Mexico which was possessed and occupied as New Mexico by citizens of Mexico at the date of the treaty, until a definite line of boundary shall be established by competent authority Having thus indicated the course which he should pursue, the President expresses his earnest desire that the question of boundary should be settled by Congress, with the assent of the government of Texas. He deprecates delay, and objects to the appointment of commissioners. He expresses the opinion that an indemnity may very properly be offered to Texas, and says that no event would be hailed with more satisfaction by the people than the amicable adjustment of questions of difficulty which have now for a long time agitated the country, and occupied, to the exclusion of other subjects, the time and attention of Congress. Accompanying the Message was a letter from Mr. WEBSTER, Secretary of State, in reply to that of Governor BELL. Mr. WEBSTER vindicates the action of the military authorities in New Mexico, saying that they had been instructed to aid and advance any attempt of the inhabitants to form a state government, and that in all they did they acted as agents of the inhabitants rather than officers of the government. An outline is given of the history of the acquisition of New Mexico, and it is clearly shown that every thing thus far has been done in strict accordance with the stipulations of the treaty, and with the position and principles of the late President Polk. The military government existed in New Mexico as a matter of necessity, and must remain until superseded by some other form. The President approves entirely of the measures taken by Colonel Munroe, while he takes no part, and expresses no opinion touching the boundary claimed by Texas. These documents were ordered to be printed and were referred to committees

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Mr. PEARCE of Maryland, and Mr. BATES of Missouri, who were invited by President FILLMORE to become members of his cabinet, both declined. Hon. T. M. T. MCKENNAN of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Secretary of the Interior, and Hon. CHAS. M. CONRAD of Louisiana, Secretary of War, in their places. Both have accepted.——It is stated that Hon. D. D. BARNARD of New-York, has been nominated as Minister to Prussia. Mr. B. is one of the ablest writers and most accomplished scholars in the country.——A regular line of stages has just been established to run monthly between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fé, in New Mexico. Each coach is to carry eight persons, and to be made water tight, so as to be used as a boat in crossing streams. This will prove to be an important step toward the settlement of the great western region of our Union.——An active canvass has been going on in Virginia for the election of members of a convention to revise the state constitution. The questions at issue grow mainly out of a contest between the eastern and western sections of the state for supremacy. The west has been gaining upon the east in population very rapidly during the last fifteen or twenty years. The east claims a representation based upon property, by which it hopes to maintain its supremacy, while the west insists that population alone should be made the basis of political representation. The contest is carried on with a great deal of warmth and earnestness.——Elections of considerable interest have taken place during the month in several of the states. In Missouri, where five members of Congress were chosen, three of them, Messrs. PORTER, DARBY, and MILLER, are known to be Whigs. In the other two districts the result has not been ascertained. The change which this result indicates, is attributed to the course taken by Senator BENTON, in refusing to obey the instructions of the state legislature, and in denouncing them as connected with the scheme of disunion, which he charged upon certain southern politicians. This led to a division in his own party, which enabled the Whigs to elect a part, at least, of the Congressional delegation.——In North Carolina an election for governor, has resulted in the choice of Col. REID, Democrat, by 3000 majority. In the state senate the Democrats have four, and in the house they have 10 majority. This enables them to choose a democratic U. S. Senator in place of Mr. MANGUM, the present Whig incumbent.——In Indiana the election has given the Democrats control of the legislature and of the state convention for the revision of the constitution.——The authorities of Buffalo some weeks since, hearing that Lord Elgin, Governor of Canada, was about to visit their city, prepared for him a public reception. Circumstances prevented the fulfillment of the purpose, but the courtesy of the people of Buffalo was communicated by Lord Elgin to his government at home, and acknowledged by Earl Grey in a letter to our Department of State. In further acknowledgement the Legislature of Canada, and the Corporation of Toronto, invited the authorities of Buffalo to pay them a visit, which was done on the 8th of August, when they were welcomed by a very brilliant reception. This interchange of courtesies is peculiarly creditable to both parties, and highly gratifying to both countries.——The Legislature of Wisconsin has enacted a law making it a penal offence for any owner or lessee of land to allow the Canada thistle to go to seed upon it.——The Board of Visitors appointed by the Government to attend the annual examination at West Point, have made their report, giving a detailed account of their observations, and concluding by expressing the opinion, that the Military Academy is one of the most useful and highly creditable in our country; that it has been mainly instrumental in forming the high character which our army now sustains before the civilized world, and that it is entitled to the confidence and fostering care of the Government.——Hon. HENRY CLAY has been spending the August weeks at Newport, R. I. He has received essential benefit from the sea-bathing and the relief from public care which his temporary residence there affords. ——Commodore JACOB JONES, of the United States Navy, died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 3d ult. He was in the 83d year of his age, and stood nearly at the head of the list of post captains, Commodores BARRON and STEWART only preceding him. He was a native of Delaware, and one of the number who, in the war of 1812, contributed to establish the naval renown of our country. For the gallant manner in which, while in command of the brig Wasp, he captured the British brig Frolic, of superior force, he was voted a sword by each of the States of Delaware, Massachusetts, and New-York. He was, until recently, the Governor of the Naval Asylum, near Philadelphia.——The city authorities of Boston, acting under the advice of the Consulting Physicians, have decided to abandon all quarantine regulations, as neither useful nor effectual in preventing the introduction of epidemic diseases.——Professor FORSHEY, in an essay just published, proves by the result of observations kept up through a great number of years, that the channel of the Mississippi river is *deepening*, and consequently the levee system will not necessarily elevate the bed of the river, as has been feared. On the contrary, he thinks confining the river within a narrow channel will give it additional velocity, and serve to scrape out the bottom; while opening artificial outlets, by diminishing the current, will cause the rapid deposition of sediment, and thus produce evil to be guarded against.——A project has been broached for completing the line of railroads from Boston to Halifax, and then to have the Atlantic steamers run between that port and Galway, the most westerly port of Ireland. In this way it is thought that the passage from Liverpool to New York may be considerably shortened.

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In Scientific matters some interesting and important experiments have been made by Prof. Page of the Smithsonian Institute, on the subject of Electro-Magnetism as a motive power, the results of which have recently been announced by him in public lectures. He states that there can be no further doubt as to the application of this power as a substitute for steam. He exhibited experiments in which a bar of iron weighing one hundred and sixty pounds was made to spring up ten inches through the air, and says that he can as readily move a bar weighing a hundred tons through a space of a hundred feet. He expects to be able to apply it to forge hammers, pile drivers, &c., and to engines with a stroke of six, ten, or twenty feet. He exhibited also an engine of between four and five horse power, worked by a battery contained in a space of three cubic feet. It was a reciprocating engine of two feet stroke, the engine and battery weighing about one ton, and driving a circular saw ten inches in diameter, sawing boards an inch and a quarter thick, making eighty strokes a minute. The professor says that the cost of the power is less than steam under most conditions, though not so low as the cheapest steam engines. The consumption of three pounds of zinc per day produces one horse power. The larger his engines the greater the economy. Some practical difficulties remain to be overcome in the application of the power to practical purposes on a larger scale: but little doubt seems to be entertained that such an application is feasible. The result is one of very great importance to science, as well as to the arts of practical life.——We made a statement in our July number of the pretensions of Mr. Henry M. Paine, of Worcester, Mass., to having discovered a new method of procuring hydrogen from water, and rendering it capable of giving a brilliant light, with great ease and at a barely nominal expense, by passing it through cold spirits of turpentine. His claims have been very generally discredited, and were supposed to have been completely exploded by the examinations of several scientific gentlemen of Boston and New York. Mr. George Mathiot, an electro-metallurgist attached to the United States Coast Survey, and a gentleman of scientific habits and attainments, has published in the Scientific American, a statement that he has succeeded in a kindred attempt. He produced a very brilliant light, nearly equal to the Drummond, by passing hydrogen through turpentine: and in thus passing the gas from thirty-three ounces of zinc through it, the quantity of turpentine was not perceptibly diminished. "In this case," he says, "the hydrogen could not have been changed into carburetted hydrogen, for coal gas contains from four to five times as much carbon as hydrogen, and pure carburetted hydrogen has six times as much carbon as hydrogen; and, as 33 ounces of zinc, by solution, liberate one ounce, or twelve cubic feet of hydrogen, therefore, from four to six ounces of turpentine should have been used up, supposing it to be all carbon; but turpentine is composed of twenty atoms of carbon to fifteen atoms of hydrogen, and, consequently, only one-seventh of its carbon can be taken up by the hydrogen; or, in otner words, forty-two ounces of turpentine will be required to carburet one ounce of hydrogen." He tried the experiment afterward, placing the whole apparatus in a cold bath to prevent evaporation, and again by heating the turpentine to 120 degrees—but in both cases with the same result. He used the same turpentine and had a brilliant light for nearly three hours, and yet the quantity was not perceptibly diminished. Mr. Mathiot claims that his experiments prove conclusively that hydrogen can be used for illumination, but at what comparative rate of expense he does not state.——The American Scientific Association commenced its annual session at New Haven on the 19th of August. This is an association formed for the advancement of science and embraces within its members nearly all the leading scientific men of the United States. Prof. Bache presides. The proceedings of these conventions, made up of papers on scientific subjects read by distinguished gentlemen, are published in a volume, and form a valuable contribution to American scientific literature.——Intelligence has been received, by way of England, and also direct, from two of the American vessels sent out in search of Sir John Franklin. The brig *Advance* arrived at Whalefish Island, on the West Coast of Greenland, on the 24th of June, and the *Rescue* arrived two days after. Two of the British steamers and two of the ships had also arrived. All on board were well, and in good spirits for prosecuting the expedition. Enormous icebergs were seen by the American vessels on the voyage, some of them rising 150 or 200 feet above the water. A letter from an officer of the *Rescue* says they expected to go to a place called Uppermarik, about two hundred miles from Whalefish Island, thence to Melville Bay, and across Lancaster Sound to Cape Walker, and from that point they would try to go to Melville Island and as much farther as possible. They intended to winter at Melville Island, but that would depend upon circumstances.

The Literary Intelligence of the month presents no feature of special interest. The first volume of a series of Reminiscences of Congress, made up mainly of a biography of Daniel Webster, has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Baker and Scribner. It is by Charles W. March, Esq., a young man of fine talents, and of unusual advantages for the preparation of such a work. His style is eminently graphic and classical, and the book is one which merits attention.——The same publishers will also publish a volume of sketches by Ik. Marvel, the well-known pseudonym of Mr. D. G. Mitchell, whose "Fresh Gleanings," and "Battle Summer," have already made him very favorably known to the literary community.——Prof

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TORREY, of the University of Vermont, has prepared for the press the fourth volume of his translation of NEANDER's Church History, which will be issued soon. It is understood that, at the time of his death, the great German scholar was engaged upon the fifth volume of his history, which is therefore left unfinished.——The Appletons announce a Life of JOHN RANDOLPH, by Hon. A. H. GARLAND, which can not fail to be an attractive and interesting work. They are also to publish the magnificently-illustrated book on the war between the United States and Mexico, upon which GEO. W. KENDALL has been engaged for a year or two. It is to embrace splendid pictorial drawings of all the principal conflicts, taken on the spot, by Carl Nebel, a German artist of distinction, with a description of each battle by Mr. KENDALL. It will be issued in one volume, folio, beautifully colored.

The past month has been distinguished by the annual commencements of the academic year in most of the colleges of the country. At these anniversary occasions, the candidates for honors make public exhibition of their ability; the literary societies attached to the colleges hold their celebrations; and addresses and poems are delivered by literary gentlemen previously invited to perform that duty. The number of colleges in the country, and the fact that the most distinguished scholars in the country are generally selected for the office, gives to these occasions a peculiar and decided interest; and the addresses then and thus pronounced, being published, form no inconsiderable or unworthy portion of the literature of the age. The commencement at Yale College was celebrated at New Haven, on the 15th ult. The recurrence of the third semi-centennial anniversary of the foundation of the college, in 1700, led to additional exercises of great interest, under the supervision of the alumni of the college, of whom over 3000 are still living, and about 1000 of whom were present. President WOOLSEY delivered a very interesting historical discourse, sketching the origin, progress, and results of the institution, and claiming for it a steady and successful effort to meet the requirements of the country and the age. The discourse, when published, will form a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the country. The alumni, at their dinner, which followed the address, listened to some eloquent and interesting speeches from ex-President DAY and Prof. SILLIMAN, touching the history of Yale College; from Prof. FELTON, concerning Harvard; from LEONARD BACON, D.D., in reference to the clergy educated at Yale; from EDWARD BATES, of Missouri, concerning the West and the Union; from Prof. BROWN, of Dartmouth; from DANIEL LORD, of New York, upon the Bench and the Bar; and from Dr. STEVENS, upon the Medical Profession, as connected with Yale College; and from other gentlemen of distinction and ability, upon various topics. JOHN W. ANDREWS, Esq., of Columbus, O., delivered the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society; his subject was the Progress of of the World during the last half century. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, of Cambridge, delivered the poem, which was one of his most admirable productions—a blending of the most exquisite descriptive and sentimental poetry with the finest humor, the keenest wit, and the most effective sarcasm. PIERPONT, the well-known poet, also read an admirable satirical and humorous poem at the dinner. The number of graduates at Yale this year was seventy-eight. ——The commencement of the University of Vermont occurred on the 7th. Rev. HENRY WILKES, of Montreal, delivered an address before the Society for Religious Inquiry, upon the Relations of the Age to Theology. H. J. RAYMOND, of New-York, addressed the Associate Alumni on the Duties of American Scholars, with special reference to certain aspects of American Society; and Rev. Mr. WASHBURN, of Newburyport, Mass., delivered an address before the Literary Societies, on the Developments and Influences of the Spiritual Philosophy The number of graduates was fifteen—considerably less than usual.——Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., celebrated its commencement on the 24th of July. Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, of Brooklyn, delivered the address. The number of graduates was eighty.——At Dartmouth, commencement occurred on the 25th of July. Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, of Albany, addressed the alumni on the Perpetuity of Literary Influence; DAVID PAUL BROWN, Esq., of Philadelphia, the Literary Societies, on Character, its Force and Results; and Rev. ALBERT BARNES, of the same city, addressed the Theological Society on the Theology of the Unknown. The number of graduates was forty-six.——On the 24th of July, the regular commencement-day, Hon. THEO. FRELINGHUYSEN was inaugurated as President of Rutgers College, N. J. His address was one of great ability and eloquence, enforcing the importance of academic education to the age and the country. The number of graduates was twenty-four.——Amherst College celebrated its commencement on the 8th The number of graduates was twenty-four Rev. Dr. Cox addressed the Society of Inquiry on the importance of having history studied as a science in our colleges. A. B. STREET, Esq., of Albany, delivered a poem, and Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE, of Boston, an admirable and eloquent oration on the characteristics and tendencies of American genius. He repeated the oration at the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn.; where a brilliant oration by Prof. D. D. WHEDON, and a poem by Mr. W. H. C. HOSMER, were delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. An able and learned address was delivered before the Alumni by Rev. J. CUMMINGS. The number of graduates was nineteen. ——Some important changes are to be made in the organization of Brown University, in accordance with the principles and views recently set forth by President WAYLAND, in a published pamphlet. Greater prominence is to be given

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to the study of the natural sciences as applied to the arts of practical life, and the study of the ancient languages is to be made optional with students. The sum of $108,000 has been raised by subscriptions in aid of the institution. Rev. ASAHEL KENDRICK, of Madison University, has been elected Professor of Greek; WILLIAM A. NORTON, of Delaware College, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Civil Engineering; and JOHN A. PORTER, of the Lawrence Scientific School, Professor of Chemistry applied to the Arts.——Rev. Dr. Tefft, of Cincinnati, has been elected President of the Genesee College just established at Lima, N. Y. The sum of $100,000 has been raised for its support.

From CALIFORNIA our intelligence is to the 15th of July, received by the Philadelphia steamer, which brought gold to the value of over a million of dollars. The accounts from the gold mines are unusually good. The high water at most of the old mines prevented active operations; but many new deposits had been discovered, especially upon the head waters of Feather river, and between that and Sacramento river. Gold has also been discovered at the upper end of Carson river valley, near and at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada. A lump of quartz mixed with gold, weighing thirty pounds, and containing twenty-three pounds of pure gold, has been found between the North and Middle Forks of the Yuba river. At Nevada and the Gold Run, where the deposits were supposed to have been exhausted, further explorations have shown it in very great abundance, at a depth, sometimes, of forty feet below the surface. The hills and ravines in the neighborhood are said to be be very rich in gold.—— A very alarming state of things exists in the southern mines, owing, in a great degree, to the disaffection created by the tax levied upon foreign miners. Murders and other crimes of the most outrageous character are of constant occurrence, and in the immediate vicinity of Sonora, it is stated that more than twenty murders had been committed within a fortnight. Guerrilla parties, composed mainly of Mexican robbers, were in the mountains, creating great alarm, and rendering life and property in their vicinity wholly insecure. Fresh Indian troubles had also broken out on the Tuolumne: three Americans had been shot.——The Odd Fellows have erected a grand edifice at San Francisco for the accommodation of their order.——The Fourth of July was celebrated with great enthusiasm throughout California.——It is stated that a line of steamers is to be run from San Francisco direct to Canton. Whether the enterprise be undertaken at once or not, it can not, in the natural course of events, be delayed many years. The settlement of California will lead, directly or indirectly, to a constant commercial intercourse with China, and will exert a more decided influence upon the trade and civilization of eastern Asia, than any other event of the present century. California can not long continue dependent upon the Atlantic coast, still less upon the countries of Europe, for the teas, silks, spices, &c., which her population will require. She is ten thousand miles nearer to their native soil than either England, France, or the United States, and will, of course, procure them for herself rather than through their agency.

From OREGON we have intelligence to the first of July. Governor LANE has resigned his post as governor of the territory, and was about starting on a gold-hunting expedition. It is said that one of the richest gold mines on the Pacific coast has been discovered in the Spokan country, some 400 miles above Astoria, on the Columbia river. Parties were on their way to examine it. Extensive discoveries of gold, we may say here, are reported to have been made in Venezuela, on a branch of the river Orinoco. The papers of that country are full of exultation over this discovery, from which they anticipate means to pay the English debt within a single year.

From MEXICO our dates are to the 16th of July. The ravages of the Indians in the Northern districts still continue. In Chihuahua they have become so extensive that a body of three hundred men was to be sent to suppress them. The State of Durango has also been almost overrun by them. In Sonora several severe conflicts have taken place in which the troops were victorious. The cholera has almost ceased.

In ENGLAND, no event has excited more interest than the claim of his seat in the House of Commons by Baron ROTHSCHILD. At his request, a meeting of the electors of the city of London was held July 25th, to confer on the course proper to be pursued. The meeting concluded by resolving that Baron R. ought to claim his seat, which he accordingly did on the 26th of July. He asked to be sworn on the Old Testament, against which Sir Robert Inglis protested. The question was debated for several days, and was finally postponed until the next session.——The proceedings of PARLIAMENT. during the month, have not been of special interest. The House of Commons passed the resolutions approving of the foreign policy of the ministry, and especially its conduct in regard to the claims on the government of Greece, by a vote of ayes 310, nays 264, showing a ministerial majority of 46. The selection of a site for the great Industrial Exhibition of next year has elicited a good deal of discussion. Hyde Park has been fixed upon as the site against the very earnest remonstrances of many who live in its vicinity; and the building committee have accepted an offer made by Mr. Paxton, to erect a building chiefly of iron and glass. It is to be of wood-work to the height of eighteen feet, and arrangements have been made to provide complete ventilation, and to secure a moderate temperature. It is to be made in Birmingham, and the entire cost is stated at about

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a million of dollars. There will be on the ground-floor alone seven miles of tables. There will be 1,200,000 square feet of glass, 24 miles of one description of gutter, and 218 miles of "sash-bar;" and in the construction 4500 tons of iron will be expended. The wooden floor will be arranged with "divisions," so as to allow the dust to fall through.——An attempt was made to secure a vote in the House of Commons in favor of repealing the malt-tax, on the ground that it pressed too heavily upon the agricultural interest; but it failed, 247 voting against it and 123 in its favor.——An effort was made to extend still further the principles of the reform bill, by making the franchise of counties in England and Wales the same as it is in boroughs, giving the right of voting to all occupiers of tenements of the annual value of £10. The motion was warmly advocated by several members, but opposed by Lord John Russel, partly on the ground that it was brought forward at a wrong time, and partly because he thought the changes contemplated inconsistent with the maintenance of the monarchy, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, which were fundamental parts of the British Constitution. The motion was lost by 159 to 100.——A motion to inquire into the working of the existing regulation concerning Sunday labor in the Post-offices was carried 195 to 112.——A motion made by Lord John Russell to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of Sir Robert Peel was carried by acclamation. ——The sum of £12,000 per annum was voted to the present Duke of Cambridge, and £3000 to the Princess Mary of Cambridge—being grandchildren of the late King George III. —not without strenuous opposition from members, who thought the sums unnecessarily large.

A petition was recently presented in the House of Lords, purporting to be signed by 18,000 rate payers, against the bill for the Liverpool Corporation Water-works. In consequence of suspicions that were entertained, the document was referred to a select committee and it was found on investigation that many of the names had been affixed by clerks, and the paper then wet to make it appear that it had been carried round from place to place in the rain. Evidence was taken showing that this had been a very common practice of agents employed by the parties interested to get up signatures to petitions. The Committee in the House of Lords had expressed themselves very strongly as to the necessity of some law for preventing such abuses in future. ——The criminal tables for the year 1849 have been laid before Parliament. Of the persons committed for trial during the year, 6786 were acquitted, and 21,001 convicted. Of these convicted one in 318 was sentenced to death, and one in 8 to transportation. There has been no execution since 1841 except for murder: of 19 persons convicted during the past year of this offense 15 were executed, *five* of whom were females.——The Royal Agricultural Society held its annual meeting July 18th at Exeter. Mr. Lawrence the American Minister at London, and Mr. Rives the Minister at Paris were both present and made eloquent speeches, upon the agricultural state of England.——The boiler of the steamer Red Rover at Bristol exploded July 22d, killing six persons and severely injuring many others.——An explosion took place in the coal-pits belonging to Mr. Sneden, near Airdrie on the 23d, by which *nineteen* persons were instantly killed. Only one man in the mine escaped; he saved his life by throwing himself upon the ground the moment he heard the explosion. The men were not provided with Davy safety-lamps.——At a meeting of the Royal Humane Society a new invention of Lieutenant Halkett, of the Navy, was introduced. It is a boat-cloak which may be worn, like a common cloak on the shoulders, and may be inflated in three or four minutes by a bellows and will then sustain six or eight persons—forming a kind of boat which it is almost impossible to overturn. A trial was to be made of its efficacy. ——Sir Thomas Wilde has been made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Truro of Bowes, in the County of Middlesex.——Sir Robert Peel, Bart., has been returned to Parliament for the borough of Tamworth made vacant by the death of his father. It is stated that Sir Robert's last injunction was that his children should not receive titles or pensions for any supposed services their father might have rendered. This is in keeping with the severe simplicity of his character and negatives conclusively the representations of those who have charged his advocacy of measures designed to aid the poor, to interested motives of selfish or family ambition. A subscription has been set on foot for a testimonial to his memory to be called "the Working-man's Monument."

The foreign Literary Intelligence of the month is unusually meagre. The only work of great interest that has been published is Wordsworth's posthumous Poem, *The Prelude*, of which a somewhat extended notice will be found on a preceding page. It has already been republished in this country, where it will find a wide circle of sympathizing readers. The Household Narrative, in summing up the literary news, says that another note-worthy poem of the month, also a posthumous publication though written some years ago, is a dramatic piece attributed to Mr. Beddoes, and partaking largely of his well-known eccentricity and genius, called *Death's Jest-Book or the Fool's Tragedy*. A republication of Mr. Cottle's twenty-four books of *Alfred*, though the old pleasant butt and "jest-book" of his ancient friend Charles Lamb, is said hardly to deserve even so many words of mention. Nor is there much novelty in *A Selection from the Poems and Dramatic Works of Theodore Korner*, though the translation is a new one, and by the clever translator of the *Nibelungen*. To this brief catalogue of works of fancy is added the mention of two somewhat clever tales in one volume, with the title of *Hearts in Mortmain*

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and *Cornelia*, intended to illustrate the working of particular phases of mental emotion; and another by Mrs. Trollope, called *Petticoat Government*.——In the department of history there is nothing more important than a somewhat small volume with the very large title of the *Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V. and his Embassadors at the Courts of England and France*; which turns out to be a limited selection from letters existing in the archives at Vienna, but not uninteresting to English readers, from the fact of their incidental illustrations of the history of Henry VIII., and the close of Wolsey's career. Two books of less pretension have contributed new facts to the history of the late civil war in Hungary; the first from the Austrian point of view by an *Eye-witness*, and the second from the Hungarian by *Max Schlesinger*. Mr. Baillie Cochrane has also contributed his mite to the elucidation of recent revolutions in a volume called *Young Italy*, which is chiefly remarkable for its praise of Lord Brougham, its defense of the Pope, its exaggerated scene-painting of the murder of Rossi, its abuse of the Roman Republic, and its devotion of half a line to the mention of Mazzini.

Better worthy of brief record are the few miscellaneous publications, which comprise an excellent new translation of *Rochefoucauld's Maxims*, with a better account of the author, and more intelligent notes, than exist in any previous edition; most curious and interesting *Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, which Mr. Rundell of the East India House has issued under the superintendence of the Hakluyt Society, and which illustrate English relations with those Japanese; an intelligent and striking summary of the *Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lynne*, written by Mr. Roach Smith and illustrated by Mr. Fairholt, which exhibits the results of recent discoveries of many remarkable Roman antiquities in Kent; and a brief, unassuming narrative of the Hudson's Bay Company's *Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in* 1846 *and* 1847, by the commander of the expedition, Mr. John Rae.

Ballooning in France and England seems to have become a temporary mania. The ascent of Messrs. Barral and Bixio, of which a detailed and very interesting account will be found in a preceding page, has encouraged imitators in various styles. One M. Poitevin made an ascent in Paris seated on a horse, which was attached to the balloon in place of the car. The London *Athenæum* invokes the aid of the police to prevent such needless cruelty to animals, and to exercise proper supervision over the madmen who undertake such fool-hardy feats.——A plaster mask said to have been taken from the face of Shakspeare, and bearing the date 1616 on its back, has been brought to London from Mayence, which is said to have been procured from an ecclesiastical personage of high rank at Cologne. It excites considerable attention among virtuosos.——The English, undeterred by the indignation which has been poured out upon Lord Elgin by Byron and others for rifling Athens of its antiquities for display at home, are practicing the same desecration in regard to the treasures discovered in Nineveh by Mr. Layard. It is announced that the Great Bull and upwards of 100 tons of sculpture excavated by him, may be expected in England in September for the British Museum. The French Government are also making extensive collections of Assyrian works of art.——Among those who perished by the loss of the British steamer *Orion* was Dr. John Burns, Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, and a man of considerable eminence in his profession. He was the author of several works upon various medical subjects and had also written upon literary and theological topics. Dr. Gray, Professor of Oriental languages in the same university has also deceased within the month.——A new filtering apparatus, intended to render sea-water drinkable, has recently been brought to the notice of the Paris Academy.——A letter in the London *Athenæum* from the Nile complains bitterly of the constant devastation of the remains of ancient temples, &c., caused by the rapacious economy of the government. The writer states that immense sculptured and painted blocks have been taken from the temple of Karnac, for the construction of a sugar factory; a fine ancient tomb has also entirely disappeared under this process. Very earnest complaints are also made of the Prussian traveler Dr. Lepsius, for carrying away relics of antiquity, and for destroying others. The writer urges that if this process is continued Egypt will lose far more by the cessation of English travel than she can gain in the value of material used.——Rev. W. Kirby, distinguished as one of the first entomologists of the age, died at his residence in Suffolk, July 4th, at the advanced age of 91. He has left behind him several works of great ability and reputation on his favorite science.——It is stated that the late Sir Robert Peel left his papers to Lord Mahon and Mr. Edward Cardwell M.P.——Among the deaths of the month we find that of an amiable man and accomplished writer, Mr. B. Simmons, whose name will be recollected as that of a frequent contributor of lyrical poems of a high order to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and to several of the Annuals. Mr. Simmons, who held a situation in the Excise office, died July 19th.——Guizot, the eminent historian, on the marriage of his two daughters recently to descendants of the illustrious Hollander De Witt, was unable to give them any thing as marriage portions. Notwithstanding the eminent positions he has filled for so much of his life—positions which most men would have made the means of acquiring enormous wealth, Guizot is still poor. This fact alone furnishes at once evidence and illustration of his sterling integrity.——A new History of Spain, by St. Hilaire, is in course of publication in Paris. He has been engaged upon it for a number of years, and it is said to be a work of great ability and learning.——

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LEVERRIER, the French astronomer, has published a strong appeal in favor of throwing the electric telegraph open to the public in France, as it has been in the United States. At present it is guarded by the government as a close monopoly. His paper contains a good deal of interesting matter in regard to this greatest of modern inventions.——MEINHOLD, the author of the "Amber Witch," has lately been fined and imprisoned for slandering a brother clergyman. This is the second instance in which he has been convicted of this offense.——M. GUIZOT has addressed a long letter to each of the five classes of the Institute of France, to declare that he can not accept the candidateship offered him for a seat in the Superior Council of Public Instruction.——Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is to be a candidate for the House of Commons, with Colonel Sibthorpe, for Lincoln. He has a new play forthcoming for the Princess's Theater. ——Miss STRICKLAND has in preparation a series of volumes on the Queens of Scotland, as a companion to her interesting and successful work on the Queens of England.——Sir FRANCIS KNOWLES has recently taken out a patent for producing iron in an improved form. In blast-furnaces, as at present constructed, the ore, the flux, and combustibles, are mixed together; and the liberated gases of the fuel injure the quality of the iron, and cause great waste, in the shape of slag. By the new process the ore is to be kept separate from the sulphureous fuel in a compartment contrived for the purpose, in the centre of the furnace, where it will be in contact with peat only; and in this way the waste will be avoided, and a quality of metal will be produced fully equal to the best Swedish. The invention is likely to be one of considerable importance.——Professor JOHNSTON, the distinguished English agriculturist, who visited this country last year, and lectured in several of the principal cities, at a late farmers' meeting in Berwickshire, gave a general account of the state of agriculture in America, as it fell under his personal observation. He represented it in the Northern States as about what it was in Scotland eighty or ninety years ago. The land in all New England he said had been exhausted by bad farming, and even in the Western States the tendency of things was to the same result. He thought it would not be long before America would be utterly unable to export wheat to England in any large quantity.

Affairs in FRANCE are still unsettled. The Government goes steadily forward in the enactment of laws restraining the Press, forbidding free discussion among the people, diminishing popular rights and preparing the way, by all the means in their power, for another revolution. The most explicit provisions of the Constitution have been set aside and the government of the Republic is really more despotic than was that of Louis Philippe at any time during his reign. A warm debate occurred in the Assembly on the bill for restricting the liberty of the press. It commenced on the 8th of July and gave occasion to a violent scene. M. Rouher, the Minister of Justice, spoke of the Revolution of February as a "disastrous catastrophe," which elicited loud demands from the opposition that he should be called to order. The President refused to call him to order and M. Girardin threatened to resign saying, that he would not sit in an assembly where such language was permitted. He did not resign, however, but his friends contented themselves with handing in a protest the next day which the President refused to receive. The debate then proceeded and an amendment was passed, 313 to 281, declaring that all leading articles in journals should be signed by the writers. On the 15th an amendment was adopted that papers publishing a *feuilleton* should pay an additional tax of one centime beyond the ordinary stamp duty. On the 16th the bill was finally passed by a vote of 390 to 265.

From PORTUGAL we learn that Mr. CLAY, having failed to secure from the Portuguese government a compliance with the demands he was instructed to make, asked for his passports and withdrew. The difficulty engages the attention of the Portuguese Minister at Washington, and the Department of State, and it is supposed that it will be amicably settled. No details of the negotiations in progress have been made public, but it is understood that no doubt exists as to the result.

In GERMANY the event of the month which excites most interest in this country, is the death of NEANDER. Our preceding pages contain a notice of his life, writings, and character, which renders any further mention here unnecessary.——At Berlin the Academy of Sciences has been holding a sitting, according to its statutes, in honor of the memory of Leibnitz. In the course of the oration delivered on the occasion it was stated that, the 4th of August next being the 50th anniversary of the admission of Alexander von Humboldt as a member of the Academy, it has been resolved, in celebration of the event, to place a marble bust of the "Nestor of Science" in the lecture-room of the Society.

From SPAIN there is nothing of importance. The Queen, Isabella, gave birth to an heir, on the 13th of July, but it lived scarcely an hour, so that the Duchess of Montpensier is still heir presumptive to the throne. The Count of Montemolin has married a sister of the king of Naples, and the Spanish minister, taking offense, has left that court.

From DENMARK there is intelligence of new hostilities. The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, which was supposed to have been settled, has broken out afresh. The negotiations which had been in progress between the five great powers, were broken off by Prussia, she declaring that neither Austria nor Prussia could ever

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assent to considering the provinces in question as parts of the Danish monarchy. The failure to agree upon satisfactory terms, led both parties to prepare for renewed hostilities, and a severe engagement took place on the 25th of July, between the Danes and the Holsteiners, in which the latter were defeated. The field of action was Idstedt, a small village on the Flensburg road. The Danish army amounted to about 45,000 men, commanded by General Von Krogh; the army of the Holsteiners to 28,000 only, commanded at the centre by General Willisen, a Prussian volunteer; at the right by Colonel Von der Horst, also a Prussian, and at the left by Colonel Von der Taun, a Bavarian officer, of chivalrous courage and great impetuosity. The battle commenced at three o'clock in the morning with an attack of the Danes on both wings of the enemy. They were very warmly received, and after the battle had lasted two or three hours, they made an assault upon the centre, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery at the same time. They were so strongly repulsed, however, that they were compelled to retreat. An attack of their whole force, concentrated upon the centre and right wing of the Holsteiners was more successful, and by bringing up a reserve, after ten or twelve hours hard fighting, they compelled the Holstein centre to give way, and by two o'clock the army was in full retreat, but in good order. The Danes appear to have been either too fatigued or too indolent to follow up their advantage. The members of the Holstein government, who were in Schleswig, fled immediately to Kiel, on hearing the battle was lost; all the officials also left the town; the post-office was shut, the doors locked, and all business suspended. The battle was more sanguinary than that fought under the walls of Frederica on the 6th of July last year. The loss on both sides has been estimated at about 7000 men in killed, wounded, and missing—of which the Holstein party say the greater share has fallen upon the Danes. Another engagement is said to have taken place on the 1st of August near Mohede, in which the Danes were defeated, with but slight loss on either side. The interference of the great powers is anticipated.

From India and the East there is little news of interest. A terrible accident occurred at Benares on the 1st of May. A fleet of thirty boats, containing ordnance stores, was destroyed by the explosion of 3000 barrels of gunpowder with which they were freighted. Four hundred and twenty persons were killed on the spot, about 800 more were wounded, and a number of houses were leveled with the ground. The cause of the disaster remained unexplained, as not a human being was left alive who could tell the tale.——The city of Canton has been visited with a severe fever which has been very destructive, though it had spared the European factories.——The great Oriental diamond, seized by the British as part of the spoils of the Sikh war, was presented to the Queen on the 3d of July, having arrived from India a few days before. It was discovered in the mines of Golconda three hundred years ago, and first belonged to the Mogul emperor, the father of the great Aurungzebee. Its shape and size are like those of the pointed end of a hen's egg; and its value is estimated at two millions of pounds sterling. ——News has been received of an insurrection against the Dutch government in the district of Bantam. The insurgents attacked the town of Anjear, in the Straits of Sunda, but, after burning the houses, were driven back to their fastnesses by the military.

LITERARY NOTICES.

In Memoriam. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 12mo. pp. 216.

The impressive beauty of these touching lyrics proceeds, in a great degree, from the "sad sincerity" which so evidently inspired their composition. In memory of a youthful friend, who was distinguished for his rare early promise, his ripe and manifold accomplishments, and a strange, magnetic affinity with the genius of the author, these exquisite poems are the gushing expression of a heart touched and softened, but not enervated by deep sorrow. The poet takes a pensive delight in gathering up every memorial of the brother of his affections; his fancy teems with all sweet and beautiful images to show the tenderness of his grief; every object in external nature recalls the lost treasure; until, after reveling in the luxury of woe, he regains a serene tranquillity, with the lapse of many years. With the exquisite pathos that pervades this volume, there is no indulgence in weak and morbid sentiment. It is free from the preternatural gloom which so often makes elegiac poetry an abomination to every healthy intellect. The tearful bard does not allow himself to be drowned in sorrow, but draws from its pure and bitter fountains the sources of noble inspiration and earnest resolve. No one can read these natural records of a spirit, wounded but not crushed, without fresh admiration of the rich poetical resources, the firm, masculine intellect, and the unbounded wealth of feeling, which have placed Tennyson in such a lofty position among the living poets of England.

Harper and Brothers have recently published *The History of Darius*, by Jacob Abbott, *The English Language in its Elements and Forms*, by William C. Fowler, *Julia Howard*, a Romance, by Mrs. Martin Bell, *Five Years of a*

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Hunter's Life in the Interior of South Africa, by R. G. CUMMING, *Health, Disease, and Remedy*, by GEORGE MOORE, and *Latter Day Pamphlets*, No. viii., by THOMAS CARLYLE.

The History of Darius is one of Mr. ABBOTT's popular historical series, written in the style of easy and graceful idiomatic English (though not always free from inaccuracies), which give a pleasant flavor to all the productions of the author. In a neat preface, with which the volume is introduced, Mr. Abbott explains the reasons for the mildness and reserve with which he speaks of the errors, and often the crimes of the persons whose history he describes. He justifies this course, both on the ground of its intrinsic propriety, and of the authority of Scripture, which, as he justly observes, relates the narratives of crime "in a calm, simple, impartial, and forbearing spirit, which leads us to condemn the sins, but not to feel a pharisaical resentment and wrath against the sinner." The present volume sets forth the leading facts in the life of Darius the Great with remarkable clearness and condensation, and can scarcely be too highly commended, both for the use of juvenile readers, and of those who wish to become acquainted with the subject, but who have not the leisure to pursue a more extended course of historical study.

Professor FOWLER's work on the English Language is a profound treatise on the Philosophy of Grammar, the fruit of laborious and patient research for many years, and an addition of unmistakable value to our abundant philological treasures. It treats of the English Language in its elements and forms, giving a copious history of its origin and development, and ascending to the original principles on which its construction is founded. The work is divided into eight parts, each of which presents a different aspect of the subject, yet all of them, in their mutual correlation, and logical dependence, are intended to form a complete and symmetrical system. We are acquainted with no work on this subject which is better adapted for a text-book in collegiate instruction, for which purpose it is especially designed by the author. At the same time it will prove an invaluable aid to more advanced students of the niceties of our language, and may even be of service to the most practiced writers, by showing them the raw material, in its primitive state, out of which they cunningly weave together their most finished and beautiful fabrics.

Julia Howard is the reprint of an Irish story of exciting interest, which, by its powerful delineation of passion, its bright daguerreotypes of character, and the wild intensity of its plot, must become a favorite with the lovers of high-wrought fiction.

We have given a taste of CUMMING's *Five Years of a Hunter's Life* in the last number of *The New Monthly Magazine*, from which it will be seen that the writer is a fierce, blood-thirsty Nimrod, whose highest ideal is found in the destruction of wild-beasts, and who relates his adventures with the same eagerness of passion which led him to expatriate himself from the charms of English society in the tangled depths of the African forest. Every page is redolent of gunpowder, and you almost hear the growl of the victim as he falls before the unerring shot of this mighty hunter.

Dr. MOORE's book on *Health, Disease, and Remedy* is a plain, practical, common-sense treatise on hygiene, without confinement in the harness of any of the modern *opathies*. His alert and cheerful spirit will prevent the increase of hypochondria by the perusal of his volume, and his directions are so clear and definite, that they can be easily comprehended even by the most nervous invalid. Its purpose can not be more happily described than in the words of the author. "It is neither a popular compendium of physiology, hand-book of physic, an art of healing made easy, a medical guide-book, a domestic medicine, a digest of odd scraps on digestion, nor a dry reduction of a better book, but rather a running comment on a few prominent truths in medical science, viewed according to the writer's own experience. The object has been to assist the unprofessional reader to form a sober estimate of Physic, and enable him to second the physician's efforts to promote health." Dr. Moore's habits of thought and expression are singularly direct, and he never leaves you at a loss for his meaning.

We can not say so much for CARLYLE, whose eighth number of *Latter-Day Tracts*, on *Jesuitism*, brings that flaming and fantastic series to a close, with little detriment, we presume, to the public.

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published a critique on Carlyle, by ELIZUR WRIGHT, the pungent editor of the Boston Chronotype, entitled *Perforations of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets, by one of the Eighteen Million Bores,"* in which he makes some effective hits, reducing the strongest positions of his opponent to impalpable powder.

The Odd Fellows' Offering for 1851, published by Edward Walker, is the ninth volume of this beautiful annual, and is issued with the earliest of its competitors for public favor. As a representative of the literary character of the Order, it is highly creditable to the Institution. Seven of the eleven illustrations are from original paintings by native artists. The frontispiece, representing the Marriage of Washington, appeals forcibly to the national sentiment, and is an appropriate embellishment for a work dedicated to a large and increasing fraternity, whose principles are in admirable harmony with those of our free institutions.

Haw-Ho-Noo, or, Records of a Tourist, by CHARLES LANMAN, published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., under an inappropriate title, presents many lively and agreeable descriptions of adventures in various journeys in different parts of the United States. The author has a keen sense of the beauties of nature, is always at home in the forest or at the side of the mountain stream, and tells all sorts of stories about trout, salmon, beavers maple-sugar, rat-

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tle-snakes, and barbecues, with a heart-felt unction that is quite contagious. As a writer of simple narrative, his imagination sometimes outstrips his discretion, but every one who reads his book will admit that he is not often surpassed for the fresh and racy character of his anecdotes.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, published by Harper and Brothers, as our readers may judge from the specimens given in a former number of this Magazine, is one of the most charming works that have lately been issued from the English press. Leigh Hunt so easily falls into the egotistic and ridiculous, that it is a matter of wonder how he has escaped from them to so great a degree in the present volumes. His vanity seems to have been essentially softened by the experience of life, the asperities of his nature greatly worn away, and his mind brought under the influence of a kindly and genial humor. With his rare mental agility, his susceptibility to many-sided impressions, and his catholic sympathy with almost every phase of character and intellect, he could not fail to have treasured up a rich store of reminiscences, and his personal connection with the most celebrated literary men of his day, gives them a spirit and flavor, which could not have been obtained by the mere records of his individual biography. The work abounds with piquant anecdotes of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Moore—gives a detailed exposition of Hunt's connection with the Examiner, and his imprisonment for libel—his residence in Italy—his return to England—and his various literary projects—and describes with the most childlike frankness the present state of his opinions and feelings on the manifold questions which have given a direction to his intellectual activity through life. Whatever impressions it may leave as to the character of the author, there can be but one opinion as to the fascination of his easy, sprightly, gossiping style, and the interest which attaches to the literary circles, whose folding-doors he not ungracefully throws open.

The *United States Railroad Guide and Steamboat Journal*, by Holbrook and Company, is one of the best manuals for the use of travelers now issued by the monthly press, containing a great variety of valuable information, in a neat and portable form.

Hints to Young Men on the True Relation of the Sexes, by JOHN WARE, M.D., is a brief treatise, prepared by a distinguished scientific man of Boston, in which an important subject is treated with delicacy, good sense, and an earnest spirit. It is published by Tappan, Whittimore, and Mason, Boston.

Among the publications of the last month by Lippincott, Grambo, and Company, is the *Iris*, an elegant illuminated souvenir, edited by Professor JOHN S. HART, and comprising literary contributions from distinguished American authors, several of whom, we notice, are from the younger class of writers, who have already won a proud and enviable fame by the admirable productions of their pens. In addition to the well-written preface by the Editor, we observe original articles by STODDARD, BOKER, CAROLINE MAY, ALICE CAREY, PHEBE CAREY, Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, MARY SPENSER PEASE, EDITH MAY, ELIZA A. STARR, KATE CAMPBELL, and others, most of which are superior specimens of the lighter form of periodical literature The volume is embellished with exquisite beauty, containing four brilliantly illuminated pages, and eight line engravings, executed in the highest style of London art. We are pleased to welcome so beautiful a work from the spirited and intelligent house by which it is issued, as a promise that it will sustain the well-earned reputation of the old establishment of Grigg, Elliot, and Co., of which it is the successor. The head of that firm, Mr. JOHN GRIGG, we may take this occasion to remark, presents as striking a history as can be furnished by the records of bookselling in this country. Commencing life without the aid of any external facilities, and obtaining the highest eminence in his profession, by a long career of industry, enterprise, and ability, he has retired from active business with an ample fortune, and the universal esteem of a large circle of friends. We trust that his future years may be as happy, as his busy life has been exemplary and prosperous.

George P. Putnam has published *The Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, by WASHINGTON IRVING, forming the fourteenth volume of the beautiful revised edition of Irving's collected works. Since the first publication of this romantic prose-poem, the fictitious dress, in which the inventive fancy of the author had arrayed the story, had been made the subject of somewhat stringent criticism; Fray Antonio Agapida had been found to belong to a Spanish branch of the family of Diedrich Knickerbocker; and doubts were thus cast over the credibility of the whole veracious chronicle. Mr. Irving extricates himself from the dilemma with his usual graceful ingenuity. In a characteristic note to this edition, he explains the circumstances in which the history had its origin, and shows conclusively that whatever dimness may be thrown over the identity of the worthy Fray Antonio, the work itself was constructed from authentic documents, and is faithful in all its essential points to historical fact. While occupied at Madrid in writing the life of Columbus, Mr. Irving was strongly impressed with the rich materials presented by the war of Granada, for a composition which should blend the interest of romance with the fidelity of history. Alive as he always is to picturesque effect, he was struck with the contrast presented by the combatants of Oriental and European creeds, costumes, and banners; with the hairbrained enterprises, chivalric adventures, and wild forays through mountain regions; and with the moss-trooping assaults on cliff-built castles and cragged fortresses, which succeeded each other with dazzling brilliancy and variety. Fortunately in the well-stored libraries of Madrid, he had ac-

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cess to copious and authentic chronicles, often in manuscript, written at the time by eye-witnesses, and in some instances, by persons who had been actually engaged in the scenes described. At a subsequent period, after completing the Life of Columbus, he made an extensive tour in Andalusia, visiting the ruins of the Moorish towns, fortresses, and castles, and the wild mountain passes, which had been the principal theatre of the war, and passing some time in the stately old palace of the Alhambra, the once favorite abode of the Moorish monarchs. With this preparation, he finished the manuscript of which he had already drawn up the general outline, adopting the fiction of a Spanish monk as the chronicler of the history. By this innocent stratagem, Mr. Irving intended to personify in Fray Antonio the monkish zealots who made themselves busy in the campaigns, marring the chivalry of the camp by the bigotry of the cloister, and exulting in every act of intolerance toward the Moors.

This ingenious explanation will give a fresh interest to the present edition. The costume of the garrulous Agapida is still retained, although the narrative is reduced more strictly within historical bounds, and is enriched with new facts that have been recently brought to light by the erudite researches of Alcántara and other diligent explorers of this romantic field. With excellent taste, the publisher has issued this volume in a style of typographical elegance not unworthy the magnificent paragraphs of the golden-mouthed author.

The Life and Times of General John Lamb, by Isaac Q. Leake, published at Albany by J. Munsell, is an important contribution to the history of the Revolution, compiled from original documents, many of which possess great interest.

Progress in the Northwest is the title of the Annual Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Ohio, by the President, William D. Gallagher, and published by H. W. Derby and Co., Cincinnati. It gives a rapid description of the progress of cultivation and improvement in the Northwestern portion of the United States, showing the giant steps which have been taken, especially within the last twenty years, on that broad and fertile domain. The conditions of future advancement are also discussed in the spirit of philosophical analysis, and with occasional touches of genuine eloquence.

Edward Everett's *Oration at the Celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill*, published by Redding and Co., Boston, describes some of the leading incidents in that opening scene of the American Revolution, and is distinguished for the rhetorical felicity, the picturesque beauty of expression, and the patriotic enthusiasm which have given a wide celebrity to the anniversary performances of the author. Its flowing melody of style, combined with the impressive tones and graceful manner of the speaker, enables us to imagine the effect which is said to have been produced by its delivery. The ability exhibited in Mr. Everett's expressive and luminous narrative, if devoted to an elaborate historical composition, would leave him with but few rivals in this department of literature.

Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, by Timothy Walker, published by James Munroe and Co., Boston, is a temperate discussion of the Reform Spirit of the day, abounding in salutary cautions and judicious discriminations. The style of the Oration savors more of the man of affairs than of the practical writer, and its good sense and moderate tone must have commended it to the cultivated audience before which it was delivered.

The Poem on the American Legend, by Bayard Taylor, pronounced on the same occasion, and published by John Bartlett, Cambridge, is a graceful portraiture of the elements of romance and poetry in the traditions of our country, and contains passages of uncommon energy of versification, expressing a high order of moral and patriotic sentiment. His allusion to the special legends of different localities are very felicitous in their tone, and the tribute to the character of the lamented President is a fine instance of the condensation and forcible brevity which Mr. Taylor commands with eminent success.

A useful and seasonable work, entitled *Europe, Past and Present*, by Francis H. Ungewitter, LL.D., has been issued by G. P. Putnam, which will be found to contain a mass of information, carefully arranged and digested, of great service to the student of European Geography and History. The author, who is a native German, has published several extensive geographical works in his own country, which have given him the reputation of a sound and accurate scholar in that department of research. He appears to have made a faithful and discriminating use of the abundant materials at his command, and has produced a work which can not fail to do him credit in his adopted land.

The Architecture of Country Houses, by A. J. Downing, published by D. Appleton and Co., is from the pen of a writer whose former productions entitle him to the rank of a standard authority on the attractive subject of the present volume. Mr. Downing has certainly some uncommon qualifications for the successful accomplishment of his task, which requires no less practical experience and knowledge than a sound and cultivated taste. He is familiar with the best publications of previous authors; his pursuits have led him to a thorough appreciation of the wants and capabilities of country life; he has been trained by the constant influence of rural scenes; and with an eye keenly susceptible to the effect of proportion and form, he brings the refinements of true culture and the suggestions of a vigilant common-sense to the improvement of Rural Architecture, which he wishes to see in harmony with the grand and beautiful scenery of this country. His remarks in the commencement of the volume, with regard to the general significance of architecture are worthy of profound attention. A due ob-

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servance of the principles, which he eloquently sets forth, would rescue the fine localities for which nature has done so much from the monstrosities in wood and brick with which they are so often deformed. His discussion of the materials and modes of construction are of great practical value. With the abundance of designs which he presents, for every style of rural building, and the careful estimates of the expense, no one who proposes to erect a house in the country can fail to derive great advantage from consulting his well-written and interesting pages.

Tallis, Willoughby, & Co. are publishing as serials the *Adventures of Don Quixote*, translated by JARVIS, and the *Complete Works of Shakspeare*, edited by JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL. The Don Quixote is a cheap edition, embellished with wood cuts by Tony Johannot. The Shakspeare is illustrated with steel engravings by Rogers, Heath, Finden, and Walker, from designs by Henry Warren, Edward Corbould, and other English artists who are favorably known to the public. It is intended that this edition shall contain all the writings ascribed to the immortal dramatist, without distinction, including not only the Poems and well-authenticated Plays, but also the Plays of doubtful origin, or of which Shakspeare is supposed to have been only in part the author.

Herrman J. Meyer, a German publisher in this city, is issuing an edition of MEYER'S *Universum*, a splendid pictorial work, which is to appear in monthly parts, each containing four engravings on steel, and twelve of them making an annual volume with forty-eight plates. They consist of the most celebrated views of natural scenery, and of rare works of art, selected from prominent objects of interest in every part of the globe. The first number contains an engraving of Bunker Hill Monument, the *Ecole Nationale* at Paris, Rousseau's Hermitage at Montmorency, and the Royal Palace at Munich, besides a well-executed vignette on the title-page and cover. The letter-press descriptions by the author are retained in the original language, which, in a professed American edition, is an injudicious arrangement, serving to limit the circulation of the work, in a great degree, to Germans, and to those familiar with the German language.

Mrs. CROWE'S *Night Side of Nature*, published by J. S. Redfield, is another contribution to the literature of Ghosts and Ghost-Seers, which, like the furniture and costume of the middle ages, seems to be coming into fashion with many curious amateurs of novelties. The reviving taste for this kind of speculation is a singular feature of the age, showing the prevalence of a dissatisfied and restless skepticism, rather than an enlightened and robust faith in spiritual realities. Mrs. Crowe is a decided, though gentle advocate of the preternatural character of the marvelous phenomena, of which probably every country and age presents a more or less extended record. She has collected a large mass of incidents, which have been supposed to bear upon the subject, many of which were communicated to her on personal authority, and were first brought to the notice of the public in her volume. She has pursued her researches, with incredible industry, into the traditions of various nations, making free use of the copious erudition of the Germans in this department, and arranging the facts or legends she has obtained with a certain degree of historical criticism, that gives a value to her work as an illustration of national beliefs, without reference to its character as a *hortus siccus* of weird and marvelous stories. In point of style, her volume is unexceptionable; its spirit is modest and reverent; it can not be justly accused of superstition, though it betrays a womanly instinct for the supernatural: and without being imbued with any love of dogmas, breathes an unmistakable atmosphere of purity and religious trust. The study of this subject can not be recommended to the weak-minded and timorous, but an omnivorous digestion may find a wholesome exercise of its capacity in Mrs. Crowe's tough revelations.

A volume of Discourses, entitled *Christian Thoughts on Life*, by HENRY GILES, has been published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, consisting of a series of elaborate essays, intended to gather into a compact form some fragments of moral experience, and to give a certain record and order to the author's desultory studies of man's interior life. Among the subjects of which it treats are The Worth of Life, the Continuity of Life, the Discipline of Life, Weariness of Life, and Mystery in Religion and in Life. The views presented by Mr. Giles are evidently the fruit of profound personal reflection; they glow with the vitality of experience; and in their tender and pleading eloquence will doubtless commend themselves to many human sympathies. Mr. Giles has been hitherto most favorably known to the public in this country, as a brilliant rhetorician, and an original and piquant literary critic; in the present volume, he displays a rare mastery of ethical analysis and deduction.

W. Phillips & Co., Cincinnati, have issued an octavo volume of nearly seven hundred pages, composed of *Lectures on the American Eclectic System of Surgery*, by BENJAMIN L. HILL, M.D., with over one hundred illustrative engravings. It is based on the principles of the medical system of which the author is a distinguished practitioner.

The *National Temperance Offering*, edited by S. F. Cary, and published by R. Vandien, is got up in an expensive style, and is intended as a gift-book worthy the patronage of the advocates of the Temperance Reform. In addition to a variety of contributions both in prose and poetry from several able writers, it contains biographical sketches of some distinguished Temperance men, accompanied with their portraits, among whom we notice Rev. Dr. Beecher, Horace Greeley, John H. Hawkins, T. P. Hunt, and others.

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Fashions for Early Autumn.



Fig. 1.—Promenade Dress. Fig. 2.—Costume for a Young Lady.

Fig. 1. A PROMENADE DRESS of a beautiful lavender *taffetas*, the front of the skirt trimmed with folds of the same, confined at regular distances with seven flutes of lavender gauze ribbon, put on the reverse of the folds; a double fluted frilling, rather narrow, encircles the opening of the body, which is made high at the back, and closed in the front with a fluting of ribbon similar to that on the skirt; *demi-long* sleeves, cut up in a kind of wave at the back, so as to show the under full sleeve of spotted white muslin. Chemisette of fulled muslin, confined with bands of needle-work. Scarf of white China *crape*, beautifully embroidered, and finished with a deep, white, silk fringe. Drawn *capote* of pink *crape*, adorned in the interior with half-wreaths of green myrtle.

Fig. 2. Costume for a Young Lady.—A dress of white *barège* trimmed with three deep vandyked flounces put on close to each other; high body, formed of worked inlet, finished with a stand-up row round the throat; the sleeves descend as low as the elbow, where they are finished with two deep frillings, vandyked similar to the flounces. Half-long gloves of straw-colored kid, surmounted with a bracelet of black velvet. Drawn *capote* of white *crape*, adorned with clusters of the *rose de mott* both in the interior and exterior. *Pardessus* of pink *glacé* silk, trimmed with three frillings of the same, edged with a narrow silk fringe, which also forms a heading to the same; over each hip is a trimming *en tablier* formed of the fringe; short sleeves, trimmed with one fulling edged with fringe; these sleeves are of the same piece as the cape, not cut separate; the trimming over the top of the arms being similar to that under, and formed also of fringe; this *pardessus* is perfectly round in its form, and only closes just upon the front of the waist.

Morning Caps which are slightly ornamented, vary more in the way in which they are trimmed, than in the positive form; some being trimmed with *chicorées*, wreaths of gauze ribbon, or knobs of ribbon edged with a festooned open-work encircling a simple round of *tulle*, or what is perhaps prettier, a cluster of lace. A pretty form, differing a little from the monotonous round, is composed of a round forming a star, the points being cut off; these points are brought close together,

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and are encircled with a narrow *bavolet*, the front part being formed so as to descend just below the ears, approaching somewhat to the appearance of the front of a capote. A pretty style of morning cap are those made of India muslin, *à petit papillon*, flat, edged with a choice Mechlin lace, and having three *ricochets* and a bunch of fancy ribbon placed upon each side, from which depend the *brides* or strings. Others are extremely pretty, made of the *appliqué* lace, rich Mechlin, or needlework, and are sometimes ornamented with flowers, giving a lightness to their appearance.



Morning Caps



Fig. 4. Morning Costume. — Dress and pardessus of printed cambric muslin, the pattern consisting of wreaths and bouquets of flowers. Jupon of plain, white cambric muslin, edged with a border of rich open needlework. The sleeves of the pardessus are gathered up in front of the arm. The white under-sleeves, which do not descend to the wrists, are finished by two rows of vandyked needlework. A small needlework collar. Lace cap of the round form, placed very backward on the head, and trimmed with full coques of pink and green ribbon at each ear.

Fig. 4.—Morning Costume.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. V.—OCTOBER, 1850.—Vol. I.



Wm Wordsworth

[From the Eclectic Review.]

WORDSWORTH—HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS.

IN a late article on Southey, we alluded to the solitary position of Wordsworth in that lake country where he once shone the brightest star in a large galaxy. Since then, the star of Jove, so beautiful and large, has gone out in darkness—the greatest laureate of England has expired—the intensest, most unique, and most pure-minded of our poets, with the single exceptions of Milton and Cowper, is departed. And it were lesemajesty against his mighty shade not to pay it our tribute while yet his, memory, and the grass of his grave, are green.

It is singular, that only a few months have elapsed since the great antagonist of his literary fame—Lord Jeffrey (who, we understand, persisted to the last in his ungenerous and unjust estimate), left the bench of human, to appear at the bar of Divine justice. Seldom has the death of a celebrated man produced a more powerful impression in his own city and circle, and a less powerful impression on the wide horizon of the world. In truth, he had outlived himself. It had been very different had he passed away thirty years ago, when the "Edinburgh Review" was in the plenitude of its influence. As it was, he disappeared like a star at midnight, whose descent is almost unnoticed while the whole heavens are white with glory, not like a sun going down, that night may come over the earth. One of the acutest, most accomplished, most warm-hearted, and generous of men, Jeffrey wanted that stamp of univer-

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sality, that highest order of genius, that depth of insight, and that simple directness of purpose, not to speak of that moral and religious consecration, which "give the world assurance of a man." He was the idol of Edinburgh, and the pride of Scotland, because he condensed in himself those qualities which the modern Athens has long been accustomed to covet and admire —taste and talent rather than genius—subtlety of appreciation rather than power of origination—the logical understanding rather than the inventive insight—and because his name *had* sounded out to the ends of the earth. But nature and man, not Edinburgh Castle, or the Grampian Hills merely, might be summoned to mourn in Wordsworth's departure the loss of one of their truest high-priests, who had gazed into some of the deepest secrets of the one, and echoed some of the loftiest aspirations of the other.

To soften such grief, however, there comes in the reflection, that the task of this great poet had been nobly discharged. He *had* given the world assurance, full, and heaped, and running over, of what he meant, and of what was meant by him. While the premature departure of a Schiller, a Byron, or a Keats, gives us emotions similar to those wherewith we would behold the crescent moon, snatched away as by some "insatiate archer," up into the Infinite, ere it grew into its full glory—Wordsworth, like Scott, Goethe, and Southey, was permitted to fill his full and broad sphere.

What Wordsworth's mission was, may be, perhaps, understood through some previous remarks upon his great mistress—Nature, as a poetical personage.

There are three methods of contemplating nature. These are the material, the shadowy, and the mediatorial. The materialist looks upon it as the great and only reality. It is a vast solid fact, for ever burning and rolling around, below and above him. The idealist, on the contrary, regards it as a shadow—a mode of mind—the infinite projection of his own thought. The man who stands *between* the two extremes, looks on nature as a great, but not ultimate or everlasting scheme of mediation, or compromise, between pure and absolute spirit and humanity —adumbrating God to man, and bringing man near to God. To the materialist, there is an altar, star-lighted heaven-high, but no God. To the idealist, there is a God, but no altar. He who holds the theory of mediation, has the Great Spirit as his God, and the universe as the altar on which he presents the gift of his poetical (we do not speak at present so much of his theological) adoration.

It must be obvious, at once, which of those three views of nature is the most poetical. It is surely that which keeps the two principles of spirit and matter distinct and unconfounded—preserves in their proper relations—the soul and the body of things—God within, and without the garment by which, in Goethe's grand thought, "we see him by." While one party deify, and another destroy matter, the third impregnate, without identifying it with the Divine presence.

The notions suggested by this view, which is that of Scripture, are exceedingly comprehensive and magnificent. Nature becomes to the poet's eye "*a great sheet let down from God out of heaven*," and in which there is no object "common or unclean." The purpose and the Being above cast such a grandeur over the pettiest or barest objects, as did the fiery pillar upon the sand, or the shrubs of the howling desert of its march. Every thing becomes valuable when looked upon as a communication from God, imperfect only from the nature of the material used. What otherwise might have been concluded discords, now appear only stammerings or whisperings in the Divine voice; thorns and thistles spring above the primeval curse, the "meanest flower that blows" gives

> "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The creation is neither unduly exalted nor contemptuously trampled under-foot, but maintains its dignified position, as an embassador from the Divine King. The glory of something far beyond association—that of a divine and perpetual presence—is shed over the landscape, and its golden-drops are spilled upon the stars. Objects the most diverse—the cradle of the child, the wet hole of the centipede, the bed of the corpse, and the lair of the earthquake, the nest of the lark, and the crag on which sits, half asleep, the dark vulture, digesting blood—are all clothed in a light the same in kind, though varying in degree—

> "A light which never was on sea or shore."

In the poetry of the Hebrews, accordingly, the locusts are God's "great army;"—the winds are his messengers, the thunder his voice, the lightning a "fiery stream going before him," the moon his witness in the heavens, the sun a strong man rejoicing to run his race—all creation is roused and startled into life through him —its every beautiful, or dire, or strange shape in the earth or the sky, is God's movable tent; the place where, for a season, his honor, his beauty, his strength, and his justice dwell—the tenant not degraded, and inconceivable dignity being added to the abode.

His mere "tent," however—for while the great and the infinite are thus connected with the little and the finite, the subordination of the latter to the former is always maintained. The most magnificent objects in nature are but the mirrors to God's face—the scaffolding to his future purposes; and, like mirrors, are to wax dim; and, like scaffolding, to be removed. The great sheet is to be *received up* again into heaven. The heavens and the earth are to pass away, and to be succeeded, if not by a purely mental economy, yet by one of a more spiritual materialism, compared to which the former shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind. Those frightful and fantastic forms of animated life, through which God's glory seems to shine

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with a struggle, and but faintly, shall disappear —nay, the worlds which bore, and sheltered them in their rugged dens and caves, shall flee from the face of the regenerator. "A milder day" is to dawn on the universe—the refinement of matter is to keep pace with the elevation of mind. Evil and sin are to be eternally banished to some Siberia of space. The word of the poet is to be fulfilled,

> "And one eternal spring encircles all!"

The mediatorial purpose of creation, fully subserved, is to be abandoned, that we may see "eye to eye," and that God may be "all in all."

That such views of matter—its present ministry—the source of its beauty and glory—and its future destiny, transferred from the pages of both Testaments to those of our great moral and religious poets, have deepened some of their profoundest, and swelled some of their highest strains, is unquestionable. Such prospects as were in Milton's eye, when he sung,

> "Thy Saviour and thy Lord
> Last in the clouds from heaven to be revealed,
> In glory of the Father to dissolve
> Satan with his perverted world; then raise
> From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
> New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,"

may be found in Thomson, in his closing Hymn to the Seasons, in Coleridge's "Religious Musings," (in Shelley's "Prometheus" even, but perverted and disguised), in Bailey's "Festus" (cumbered and entangled with his religious theory); and more rootedly, although less theologically, than in all the rest, in the poetry of Wordsworth.

The secret of Wordsworth's profound and peculiar love for Nature, even in her meaner and minuter forms, may lie, perhaps, here. De Quincey seeks for it in a peculiar conformation of the eye, as if he actually did see more in the object than other men—in the rose a richer red, in the sky a deeper azure, in the broom a yellower gold, in the sun a more dazzling ray, in the sea a finer foam, and in the star a more sparkling splendor, than even Nature's own "sweet and cunning" hand put on; but the critic has not sought to explain the rationale of this peculiarity. Mere acuteness of vision it can not have been, else the eagle might have *felt*, though not written, "The Excursion"—else the fact is not accountable why many of weak sight, such as Burke, have been rapturous admirers of Nature; and so, till we learn that Mr. De Quincey has looked through Wordsworth's eyes, we must call this a mere fancy. Hazlitt again, and others since, have accounted for the phenomenon by association—but this fails, we suspect, fully to explain the deep, native, and brooding passion in question—a passion which, instead of being swelled by the associations of after life, rose to full stature in youth, as "Tintern Abbey" testifies. One word of his own, perhaps, better solves the mystery—it is the one word "consecration"—

> "The *consecration* and the poet's dream."

His eye had been anointed with eye-salve, and he saw, as his poet-predecessors had done, the temple in which he was standing, heard in every breeze and ocean billow the sound of a temple-service, and felt that the grandeur of the ritual and of its recipient, threw the shadow of their greatness upon every stone in the corners of the edifice, and upon every eft crawling along its floors. Reversing the miracle, he saw "trees as men walking"—heard the speechless sing, and, in the beautiful thought of "the Roman," caught on his ear the fragments of a "divine soliloquy," filling up the pauses in a universal anthem. Hence the tumultuous, yet awful joy of his youthful feelings to Nature. Hence his estimation of its lowliest features; for does not every bush and tree appear to him a "pillar in the temple of his God?" The leaping fish pleases him, because its "cheer" in the lonely tarn is of praise. The dropping of the earth on the coffin lid, is a slow and solemn psalm, mingling in austere sympathy with the raven's croak, and in his "Power of sound" he proceeds elaborately to condense all those varied voices, high or low, soft or harsh, united or discordant, into one crushing chorus, like the choruses of Haydn, or of heaven. Nature undergoes no outward change to his *eye*, but undergoes a far deeper transfiguration to his spirit—as she stands up in the white robes, and with the sounding psalmodies of her mediatorial office, between him and the Infinite I AM.

Never must this feeling be confounded with Pantheism. All does not seem to him to be God, nor even (strictly speaking) divine; but all seems to be immediately *from* God—rushing out from him in being, to rush instantly back to him in service and praise. Again the natal dew of the first morning is seen lying on bud and blade, and the low voice of the first evening's song becomes audible again. Although Coleridge in his youth was a Spinozist, Wordsworth seems at once, and forever, to have recoiled from even his friend's eloquent version of that creedless creed, that baseless foundation, that system, through the *phenomenon* of which look not the bright eyes of Supreme Intelligence, but the blind face of irresponsible and infinite necessity. Shelley himself—with all the power his critics attribute to him of painting night, animating Atheism, and giving strange loveliness to annihilation—has failed in redeeming Spinoza's theory from the reproach of being as hateful as it is false; and there is no axiom we hold more strongly than this—that the theory which can not be rendered poetical, can not be true. "Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty," said poor Keats, to whom time, however, was not granted to come down from the first glowing generalization of his heart, to the particular creeds which his ripened intellect would have, according to *it*, rejected or received.

Nor, although Wordsworth is a devoted lover of Nature, down to what many consider the very blots—or, at least, dashes and commas in her page, is he blind to the fact of her transient

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character. The power he worships has his "dwelling in the light of setting suns," but that dwelling is not his everlasting abode. For earth, and the universe, a "*milder day*" (words certifying their truth by their simple beauty) is in store when "the monuments" of human weakness, folly, and evil, shall "all be overgrown." He sees afar off the great spectacle of Nature retiring before God; the embassador giving place to the King; the bright toys of this nursery—sun, moon, earth, and stars—put away, like childish things; the symbols of the Infinite lost in the Infinite itself; and though he could, on the Saturday evening, bow before the midnight mountains, and midnight heavens, he could also, on the Sabbath morn, in Rydal church, bow as profoundly before the apostolic word, "All these things shall be dissolved."

With Wordsworth, as with all great poets, his poetical creed passes into his religious. It is the same tune with variations. But we confess that, in his case, we do not think the variations equal. The mediation of Nature he understands, and has beautifully represented in his poetry; but that higher mediation of the Divine Man between man and the Father, does not lie fully or conspicuously on his page. A believer in the mystery of godliness he unquestionably was; but he seldom preached it. Christopher North, many years ago, in "Blackwood," doubted if there were so much as a Bible in poor Margaret's cottage (Excursion). We doubt so, too, and have not found much of the "true cross" among all his trees. The theologians divide prayer into four parts—adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and petition. Wordsworth stops at the second. No where do we find more solemn, sustained, habitual, and worthy adoration, than in his writings. The tone, too, of all his poems, is a calm thanksgiving, like that of a long blue, cloudless sky, coloring, at evening, into the hues of more fiery praise. But he does not weep like a penitent, nor supplicate like a child. Such feelings seem suppressed and folded up as far-off storms, and the traces of past tempests are succinctly inclosed in the algebra of the silent evening air. And hence, like Milton's, his poetry has rather tended to foster the glow of devotion in the loftier spirits of the race—previously taught to adore—than like that of Cowper and Montgomery, to send prodigals back to their forsaken homes; Davids, to cry, "Against thee only have I sinned;" and Peters, to shriek in agony, "Lord, save us, we perish."

To pass from the essential poetic element in a writer of genius, to his artistic skill, is a felt, yet necessary descent—like the painter compelled, after sketching the man's countenance, to draw his dress. And yet, as of some men and women, the very dress, by its simplicity, elegance, and unity, seems fitted rather to garb the soul than the body—seems the soul made visible—so is it with the style and manner of many great poets. Their speech and music without are as inevitable as their genius, or as the song forever sounding within their souls. And why? The whole ever tends to beget a whole—the large substance to cast its deep, yet delicate shadow—the divine to be like itself in the human, on which its seal is set. So it is with Wordsworth. That profound simplicity—that clear obscurity—that night-like noon—that noon-like night—that one atmosphere of overhanging Deity, seen weighing upon ocean and pool, mountain and mole-hill, forest and flower—that pellucid depth—that entireness of purpose and fullness of power, connected with fragmentary, willful, or even weak execution—that humble, yet proud, precipitation of himself, Antæus-like, upon the bosom of simple scenes and simple sentiments, to regain primeval vigor—that obscure, yet lofty isolation, like a tarn, little in size, but elevated in site, with few visitors, but with many stars—that Tory-Radicalism, Popish-Protestantism, philosophical Christianity, which have rendered him a glorious riddle, and made Shelley, in despair of finding it out, exclaim,

> "No Deist, and no Christian be,
> No Whig, no Tory.
> He got so subtle, that to be
> *Nothing* was all his glory,"—

all such apparent contradictions, but real unities, in his poetical and moral creed and character, are fully expressed in his lowly but aspiring language, and the simple, elaborate architecture of his verse—every stone of which is lifted up by the strain of strong logic, and yet laid to music; and, above all, in the choice of his subjects, which range, with a free and easy motion, up from a garden spade and a village drum, to the "celestial visages" which darkened at the tidings of man's fall, and to the "organ of eternity," which sung pæans over his recovery.

We sum up what we have further to say of Wordsworth, under the items of his works, his life and character, his death; and shall close by inquiring, Who is worthy to be his successor?

His works, covering a large space, and abounding in every variety of excellence and style, assume, after all, a fragmentary aspect. They are true, simple, scattered, and strong, as blocks torn from the crags of Helvellyn, and lying there "low, but mighty still." Few even of his ballads are wholes. They leave too much untold. They are far too suggestive to satisfy. From each poem, however rounded, there streams off a long train of thought: like the tail of a comet, which, while testifying its power, mars its aspect of oneness. The "Excursion," avowedly a fragment, seems the splinter of a larger splinter; like a piece of Pallas, itself a piece of some split planet. Of all his poems, perhaps, his sonnets, his "Laodamia," his "Intimations of Immortality," and his verses on the "Eclipse in Italy," are the most complete in execution, as certainly they are the most classical in design. Dramatic power he has none, nor does he regret the want. "I hate," he was wont to say to Hazlitt, "those interlocutions between Caius and Lucius." He

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sees, as "from a tower, the end of all." The waving lights and shadows, the varied loopholes of view, the shiftings and fluctuations of feeling, the growing, broadening interest of the drama, have no charm for him. His mind, from its gigantic size, contracts a gigantic stiffness. It "moveth altogether, if it move at all." Hence, some of his smaller poems remind you of the dancing of an elephant, or of the "hills leaping like lambs." Many of the little poems which he wrote upon a system, are exceedingly tame and feeble. Yet often, even in his narrow bleak vales, we find one "meek streamlet—only one" —beautifying the desolation; and feel how painful it is for him to become poor, and that, when he sinks, it is with "compulsion and la-



WORDSWORTH'S HOME AT RYDAL MOUNT.

borious flight." But, having subtracted such faults, how much remains—of truth—of tenderness—of sober, eve-like grandeur—of purged beauties, white and clean as the lilies of Eden —of calm, deep reflection, contained in lines and sentences which have become proverbs—of mild enthusiasm—of minute knowledge of nature—of strong, yet unostentatious sympathy with man—and of devout and breathless communion with the Great Author of all! Apart altogether from their intellectual pretensions, Wordsworth's poems possess a moral clearness, beauty, transparency, and harmony, which connect them immediately with those of Milton; and beside the more popular poetry of the past age—such as Byron's, and Moore's—they remind us of that unplanted garden, where the shadow of God united all trees of fruitfulness, and all flowers of beauty, into one; where the "large river," which watered the whole, "ran

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south," toward the sun of heaven—when compared with the gardens of the Hesperides, where a dragon was the presiding deity, or with those of Vauxhall or White Conduit-house, where Comus and his rabble rout celebrate their undisguised orgies of miscalled and miserable pleasure.

To write a great poem demands years—to write a great undying example, demands a lifetime. Such a life, too, becomes a poem—higher far than pen can inscribe, or metre make musical. Such a life it was granted to Wordsworth to live in severe harmony with his verse—as it lowly, and as it aspiring, to live, too, amid opposition, obloquy, and abuse—to live, too, amid the glare of that watchful observation, which has become to public men far more keen and far more capacious in its powers and opportunities, than in Milton's days. It was not, unquestionably, a perfect life, even as a man's, far less as a poet's. He did feel and resent, more than beseemed a great man, the pursuit and persecution of the hounds, whether "gray" and swift-footed, or whether curs of low degree, who dogged his steps. His voice from his woods sounded at times rather like the moan of wounded weakness, than the bellow of masculine wrath. He should, simply, in reply to his opponents, have written on at his poems, and let his prefaces alone. "If they receive your first book ill," wrote Thomas Carlyle to a new author, "write the second better—so much better as to shame them." When will authors learn that to answer an unjust attack, is, merely to give it a keener edge, and that all injustice carries the seed of oblivion and exposure in itself? To use the language of the masculine spirit just quoted, "it is really a truth, one never knows whether praise be really good for one—or whether it be not, in very fact, the worst poison that could be administered. Blame, or even vituperation, I have always found a safer article. In the long run, a man *has*, and *is*, just what he *is* and *has*—the world's notion of him has not altered him at all, except, indeed, if it have poisoned him with self-conceit, and made a *caput mortuum* of him."

The sensitiveness of authors—were it not such a *sore* subject—might admit of some curious reflections. One would sometimes fancy that Apollo, in an angry hour, had done to his sons, what fable records him to have done to Marsyas—*flayed* them alive. Nothing has brought more contempt upon authors than this—implying, as it does, a lack of common courage and manhood. The true son of genius ought to rush before the public as the warrior into battle, resolved to hack and hew his way to eminence and power, not to whimper like a schoolboy at every scratch—to acknowledge only home thrusts—large, life-letting-out blows—determined either to conquer or to die, and, feeling that battles should be lost in the same spirit in which they are won. If Wordsworth did not fully answer this ideal, others have sunk far more disgracefully and habitually below it.

In private, Wordsworth, we understand, was pure, mild, simple, and majestic—perhaps somewhat austere in his judgments of the erring, and, perhaps, somewhat narrow in his own economics. In accordance, we suppose, with that part of his poetic system, which magnified mole-heaps to mountains, *pennies* assumed the importance of *pounds*. It is ludicrous, yet characteristic, to think of the great author of the "Recluse," squabbling with a porter about the price of a parcel, or bidding down an old book at a stall. He was one of the few poets who were ever guilty of the crime of worldly prudence—that ever could have fulfilled the old parodox, "A poet has built a house." In his young days, according to Hazlitt, he said little in society—sat generally lost in thought—threw out a bold or an indifferent remark occasionally—and relapsed into reverie again. In latter years, he became more talkative and oracular. His health and habits were always regular, his temperament happy, and his heart sound and pure.

We have said that his life, *as a poet*, was far from perfect. Our meaning is, that he did not sufficiently, owing to temperament, or position, or habits, sympathize with the on-goings of society, the fullness of modern life, and the varied passions, unbeliefs, sins, and miseries of modern human nature. His soul dwelt apart. He came, like the Baptist, "neither eating nor drinking," and men said, "he hath a demon." He saw at morning, from London bridge, "all its mighty heart" lying still; but he did not at noon plunge artistically into the thick of its throbbing life; far less sound the depths of its wild midnight heavings of revel and wretchedness, of hopes and fears, of stifled fury and eloquent despair. Nor, although he sung the "mighty stream of tendency" of this wondrous age, did he ever launch his poetic craft upon it, nor seem to see the *witherward* of its swift and awful stress. He has, on the whole, stood aside from his time—not on a peak of the past—not on an anticipated Alp of the future, but on his own Cumberland highlands—hearing the tumult and remaining still, lifting up his life as a far-seen beacon-fire, studying the manners of the humble dwellers in the vales below—"piping a simple song to thinking hearts," and striving to waft to brother spirits, the fine infection of his own enthusiasm, faith, hope, and devotion. Perhaps, had he been less strict and consistent in creed and in character, he might have attained greater breadth, blood-warmth, and wide-spread power, have presented on his page a fuller reflection of our present state, and drawn from his poetry a yet stronger moral, and become the Shakspeare, instead of the Milton, of the age. For himself, he did undoubtedly choose the "better part;" nor do we mean to insinuate that any man ought to contaminate himself for the sake of his art, but that the poet of a period will necessarily come so near to its peculiar sins, sufferings, follies, and mistakes, as to understand them, and even to feel the

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force of their temptations, and though he should never yield to, yet must have a "fellow-feeling" of its prevailing infirmities.

The death of this eminent man took few by surprise. Many anxious eyes have for a while been turned toward Rydal mount, where this hermit stream was nearly sinking into the ocean of the Infinite. And now, to use his own grand word, used at the death of Scott, a "trouble" hangs upon Helvellyn's brow, and over the waters of Windermere. The last of the Lakers has departed. That glorious country has become a tomb for its more glorious children. No more is Southey's tall form seen at his library window, confronting Skiddaw—with a port as stately as its own. No more does Coleridge's dim eye look down into the dim tarn, heavy laden, too, under the advancing thunder-storm. And no more is Wordsworth's pale and lofty front shaded into divine twilight, as he plunges at noon-day amidst the quiet woods. A stiller, sterner power than poetry has folded into its strict, yet tender and yearning embrace, those

"Serene creators of immortal things."

Alas! for the pride and the glory even of the purest products of this strange world! Sin and science, pleasure and poetry, the lowest vices, and the highest aspirations, are equally unable to rescue their votaries from the swift ruin which is in chase of us all.

"Golden lads and girls all must
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust."

But Wordsworth has left for himself an epitaph almost superfluously rich—in the memory of his private virtues—of the impulse he gave to our declining poetry—of the sympathies he discovered in all his strains with the poor, the neglected, and the despised—of the version he furnished of Nature, true and beautiful as if it were Nature *describing herself*—of his lofty and enacted ideal of his art and the artist—of the "thoughts, too deep for tears," he has given to meditative and lonely hearts—and, above all, of the support he has lent to the cause of the "primal duties" and eldest instincts of man—to his hope of immortality, and his fear of God. And now we bid him farewell, in his own words—

"Blessings be with him, and eternal praise,
The *poet*, who on earth has made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

Although, as already remarked, not the poet of the age—it has, in our view, been, on the whole, fortunate for poetry and society, that for seven years William Wordsworth has been poet-laureate. We live in a transition state in respect to both. The march and the music are both changing—nor are they yet fully attuned to each other—and, meanwhile, it was desirable that a poet should preside, whose strains formed a fine "musical confusion," like that of old in the "wood of Crete"—of the old and the new—of the Conservative and the Democratic—of the golden age, supposed by many to have existed in the past, and of the millennium, expected by more in the future—a compromise of the two poetical styles besides—the one, which clung to the hoary tradition of the elders, and the other, which accepted innovation because it was new, and boldness because it was daring, and mysticism because it was dark—not truth, *though* new; beauty, *though* bold; and insight, *though* shadowy and shy. Nay, we heartily wish, had it been for nothing else than this, that his reign had lasted for many years longer, till, perchance, the discordant elements in our creeds and literature, had been somewhat harmonized. As it is, there must now be great difficulty in choosing his successor to the laureateship; nor is there, we think, a single name in our poetry whose elevation to the office would give universal, or even general, satisfaction.

Milman is a fine poet, but not a great one. Croly is, or ought to have been, a great poet; but is not sufficiently known, nor *en rapport* with the spirit of the time. Bowles is dead—Moore dying. Lockhart and Macaulay have written clever ballads; but no shapely, continuous, and masterly poem. John Wilson, *alias* Christopher North, has more poetry in his eye, brow, head, hair, figure, voice, talk, and the prose of his "Noctes," than any man living; but his verse, on the whole, is mawkish—and his being a Scotchman will be a stumbling-block to many, though not to us; for, had Campbell been alive, we should have said at once, let him be laureate—if manly grace, classic power, and genuine popularity, form qualifications for the office. Tennyson, considering all he has done, has received his full meed already. Let him and Leigh Hunt repose under the shadow of their pensions. Our gifted friends, Bailey, of "Festus," and Yendys, of the "Roman," are yet in blossom—though it is a glorious blossom. Henry Taylor is rather in the sere and yellow leaf—nor was his leaf ever, in our judgment, very fresh or ample: a masterly builder he is, certainly, but the materials he brings are not highly poetical. When Dickens is promoted to Scott's wizard throne, let Browning succeed Wordsworth on the forked Helvellyn! Landor is a vast monumental name; but, while he has overawed the higher intellects of the time, he has never touched the general heart, nor *told* the world much, except his great opinion of himself, the low opinion he has of almost every body else, and the very learned reasons and sufficient grounds he has for supporting those twin opinions. Never was such power so wasted and thrown away. The proposition of a lady laureate is simply absurd, without being witty. Why not as soon have proposed the Infant Sappho? In short, if we ask again, "*Where* is the poet worthy to wear the crown which has dropped from the solemn brow of "old Pan," "sole king of rocky Cumberland?"—Echo, from Glaramara, or the Langdale Pikes, might well answer, "Where?"

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We have, however, a notion of our own, which we mean, as a close to the article, to indicate. The laureateship was too long a sop for parasites, whose politics and poetry were equally tame. It seems now to have become the late reward of veteran merit—the Popedom of poetry. Why not, rather, hang it up as a crown, to be won by our rising bards—either as the reward of some special poem on an appointed subject, or of general merit? Why not delay for a season the bestowal of the laurel, and give thus a national importance to its decision?



SIDNEY SMITH.

SIDNEY SMITH.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

IT is melancholy to observe how speedily, successively, nay, almost simultaneously, our literary luminaries are disappearing from the sky. Every year another and another member of the bright clusters which arose about the close of the last, or at the beginning of this century, is fading from our view. Within nineteen years, what havoc, by the "insatiate archer," among the ruling spirits of the time! Since 1831, Robert Hall, Andrew Thomson, Goethe, Cuvier, Mackintosh, Crabbe, Foster, Coleridge, Edward Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Southey, Thomas Campbell, &c., have entered on the "silent land;" and latterly has dropped down one of the wittiest and shrewdest of them all—the projector of the "Edinburgh Review"—the author of "Peter Plymley's Letters"—the preacher—the politician—the brilliant converser—the "mad-wag"—Sidney Smith.

It was the praise of Dryden that he was the best reasoner in verse who ever wrote; let it be the encomium of our departed Sidney that he was one of the best reasoners in wit of whom our country can boast. His intellect—strong, sharp, clear, and decided—wrought and moved in a rich medium of humor. Each thought, as it came forth from his brain, issued as "in dance,' and amid a flood of inextinguishable laughter. The march of his mind through his subject resembled the procession of Bacchus from the conquest of India—joyous, splendid, straggling—to the sound of flutes and hautboys—rather a victory than a march—rather a revel than a contest. His logic seemed always hurrying into the arms of his wit. Some men argue in mathematical formulæ; others, like Burke, in the figures and flights of poetry; others in the fire and fury of passion; Sidney Smith in exuberant and riotous fun. And yet the matter of his reasoning was solid, and its inner spirit earnest and true. But though his steel was strong and sharp, his hand steady, and his aim clear, the management of the motions of his weapon was always fantastic. He piled, indeed, like a Titan, his Pelion on Ossa, but at the oddest of angles; he lifted and carried his load bravely, and like a man, but laughed as he did so; and so carried it that beholders forgot the strength of the arm in the strangeness of the attitude. He thus sometimes disarmed anger; for his adversaries could scarcely believe that they had received a deadly wound while their foe was roaring in their face. He thus did far greater execution; for the flourishes of his weapon might distract his opponents, but never himself, from the direct and terrible line of the blow. His laughter sometimes stunned, like the cachination of the Cyclops, shaking the sides of his cave. In this mood—and it was his common one—what scorn was he wont to pour upon the opponents of Catholic emancipation—upon the enemies of all change in legislation—upon any individual or party who sought to obstruct measures which, in his judgment, were likely to benefit the country. Under such, he could at any moment spring a mine of laughter; and what neither the fierce invective of Brougham, nor the light and subtle raillery of Jeffrey could do, his contemptuous explosion effected, and, himself crying with mirth, saw them hoisted toward heaven in ten thousand comical splinters. Comparing him with other humorists of a similar class, we might say, that while Swift's ridicule resembles something between a sneer and a spasm (half a sneer of mirth, half a spasm of misery)—while Cobbett's is a grin—Fonblanque's a light but deep and most significant smile—Jeffrey's a sneer, just perceptible on his fastidious lip—Wilson's a strong, healthy, hearty laugh—Carlyle's a wild unearthly sound, like the neighing of a homeless steed—Sidney Smith's is a genuine guffaw, given forth with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. Apart from his matchless humor, strong, rough, instinctive, and knotty sense was the leading feature of his mind. Every thing like mystification, sophistry, and humbug, fled before the first glance of his piercing eye; every thing in the shape of affectation excited in him a disgust "as implacable" as even a Cowper could feel. If possible,

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with still deeper aversion did his manly nature regard cant in its various forms and disguises; and his motto in reference to it was, "spare no arrows." But the mean, the low, the paltry, the dishonorable, in nations or in individuals, moved all the fountains of his bile, and awakened all the energy of his invective. Always lively, generally witty, he is never eloquent, except when emptying out his vials of indignation upon baseness in all its shapes. His is the ire of a genuine "English gentleman, all of the olden time." It was in this spirit that he recently explained, in his own way, the old distinctions of Meum and Tuum to Brother Jonathan, when the latter was lamentably inclined to forget them. It was the same sting of generous indignation which, in the midst of his character of Mackintosh, prompted the memorable picture of that extraordinary being who, by his transcendent talents and his tortuous movements—his head of gold, and his feet of miry clay—has become the glory, the riddle, and the regret of his country, his age, and his species.

As a writer, Smith is little more than a very clever, witty, and ingenious pamphleteer. He has effected no permanent *chef d'œuvre;* he has founded no school; he has left little behind him that the "world will not willingly let die;" he has never drawn a tear from a human eye, nor excited a thrill of grandeur in a human bosom. His reviews are not preserved by the salt of original genius, nor are they pregnant with profound and comprehensive principle; they have no resemblance to the sibylline leaves which Burke tore out from the vast volume of his mind, and scattered with imperial indifference among the nations; they are not the illuminated indices of universal history, like the papers of Macaulay; they are not specimens of pure and perfect English, set with modest but magnificent ornaments, like the criticism of Jeffrey or of Hall; nor are they the excerpts, rugged and rent away by violence, from the dark and iron tablet of an obscure and original mind, like the reviews of Foster; but they are exquisite *jeux d'esprit*, admirable occasional pamphlets, which, though now they look to us like spent arrows, yet assuredly have done execution, and have not been spent in vain. And as, after the lapse of a century and more, we can still read with pleasure Addison's "Old Whig and Freeholder," for the sake of the exquisite humor and inimitable style in which forgotten feuds and dead logomachies are embalmed, so may it be, a century still, with the articles on Bentham's Fallacies and on the Game Laws, and with the letters of the witty and ingenious Peter Plymley. There is much at least in those singular productions—in their clear and manly sense—in their broad native fun—in their rapid, careless, energetic style—and in their bold, honest, liberal, and thoroughly English spirit—to interest several succeeding generations, if not to secure the "rare and regal" palm of immortality.

Sidney Smith was a writer of sermons as well as of political squibs. Is not their memory eternized in one of John Foster's most ponderous pieces of sarcasm? In an evil hour the dexterous and witty critic came forth from behind the fastnesses of the Edinburgh Review, whence, in perfect security he had shot his quick glancing shafts at Methodists and Missions, at Christian Observers and Eclectic Reviews, at Owens and Styles, and (what the more wary Jeffrey, in the day of his power, always avoided) became himself an author, and, *mirabile dictu*, an author of sermons. It was as if he wished to give his opponents their revenge; and no sooner did his head peep forth from beneath the protection of its shell than the elephantine foot of Foster was prepared to crush it in the dust. It was the precise position of Saladin with the Knight of the Leopard, in their memorable contest near the Diamond of the Desert. In the skirmish Smith had it all his own way; but when it came to close quarters, and when the heavy and mailed hand of the sturdy Baptist had confirmed its grasp on his opponent, the disparity was prodigious, and the discomfiture of the light horseman complete. But why recall the memory of an obsolete quarrel and a forgotten field? The sermons—the *causa belli*—clever but dry, destitute of earnestness and unction—are long since dead and buried; and their review remains their only monument.

Even when, within his own stronghold, our author intermeddled with theological topics, it was seldom with felicity or credit to himself. His onset on missions was a sad mistake; and in attacking the Methodists, and poor, pompous John Styles, he becomes as filthy and foul-mouthed as Swift himself. His wit forsakes him, and a rabid invective ill supplies its place; instead of laughing, he raves and foams at the mouth. Indeed, although an eloquent and popular preacher, and in many respects an ornament to his cloth, there was one radical evil about Smith; *he had mistaken his profession*. He was intended for a barrister, or a literary man, or a member of parliament, or some occupation into which he could have flung his whole soul and strength. As it was, but half his heart was in a profession which, of all others, would require the whole. He became consequently a rather awkward medley of buffoon, politician, preacher, literateur, divine, and diner-out. Let us grant, however, that the ordeal was severe, and that, if a very few have weathered it better, many more have ignominiously broken down. No one coincides more fully than we do with Coleridge in thinking that every literary man should have a profession; but in the name of common sense let it be one fitted for him, and for which he is fitted—one suited to his tastes as well as to his talents—to his habits as well as to his powers—to his heart as well as to his head.

As a conversationist, Sidney Smith stood high among the highest—a Saul among a tribe of Titans. His jokes were not rare and refined, like those of Rogers and Jekyll; they wanted

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the slyness of Theodore Hook's inimitable equivoque; they were not poured forth with the prodigal profusion of Hood's breathless and bickering puns; they were rich, fat, unctuous, always bordering on farce, but always avoiding it by a hair's-breadth. No finer cream, certes, ever mantled at the feasts of Holland House than his fertile brain supplied; and, to quote himself, it would require a "forty-parson power" of lungs and language to do justice to his convivial merits. An acquaintance of ours sometimes met him in the company of Jeffrey and Macaulay—a fine concord of first-rate performers, content, generally, to keep each within his own part, except when, now and then, the author of the "Lays" burst out irresistibly, and changed the concert into a fine solo.

Altogether "we could have better spared a better man." Did not his death "eclipse the gayety of nations?" Did not a Fourth Estate of Fun expire from the midst of us? Did not even Brother Jonathan drop a tear when he thought that the scourge that so mercilessly lashed him was broken? And shall not now all his admirers unite with us in inscribing upon his grave—"Alas! poor Yorick!"



THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born at Ecclefechan, Annandale. His parents were "good farmer people," his father an elder in the Secession church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to "nail a subject to the wall." His excellent mother still lives, and we had the pleasure of meeting her lately in the company of her illustrious son; and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender regard, and her motherly and yearning reverence—to hear her fine old covenanting accents, concerting with his transcendental tones. He studied in Edinburgh. Previous to this, he had become intimate with Edward Irving, an intimacy which continued unimpaired to the close of the latter's eccentric career. Like most Scottish students, he had many struggles to encounter in the course of his education; and had, we believe, to support himself by private tuition, translations for the booksellers, &c. The day star of German literature arose early in his soul, and has been his guide and genius ever since. He entered into a correspondence with Goethe, which lasted at intervals, till the latter's death. Yet he has never, we understand, visited Germany. He was, originally, destined for the church. At one period he taught an academy in Dysart, at the same time that Irving was teaching in Kirkaldy. After his marriage, he resided partly at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; and, for a year or two in Craigenputtock, a wild and solitary farm-house in the upper part of Dumfriesshire. Here, however, far from society, save that of the "great dumb monsters of mountains," he wearied out his very heart. A ludicrous story is told of Lord Jeffrey visiting him in this out-of-the-way region, when they were unapprized of his coming—had nothing in the house fit for the palate of the critic, and had, in dire haste and pother, to send off for the wherewithal to a market town about fifteen miles off. Here,

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too, as we may see hereafter, Emerson, on his way home from Italy, dropped in like a spirit, spent precisely twenty-four hours, and then "forth uprose that lone wayfaring man," to return to his native woods. He has, for several years of late, resided in Chelsea, London, where he lives in a plain, simple fashion; occasionally, but seldom, appearing at the splendid soirées of Lady Blessington, but listened to, when he goes, as an oracle; receiving, at his tea-table, visitors from every part of the world; forming an amicable centre for men of the most opposite opinions and professions, Poets and Preachers, Pantheists and Puritans, Tennysons and Scotts, Cavanaighs and Erskines, Sterlings and Robertsons, smoking his perpetual pipe, and pouring out, in copious stream, his rich and quaint philosophy. His appearance is fine, without being ostentatiously singular—his hair dark—his brow marked, though neither very broad nor very lofty—his cheek tinged with a healthy red—his eye, the truest index of his genius, flashing out, at times, a wild and mystic fire from its dark and quiet surface. He is above the middle size, stoops slightly, dresses carefully, but without any approach to foppery. His address, somewhat high and distant at first, softens into simplicity and cordial kindness. His conversation is abundant, inartificial, flowing on, and warbling as it flows, more practical than you would expect from the cast of his writings—picturesque and graphic in a high measure—full of the results of extensive and minute observation—often terribly direct and strong, garnished with French and German phrase, rendered racy by the accompaniment of the purest Annandale accent, and coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter.

Altogether, in an age of singularities, Thomas Carlyle stands peculiarly alone. Generally known, and warmly appreciated, he has of late become—popular, in the strict sense, he is not, and may never be. His works may never climb the family library, nor his name become a household word; but while the Thomsons and the Campbells shed their gentle genius, like light, into the hall and the hovel—the shop of the artisan and the sheiling of the shepherd, Carlyle, like the Landors and Lambs of this age, and the Brownes and Burtons of a past, will exert a more limited but profounder power—cast a dimmer but more gorgeous radiance—attract fewer but more devoted admirers, and obtain an equal, and perhaps more enviable immortality.

To the foregoing sketch of CARLYE, which is from the eloquent critical description of Gilfillan, we append the following, which is from a letter recently published in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier. The writer, after remarking at some length upon the "Latter Day Pamphlets," which are Carlyle's latest productions, proceeds to give this graphic and interesting sketch of his personal appearance and conversation:

"Passing from the political phase of these productions (the 'Latter Day Pamphlets'), which is not my vocation to discuss, I found for myself one very peculiar charm in the perusal of them—they seemed such perfect transcripts of the conversation of Thomas Carlyle. With something more of set continuity—of composition—but essentially the same thing, the 'Latter Day Pamphlets' are in their own way a 'Boswell's Life' of Carlyle. As I read and read, I was gradually transported from my club-room, with its newspaper-clad tables, and my dozing fellow-loungers, only kept half awake by periodical titillations of snuff, and carried in spirit to the grave and quiet sanctum in Chelsea, where Carlyle dispenses wisdom and hospitality with equally unstinted hand. The long, tall, spare figure is before me—wiry, though, and elastic, and quite capable of taking a long, tough spell through the moors of Ecclefechan, or elsewhere—stretched at careless, homely ease in his elbow-chair, yet ever with strong natural motions and starts, as the inward spirit stirs. The face, too, is before me—long and thin, with a certain tinge of paleness, but no sickness or attenuation, form muscular and vigorously marked, and not wanting some glow of former rustic color—pensive, almost solemn, yet open, and cordial, and tender, very tender. The eye, as generally happens, is the chief outward index of the soul—an eye is not easy to describe, but *felt* ever after one has looked thereon and therein. It is dark and full, shadowed over by a compact, prominent forehead. But the depth, the expression, the far inner play of it—who could transfer that even to the eloquent canvas, far less to this very *in*-eloquent paper? It is not brightness, it is not flash, it is not power even—something beyond all these. The expression is, so to speak, heavy laden—as if betokening untold burdens of thought, and long, long fiery struggles, resolutely endured—endured until they had been in some practical manner overcome; to adopt his own fond epithet, and it comes nearest to the thing, his is the heroic eye, but of a hero who has done hard battle against Paynim hosts. This is no dream of mine—I have often heard this peculiarity remarked. The whole form and expression of the face remind me of Dante—it wants the classic element, and the mature and matchless harmony which distinguish the countenance of the great Florentine; but something in the cast and in the look, especially the heavy laden, but dauntless eye, is very much alike. But he speaks to me. The tongue has the *sough* of Annandale—an echo of the Solway, with its compliments to old Father Thames. A keen, sharp, ringing voice, in the genuine Border key, but tranquil and sedate withal—neighborly and frank, and always in unison with what is uttered. Thus does the presence of Thomas Carlyle rise before me—a 'true man' in all his bearings and in all his sayings. And in this same guise do I seem to hear from him all those 'Latter Day Pamphlets.' Even such in his conversation—he sees the very thing he speaks of; it breathes and moves palpable to him, and hence his words form a picture. When you

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come from him, the impression is like having seen a great brilliant panorama; every thing had been made visible and naked to your sight. But more and better far than that; you bear home with you an indelible feeling of love for the man—deep at the heart, long as life. No man has ever inspired more of this personal affection. Not to love Carlyle when you know him is something unnatural, as if one should say they did not love the breeze that fans their cheek, or the vine-tree which has refreshed them both with its leafy shade and its exuberant juices. He abounds, himself, in love and in good works. His life, not only as a 'writer of books,' but as a man among his fellows, has been a continued shower of benefits. The young men, more especially, to whom he has been the good Samaritan, pouring oil upon their wounds, and binding up their bruised limbs, and putting them on the way of recovery of health and useful energy—the number of such can scarcely be told, and will never be known till the great day of accounts. One of these, who in his orisons will ever remember him, has just read to me, with tears of grateful attachment in his eyes, portions of a letter of counsel and encouragement which he received from him in the hour of darkness, and which was but the prelude to a thousand acts of substantial kindness and of graceful attention. As the letter contains no secret, and may fall as a fructifying seed into some youthful bosom that may be entering upon its trials and struggles, a quotation from it will form an appropriate *finale* at this time. He thus writes: 'It will be good news, in all times coming, to learn that such a life as yours unfolds itself according to its promise, and *becomes* in some tolerable degree what it is capable of being. The problem is your own, to make or to mar—a great problem for you, as the like is for every man born into this world. You have my entire sympathy in your denunciation of the 'explosive' character. It is frequent in these times, and deplorable wherever met with. Explosions are ever wasteful, woeful; central fire should not explode itself, but lie silent, far down at the centre; and make all good fruits *grow!* We can not too often repeat to ourselves, 'Strength is seen, not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burdens.' You can take comfort in the meanwhile, if you need it, by the experience of all wise men, that a right heavy burden is precisely the thing wanted for a young strong man. Grievous to be borne; but bear it well, you will find it one day to have been verily blessed. 'I would not, for any money,' says the brave Jean Paul, in his quaint way. 'I would not, for any money, have had money in my youth!' He speaks a truth there, singular as it may seem to many. These young obscure years ought to be incessantly employed in gaining knowledge of things worth knowing, especially of heroic human souls worth knowing. And you may believe me, the obscurer such years are, it is apt to be the better. Books are needful; but yet not many books; a few well read. An open, true, patient, and valiant soul is needed; that is the one thing needful."

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE GENTLEMAN BEGGAR.

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY

ONE morning, about five years ago, I called by appointment on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool, in pursuit for a Levanting customer—for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the sixty per cent. line. It rained in torrents when the cab stopped at the passage which leads past the pawning boxes to his private door. The cabman rang twice, and at length Balance appeared, looming through the mist and rain in the entry, illuminated by his perpetual cigar. As I eyed him rather impatiently, remembering that trains wait for no man, something like a hairy dog, or a bundle of rags, rose up at his feet, and barred his passage for a moment. Then Balance cried out with an exclamation, in answer apparently to a something I could not hear, "What, man alive! —slept in the passage!—there, take that, and get some breakfast, for Heaven's sake!" So saying, he jumped into the "Hansom," and we bowled away at ten miles an hour, just catching the Express as the doors of the station were closing. My curiosity was full set—for although Balance can be free with his money, it is not exactly to beggars that his generosity is usually displayed; so when comfortably ensconced in a *coupé*, I finished with—

"You are liberal with your money this morning: pray, how often do you give silver to street cadgers?—because I shall know now what walk to take when flats and sharps leave off buying law."

Balance, who would have made an excellent parson if he had not been bred to a case-hardening trade, and has still a soft bit left in his heart that is always fighting with his hard head, did not smile at all, but looked as grim as if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday night's punch. He answered slowly, "A cadger—yes; a beggar—a miserable wretch, he is now; but let me tell you, Master David, that that miserable bundle of rags was born and bred a gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the husband of an heiress, and has sat and dined at tables where you and I, Master David, are only allowed to view the plate by favor of the butler. I have lent him thousands, and been well paid. The last thing I had from him was his court suit; and I hold now his bill for one hundred pounds that will be paid, I expect, when he dies."

"Why, what nonsense you are talking! you must be dreaming this morning. However, we are alone, I'll light a weed, in defiance of Railway law, you shall spin that yarn; for, true or untrue, it will fill up the time to Liverpool."

"As for yarn," replied Balance, "the whole story is short enough; and as for truth, that you

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may easily find out if you like to take the trouble. I thought the poor wretch was dead, and I own it put me out meeting him this morning, for I had a curious dream last night."

"Oh, hang your dreams! Tell us about this gentleman beggar that bleeds you of half-crowns—that melts the heart even of a pawnbroker!"

"Well, then, that beggar is the illegitimate son of the late Marquis of Hoopborough by a Spanish lady of rank. He received a first-rate education, and was brought up in his father's house. At a very early age he obtained an appointment in a public office, was presented by the marquis at court, and received into the first society, where his handsome person and agreeable manners made him a great favorite. Soon after coming of age, he married the daughter of Sir E. Bumper, who brought him a very handsome fortune, which was strictly settled on herself. They lived in splendid style, kept several carriages, a house in town, and a place in the country. For some reason or other, idleness, or to please his lady's pride, he resigned his appointment. His father died and left him nothing; indeed, he seemed at that time very handsomely provided for.

"Very soon Mr. and Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy began to disagree. She was cold, correct—he was hot and random. He was quite dependent on her, and she made him feel it. When he began to get into debt, he came to me. At length some shocking quarrel occurred; some case of jealousy on the wife's side, not without reason, I believe; and the end of it was, Mr. Fitz-Roy was turned out of doors. The house was his wife's, the furniture was his wife's, and the fortune was his wife's—he was, in fact, her pensioner. He left with a few hundred pounds ready money, and some personal jewelry, and went to an hotel. On these and credit he lived. Being illegitimate, he had no relations; being a fool, when he spent his money he lost his friends. The world took his wife's part, when they found she had the fortune, and the only parties who interfered were her relatives, who did their best to make the quarrel incurable. To crown all, one night he was run over by a cab, was carried to a hospital, and lay there for months, and was during several weeks of the time unconscious. A message to the wife, by the hands of one of his debauched companions, sent by a humane surgeon, obtained an intimation that 'if he died, Mr. Croak, the undertaker to the family, had orders to see to the funeral,' and that Mrs. Molinos was on the point of starting for the Continent, not to return for some years. When Fitz-Roy was discharged, he came to me limping on two sticks, to pawn his court suit, and told me his story. I was really sorry for the fellow, such a handsome, thoroughbred-looking man. He was going then into the west somewhere, to try to hunt out a friend. 'What to do, Balance,' he said, 'I don't know. I can't dig, and unless somebody will make me their gamekeeper. I must starve, or beg, as my Jezebel bade me when we parted!'

"I lost sight of Molinos for a long time, and when I next came upon him it was in the Rookery of Westminster, in a low lodging-house, where I was searching with an officer for stolen goods. He was pointed out to me as the 'gentleman cadger,' because he was so free with his money when 'in luck.' He recognized me, but turned away then. I have since seen him, and relieved him more than once, although he never asks for any thing. How he lives, Heaven knows. Without money, without friends, without useful education of any kind, he tramps the country, as you saw him, perhaps doing a little hop-picking or hay-making, in season, only happy when he obtains the means to get drunk. I have heard through the kitchen whispers, that you know come to me, that he is entitled to some property; and I expect if he were to die his wife would pay the hundred pound bill I hold; at any rate, what I have told you I know to be true, and the bundle of rags I relieved just now is known in every thieves' lodging in England as the 'gentleman cadger.'"

This story produced an impression on me—I am fond of speculation, and like the excitement of a legal hunt as much as some do a fox-chase A gentleman a beggar, a wife rolling in wealth, rumors of unknown property due to the husband: it seemed as if there were pickings for me amidst this carrion of pauperism.

Before returning from Liverpool, I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance from Balance. I then inserted in the "Times" the following advertisement: "*Horatio Molinos Fitz-Roy.*—If this gentleman will apply to David Discount, Esq., Solicitor, St. James's, he will hear of something to his advantage. Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s correct address, shall receive 1*l.* 1*s.* reward. He was last seen," &c. Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the "Times." My office was besieged with beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch, and English, some on crutches, some in bowls, some in go-carts. They all knew him as the "gentleman," and I must do the regular fraternity of tramps the justice to say, that not one would answer a question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening, about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement, my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man leaning upon a staff, clad in a soldier's great coat all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of tangled hair fell over his shoulders and half concealed his face. The beggar, in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said, "You have advertised for Molinos Fitz-Roy. I hope you don't mean him any harm; he is sunk, I think, too low for enmity now; and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of piteous whisper.

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I answered quickly, "Heaven forbid I should sport with misery: I mean and hope to do him good, as well as myself."

"Then, sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy!"

While we were conversing candles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves—my head would not agree with them—but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched creature before me was under thirty years of age and once a gentleman. Sharp, aquiline features, reduced to literal skin and bone, were begrimed and covered with dry fair hair; the white teeth of the half-open mouth chattered with eagerness, and made more hideous the foul pallor of the rest of the countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow bony fingers clasped over the crutch-head of his stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor, and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, and sent for some refreshment which he devoured like a ghoul, and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep him to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there was no evidence. On parting, I said, "Now, Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper inquiries. What allowance will be enough to keep you comfortably?"

He answered humbly, after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do those things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said, "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in thanks, of course, as all such men are as long as distress lasts.

I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England, living in a splendid house in Hyde Park Gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the Earl of Owing called upon me, wanting five thousand pounds by five o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms, and took advantage of his pressure to execute a *coup de main*. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos in Hyde Park Gardens, on our way. I knew that the coronet and liveries of his father, the marquis, would insure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy.

My scheme answered. I was introduced into the lady's presence. She was, and probably is, a very stately, handsome woman, with a pale complexion, high solid forehead, regular features, thin, pinched, self-satisfied mouth. My interview was very short. I plunged into the middle of the affair, but had scarcely mentioned the word husband, when she interrupted me with, "I presume you have lent this profligate person money, and want me to pay you." She paused, and then said, "He shall not have a farthing." As she spoke, her white face became scarlet.

"But, madam, the man is starving. I have trong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance, I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card; and, as the footman appeared, pushed it toward me across the table, with the air of touching a toad, saying, "There, sir, is the address of my solicitors: apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person out, and take care he is not admitted again."

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crest-fallen under the influence of that grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and to all great actresses.

My next visit was to the attorneys, Messrs. Leasem and Fashun, of Lincoln's Inn Square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They are agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine-merchants, the same architects, the same horse-dealers, and the same law-agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land management they get on this principle is quite equal to their wine and horses. At any rate, my friends of Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit, and heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen-square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing the latter duty, that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a duke's keeper, as "my dear creature," although he afterward hung him.

Fashun has chambers in St. James-street, drives a cab, wears a tip, and does the grand haha style.

My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letters passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue:

"Well, my dear Mr. Discount," began Mr. Leasem, who hates me like poison. "I'm really very sorry for that poor dear Molinos—knew his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what women are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won't advance a shilling; she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now, don't you think (this was said very insinuatingly)—don't you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodations there, I can assure you—meat twice a week, and excellent soup; and then, Mr. D., we might consider about allowing you something for that bill."

"Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement? Here's a wife rolling in luxury, and a husband starving!"

"No, Mr. Discount, not starving; there is the workhouse, as I observed before; besides, allow me to suggest that these appeals to feeling are quite unprofessional—quite unprofessional."

"But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property which the poor man is entitled to."

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"Why, there again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must. I don't say he is; I don't say he is not. If you know he is entitled to property, I am sure you know how to proceed; the law is open to you, Mr. Discount—the law is open; and a man of your talent will know how to use it."

"Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a bill of discovery, to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the marriage settlement, and all the information, and you decline to allow a pension, or afford any information; the man is to starve, or go to the workhouse."

"Why, Mr. D., you are so quick and violent, it really is not professional; but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph), it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information as you ask, to the injury of his client."

"Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him, at his wife's request, his title to an income, and that the Court of Chancery will back you in this iniquity?"

I kept repeating the word "starve," because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince.

"Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the happy state of your equity law, chancery can't help my client; but I have another plan: I shall go hence to my office, issue a writ, and take your client's husband in execution—as soon as he is lodged in jail, I shall file his schedule in the Insolvent Court, and when he comes up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness-box, and examine you on oath, 'touching any property of which you know the insolvent to be possessed,' and where will be your privileged communications then?"

The respectable Leasem's face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and, at length, he muttered,

"Suppose we pay the debt?"

"Why, then, I'll arrest him the day after for another."

"But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable."

"That's my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm of Leasem and Fashun takes refuge according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbors of the Court of Chancery, why, a mere bill-discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a bludgeon out of the Insolvent Court."

"Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm—so fiery; we must deliberate—we must consult. You will give me until the day after to-morrow, and then we'll write you our final determination; in the meantime, send us a copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy."

Of course, I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter.

On the appointed day came a communication with the L. and F. seal, which I opened, not without unprofessional eagerness. It was as follows:

"*In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and Another.*

"Sir—In answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to two thousand five hundred pounds eight shillings and sixpence, Three per Cents.; one thousand five hundred pounds nineteen shillings and fourpence, Three per Cents. Reduced; one thousand pounds, Long Annuities; five hundred pounds, Bank Stock; three thousand five hundred pounds, India Stock; besides other securities, making up about ten thousand pounds, which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy's direction forthwith."

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath.

At dusk came my gentleman beggar, and what puzzled me was, how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week's beard on his chin; but, as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our first interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature, I first knew him.

After a prelude, I said, "I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?" He answered rapidly, "Oh, take half; if there is one hundred pounds, take half; if there is five hundred pounds, take half."

"No, no; Mr. F., I don't do business in that way, I shall be satisfied with ten per cent."

It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, "Mr. Fitz-Roy, I am happy to say, that I find you are entitled to . . . . . ten thousand pounds!"

"Ten thousand pounds!" he echoed. "Ten thousand pounds!" he shrieked. "Ten thousand pounds!" he yelled, seizing my arm violently. "You are a brick. Here, cab! cab!" Several drove up—the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To a tailor's, you rascal!"

"Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!" he repeated hysterically, when in the cab; and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonizing fervor,

"What a jolly brick you are!"

The tailor, the hosier, the bootmaker, the hair-dresser, were in turn visited by this poor pagan of externals. As, by degrees, under their hands, he emerged from the beggar to the

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gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened; he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing, apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride with which he gave his orders to the astonished tradesmen for the finest and best of every thing, and the amazed air of the fashionable hairdresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chin, to be "cut and shaved," may be *acted*—it can not be described.

By the time the external transformation was complete, and I sat down in a *Café* in the Haymarket, opposite a haggard but handsome, thoroughbred-looking man, whose air, with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town sitting around us, Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past; he bullied the waiter, and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold there all the days of his life.

Once he wished to drink my health, and would have proclaimed his whole story to the coffee-room assembly, in a raving style. When I left he almost wept in terror at the idea of losing sight of me. But, allowing for these ebullitions—the natural result of such a whirl of events—he was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

The next day, his first care was to distribute fifty pounds among his friends the cadgers, at a house of call in Westminster, and formally to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the "fraternity," that, for the future, he should never be noticed by them in public or private.

I can not follow his career much further. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by the well-bred vampires who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and that was enough. The ten thousand pounds were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking, well-dressed dandies of London, interspersed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog-days—looking down from Richmond Hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked—less the intellect—as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health.

The oratorical powers of his father had not descended on him. Jerking out sentences by spasms, at length he said, "I was a beggar—I am a gentleman—thanks to this—"

Here he leaned on my shoulder heavily a moment, and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neckcloth—

"Fainted!" said the ladies.

"Drunk!" said the gentlemen.

He was *dead!*

[From Howitt's Country Year-Book.]

SINGULAR PROCEEDINGS OF THE SAND WASP.

IN all my observations of the habits of living things, I have never seen any thing more curious than the doings of one species of these ammophilæ—lovers of sand. I have watched them day after day, and hour after hour, in my garden, and also on the sandy banks on the wastes about Esher, in Surrey, and always with unabated wonder. They are about an inch long, with orange-colored bodies, and black heads and wings. They are slender and most active. You see them on the warm borders of your garden, or on warm, dry banks, in summer, when the sun shines hotly. They are incessantly and most actively hunting about. They are in pursuit of a particular gray spider with a large abdomen. For these they pursue their chase with a fiery quickness and avidity. The spiders are on the watch to seize flies; but here we have the tables turned, and these are flies on the watch to discover and kill the spiders. These singular insects seem all velocity and fire. They come flying at a most rapid rate, light down on the dry soil, and commence an active search. The spiders lie under the leaves of plants, and in little dens under the dry little clods. Into all these places the sand-wasp pops his head. He bustles along here and there, flirting his wings, and his whole body all life and fire. And now he moves off to a distance, hunts about there, then back to his first place, beats the old ground carefully over, as a pointer beats a field. He searches carefully round every little knob of earth, and pops his head into every crevice. Ever and anon, he crouches close among the little clods as a tiger would crouch for his prey. He seems to be listening, or smelling down into the earth, as if to discover his prey by every sense which he possesses. He goes round every stalk, and descends into every hollow about them. When he finds the spider, he dispatches him in a moment, and seizing him by the centre of his chest, commences dragging him off backward.

He conveys his prey to a place of safety. Frequently he carries it up some inches into a plant, and lodges it among the green leaves. Seeing him do this, I poked his spider down with a stick after he had left it; but he speedily returned, and finding it fallen down, he immediately carried it up again to the same place.

Having thus secured his spider, he selects a particular spot of earth, the most sunny and warm, and begins to dig a pit. He works with all his might, digging up the earth with his formidable mandibles, and throwing it out with his feet, as a dog throws out the earth when scratching after a rabbit. Every few seconds he ascends, tail first, out of his hole, clears away the earth about its mouth with his legs, and spreads it to a distance on the surface. When he has dug the hole, perhaps two inches deep, he comes forth eagerly, goes off for his

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spider, drags it down from its lodgment, and brings it to the mouth of his hole. He now lets himself down the hole, tail first, and then, putting forth his head, takes the spider, and turns it into the most suitable position for dragging it in.

It must be observed that this hole is made carefully of only about the width of his body, and therefore the spider can not be got into it except lengthwise, and then by stout pulling. Well, he turns it lengthwise, and seizing it, commences dragging it in. At first, you would imagine this impossible; but the sand-wasp is strong, and the body of the spider is pliable. You soon see it disappear. Down into the cylindrical hole it goes, and anon you perceive the sand-wasp pushing up its black head beside it; and having made his way out he again sets to work, and pushes the spider with all his force to the bottom of the den.

And what is all this for? Is the spider laid up in his larder for himself? No; it is food for his children? It is their birth-place, and their supply of provision while they are in the larva state.

We have been all along calling this creature he, for it has a most masculine look; but it is in reality a she; it is the female sand-wasp, and all this preparation is for the purpose of laying her eggs. For this she has sought and killed the spider, and buried it here. She has done it all wittingly. She has chosen one particular spider, and that only, for that is the one peculiarly adapted to nourish her young.

So here it is safely stored away in her den; and she now descends, tail first, and piercing the pulpy abdomen of the spider, she deposits her egg or eggs. That being done, she carefully begins filling in the hole with earth. She rakes it up with her legs and mandibles, and fills in the hole, every now and then turning round and going backward into the hole to stamp down the earth with her feet, and to ram it down with her body as a rammer. When the hole is filled, it is curious to observe with what care she levels the surface, and removes the surrounding lumps of earth, laying some first over the tomb of the spider, and others about, so as to make that place look as much as possible like the surface all round. And before she has done with it—and she works often for ten minutes at this leveling and disguising before she is perfectly satisfied—she makes the place so exactly like all the rest of the surface, that it will require good eyes and close observation to recognize it.

She has now done her part, and Nature must do the rest. She has deposited her eggs in the body of the spider, and laid that body in the earth in the most sunny spot she can find. She has laid it so near the surface that the sun will act on it powerfully, yet deep enough to conceal it from view. She has, with great art and anxiety, destroyed all traces of the hole, and the effect will soon commence. The heat of the sun will hatch the egg. The larva, or young grub of the sand-wasp, will become alive, and begin to feed on the pulpy body of the spider in which it is enveloped. This food will suffice it till it is ready to emerge to daylight, and pass through the different stages of its existence. Like the ostrich, the sand-wasp thus leaves her egg in the sand till the sun hatches it, and having once buried it, most probably never knows herself where it is deposited. It is left to Nature and Providence.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

WHAT HORSES THINK OF MEN.

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I SUPPOSE you thought I was dead? No such thing. Don't flatter yourselves that I haven't got my eye upon you. I am wide awake, and you give me plenty to look at.

I have begun my great work about you, I have been collecting materials from the Horse, to begin with. You are glad to hear it, ain't you? Very likely. Oh, he gives you a nice character! He makes you out a charming set of fellows.

He informs me by-the-by, that he is a distant relation of the pony that was taken up in a balloon a few weeks ago; and that the pony's account of your going to see him at Vauxhall Gardens, is an amazing thing. The pony says that when he looked round on the assembled crowd, come to see the realization of the woodcut in the bill, he found it impossible to discover which was the real Mister Green—there were so many Mister Greens—and they were all so very green!

But that's the way with you. You know it is. Don't tell me! You'd go to see any thing that other people went to see. And don't flatter yourselves that I am referring to "the vulgar curiosity," as you choose to call it, when you mean some curiosity in which you don't participate yourselves. The polite curiosity in this country is as vulgar as any curiosity in the world.

Of course you'll tell me, no it isn't; but I say, yes it is. What have you got to say for yourselves about the Nepaulese princes, I should like to know? Why, there has been more crowding, and pressing, and pushing, and jostling, and struggling, and striving, in genteel houses this last season, on account of those Nepaulese princes, than would have taken place in vulgar Cremorne Gardens and Greenwich Park, at Easter time and Whitsuntide! And what for? Do you know any thing about 'em? Have you any idea why they came here? Can you put your finger on their country in the map? Have you ever asked yourselves a dozen common questions about its climate, natural history, government, productions, customs, religion, manners? Not you! Here are a couple of swarthy princes very much out of their element, walking about in wide muslin trowsers, and sprinkled all over with gems (like the clockwork figure on the old round platform in the

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street, grown-up), and they're fashionable outlandish monsters, and it's a new excitement for you to get a stare at 'em. As to asking 'em to dinner, and seeing 'em sit at table without eating in your company (unclean animals as you are!), you fall into raptures at that. Quite delicious, isn't it? Ugh, you dunder-headed boobies!

I wonder what there is, new and strange, that you *wouldn't* lionize, as you call it. Can you suggest any thing! It's not a hippopotamus, I suppose. I hear from my brother-in-law in the Zoological Gardens, that you are always pelting away into the Regent's Park, by thousands, to see the hippopotamus. Oh, you're very fond of hippopotami, ain't you? You study one attentively, when you *do* see one, don't you? You come away so much wiser than when you went, reflecting so profoundly on the wonders of the creation—eh?

Bah! You follow one another like wild geese; but you are not so good to eat!

These, however, are not the observations of my friend the Horse. *He* takes you, in another point of view. Would you like to read his contribution to my Natural History of you? No? You shall then.

He is a cab-horse now. He wasn't always, but he is now, and his usual stand is close to our proprietor's usual stand. That's the way we have come into communication, we "dumb animals." Ha, ha! Dumb, too! Oh, the conceit of you men, because you can bother the community out of their five wits, by making speeches!

Well. I mentioned to this Horse that I should be glad to have his opinions and experiences of you. Here they are:

"At the request of my honorable friend the Raven, I proceed to offer a few remarks in reference to the animal called Man. I have had varied experience of this strange creature for fifteen years, and am now driven by a Man, in the hackney cabriolet, number twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-two.

"The sense Man entertains of his own inferiority to the nobler animals—and I am now more particularly referring to the Horse—has impressed me forcibly, in the course of my career. If a man knows a horse well, he is prouder of it than of any knowledge of himself, within the range of his limited capacity. He regards it as the sum of all human acquisition. If he is learned in a horse, he has nothing else to learn. And the same remark applies, with some little abatement, to his acquaintance with dogs. I have seen a good deal of man in my time, but I think I have never met a man who didn't feel it necessary to his reputation to pretend, on occasion, that he knew something of horses and dogs, though he really knew nothing. As to making us a subject of conversation, my opinion is that we are more talked about than history, philosophy, literature, art, and science, all put together. I have encountered innumerable gentlemen in the country, who were totally incapable of interest in any thing but horses and dogs—except cattle. And I have always been given to understand that they were the flower of the civilized world.

"It is very doubtful to me, whether there is, upon the whole, any thing man is so ambitious to imitate as an ostler, jockey, a stage coachman, a horse-dealer, or dog-fancier. There may be some other character which I do not immediately remember, that fires him with emulation; but if there be, I am sure it is connected with horses or dogs, or both. This is an unconscious compliment, on the part of the tyrant, to the nobler animals, which I consider to be very remarkable. I have known lords and baronets, and members of parliament, out of number, who have deserted every other calling to become but indifferent stablemen or kennelmen, and be cheated on all hands, by the real aristocracy of those pursuits who were regularly born to the business.

"All this, I say, is a tribute to our superiority, which I consider to be very remarkable. Yet, still I can't quite understand it. Man can hardly devote himself to us, in admiration of our virtues, because he never imitates them. We horses are as honest, though I say it, as animals can be. If, under the pressure of circumstances, we submit to act at a circus, for instance, we always show that we are acting. We never deceive any body. We would scorn to do it. If we are called upon to do any thing in earnest, we do our best. If we are required to run a race falsely, and to lose when we could win, we are not to be relied upon to commit a fraud; man must come in at that point, and force us to it. And the extraordinary circumstance to me is, that man (whom I take to be a powerful species of monkey) is always making us nobler animals the instruments of his meanness and cupidity. The very name of our kind has become a byword for all sorts of trickery and cheating. We are as innocent as counters at a game—and yet this creature WILL play falsely with us!

"Man's opinion, good or bad, is not worth much, as any rational horse knows. But justice is justice; and what I complain of is, that mankind talks of us as if we had something to do with all this. They say that such a man was 'ruined by horses.' Ruined by horses! They can't be open, even in that, and say he was ruined by men; but they lay it at *our* stable-door! As if we ever ruined any body, or were ever doing any thing but being ruined ourselves, in our generous desire to fulfill the useful purposes of our existence!

"In the same way, we get a bad name, as if we were profligate company. 'So and so got among horses, and it was all up with him.' Why, *we* would have reclaimed him—*we* would have made him temperate, industrious, punctual, steady, sensible—what harm would he ever have got from *us*, I should wish to ask?

"Upon the whole, speaking of him as I have

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found him, I should describe man as an unmeaning and conceited creature, very seldom to be trusted, and not likely to make advances toward the honesty of the nobler animals. I should say that his power of warping the nobler animals to bad purposes, and damaging their reputation by his companionship, is, next to the art of growing oats, hay, carrots, and clover, one of his principal attributes. He is very unintelligible in his caprices; seldom expressing with distinctness what he wants of us; and relying greatly on our better judgment to find out. He is cruel, and fond of blood—particularly at a steeple-chase—and is very ungrateful.

"And yet, so far as I can understand, he worships us, too. He sets up images of us (not particularly like, but meant to be) in the streets and calls upon his fellows to admire them, and believe in them. As well as I can make out, it is not of the least importance what images of men are put astride upon these images of horses, for I don't find any famous personage among them—except one, and *his* image seems to have been contracted for by the gross. The jockeys who ride our statues are very queer jockeys, it appears to me, but it is something to find man even posthumously sensible of what he owes to us. I believe that when he has done any great wrong to any very distinguished horse, deceased, he gets up a subscription to have an awkward likeness of him made, and erects it in a public place, to be generally venerated. I can find no other reason for the statues of us that abound.

"It must be regarded as a part of the inconsistency of man, that he erects no statues to the donkeys—who, though far inferior animals to ourselves, have great claims upon him. I should think a donkey opposite the horse at Hyde Park, another in Trafalgar-square, and a group of donkeys, in brass, outside the Guildhall of the city of London (for I believe the common-council chamber is inside that building) would be pleasant and appropriate memorials.

"I am not aware that I can suggest any thing more to my honorable friend the Raven, which will not already have occurred to his fine intellect. Like myself, he is the victim of brute force, and must bear it until the present state of things is changed—as it possibly may be in the good time which I understand is coming, if I wait a little longer."

There! How do you like that? That's the Horse! You shall have another animal's sentiments, soon. I have communicated with plenty of 'em, and they are all down upon you. It's not I alone who have found you out. You are generally detected, I am happy to say, and shall be covered with confusion.

Talking about the horse, are you going to set up any more horses? Eh? Think a bit. Come! You haven't got horses enough yet, surely? Couldn't you put somebody else on horseback, and stick him up, at the cost of a few thousands? You have already statues to most of the "benefactors of mankind" (SEE ADVERTISEMENT) in your principal cities. You walk through groves of great inventors, instructors, discoverers, assuagers of pain, preventers of disease, suggesters of purifying thoughts, doers of noble deeds. Finish the list. Come!

Whom will you hoist into the saddle? Let's have a cardinal virtue! Shall it be Faith? Hope? Charity? Ay, Charity's the virtue to ride on horseback! Let's have Charity!

"How shall we represent it? Eh? What do you think? Royal? Certainly? Duke? Of course. Charity always was typified in that way, from the time of a certain widow downward. And there's nothing less left to put up; all the commoners who were "benefactors of mankind" having had their statues in the public places, long ago.

How shall we dress it? Rags? Low. Drapery? Commonplace. Field-Marshal's uniform? The very thing! Charity in a Field-Marshal's uniform (none the worse for wear) with thirty thousand pounds a year, public money, in its pocket, and fifteen thousand more, public money, up behind, will be a piece of plain, uncompromising truth in the highways, and an honor to the country and the time.

Ha, ha, ha! You can't leave the memory of an unassuming, honest, good-natured, amiable old duke alone, without bespattering it with your flunkeyism, can't you? That's right—and like you! Here are three brass buttons in my crop. I'll subscribe 'em all. One, to the statue of Charity; one, to a statue of Hope; one, to a statue of Faith. For Faith, we'll have the Nepaulese Embassador on horseback—being a prince. And for Hope, we'll put the Hippopotamus on horseback, and so make a group.

Let's have a meeting about it!

[From Howitt's Country Year-Book.]

THE QUAKERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

GEORGE DILWYN was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers About fifty years ago he came over to this country, on what we have already said is termed a "Religious Visit," and being in Cornwall, when I was there, and at George Fox's, in Falmouth—our aged relative still narrates—soon became an object of great attraction, not only from his powerful preaching, but from his extraordinary gift in conversation, which he made singularly interesting from the introduction of curious passages in his own life and experience.

His company was so much sought after, that a general invitation was given, by his hospitable and wealthy entertainer, to all the Friends of the town and neighborhood to come, and hear, and see him; and evening by evening, their rooms were crowded by visitors, who sat on seats, side by side, as in a public lecture-room.

Among other things, he related, that during

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the time of the revolutionary war, one of the armies passing through a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was given to them. The following day the adverse army came up in pursuit, and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained; and so great was the strait to which they were reduced, that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day after day went on, and no prospect of relief was afforded them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair. The forests around them were in possession of the soldiers, and the game, which otherwise might have yielded them subsistence, was killed or driven away.

After several days of great distress, they retired at night, still without hope or prospect of succor. How great, then, was their surprise and cause of thankfulness when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were seen standing around their inclosures, as if driven there for their benefit! From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming, but they suffered themselves to be taken without resistance; and thus the whole people were saved, and had great store of provisions laid up for many weeks.

Again, a similar circumstance occurred near the sea-shore, when the flying and pursuing armies had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently to add to their distress, the wind set in with such unusual violence, and the sea drove the tide so far inland, that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town retreat to their upper rooms. This also being during the night, greatly added to their distress; and, like the others, they were ready to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them; for the tide had brought up with it a most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained ready taken, without net or skill of man—a bountiful provision for the wants of the people, till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related, which occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such secure simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defenses as they could muster—even then, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep The Friend and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution, that they slept without even withdrawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and, before retiring to rest, drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night, the Friend, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this, he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground-floor, and the next moment the door-string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which, an Indian observed, that, by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved; for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that, on finding the door open, it was said—"These people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT."

During the whole American revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence. Through the whole war, there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back daily unmolested, while devastation spread

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on all sides; but at length, thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot some birds, the Indians, in ambush, believed that he had deserted his principles, and shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was importuned by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but, at length, letting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so uneasy, that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed that she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the fighting part of the community, and before she reached home she was shot by them.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF SCIENCE.

DR. PARIS has already shown, in a charming little book treating scientifically of children's toys, how easy even "philosophy in sport can be made science in earnest." An earlier genius cut out the whole alphabet into the figures of uncouth animals, and inclosed them in a toy-box representing Noah's Ark, for the purpose of teaching children their letters. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, have been decimated; "yea, the great globe itself," has been parceled into little wooden sections, that their readjustment into a continuous map might teach the infant conqueror of the world the relative positions of distant countries. Archimedes might have discovered the principle of the lever and the fundamental principles of gravity upon a rocking-horse. In like manner he might have ascertained the laws of hydrostatics, by observing the impetus of many natural and artificial fountains, which must occasionally have come beneath his eye. So also the principles of acoustics might even now be taught by the aid of a penny whistle, and there is no knowing how much children's nursery games may yet be rendered subservient to the advancement of science. The famous Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus had excellent notions on these subjects. He determined that his son Martinus should be the most learned and universally well-informed man of his age, and had recourse to all sorts of devices in order to inspire him even unthinkingly with knowledge. He determined that every thing should contribute to the improvement of his mind—even his very dress. He therefore, his biographer informs us, invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and also of the commerce of different nations. His son's disposition to mathematics—for he was a remarkable child—was discovered very early by his drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. His father also wisely resolved that he should acquire the learned languages, especially Greek—and remarking, curiously enough, that young Martinus Scriblerus was remarkably fond of gingerbread, the happy idea came into his parental head that his pieces of gingerbread should be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and such was the child's avidity for knowledge, that the very first day he eat down to *iota*.

When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence and went to live in Leicester-place, his next door neighbor was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who she felt certain was a poor mad gentleman. "And why so?" asked her friend. "Because," said she, "he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw down the window-blinds, he takes his seat on a little stool before a tub of soap-suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay-pipe, which he intently watches floating about until they burst. He is doubtless," she added, "now at his favorite diversion, for it is a fine day; do come and look at him." The gentleman smiled; and they went up-stairs, when after looking through the stair-case window into the adjoining court-yard, he turned round and said, "My dear lady, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic, is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble."

The principle, illustrated by the examples we have given, has been efficiently followed by the Directors of the Royal Polytechnic Institution in Regent-street, London. Even the simplest models and objects they exhibit in their extensive halls and galleries, expound—like Sir Isaac Newton's soap-bubble—some important principle of Science or Art.

On entering the Hall of Manufactures (as we did the other day) it was impossible not to be impressed with the conviction that we are in an utilitarian age in which the science of Mechanics advances with marvelous rapidity. Here we observed steam-engines, hand-looms, and machines in active operation, surrounding us with that peculiar din which makes the air

> "Murmur, as with the sound of summer-flies."

Passing into the "Gallery in the Great Hall," we did not fail to derive a momentary amusement, from observing the very different objects which seemed most to excite the attention, and interest of the different sight-seers. Here, stood obviously a country farmer examining the model of a steam-plow; there, a Manchester or Birmingham manufacturer looking into a curious and complicated weaving machine; here, we noticed a group of ladies admiring specimens of

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elaborate carving in ivory, and personal ornaments esteemed highly fashionable at the antipodes; and there, the smiling faces of youth watching with eager eyes the little boats and steamers paddling along the Water Reservoir in the central counter. But we had scarcely looked around us, when a bell rang to announce a lecture on Voltaic Electricity by Dr. Bachhoffner; and moving with a stream of people up a short stair-case, we soon found ourselves in a very commodious and well-arranged theatre. There are many universities and public institutions that have not better lecture rooms than this theatre in the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The lecture was elementary and exceedingly instructive, pointing out and showing by experiments, the identity between Magnetism and Electricity—light and heat; but notwithstanding the extreme perspicuity of the Professor, it was our fate to sit next two old ladies who seemed to be very incredulous about the whole business.

"If heat and light are the same thing," asked one, "why don't a flame come out at the spout of a boiling tea-kettle?"

"The steam," answered the other, "may account for that."

"Hush!" cried somebody behind them; and the ladies were silent: but it was plain they thought Voltaic Electricity had something to do with conjuring, and that the lecturer might be a professor of Magic. The lecture over, we returned to the Gallery, where we found the Diving Bell just about to be put in operation. It is made of cast iron, and weighs three tons; the interior being provided with seats, and lighted by openings in the crown, upon which a plate of thick glass is secured. The weighty instrument suspended by a massive chain to a large swing crane, was soon in motion, when we observed our skeptical lady-friends join a party and enter, in order, we presume, to make themselves more sure of the truth of the diving-bell than they could do of the identity between light and heat. The bell was soon swung round and lowered into a tank, which holds nearly ten thousand gallons of water; but we confess our fears for the safety of its inmates were greatly appeased, when we learned that the whole of this reservoir of water could be emptied in less than one minute. Slowly and steadily was the bell drawn up again, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the enterprising ladies and their companions alight on *terra firma*, nothing injured excepting that they were greatly flushed in the face. A man, clad in a water-tight dress and surmounted with a diving-helmet, next performed a variety of sub-aqueous feats, much to the amusement and astonishment of the younger part of the audience, one of whom shouted as he came up above the surface of the water, "Oh! ma'a! Don't he look like an Ogre!" and certainly the shining brass helmet and staring large plate-glass eyes fairly warranted such a suggestion. The principles of the diving-bell and of the diving-helmet are too well known to require explanation; but the practical utility of these machines is daily proved. Even while we now write, it has been ascertained that the foundations of Blackfriars Bridge are giving way. The bed of the river, owing to the constant ebb and flow of its waters, has sunk some six or seven feet below its level since the bridge was built, thus undermining its foundation; and this effect, it is presumed, has been greatly augmented by the removal of the old London Bridge, the works surrounding which operated as a dam in checking the force of the current. These machines, also, are constantly used in repairing the bottom of docks, landing-piers, and in the construction of breakwater works, such as those which are at present being raised at Dover Harbor.

Among other remarkable objects in the museum of natural history we recognized, swimming upon his shingly bed under a glass case, our old friend the Gymnotus Electricus, or Electrical Eel. Truly, he is a marvelous fish. The power which animals of every description possess in adapting themselves to external and adventitious circumstances, is here marvelously illustrated, for, notwithstanding this creature is surrounded by the greatest possible amount of artificial circumstances, inasmuch as instead of sporting in his own pellucid and sparkling waters of the river Amazon, he is here confined in a glass prison, in water artificially heated; instead of his natural food, he is here supplied with fish not indigenous to his native country, and denied access to fresh air, with sunlight sparkling upon the surface of the waves—he is here surrounded by an impure and obscure atmosphere, with crowds of people constantly moving to and fro and gazing upon him; yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantageous circumstances, he has continued to thrive; nay, since we saw him ten years ago, he has increased in size and is apparently very healthy, notwithstanding that he is obviously quite blind.

This specimen of the Gymnotus Electricus was caught in the river Amazon, and was brought over to this country by Mr. Potter, where it arrived on the 12th of August, 1838, when he displayed it to the proprietors of the Adelaide Gallery. In the first instance, there was some difficulty in keeping him alive, for, whether from sickness, or sulkiness, he refused food of every description, and is said to have eaten nothing from the day he was taken, in March, 1838, to the 19th of the following October. He was confided upon his arrival to the care of Mr. Bradley, who placed him in an apartment the temperature of which could be maintained at about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, and acting upon the suggestions of Baron Humboldt, he endeavored to feed him with bits of boiled meat, worms, frogs, fish, and bread, which were all tried in succession. But the animal would not touch these. The plan adopted by the London fishmongers for fattening the common eel was then had recourse to; a quantity of bullock's blood was put into the

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water, care being taken that it should be changed daily, and this was attended with some beneficial effects, as the animal gradually improved in health. In the month of October it occurred to Mr. Bradley to tempt him with some small fish, and the first gudgeon thrown into the water he darted at and swallowed with avidity. From that period the same diet has been continued, and he is now fed three times a day, and upon each occasion is given two or three carp, or perch, or gudgeon, each weighing from two to three ounces. In watching his movements we observed, that in swimming about he seems to delight in rubbing himself against the gravel which forms the bed above which he floats, and the water immediately becomes clouded with the mucus from which he thus relieves the surface of his body.

When this species of fish was first discovered, marvelous accounts respecting them were transmitted to the Royal Society: it was even said that in the river Surinam, in the western province of Guiana, some existed twenty feet long. The present specimen is forty inches in length; and measures eighteen inches round the body; and his physiognomy justifies the description given by one of the early narrators, who remarked, that the Gymnotus "resembles one of our common eels, except that its head is flat, and its mouth wide, like that of a cat-fish, without teeth." It is certainly ugly enough. On its first arrival in England, the proprietors offered Professor Faraday (to whom this country may possibly discover, within the next five hundred years, that it owes something) the privilege of experimenting upon him for scientific purposes, and the result of a great number of experiments, ingeniously devised, and executed with great nicety, clearly proved the identity between the electricity of the fish and the common electricity. The shock, the circuit, the spark, were distinctly obtained; the galvanometer was sensibly affected; chemical decompositions were obtained; an annealed steel needle became magnetic, and the direction of its polarity indicated a current from the anterior to the posterior parts of the fish, through the conductors used. The force with which the electric discharge is made is also very considerable, for this philosopher tells us we may conclude that a single medium discharge of the fish is at least equal to the electricity of a Leyden Battery of fifteen jars, containing three thousand five hundred square inches of glass, coated upon both sides, charged to its highest degree. But great as is the force of a single discharge, the Gymnotus will sometimes give a double, and even a triple shock, with scarcely any interval. Nor is this all. The instinctive action it has recourse to in order to augment the force of the shock, is very remarkable.

The professor one day dropped a live fish, five inches long, into the tub; upon which the Gymnotus turned round in such a manner as to form a coil inclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it, and the fish was struck motionless, as if lightning had passed through the water. The Gymnotus then made a turn to look for his prey, which having found, he bolted it, and then went about seeking for more. A second smaller fish was then given him, which being hurt, showed little signs of life; and this he swallowed apparently without "shocking it." We are informed by Dr. Williamson, in a paper he communicated some years ago to the Royal Society, that a fish already struck motionless gave signs of returning animation, which the Gymnotus observing, he instantly discharged another shock, which killed it. Another curious circumstance was observed by Professor Faraday—the Gymnotus appeared conscious of the difference of giving a shock to an animate and an inanimate body, and would not be provoked to discharge its powers upon the latter. When tormented by a glass rod, the creature in the first instance threw out a shock, but as if he perceived his mistake, he could not be stimulated afterward to repeat it, although the moment the professor touched him with his hands, he discharged shock after shock. He refused, in like manner, to gratify the curiosity of the philosophers, when they touched him with metallic conductors, which he permitted them to do with indifference. It is worthy of observation, that this is the only specimen of the Gymnotus Electricus ever brought over alive into this country. The great secret of preserving his life would appear to consist in keeping the water at an even temperature—summer and winter—of seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. After having been subjected to a great variety of experiments, the creature is now permitted to enjoy the remainder of its days in honorable peace, and the only occasion upon which he is now disturbed, is when it is found necessary to take him out of his shallow reservoir to have it cleaned, when he discharges angrily enough shock after shock, which the attendants describe to be very smart, even though he be held in several thick and well wetted cloths, for they do not at all relish the job.

The Gymnotus Electricus is not the only animal endowed with this very singular power; there are other fish, especially the Torpedo and Silurus, which are equally remarkable, and equally well known. The peculiar structure which enters into the formation of their electrical organs, was first examined by the eminent anatomist John Hunter, in the Torpedo; and, very recently, Rudolphi has described their structure with great exactness in the Gymnotus Electricus.

Without entering into minute details, the peculiarity of the organic apparatus of the Electrical Eel seems to consist in this, that it is composed of numerous *laminæ* or thin tendinous partitions, between which exists an infinite number of small cells filled with a thickish gelatinous fluid. These strata and cells are supplied with nerves of unusual size, and the intensity of the electrical power is presumed to

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depend on the amount of nervous energy accumulated in these cells, whence it can be voluntarily discharged, just as a musole may be voluntarily contracted. Furthermore, there are, it would appear, good reasons to believe that nervous power (in whatever it may consist) and electricity are identical. The progress of science has already shown the identity between heat, electricity, and magnetism; that heat may be concentrated into electricity, and this electricity reconverted into heat; that electric force may be converted into magnetic force, and Professor Faraday himself discovered how, by reacting back again, the magnetic force can be reconverted into the electric force, and *vice versâ;* and should the identity between electricity and nervous power be as clearly established, one of the most important and interesting problems in physiology will be solved.

Every new discovery in science, and all improvements in industrial art, the principles of which are capable of being rendered in the least degree interesting, are in this Exhibition forthwith popularized, and become, as it were, public property. Every individual of the great public can at the very small cost of one shilling, claim his or her share in the property thus attractively collected, and a small amount of previous knowledge or natural intelligence will put the visitor in actual possession of treasures which previously "he wot not of," in so amusing a manner that they will be beguiled rather than bored into his mind.

A TUSCAN VINTAGE.

ALL Tuscany had been busy with the vintage. The vintage! Is there a word more rich to the untraveled Englishman in picturesque significance and poetical associations? All that the bright south has of glowing coloring, harmonious forms, teeming abundance, and Saturnian facility, mixed up in the imagination with certain vague visions of bright black eyes and bewitching ankles—all this, and more, goes to the making up of the Englishman's notion of the vintage. Alas! that it should be needful to dissipate such charming illusions. And yet it is well to warn those who cherish these *couleur-de-rose* imaginings, and who would fain shun a disagreeable *désenchantement*, that they will do wisely in continuing to receive their impressions of Italian ruralities from the presentations of our theatres, and the description of Mrs. Radcliffe. To those inquirers, however, of sterner mould, who would find truth, be it ever so disagreeable when found, it must be told that a Devonshire harvesting is twice as pretty, and a Kentish hop-picking thrice as pretty a scene as any "vindemia" that the vineyards of Italy can show. The vine, indeed, as grown in Italy—especially when the fruit is ripe, and the leaves begin to be tinted with crimson and yellow—is an exceedingly pretty object, rich in coloring, and elegant in its forms. Nothing but the most obsolete and backward agriculture, however, preserves these beauties. If good wine and not pretty crops be the object in view, the vine should be grown as in France—a low dwarf plant closely pruned, and raised only two or three feet from the ground; and than such a vineyard nothing can be more ugly. Classic Italy, however, still cultivates her vines as she did when the Georgics were written; "marries" them most becomingly and picturesquely to elms or mulberries, &c., and makes of them lovely festoons and very acrid wine. Again, it must be admitted that a yoke of huge dove-colored oxen, with their heavy unwieldy tumbril, is a more picturesque object than an English wagon and a team of horses. Occasionally, too, may be seen bearing not ungracefully a blushing burden of huge bunches, a figure, male or female, who might have sat for a model to Leopold Robert. But despite all this, the process of gathering the vintage is any thing but a pleasing sight. In one of the heavy tumbrils I have mentioned, are placed some twelve or fifteen large pails, some three feet deep, and a foot or so in diameter. Into these are thrown pell-mell the bunches of fruit, ripe and unripe, clean and dirty, stalks and all, white and red indiscriminately. The cart thus laden, the fifteen pails of unsightly, dirty-looking slush, are driven to the "fattoria," there to be emptied into vats, which appear, both to nose and eye, never to have been cleansed since they were made. In performing this operation much is of course spilt over the men employed, over the cart, over the ground; and nothing can look less agreeable than the effect thus produced. Sometimes one large tub occupies the whole tumbril, the contents of which, on reaching the "fattoria," have to be ladled out with buckets. Often the contents of the vat, trodden in one place—a most unsightly process—have to be transported in huge barrels, like water-carts, to another place to undergo fermentation. And then the thick muddy stream, laden with filth and impurities of all sorts, which is seen when these barrels discharge their cargo, is as little calculated to give one a pleasing idea of the "ruby wine" which is to be the result of all this filthy squash, as can well be imagined. Add to this an exceedingly unpleasant smell in and about all the buildings in which any part of the wine-making process takes place, and the constant recurrence of rotting heaps of the refuse matter of the pressed grape under every wall and hedge in the neighborhood of each "fattoria"—and the notions connected with the so be-poetized vintage, will be easily understood to be none of the pleasantest in the minds of those acquainted with its sights and smells.—*Trollope's Impressions of a Wanderer.*

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HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHEALTHY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

EMPEROR YAO (very many years B. C.) established a certain custom, which was followed, we are told, by his successors on the throne of China. The custom was this. Outside the hall-door of his palace, he suspended a tablet and a gong; and if one among his subjects felt himself able to suggest a good idea to his ruler, or wished to admonish him of any error in his ways, the critic paid a visit to the palace, wrote what he had to say upon the tablet, battered at the gong, and ran away. The Emperor came out; and then, unless it happened that some scapegrace of a schoolboy had annoyed him by superadding a fly-away knock to a contemptuous hieroglyphic, he gravely profited by any hint the tablets might convey. Not unlike honest, patriarchal Yao is our British Public. It is summoned out to read inscriptions at its door, left there by all who have advice to give or faults to deprecate. The successors of Yao, finding upon their score so many conflicting tales, soon substituted for the gong five instruments of music. It was required, then, that the monitor should distinguish, by the instrument upon which he performed his summons, what particular department of imperial duties it might be to which he desired to call attention. Now not five but fifty voices summon *our* royal public. One man courts attention with a dulcet strain, one brays, one harps upon a string, another drums. And among those who have of late been busiest in pointing errors out, and drumming at the public's door to have them rectified, are they who profess concern about the Public Health.

For the writer who now proposes to address to you, O excellent Public, through these pages, a Series of Practical Hints as to How to make Home Unhealthy, we would not have you think that he means to be in any respect so troublesome as those Sanitary Instructors. The lion on your knocker gives him confidence; he will leave no disconcerting messages; he will seek to come into your parlor as a friend. A friend he is; for, with a polite sincerity, he will maintain in all his arguments that what you do is what ought always to be done. He knows well that you are not foolish, and perceives, therefore, what end you have in view. He sees that you are impressed deeply with a conviction of the vanity of life; that you desire, accordingly, to prove your wisdom by exhibiting contempt for that which philosopher after philosopher forbids a thoughtful man to cherish. You would be proud to have Unhealthy Homes. Lusty carcases, they are for coarse folk and for the heathen; civilization forbids us to promote animal development. How can a man look spiritual, if he be not sickly? How can a woman—Is not Paris the mode? Go, weigh an elegant Parisienne against a peasant girl from Normandy. It is here proposed, therefore, to honor your discretion by demonstrating publicly how right you are. Some of the many methods by which one may succeed in making Home Unhealthy will be here detailed to you, in order that, as we go on, you may congratulate yourself on feeling how extremely clever you already are in your arrangements. Here is a plain purpose. If any citizen, listening to such lessons, think himself wise, and yet is one who, like good M. Jourdain in the comedy, *n'applaudit qu'à contresens*—to such a citizen it is enough to say, May much good come of his perversity!

I.

HINTS TO HANG UP IN THE NURSERY.

In laying a foundation of ill health, it is a great point to be able to begin at the beginning. You have the future man at excellent advantage when he is between your fingers as a baby. One of Hoffman's heroines, a clever housewife, discarded and abhorred her lover from the moment of his cutting a yeast dumpling. There are some little enormities of that kind which really can not be forgiven, and one such is, to miss the opportunity of physicking a baby. Now I will tell you how to treat the future pale-face at his first entrance into life.

A little while before the birth of any child, have a little something ready in a spoon; and, after birth, be ready at the first opportunity, to thrust this down his throat. Let his first gift from his fellow-creatures be a dose of physic—honey and calomel, or something of that kind; but you had better ask the nurse for a prescription. Have ready also, before birth, an abundant stock of pins; for it is a great point, in putting the first dress upon the little naked body, to contrive that it shall contain as many pins as possible. The prick of a sly pin is excellent for making children cry; and since it may lead nurses, mothers, now and then even doctors, to administer physic for the cure of imaginary gripings in the bowels, it may be twice blessed. Sanitary enthusiasts are apt to say that strings, not pins, are the right fastening for infants' clothes. Be not misled. Is not the pincushion an ancient institution? What is to say, "Welcome, little stranger," if pins cease to do so? Resist this innovation. It is the small end of the wedge. The next thing that a child would do, if let alone, would be to sleep. I would not suffer that. The poor thing must want feeding; therefore waken it and make it eat a sop, for that will be a pleasant joke at the expense of nature. It will be like wakening a gentleman after midnight to put into his mouth some pickled herring; only the baby can not thank you for your kindness as the gentleman might do.

This is a golden rule concerning babies: to procure sickly growth, let the child always suckle. Attempt no regularity in nursing. It is true that if an infant be fed at the breast every four hours, it will fall into the habit of desiring food only so often, and will sleep very tranquilly during the interval. This may save trouble, but it is a device for rearing healthy children: we discard it. Our infants shall be nursed in no new-fangled way. As for the child's crying,

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quiet costs eighteen-pence a bottle; so that argument is very soon disposed of.

Never be without a flask of Godfrey's Cordial, or Daffy, in the nursery; but the fact is, that you ought to keep a medicine-chest. A good deal of curious information may be obtained by watching the effects of various medicines upon your children.

Never be guided by the child's teeth in weaning it. Wean it before the first teeth are cut, or after they have learned to bite. Wean all at once, with bitter aloes or some similar devices; and change the diet suddenly. It is a foolish thing to ask a medical attendant how to regulate the food of children; he is sure to be overrun with bookish prejudices; but nurses are practical women, who understand thoroughly matters of this kind.

Do not use a cot for infants, or presume beyond the time-honored institution of the cradle. Active rocking sends a child to sleep by causing giddiness. Giddiness is a disturbance of the blood's usual way of circulation; obviously, therefore, it is a thing to aim at in our nurseries. For elder children, swinging is an excellent amusement, if they become giddy on the swing.

In your nursery, a maid and two or three children may conveniently be quartered for the night, by all means carefully secured from draughts. Never omit to use at night a chimney board. The nursery window ought not to be much opened; and the door should be kept always shut, in order that the clamor of the children may not annoy others in your house.

When the children walk out for an airing, of course they are to be little ladies and gentlemen. They are not to scamper to and fro; a little gentle amble with a hoop ought to be their severest exercise. In sending them to walk abroad, it is a good thing to let their legs be bare. The gentleman papa, probably, would find bare legs rather cold walking in the streets of London; but the gentleman son, of course, has quite another constitution. Besides, how can a boy, not predisposed that way, hope to grow up consumptive, if some pains are not taken with him in his childhood?

It is said that of old time children in the Balearic Islands were not allowed to eat their dinner, until, by adroitness in the shooting of stones out of a sling, they had dislodged it from a rafter in the house. Children in the British Islands should be better treated. Let them not only have their meals unfailingly, but let them be at all other times tempted and bribed to eat. Cakes and sweetmeats of alluring shape and color, fruits, and palatable messes, should, without any regularity, be added to the diet of a child. The stomach, we know, requires three or four hours to digest a meal, expects a moderate routine of tasks, and between each task looks for a little period of rest. Now, as we hope to create a weak digestion, what is more obvious than that we must use artifice to circumvent the stomach? In one hour we must come upon it unexpectedly with a dose of fruit and sugar; then, if the regular dinner have been taken, astonish the digestion, while at work upon it, with the appearance of an extra lump of cake, and presently some gooseberries. In this way we soon triumph over Nature, who, to speak truth, does not permit to us an easy victory, and does try to accommodate her working to our whims. We triumph, and obtain our reward in children pale and polite, children with appetites already formed, that will become our good allies against their health in after life.

Principiis obsta. Let us subdue mere nature at her first start, and make her civilized in her beginnings. Let us wipe the rose-tint out of the child's cheek, in good hope that the man will not be able to recover it. White, yellow, and purple—let us make them to be his future tricolor.

II.

THE LONDONER'S GARDEN.

Brick walls do not secrete air. It comes in through your doors and windows, from the streets and alleys in your neighborhood; it comes in without scraping its feet, and goes down your throat, unwashed, with small respect for your gentility. You must look abroad, therefore, for some elements of an unwholesome home; and when, sitting at home, you do so, it is a good thing if you can see a burial-ground—one of "God's gardens," which our city cherishes.

Now, do not look up with a dolorous face, saying, "Alas! these gardens are to be taken from us!" Let agitators write and let Commissioners report, let Government nod its goodwill, and although all the world may think that our London burial-grounds are about to be incontinently jacketed in asphalte, and that we ourselves, when dead, are to be steamed off to Erith—we are content: at present this is only gossip.* On one of the lowest terraces of hell, says Dante, he found a Cordelier, who had been dragged thither by a logical demon, in defiance of the expostulations of St. Francis. The sin of that monk was a sentence of advice for which absolution had been received before he gave it: "Promise much, and perform little." In the hair of any Minister's head, and of every Commissioner's head, we know not what "black cherubim" may have entwined their claws. There is hope, while there is life, for the old cause. But if those who have authority to do so really have determined to abolish intramural burial, let us call upon them solemnly to reconsider their verdict. Let them ponder what follows.

Two or three years ago, a book, promulgating notions upon spiritual life, was published in London by the Chancellor of a certain place across the Channel. It was a clever book; and, among other matter, broached a theory. "*Our souls*," the Rev. Chancellor informed us, "*consist of the essence, extract, or gas contained in the human body;*" and, that he might not be

* Now it is fate. *July*, 1850.

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vague, he made special application to a chemist, who "added some important observations of his own respecting the corpse after death." But we must decorate a great speculation with the ornamental words of its propounder.

"The gases into which the animal body is resolved by putrefaction are ammonia, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, cyanogen, and sulphureted, phosphureted, and carbureted hydrogen. The first, and the two last-named gases, are most abundant." We omit here some details as to the time a body takes in rotting. "From which it appears, that these noble elements and rich essences of humanity are too subtle and volatile to continue long with the corpse; but soon disengage themselves, and escape from it. After which nothing remains but the foul refuse in the vat; the mere *caput mortuum* in the crucible; the vile dust and ashes of the tomb. Nor does inhumation, however deep in the ground, nor drowning in the lowest depths and darkest caverns of the fathomless abyss, prevent those subtle essences, rare attenuate spirits, or gases, from escaping; or chain down to dust those better, nobler elements of the human body. No bars can imprison them; no vessels detain them from their kindred element, confine them from their native home."

We are all of us familiar with the more noticeable of these "essences," by smell, if not by name. Metaphysicians tell us that perceptions and ideas *will* follow in a train: perhaps that may account for the sudden recollection of an old-fashioned story—may the moderns pardon it. A young Cambridge student, airing his wisdom at a dinner-party, was ingenious upon the Theory of Winds. He was most eloquent concerning heat and cold; radiation, rarefaction; polar and equatorial currents; he had brought his peroration to a close, when he turned round upon a grave Professor of his College, saying, "And what, sir, do you believe to be the cause of wind?" The learned man replied, "Pea-soup—pea-soup!" In the group of friends around a social soup-tureen, must we in future recognize

"The feast of reason, and—the flow of soul!"

How gladly shall we fight the fight of life, hoping that, after death, we shall meet in a world of sulphureted hydrogen and other gases! And where do the Sanitary Reformers suppose that, after death, *their* gases will go—they who, in life, with asphalte and paving-stones, would have restrained the souls of their own fathers from ascending into upper air?

Against us let there be no such reproach. Freely let us breathe into our bosoms some portion of the spirit of the dead. If we live near no church-yard, let us visit one—Mesmerically, if you please. Now we are on the way. We see narrow streets and many people; most of the faces that we meet are pale. Here is a walking funeral; we follow with it to the church-yard. A corner is turned, and there is another funeral to be perceived at no great distance in advance. Our walkers trot. The other party, finding itself almost overtaken, sets off with a decent run. Our party runs. There is a race for prior attention when they reach the ground. We become interested. We perceive that one undertaker wears gaiters, and the other straps. We trot behind them, betting with each other, you on Gaiters, I on Straps. I win; a *Deus ex machinâ* saves me, or I should have lost. An over-goaded ox rushes bewildered round a corner, charges and overthrows the foremost coffin; it is broken, and the body is exposed—its white shroud flaps upon the mud. This has occurred once, I know; and how much oftener, I know not. So Gaiters pioneers his party to the nearest undertaker for repairs, and we follow the triumphant procession to the church-yard. The minister there meets it, holding his white handkerchief most closely to his nose; the mourners imitate him, sick and sorrowful. Your toe sticks in a bit of carrion, as we pass near the grave and seek the sexton. He is a pimpled man, who moralizes much; but his morality is maudlin. He is drunk. He is accustomed to antagonize the "spirits" of the dead with spirits from the "Pig and Whistle." Here let the *séance* end.

At home again, let us remark upon a striking fact. Those poor creatures whom we saw in sorrow by the grave, believed that they were sowing flesh to immortality—and so they were. They did not know that they were also sowing coffee. By a trustworthy informant, I am taught that of the old coffin-wood dug up out of the crowded church-yards, a large quantity that is not burned, is dried and ground; and that ground coffee is therewith adulterated in a wholesale manner. It communicates to cheap coffee a good color; and puts Body into it, there can be no doubt of that. It will be a severe blow to the trade in British coffees if intramural interment be forbidden. We shall be driven to depend upon distant planters for what now can be produced in any quantity at home.

Remember the largeness of the interests involved. Within the last thirty years, a million and a half of corpses have been hidden under ground, in patches, here and there, among the streets of London. This pasturage we have enjoyed from our youth up, and it is threatened now to put us off our feed.

I say no more, for better arguments than these can not be urged on behalf of the maintenance of City grave-yards. Possibly these may not prevail. Yet never droop. Nevertheless, without despairing, take a house in the vicinity of such a garden of the dead. If our lawgivers should fear the becoming neighborly with Dante's Cordelier, and therefore absolutely interdict more burials in London, still you are safe. They shall not trample on the graves that are. We can agitate, and we will agitate successfully against their asphalte. Let the City be mindful of its old renown; let Vestries rally round Sir Peter Laurie, and there may be yet secured to you, for seven years to come, an atmosphere which shall assist in making Home Unhealthy.

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III.

SPENDING A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.

By the consent of antiquity, it is determined that Pain shall be doorkeeper to the house of Pleasure. In Europe Purgatory led to Paradise; and, had St. Symeon lived among us now, he would have earned heaven, if the police permitted, by praying for it, during thirty years, upon the summit of a lamp-post. In India the Fakir was beatified by standing on his head, under a hot sun, beset with roasting bonfires. In Greenland the soul expected to reach bliss by sliding for five days down a rugged rock, wounding itself, and shivering with cold. The American Indians sought happiness through castigation, and considered vomits the most expeditious mode of enforcing self-denial on the stomach. Some tribes of Africans believe, that on the way to heaven every man's head is knocked against a wall. By consent of mankind, therefore, it is granted that we must pass Pain on the way to Pleasure.

What Pleasure is, when reached, none but the dogmatical can venture to determine. To Greenlanders, a spacious fish-kettle, forever simmering, in which boiled seals forever swim, is the delight of heaven. And remember that, in the opinion of M. Bailly, Adam and Eve gardened in Nova Zembla.

You will not be surprised, therefore, if I call upon you to prepare for your domestic pleasures with a little suffering; nor, when I tell you what such pleasures are, must you exclaim against them as absurd. Having the sanction of our forefathers, they are what is fashionable now, and consequently they are what is fit.

I propose, then, that you should give, for the entertainment of your friends, an Evening Party; and as this is a scene in which young ladies prominently figure, I will, if you please, on this occasion, pay particular attention to your daughter.

O mystery of preparation!—Pardon, sir. You err if you suppose me to insinuate that ladies are more careful over personal adornment than the gentlemen. When men made a display of manhood, wearing beards, it is recorded that they packed them, when they went to bed, in pasteboard cases, lest they might be tumbled in the night. Man at his grimmest is as vain as woman, even when he stalks about bearded and battle-axed. This is the mystery of preparation in your daughter's case: How does she breathe? You have prepared her from childhood for the part she is to play to-night, by training her form into the only shape which can be looked at with complacency in any ball-room. A machine, called stays, introduced long since into England by the Normans, has had her in its grip from early girlhood. She has become pale, and—only the least bit—liable to be blue about the nose and fingers.

Stays are an excellent contrivance; they give a material support to the old cause, Unhealthiness at Home. This is the secret of their excellence. A woman's ribs are narrow at the top, and as they approach the waist they widen, to allow room for the lungs to play within them. If you can prevent the ribs from widening, you can prevent the lungs from playing, which they have no right to do, and make them work. This you accomplish by the agency of stays. It fortunately happens that these lungs have work to do—the putting of the breath of life into the blood—which they are unable to do properly when cramped for space; it becomes about as difficult for them as it would be to you to play the trombone in a china closet. By this compression of the chest, ladies are made nervous, and become unfit for much exertion; they do not, however, allow us to suppose that they have lost flesh. There is a fiction of attire which would induce, in a speculative critic, the belief that some internal flame had caused their waists to gutter, and that the ribs had all run down into a lump which protrudes behind under the waistband. This appearance is, I think, a fiction; and for my opinion I have newspaper authority. In the papers it was written, one day last year, that the hump alluded to was tested with a pin, upon the person of a lady, coming from the Isle of Man, and it was found not to be sensitive. Brandy exuded from the wound; for in that case the projection was a bladder, in which the prudent housewife was smuggling comfort in a quiet way. The touch of a pin changed all into discomfort, when she found that she was converted into a peripatetic watering-can—brandying-can, I should have said.

Your daughter comes down stairs dressed, with a bouquet, at a time when the dull seeker of Health and Strength would have her to go up stairs with a bed-candlestick. Your guests arrive. Young ladies, thinly clad and packed in carriages, emerge, half-stifled; put a cold foot, protected by a filmy shoe, upon the pavement, and run, shivering, into your house. Well, sir, we'll warm them presently. But suffer me to leave you now, while you receive your guests.

I know a Phyllis, fresh from the country, who gets up at six and goes to bed at ten; who knows no perfume but a flower-garden, and has worn no bandage to her waist except a sash. She is now in London, and desires to do as others do. She is invited to your party, but is not yet come; it may be well for me to call upon her. Why, in the name of Newgate, what is going on? She is shrieking "Murder!" on the second floor. Up to the rescue! A judicious maid directs me to the drawing-room: "It's only miss a-trying on her stays."

Here we are, sir; Phyllis and I. You find the room oppressive—'tis with perfume, Phyllis. With foul air? ah, your nice country nose detects it; yes, there is foul air: not nasty, of course, my dear, mixed, as it here is, with eau-de-Cologne and patchouli. Pills are not nasty, sugared. A grain or two of arsenic in each might be not quite exactly neutralized by sugar; but there is nothing like faith in a good digestion. Why do the gentlemen cuddle the ladies, and spin about the room with them, like tee-totums?

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Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! let me waltz with you. There, do you not see how it is? Faint, are you—giddy—will you fall? An ice will refresh you. Spasms next! Phyllis, let me take you home.

Now then, sir, Phyllis has been put to bed; allow me to dance a polka with your daughter. Frail, elegant creature that she is! A glass of wine—a macaroon: good. Sontag, yes; and that dear novel. That was a delightful dance; now let us promenade. The room is close; a glass of wine, an ice, and let us get to the delicious draught in the conservatory, or by that door. Is it not beautiful? The next quadrille—I look slily at my watch, and Auber's grim chorus rumbles within me, "*Voici minuit! voici minuit!*" Another dance. How fond she seems to be of macaroons! Supper. My dear sir, I will take good care of your daughter. One sandwich. Champagne. Blanc-mange. Tipsey-cake. Brandy cherries. Glass of wine. A macaroon. Trifle. Jelly. Champagne. Custard. Macaroon. The ladies are being taken care of—Yes, now in their absence we will drink their health, and wink at each other: their and our Bad Healths. This is the happiest moment of our lives; at two in the morning, with a dose of indigestion in the stomach, and three hours more to come before we get to bed. You, my dear sir, hope that on many occasions like the present you may see your friends around you, looking as glassy-eyed as you have made them to look now. We will rejoin the ladies.

Nothing but Champagne could have enabled us to keep up the evening so well. We were getting weary before supper—but we have had some wine, have dug the spur into our sides, and on we go again. At length, even the bottle stimulates our worn-out company no more; and then we separate. Good-night, dear sir; we have spent a Very Pleasant Evening under your roof.

To-morrow, when you depart from a late breakfast, having seen your daughter's face, and her boiled-mackerel eye, knowing that your wife is bilious, and that your son has just gone out for soda-water, you will feel yourself to be a Briton who has done his duty, a man who has paid something on account of his great debt to civilized society

IV.

THE LIGHT NUISANCE.

Tieck tells us, in his "History of the Schildbürger," that the town council of that spirited community was very wise. It had been noticed that many worthy aldermen and common-councilors were in the habit of looking out of window when they ought to be attending to their duties. A vote was therefore, on one occasion, passed by a large majority, to this effect, namely—Whereas the windows of the Town-hall are a great impediment to the dispatch of public business, it is ordered that before the next day of meeting they be all bricked up. When the next day of meeting came, the worthy representatives of Schildbürg were surprised to find themselves assembling in the dark. Presently, accepting the unlooked-for fact, they settled down into an edifying discussion of the question, whether darkness was not more convenient for their purposes than daylight. Had you and I been there, my friend, our votes in the division would have been, like the vote in our own House of Commons a few days ago, for keeping out the Light Nuisance as much as possible Darkness is better than daylight, certainly.

Now this admits of proof. For, let me ask, where do you find the best part of a lettuce?—not in the outside leaves. Which are the choice parts of celery?—of course, the white shoots in the middle. Why, sir? Because light has never come to them. They become white and luxurious by tying up, by earthing up, by any contrivance which has kept the sun at bay. It is the same with man: while we obstruct the light by putting brick and board where glass suggests itself, and mock the light by picturing impracticable windows on our outside walls—so that our houses stare about like blind men with glass eyes—while this is done, we sit at home and blanch, we become in our dim apartments pale and delicate, we grow to look refined, as gentlemen and ladies ought to look. Let the sanitary doctor, at whose head we have thrown lettuces, go to the botanist and ask him, How, is this? Let him come back and tell us, Oh, gentlemen, in these vegetables the natural juices are not formed when you exclude the light. The natural juices in the lettuce or in celery are flavored much more strongly than our tastes would relish, and therefore we induce in these plants an imperfect development, in order to make them eatable. Very well. The natural juices in a man are stronger than good taste can tolerate. Man requires horticulture to be fit to come to table. To rear the finer sorts of human kind, one great operation necessary is to banish light as much as possible.

Ladies know that. To keep their faces pale, they pull the blinds down in their drawing-rooms, they put a vail between their countenances and the sun when they go out, and carry, like good soldiers, a great shield on high, by name a Parasol, to ward his darts off. They know better than to let the old god kiss them into color, as he does the peaches. They choose to remain green fruit: and we all know that to be a delicacy.

Yet there are men among us daring to propose that there shall no longer be protection against light; men who would tax a house by its capaciousness, and let the sun shine into it unhindered. The so-called sanitary people really seem to look upon their fellow-creatures as so many cucumbers. But we have not yet fallen so far back in our development. Disease is a privilege. Those only who know the tender touch of a wife's hand, the quiet kiss, the soothing whisper, can appreciate its worth. All who are not dead to the tenderest emotions will la-

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ment the day when light is turned on without limit in our houses. We have no wish to be blazed upon. Frequently pestilence itself avoids the sunny side of any street, and prefers walking in the shade. Nay, even in one building, as in the case of a great barrack at St. Petersburg, there will be three calls made by disease upon the shady side of the establishment for every one visit that it pays to the side brightened by the sun; and this is known to happen uniformly, for a series of years. Let us be warned, then. There must be no increase of windows in our houses; let us curtain those we have, and keep our blinds well down. Let morning sun or afternoon sun fire no volleys in upon us. Faded curtains, faded carpets, all ye blinds forbid! But faded faces are desirable. It is a cheering spectacle on summer afternoons to see the bright rays beating on a row of windows, all the way down a street, and failing to find entrance any where. Who wants more windows? Is it not obvious that, when daylight really comes, every window we possess is counted one too many? If we could send up a large balloon into the sky, with Mr. Braidwood and a fire-engine, to get the flames of the sun under, just a little bit, that would be something rational. More light, indeed! More water next, no doubt! As if it were not perfectly notorious that in the articles of light, water, and air, Nature outran the constable. We have to keep out light with blinds and vails, and various machinery, as we would keep out cockroaches with wafers; we keep out air with pads and curtains; and still there are impertinent reformers clamoring to increase our difficulty, by giving us more windows to protect against the inroads of those household nuisances.

I call upon consistent Englishmen to make a stand against these innovators. There is need of all our vigor. In 1848, the repeal of the window-tax was scouted from the Commons by a sensible majority of ninety-four. In 1850, the good cause has triumphed only by a precarious majority of three. The exertions of right-thinking men will not be wanting, when the value and importance of a little energetic labor is once clearly perceived.

What is it that the sanitary agitators want? To tan and freckle all their countrywomen, and to make Britons apple-faced? The Persian hero, Rustum, when a baby, exhausted seven nurses, and was weaned upon seven sheep a day, when he was of age for spoon-meat. Are English babies to be Rustums? When Rustum's mother, Roubadah, from a high tower first saw and admired her future husband Zal, she let her ringlets fall, and they were long, and reached unto the ground; and Zal climbed up by them, and knelt down at her feet, and asked to marry her. Are British ladies to be strengthened into Roubadahs, with hair like a ship's cable, up which husbands may clamber? In the present state of the mania for public health, it is quite time that every patriotic man should put these questions seriously to his conscience

One topic more. Let it clearly be understood, that against artificial light we can make no objection. Between sun and candle there are more contrasts than the mere difference in brilliancy. The light which comes down from the sky not only eats no air out of our mouths, but it comes charged with mysterious and subtle principles which have a purifying, vivifying power. It is a powerful ally of health, and we make war against it. But artificial light contains no sanitary marvels. When the gas streams through half a dozen jets into your room, and burns there and gives light; when candles become shorter and shorter, until they are "burnt out" and seen no more; you know what happens. Nothing in Nature ceases to exist. Your camphine has left the lamp, but it has not vanished out of being. Nor has it been converted into light. Light is a visible action; and candles are no more converted into light when they are burning, than breath is converted into speech when you are talking. The breath, having produced speech, mixes with the atmosphere; gas, camphine, candles, having produced light, do the same. If you saw fifty wax-lights shrink to their sockets last week in an unventilated ball-room, yet, though invisible, they had not left you; for their elements were in the room, and you were breathing them. Their light had been a sign that they were combining chemically with the air; in so combining they were changed, but they became a poison. Every artificial light is, of necessity, a little workshop for the conversion of gas, oil, spirit, or candle into respirable poison. Let no sanitary tongue persuade you that the more we have of such a process, the more need we have of ventilation. Ventilation is a catchword for the use of agitators, in which it does not become any person of refinement to exhibit interest.

The following hint will be received thankfully by gentlemen who would be glad to merit spectacles. To make your eyes weak, use a fluctuating light; nothing can be better adapted for your purpose than what are called "mould" candles. The joke of them consists in this: they begin with giving you sufficient light; but, as the wick grows, the radiance lessens, and your eye gradually accommodates itself to the decrease: suddenly they are snuffed, and your eye leaps back to its original adjustment, there begins another slide, and then leaps back again. Much practice of this kind serves very well as a familiar introduction to the use of glasses.

V.

PASSING THE BOTTLE.

A BRASS button from the coat of Saint Peter was at one time shown to visitors among the treasures of a certain church in Nassau; possibly some traveler of more experience may have met with a false collar from the wardrobe of Saint Paul. The intellect displayed of old by holy saints and martyrs, we may reasonably believe to have surpassed the measure of a bishop's understanding in the present day; for

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we have the authority of eyesight and tradition in asserting that the meanest of those ancient worthies possessed not less than three skulls, and that a great saint must have had so very many heads, that it would have built the fortune of a man to be his hatter. Perhaps some of these relics are fictitious; nevertheless, they are the boast of their possessors; they are exhibited as genuine, and thoroughly believed to be so. Sir, did your stomach never suggest to you that doctored elder-berry of a recent brew had been uncorked with veneration at some dinner-table as a bottle of old port? Have you experience of any festive friend, who can commit himself to doubt about the age and genuineness of his wine? The cellar is the social relic-chamber; every bin rejoices in a most veracious legend; and, whether it be over wine or over relics that we wonder, equal difficulties start up to obstruct our faith.

Our prejudices, for example, run so much in favor of one-headed men, that we can scarcely entertain the notion of a saint who had six night-caps to put on when he went to bed, and when he got up in the morning had six beards to shave. Knowing that the Russians, by themselves, drink more Champagne than France exports, and that it must rain grapes at Hockheim before that place can yield all the wine we English label Hock, and haunted as we are by the same difficulty when we look to other kinds of foreign wine, we feel a justified suspicion that the same glass of "genuine old port" can not be indulged in simultaneously by ten people. If only one man of the number drinks it, what is that eidolon which delights the other nine?

When George the Fourth was Regent, he possessed a small store of the choicest wine, and never called for it. There were some gentlemen in his establishment acquainted with its merits; these took upon themselves to rescue it from undeserved neglect. Then the prince talked about his treasure—when little remained thereof except the bottles; and it was to be produced at a forthcoming dinner-party. The gentlemen, who knew its flavor, visited the vaults of an extensive wine-merchant, and there they vainly sought to look upon its like again. "In those dim solitudes and awful cells" they, groaning in spirit, made a confessor of the merchant, who, for a fee, engaged to save them from the wrath to come. As an artist in wine, having obtained a sample of the stuff required, this dealer undertook to furnish a successful imitation. So he did; for, having filled those bottles with a wondrous compound, he sent them to the palace just before the fateful dinner-hour, exhorting the conspirators to take heed how they suffered any to be left. The compound would become a tell-tale after twelve hours' keeping. The prince that evening enjoyed his wine.

The ordinary manufacture of choice wine for people who are not princes, requires the following ingredients: for the original fluid, cider, or common cape, raisin, grape, parsnip, or elder wine; a wine made of rhubarb (for Champagne); to these may be added water. A fit stock having been chosen, strength, color, and flavor may be grafted on it. Use is made of these materials: for color—burnt sugar, logwood, cochineal, red sanders wood, or elder-berries. Plain spirit or brandy for strength. For nutty flavor, bitter almonds. For fruitiness, Dantzic spruce. For fullness or smoothness, honey. For port-wine flavor, tincture of the seeds of raisins. For bouquet, orris root or ambergris. For roughness or dryness, alum, oak sawdust, rhatany or kino. It is not necessary that an imitation should contain one drop of the wine whose name it bears; but a skillful combination of the true and false is desirable, if price permit. Every pint of the pure wine thus added to a mixture is, of course, so much abstracted from the stock of unadulterated juice.

You will perceive, therefore, that a free use of wine, not highly priced, is likely to assist us very much in our endeavors to establish an unhealthy home. Fill your cellar with bargains; be a genuine John Bull; invite your friends, and pass the bottle.

There is hope for us also in the recollection, that if chance force upon us a small stock of wine that has not been, in England, under the doctor's hands, we know not what may have been done to it abroad. The botanist, Robert Fortune, was in China when the Americans deluged the Chinese market with their orders for Young Hyson tea. The Chinese very promptly met the whole demand; and Fortune in his "Wanderings" has told us how. He found his way to a Young Hyson manufactory, where coarse old Congou leaves were being chopped, and carefully manipulated by those ingenious merchants the Chinese. But it is in human nature for other folks than the Chinese to be ingenious in such matters. We may, therefore, make up our minds that, since the demand for wine from certain celebrated vineyards, largely exceeds all possibility of genuine supply, since, also, every man who asks is satisfied, it is inevitable that the great majority of wine-drinkers are satisfied with a factitious article. The chances are against our very often meeting with a glass of port that has not taken physic. So, let us never drink dear wine, nor ask a chemist what is in our bottles. Enough that they contain for us delightful poison.

That name for wine, "delightful poison," is not new. It is as old as the foundation of Persepolis. Jemsheed was fond of grapes, Ferdusi tells, and once, when grapes went out of season, stored up for himself some jars of grape-juice. After a while he went to seek for a refreshing draught; then fermentation was in progress; and he found his juice abominably nasty. A severe stomach-ache induced him to believe that the liquor had acquired, in some way, dangerous qualities, and, therefore, to avoid accidents, he labeled each jar, "Poison." More time elapsed, and then one of his wives, in trouble of soul, weary of life, resolved to put an end to her existence. Poison was handy: but a draught

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transformed her trouble into joy; more of it stupefied, but did not kill her. That woman kept a secret: she alone exhausted all the jars. Jemsheed then found them to be empty. Explanations followed. The experiment was tried once more, and wine, being so discovered, was thereafter entitled "the delightful poison." What Jemsheed would have said to a bottle of port out of our friend Hoggin's cellar—but I tread on sacred ground.

Of good wine health requires none, though it will tolerate a little. Our prospect, therefore, when the bottle passes briskly, is encouraging. Is the wine good, we may expect some indigestion; is it bad, who can tell what disorders we may not expect? Hoggins, I know, drinks more than a quart without disordering his stomach. He has long been a supporter of the cause we are now advocating, and therein finds one of his rewards. It is not safe to pinch a tiger's tail; yet, when the animal is sick, perhaps he will not bite although you tread upon it heavily. Healthy men and healthy stomachs tolerate no oppression.

London is full now; elsewhere country folks come out of doors, invited by fine weather. Walk where you will, in country or in town, and look at all the faces that you meet. Traverse the Strand, and Regent-street, and Holborn, and Cheapside; get into a boat at London bridge, steam to Gravesend, and look at your fellow-passengers: examine where you will, the stamp of our civilization, sickliness, is upon nine people in any ten. There are good reasons why this should be so, and so let it continue. We have excluded sanitary calculations from our social life; we have had hitherto unhealthy homes, and we will keep them. Bede tells of a Mercian noble on his death-bed, to whom a ghost exhibited a scrap of paper, upon which were written his good deeds; then the door opened, and an interminable file of ghosts brought in a mile or two of scroll, whereon his misdeeds were all registered, and made him read them. Our wars against brute health are glorious, and we rejoice to feel that of such sins we have no scanty catalogue; we are content with our few items of mere sanitary virtue. As for sanitary reformers, they are a company of Danaids; they may get some of us into their sieve, but we shall soon slip out again. When a traveler proposed, at Ghadames in the Sahara, to put up a lantern here and there of nights among the pitch-dark streets, the people said his notion might be good, but that, as such things never had been tried before, it would be presumptuous to make the trial of them now. The traveler, a Briton, must have felt quite at home when he heard that objection. Amen, then; with the Ghadamese, we say, Let us have no New Lights.

VI.

ART AGAINST APPETITE.

THE object of food is, to support the body in its natural development that it may reach a reasonable age without becoming too robust. Civilization can instruct us so to manage, that a gentle dissolution tread upon the heels of growth, that, as Metastasio hath it,

——"dalle fasce,
Si comincia a morir quando si nasce." *

An infant's appetite is all for milk; but art suggests a few additions to that lamentably simple diet. A lady not long since complacently informed her medical attendant that, for the use of a baby, then about eight months old, she had spent nine pounds in "Infant's Preservative." Of this, or of some like preparation, the advertisements tells us that it compels Nature to be orderly, and that all infants take it with greediness. So we have even justice to the child. Pet drinks Preservative; papa drinks Port.

Then there is "farinaceous food." Here, for a purpose, we must interpolate a bit of science. There is a division of food into two great classes, nourishment and fuel. Nourishment is said to exist chiefly in animal flesh and blood, and in vegetable compounds which exactly correspond thereto, called vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine. Fuel exists in whatever contains much carbon: fat and starchy vegetables, potatoes, gum, sugar, alcoholic liquors. If a person take more nourishment than he wants, it is said to be wasted; if he take more fuel than he wants, part of it is wasted, and part of it the body stacks away as fat. These men of science furthermore assert, that the correct diet of a healthy man must contain eight parts of fuel food to one of nourishment. This preserves equilibrium, they say—suits, therefore, an adult; the child which has to become bigger as it lives has use for an excess of nourishment. And so one of the doctors, Dr. R. D. Thomson, gives this table; it has been often copied. The proportion of nourishment to fuel is in

Milk (food for a growing animal)	1 to	2.
Beans	1 "	2½.
Oatmeal	1 "	5.
Barley	1 "	7.
Wheat flour (food for an animal at rest)	1 "	8.
Potatoes	1 "	9.
Rice	1 "	10.
Turnips	1 "	11.
Arrow-root, tapioca, sago	1 "	26.
Starch	1 "	40.

Very well, gentlemen, we take your fact. As ægritudinary men, we know what use to make of them. We will give infants farinaceous food; arrow-root, tapioca, and the like; quite ready to be taught by you that so we give one particle of nourishment in twenty-six. Tell us this diet is like putting leeches on a child. We are content. Leeches give a delicate whiteness that we are thankful to be able to obtain without the biting or the bloodshed.

Sanitary people will allow a child, up to its seventh year, nothing beyond bread, milk, water, sugar, light meat broth, without fat, and fresh

* ——From swaddling-clothes,
Dying begins at birth.

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meat for its dinner—when it is old enough to bite it—with a little well-cooked vegetable. They confine a child, poor creature, to this miserable fare; permitting, in due season, only a pittance of the ripest fruit.

They would give children, while they are growing, oatmeal and milk for breakfast, made into a porridge. They would deny them beer. You know how strengthening that is, and yet these people say that there is not an ounce of meat in a whole bucketful. They would deny them comfits, cakes, wine, pastry, and grudge them nuts; but our boys shall rebel against all this. We will teach them to regard cake as bliss, and wine as glory; we will educate them to a love of tarts. Once let our art secure over the stomach its ascendency, and the civilized organ acquires new desires. Vitiated cravings, let the sanitary doctors call them; let them say that children will eat garbage, as young women will eat chalk and coals, not because it is their nature so to do, but because it is a symptom of disordered function. We know nothing about function. Art against Appetite has won the day, and the pale face of civilization is established.

Plain sugar, it is a good thing to forbid our children; there is something healthy in their love of it. Suppose we tell them that it spoils the teeth. They know no better; we do. We know that the negroes, who in a great measure live upon sugar, are quite famous for their sound white teeth; and Mr. Richardson tells us of tribes among the Arabs of Sahara, whose beautiful teeth he lauds, that they are in the habit of keeping about them a stick of sugar in a leathern case, which they bring out from time to time for a suck, as we bring out the snuff-box for a pinch. But we will tell our children that plain sugar spoils the teeth; sugar mixed with chalk or verdigris, or any other mess—that is to say, civilized sugar—they are welcome to.

And for ourselves, we will eat any thing. The more our cooks, with spice, with druggery and pastry, raise our wonder up, the more we will approve their handicraft. We will excite the stomach with a peppered soup; we will make fish indigestible with melted butter, and correct the butter with cayenne. We will take sauces, we will drink wine, we will drink beer, we will eat pie-crust, we will eat indescribable productions—we will take celery, and cheese, and ale—we will take liqueur—we will take wine and olives and more wine, and oranges and almonds, and any thing else that may present itself, and we will call all that our dinner, and for such the stomach shall accept it. We will eat more than we need, but will compel an appetite. Art against Appetite forever.

Sanitary people bear ill-will to pie-crust; they teach that butter, after being baked therein, becomes a compound hateful to the stomach. We will eat pies, we will eat pastry, we will eat—we would eat M. Soyer himself in a tart, if it were possible.

We will uphold London milk. Mr. Rugg says that it is apt to contain chalk, the brains of sheep, oxen, and cows, flour, starch, treacle, whiting, sugar of lead, arnotto, size, etc. Who cares for Mr. Rugg? London milk is better than country milk, for London cows are town cows. They live in a city, in close sheds, in our own dear alleys—are consumptive—they are delightful cows; only their milk is too strong, it requires watering and doctoring, and then it is delicious milk.

Tea we are not quite sure about. Some people say that because tea took so sudden a hold upon the human appetite, because it spread so widely in so short a time, that therefore it supplies a want: its use is natural. Liebig suggests that it supplies a constituent of bile. I think rather that its use has become general because it causes innocent intoxication. Few men are not glad to be made cheerful harmlessly. For this reason I think it is that the use of tea and coffee has become popular; and since whatever sustains cheerfulness advances health—the body working with good will under a pleasant master—tea does our service little good. In excess, no doubt, it can be rendered hurtful (so can bread and butter); but the best way of pressing it into employment, as an ægritudinary aid, is by the practice of taking it extremely hot. A few observations upon the temperature at which food is refused by all the lower animals, will soon convince you that in man—not as regards tea only, but in a great many respects—Art has established her own rule, and that the Appetite of Nature has been conquered.

We have a great respect for alcoholic liquors. It has been seen that the excess of these makes fat; they, therefore, who have least need of fat, according to our rules, are those who have most need of wine and beer.

Of ordinary meats there is not much to say. We have read of Dr. Beaumont's servant, who had an open musket-hole leading into his stomach, through which the doctor made experiments. Many experiments were made, and tables drawn of no great value on the digestibility of divers kinds of meat. Climate and habit are, on such points, paramount. Pig is pollution to the children of the Sun, the Jew, and Mussulman; but children of winter, the Scandinavians, could not imagine Paradise complete without it. Schrimner, the sacred hog, cut up daily and eaten by the tenants of Walhalla, collected his fragments in the night, and was in his sty again ready for slaughter the next morning. These things concern us little, for it is not with plain meat that we have here to do, but with the noble art of Cookery. That art, which once obeyed and now commands our appetite, which is become the teacher where it was the taught, we duly reverence. When ægritudinary science shall obtain its college, and when each Unhealthy Course shall have its eminent professor to teach Theory and Practice—then we shall have a Court of Aldermen for Patrons, a Gravedigger for Principal, and a Cook shall be Dean of Faculty.

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VII.

THE WATER PARTY.

Water rains from heaven, and leaps out of the earth; it rolls about the land in rivers, it accumulates in lakes; three-fourths of the whole surface of the globe is water; yet there are men unable to be clean. "God loveth the clean," said Mahomet. He was a sanitary reformer; he was a notorious impostor; and it is our duty to resist any insidious attempt to introduce his doctrines.

There are in London districts of filth which speak to us—through the nose—in an emphatic manner. Their foul air is an atmosphere of charity; for we pass through it pitying the poor. Burke said of a certain miser to whom an estate was left, "that now, it was to be hoped, he would set up a pocket-handkerchief." We hope, of the miserable, that when they come into their property they may be able to afford themselves a little lavender and musk. We might be willing to subscribe for the correction now and then, with aromatic cachou, of the town's bad breath; but water is a vulgar sort of thing, and of vulgarity the less we have the better.

In truth, we have not much of it. We are told that in a great city Water is maid of all work; has to assist our manufactures, to supply daily our saucepans and our tea-kettles; has to cleanse our clothes, our persons, and our houses; to provide baths, to wash our streets, and to flood away the daily refuse of the people, with their slaughter-houses, markets, hospitals, &c. Our dozen reservoirs in London yield a supply daily averaging thirty gallons to each head—which goes partly to make swamps, partly to waste, partly to rot, as it is used in tubs or cisterns. Rome in her pride used once to supply water at the rate of more than three hundred gallons daily to each citizen. That was excess. In London half a million of people get no water at all into their houses; but as those people live in the back settlements, and keep out of our sight, their dirt is no great matter of concern. We, for our own parts, have enough to cook with, have whereof to drink, wherewith to wash our feet sometimes, to wet our fingers and the corner of a towel—we inquire no further. Drainage and all such topics involve details positively nasty, and we blush for any of our fellow-citizens who take delight in chattering about them.

We are told to regard the habits of an infant world. London, the brain of a vast empire, is advised now to forget her civilization, and to go back some thousand years. We are to look at Persian aqueducts, attributed to Noah's great-grandson—at Carthaginians, Etruscans, Mexicans—at what Rome did. It frets us when we are thus driven to an obvious reply. Man in an unripe and half-civilized condition, has not found out the vulgarity of water; for his brutish instinct is not overcome. All savages believe that water is essential to their life, and desire it in unlimited abundance. Cultivation teaches us another life, in which our animal existence neither gets nor merits much attention. As for the Romans, so perpetually quoted, it was a freak of theirs to do things massively. While they were yet almost barbarians, they built that Cloaca through which afterward Agrippa sailed down to the Tiber in a boat. Who wishes to see His Worship the Lord Mayor of London emerging in his state barge from a London sewer?

Now here is inconsistency. Thirty million gallons of corruption are added daily by our London sewers to the Thames; that is one object of complaint, good in itself, because we drink Thames water. But in the next breath it is complained that a good many million gallons more should be poured out; that there are three hundred thousand cesspools more to be washed up; that as much filth as would make a lake six feet in depth, a mile long, and a thousand feet across, lies under London stagnant; and they would wish this also to be swept into the river. I heard lately of a gentleman who is tormented with the constant fancy that he has a scorpion down his back. He asks every neighbor to put in his hand and fetch it out, but no amount of fetchin out ever relieves him. That is a national delusion. Our enlightened public is much troubled with such scorpions. Sanitary writers are infested with them.

They also say, That in one-half of London people drink Thames water; and in the other half, get water from the Chadwell spring and River Lea. That the River Lea, for twenty miles, flows through a densely-peopled district, and is, in its passage, drenched with refuse matter from the population on its banks. That there is added to Thames water the waste of two hundred and twenty cities, towns, and villages; and that between Richmond and Waterloo-bridge more than two hundred sewers discharge into it their fetid matter. That the washing to and fro of tide secures the arrival of a large portion of filth from below Westminster, at Hammersmith; effects a perfect mixture, which is still farther facilitated by the splashing of the steamboats. Mr. Hassal has published engravings of the microscopic aspect of water taken from companies which suck the river up at widely-separated stages of its course through town—so tested, one drop differs little from another in the degree of its impurity. They tell us that two companies—the Lambeth and West Middlesex—supply Thames Mixture to subscribers as it comes to them; but that others filter more or less. They say that filtering can expurge nothing but mechanical impurities, while the dissolved pollution which no filter can extract is that part which communicates disease. We know this; well, and what then? There are absurdities so lifted above ridicule, that Momus himself would spoil part of the fun if he attempted to trangress beyond a naked statement of them. What do the members of

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this Water Party want? I'll tell you what I verily believe they are insane enough to look for.

They would, if possible, forsake Thames water, calling it dirty, saying it is hard. So hard they say it is, that it requires three spoonfuls of tea instead of two in every man's pot, two pounds of soap for one in every man's kitchen. So they would fetch soft water from a Gathering Ground in Surrey, adopting an example set in Lancashire; from rain-fall on the heaths between Bagshot and Farnham, and from tributaries of the River Wey, they would collect water in covered reservoirs, and bring it by A COVERED AQUEDUCT to London. In London, they would totally abolish cisterns, and all intermittence of supply. Water in London they would have to be, as at Nottingham, accessible in all rooms at all times. They would have water, at high pressure, climbing about every house in every court and alley. They would place water, so to speak, at the finger's end, limiting no household as to quantity. They would enable every man to bathe. They would revolutionize the sewer-system, and have the town washed daily, like a good Mahometan, clean to the finger-nails. They hint that all this might not even be expensive; that the cost of disease and degradation is so much greater than the cost of health and self-respect, as to pay back, possibly, our outlay, and then yield a profit to the nation. They say that, even if it were a money loss, it would be moral gain; and they ask whether we have not spent millions, ere now, upon less harmless commodities than water?

An ingenious fellow had a fiddle—all, he said, made out of his own head; and wood enough was left to make another. He must have been a sanitary man; his fiddle was a crotchet. Still farther to illustrate their own capacity of fiddle-making, these good but misguided people have been rooting up some horrible statistics of the filth and wretchedness which our back-windows overlook, with strange facts anent fever, pestilence, and the communication of disease. All this I purposely suppress; it is peculiarly disagreeable. Delicate health we like, and will learn gladly how to obtain it; but results we are content with, and can spare the details, when those details bring us into contact, even upon paper, with the squalid classes.

If these outcries of the Water Party move the public to a thirst for change, it would be prudent for us ægritudinary men not rashly to swim against the current. Let us adopt a middle course, a patronizing tone. It is in our favor that a large number of the facts which these our foes have to produce, are, by a great deal, too startling to get easy credit. A single Pooh! has in it more semblance of reason than a page of facts, when revelations of neglected hygiène are on the carpet. If the case of the Sanitary Reformers had been only half as well made out, it would be twice as well supported.

VIII.

FILLING THE GRAVE.

M. Boutigny has published an account of some experiments which go to prove that we may dip our fingers into liquid metal with impunity. Professor Plücker, of Bonn, has amply confirmed Boutigny's results, and in his report hints a conclusion that henceforth "certain minor operations in surgery may be performed with least pain by placing the foot in a bath of red-hot iron." Would you not like to see Professor Plücker, with his trowsers duly tucked up, washing his feet in a pailful of this very soothing fluid? And would it not be a fit martyrdom for sanitary doctors, if we could compel them also to sacrifice their legs in a cause, kin to their own, of theory and innovation? As Alderman Lawrence shrewdly remarked the other day, from his place in the Guildhall, the sanitary reform cry is "got up." That is the reason why, in his case, it does not go down. He, for his own part, did not disapprove the flavor of a church-yard, and appeared to see no reason why it should be cheated of its due. The sanitary partisans, he said, were paid for making certain statements. It would be well if we could cut off their supply of halfpence, and so silence them. Liwang, an ancient Emperor of China, fearing insurrection, forbade all conversation, even whispering, in his dominions. It would be well for us if Liwang lived now as our Secretary for the Home Department. There is too much talking—is there not, Mr. Carlyle? We want Liwang among us. However, as matters stand, it is bad enough for the sanitary reformers. "They drop their arms and tremble when they hear," they are despised by Alderman Lawrence.*

Let us uphold our city grave-yards; on that

* The honest and uncompromising spirit in which these papers oppose the sanitary movement, has led some people to imagine that there is satire meant in them. The best way to answer this suspicion, is to print here so much as we can find space for of the speech of Alderman Lawrence, reported in the "Times" one Saturday. It will be seen that the tone of his eloquence, and that of ours, differ but little; and that the present writer resembles the learned Alderman (who has succeeded, however, on a far larger scale) in his attempt *miscere stultitiam consiliis brevem*. The noble city lord remarked: "The fact was, that the sanitary schemes were got up; talk was made about cholera, and people became alarmed. Now, it was said that burial-grounds were highly injurious to health, and a great cry had been raised against them. He did not know such to be the fact, that they were injurious to health. He did not believe one word about it. There were many persons who lived by raising up bugbears of this description in the present day, and those persons were always raising up some new crotchet or another." After giving his view of the new interments bill, he asked, "Was it likely that the public would put up with the idea even of thus having the remains of their friends carried about the country? Was it likely that the Government would be permitted thus to spread perhaps pestilence and fever?" There! If you want satire, could you have a finer touch than that last sentence? There is a bone to pick, and marrow in it too.

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point we have already spoken out. Let us not cheat them of their pasturage; if any man fall sick, when, so to speak, his grave is dug, let us not lift him out of it by misdirected care. That topic now engages our attention.

There is a report among the hear-say stories of Herodotus, touching some tribe of Scythians, that when one of them gets out of health, or passes forty years of age, his friends proceed to slaughter him, lest he become diseased, tough, or unfit for table. These people took their ancestors into their stomachs, we take ours into our lungs—and herein we adopt the better plan, because it is the more unwholesome. We are content, also, now and then to let our friends grow old, although we may repress the tendency to age as much as possible. We do not absolutely kill our neighbors when they sicken; yet by judicious nursing we may frequently keep down a too great buoyancy of health, and check recovery. How to produce this last effect I will now tell you. Gentle mourners, do not chide me as irreverent—

"Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren,"

bear with me, then, and let me give my hints concerning ægritudinary sick-room discipline.

Of the professional nurse I will say nothing. You, of course, have put down Mrs. Gamp's address.

A sick-room should, in the first place, be made dark. Light, I have said before, is, in most cases, curative. It is a direct swindling of the doctor when we allow blinds to be pulled up, and so admit into the patient's room medicine for which nobody (except the tax-gatherer) is paid.

A sick-room should, in the next place, be made sad, obtrusively sad. A smile upon the landing must become a sigh when it has passed the patient's door. Our hope is to depress, to dispirit invalids. Cheerful words and gentle laughter, more especially where there is admitted sunshine also, are a moral food much too nutritious for the sick.

The sick-room, in its furniture as well, must have an ominous appearance. The drawers, or a table should be decked with physic bottles. Some have a way of thrusting all the medicine into a cupboard, out of sight, leaving a glass of gayly-colored flowers for the wearied eyes to rest upon: this has arisen obviously from a sanitary crotchet, and is, on no account, to be adopted.

Then we must have the sick-room to be hot, and keep it close. A scentless air, at summer temperature, sanitary people want; a hot, close atmosphere is better suited to our view. Slops and all messes are to be left standing in the room—only put out of sight—and cleared away occasionally; they are not to be removed at once. The chamber also is to be made tidy once a day, and once a week well cleaned: it is not to be kept in order by incessant care, by hourly tidiness, permitting no dirt to collect.

There is an absurd sanitary dictum, which I will but name It is, that a patient ought to have, if possible, two beds, one for the day, and one for night use; or else two sets of sheets, that, each set being used one day and aired the next, the bed may be kept fresh and wholesome. Suppose our friend were to catch cold in consequence of all this freshness!

No, we do better to avoid fresh air; nor should we vex our patient with much washing. We will not learn to feed the sick, but send their food away when they are unable to understand our clumsiness.

Yet, while we follow our own humor in this code of chamber practice, we will pay tithes of mint and cummin to the men of science. We will ask Monsieur Purgon how many grains of salt go to an egg; and if our patient require twelve turns up and down the room, we will inquire with Argan, whether they are to be measured by its length or breadth.

When we have added to our course some doses of religious horror, we shall have done as much as conscience can demand of us toward filling the grave.

I may append here the remark, that if ever we do resolve to eat our ancestors, there is the plan of a distinguished horticulturist apt for our purpose. Mr. Loudon, I believe it was, who proposed, some years ago, the conversion of the dead into rotation crops—that our grandfathers and grandmothers should be converted into corn and mangel-wurzel. His suggestion was to combine burial with farming operations. A field was to be, during forty years, a place of interment; then the field adjacent was to be taken for that purpose; and so on with others in rotation. A due time having been allowed for the manure in each field to rot, the dead were to be well worked up and gradually disinterred in the form of wheat, or carrots, or potatoes.

Nothing appears odd to which we are accustomed. We look abroad and wonder, but we look at home and are content. The Esquimaux believe that men dying in windy weather are unfortunate, because their souls, as they escape, risk being blown away. Some Negroes do not bury in the rainy season, for they believe that then the gods, being all busy up above, can not attend to any ceremonies. Dr. Hooker writes home from the Himalaya mountains, that about Lake Yarou the Lamas' bodies are exposed, and kites are summoned to devour them by the sound of a gong and of a trumpet made out of a human thigh-bone. Such notions from abroad arrest our notice, but we see nothing when we look at home. We might see how we fill our sick-rooms with a fatal gloom, and keep our dead five or six days within our houses, to bury them, side by side and one over another, thousands together, in the middle of our cities. However, when we do succeed in getting at a view of our own life *ab extra*, it is a pleasant thing to find that sanitary heresies at any rate have not struck deep root in the British soil. In an old book of emblems there is a picture of Cupid whipping a tortoise, to the motto that

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Love hates delay. If lovers of reform in sanitary matters hate delay, it is a pity; for our good old tortoise has a famous shell, and is not stimulated easily.

IX.

THE FIRE AND THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Against the weather all men are Protectionists—all men account it matter of offense. What say the people of the north? A Highland preacher, one December Sunday, in the fourth hour of his sermon—For be it known to Englishmen who nod at church, that in the Highlands, after four good hours of prayer and psalm, there follow four good hours of sermon. And, *nota bene*, may it not be that the shade of our King Henry I. does penance among Highland chapels now, for having, in his lifetime, made one Roger a bishop because he was expert in scrambling through the services?—A Highland pastor saw his congregation shivering. "Ah!" he shouted, "maybe ye think this a cauld place; but, let me tell ye, hell's far caulder!" An English hearer afterward reproached this minister for his perversion of the current faith. "Hout, man," said he, "ye dinna ken the Hielanders. If I were to tell them hell was a hot place, they'd all be laboring to go there." And that was true philosophy. Mythologies invented in the north, imagined their own climate into future torture. Above, in the northern lights, they saw a chase of miserable souls, half starved, and hunted to and fro by ravens; below, they imagined Nastrond with its frosts and serpents. Warmth is delightful, certainly. No doubt but sunburnt nations picture future punishment as fire. Yes, naturally, for it is in the middle region only that we are not wearied with extremes. What region shall we take? Our own? When is it not too hot, too cold, too dry, too wet, or too uncertain? Italy? There the sun breeds idle maggots. As for the poet's paradise, Cashmere, botanists tell us that, although, no doubt, fruits grow luxuriantly there, they are extremely flavorless. Then it is obvious that to abuse, antagonize, defy the weather, is one of the established rights of man. Upon our method of defying it, our health, in some measure, depends. How is our right to be maintained unhealthily?

Not by a blind obedience to nature. We are correcting her, and must not let her guide us. Nature considers all men savages—and savages they would be, if they followed her. What is barbarism? Man in a state of nature. Nature, I say, treats us almost as if we were unable to light fires, or stitch for ourselves breeches. Nature places near the hand of man in each climate a certain food, and tyrannizes over his stomach with a certain craving. Whales and seals delight the Esquimaux; he eats his blubber and defies the frost. So fed, the Esquimaux woman can stand out of doors, suckling her infant at an open breast, with the thermometer 40° below zero. As we go south, we pass the lands of bread and beef, to reach the sultry region wherein nature provides dates, and so forth. Even in our own range of the seasons, nature seeks to bind us to her own routine; in winter gives an appetite for flesh and fat, in summer takes a part of it away. We are not puppets, and we will not be dictated to; so we stimulate the stomach, and allow no brute instinct to tamper with our social dietary. We do here, on a small scale, what is done, on a large scale, by our friends in India, who pepper themselves into appetite, that they may eat, and drink, and die. We drink exciting beverage in summer, because we are hot; we drink it in winter, because we are cold. The fact is, we are driven to such practices; for if we did not interfere to take the guidance of our diet out of nature's hands, she would make food do a large portion of the service which civilization asks of fire and clothing. We should walk about warm in the winter, cool in the summer, having the warmth and coolness in ourselves. Now, it is obvious that this would never do. We must be civilized, or we must not. Is Mr. Sangster to sell tomahawks instead of canes? Clearly, he is not. We must so manage our homes as to create unhealthy bodies. If we do not, society is ruined; if we do—and in proportion as we do so—we become more and more unfit to meet vicissitudes of weather. Then we acquire a social craving after fires, and coats, and cloaks, and wrappers, and umbrellas, and cork soles, and muffetees, and patent hareskins, and all the blessings of this life, upon which our preservation must depend. These prove that we have stepped beyond the brute. You never saw a lion with cork soles and muffetees. The tiger never comes out, of nights, in a great coat. The eagle never soars up from his nest with an umbrella. Man alone comprehends these luxuries; and it is when he is least healthy that he loves them best.

In winter, then, it is not diet, and it is not exercise, that shall excite in us a vital warmth. We will depend on artificial means; we will be warmed, not from within, but from without. We will set ourselves about a fire, like pies, and bake; heating the outside first. Where the fire fails, we will depend upon the dressing-room.

If we have healthy chests, we will encase ourselves in flannel; but if we happen to have chest complaint, we will use nothing of the sort. When we go out, we will empanoply our persons, so that we may warm ourselves by shutting in all exhalation from our bodies, and by husbanding what little heat we permit nature to provide for us.

In summer we will eat rich dinners and drink wine, will cast off three-fourths of the thickness of our winter clothing, and still be oppressed by heat. Iced drinks shall take the place of fire.

Civilized people can not endure being much wetted. Contact of water, during exercise, will do no harm to healthy bodies, but will spoil good clothes. We will get damp only when we walk out in bad weather; then, when

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we come home, we need no change. Evaporation from damp clothes—the act of drying—while the body cools down, resting, and perhaps fatigued, that is what damages the health; against that we have no objection.

Hem! No doubt it is taking a great liberty with a Briton to look over his wardrobe. I will not trespass so far, but, my dear sir, your Hat! If we are to have a column on our heads, let it be one in which we can feel pride; a miniature monument; and we might put a statue on the top. Hats, as they are now worn, would not fitly support more than a bust. Is not this mean? On ægritudinary grounds we will uphold a hat. To keep the edifice from taking flight before a puff of wind, it must be fitted pretty tightly round the head, must press over the forehead and the occiput. How much it presses, a red ring upon our flesh will often testify. Heads are not made of putty; pressure implies impediment to certain processes within; one of these processes is called the circulation of the blood. The brain lies underneath our hats. Well, that is as it should be. Ladies do not wear hats, and never will, the bonnet is so artful a contrivance for encompassing the face with ornament; roses and lilies and daffidowndillies, which would have sent Flora into fits, and killed her long ago, had such a goddess ever been.

I said that there was brain under the hat; this is not always obvious, but there is generally hair. Once upon a time, not very long ago, hair was constructed with great labor into a huge tower upon every lady's head, pomatum being used by way of mortar, and this tower was repaired every three weeks. The British matron then looked like a "mop-headed Papuan." The two were much alike, except in this, that while our countrywoman triumphed in her art, the Papuan was discontented with his nature. The ladies here, whose hair was naturally made to fall around the shoulders, reared it up on end; but in New Guinea, fashionables born with hair that grew of its own will into an upright bush, preferred to cut it off, and re-arrange it in a wig directed downwards. Sometimes they do no more than crop it close; and then, since it is characteristic of the hair in this race to grow, not in an expanse, but in tufts, the head is said by sailors to remind them of a worn-out shoe-brush. So, at the Antipodes as well as here, Art is an enemy to Nature. Hair upon the head was meant originally to preserve in all seasons an equable temperature above the brain. Emptying grease-pots into it, and matting it together, we convert it into an unwholesome skull-cap.

The neck? Here sanitary people say, How satisfactory it is that Englishmen keep their necks covered with a close cravat, and do not Byronize in opposition to the climate. That is very good; but English women, who account themselves more delicate, don't cover their necks, indeed they do not at all times cover their shoulders. So traveling from top to toe, if Englishmen wear thick shoes to protect the feet, our English women scorn the weakness, and go, except a little fancy covering, barefooted.

From this point I digress, to note of other garments that the English dress, as now established, does on the whole fair credit to society To the good gentlemen who poetize concerning grace and the antique, who sigh for togas, stolas, and paludaments, I say, Go to. The drapery you sigh for was the baby-linen of the human race. Now we are out of long-clothes. The present European dress is that which offers least impediment to action. It shows what a Man is like, and that is more than any stranger from another world could have detected under the upholstery to which our sculptors cling. The merest hint of a man—shaped as God shaped him—is better than ten miles of folded blanket. Artists cry down our costume; forgetting that if they have not folds of drapery to paint, that is because they have in each man every limb to which they may assign its posture. If they can put no mind into a statue by the mastery of attitude, all the sheets in Guy's Hospital will not twist into a fold that shall be worth their chiseling.

With women it is different. They have both moral and æsthetic right to drapery; and for the fashion of it, we must leave that to themselves They are all licensed to deal in stuffs, colors, frippery, and flounce. And to wear rings in their ears. If ladies have good taste they can not vex us; and that any of them can have bad taste, who shall hint? Their stays they will abide by, as they love hysterics; them I have mentioned. I have before also gone out of my way to speak of certain humps carried by women on their backs, which are not healthy or unhealthy—who shall say what they are? Are these humps allegorical? Our wives and daughters perhaps wish to hint that they resemble camels in their patience; camels who bear their burden through a desert world, which we, poor folk, should find it quite impossible to travel through without them.

X.

FRESH AIR.

Philosophers tell us that the breath of man is poisonous; that when collected in a jar it will kill mice, but when accumulated in a room it will kill men. Of this there are a thousand and one tales. I decline alluding to the Black Hole of Calcutta, but will take a specimen dug up by some sanitary gardener from Horace Walpole's letters. In 1742 a set of jolly Dogberries, virtuous in their cups, resolved that every woman out after dark ought to be locked up in the round-house. They captured twenty-six unfortunates, and shut them in with doors and windows fastened. The prisoners exhausted breath in screaming. One poor girl said she was worth eighteenpence, and cried that she would give it gladly for a cup of water. Dogberry was deaf. In the morning four were

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brought out dead, two dying, and twelve in a dangerous condition. This is an argument in favor of the new police. I don't believe in ventilation; and will undertake here, in a few paragraphs, to prove it nonsense.

At the very outset, let us take the ventilation-mongers on their own ground. People of this class are always referring us to nature. Very well, we will be natural. Do you believe, sir, that the words of that dear lady, when she said she loved you everlastingly, were poisonous air rendered sonorous by the action of a larynx, tongue, teeth, palate, and lips? No, indeed; ladies, at any rate, although they claim a double share of what the cherubs want—and, possibly, these humps, now three times spoken of, are the concealed and missing portions of the cherubim torn from them by the fair sex in some ancient struggle. There, now, I am again shipwrecked on the wondrous mountains. I was about to say, that ladies, who, in some things, surpass the cherubs, equal them in others; like them, are vocal with ethereal tones; their breath is "the sweet south, stealing across a bed of violets," and that's not poisonous, I fancy. Well, I believe the chemists have, as yet, not detected any difference between a man's breath, and a woman's; therefore, neither of them can be hurtful. But let us grant the whole position. Breath is poisonous, but nature made it so; nature intended it to be so. Nature made man a social animal, and, therefore, designed that many breaths should be commingled. Why do you, lovers of the natural, object to that arrangement?

Now let us glance at the means adopted to get rid of this our breath, this breath of which our words are made, libeled as poisonous. Ventilation is of two kinds, mechanical and physical. I will say something about each.

Mechanical ventilation is that which machinery produces. One of the first recorded ventilators of this kind, was not much more extravagant in its charges upon house-room, than some of which we hear in 1850. In 1663, H. Schmitz published the scheme of a great fanner, which, descending through the ceiling, moved to and fro pendulum-wise, within a mighty slit. The movement of the fanner was established by a piece of clockwork more simple than compact: it occupied a complete chamber overhead, and was set in noisy motion by a heavy weight. The weight ran slowly down, pulling its rope until it reached the parlor floor; so that a gentleman incautiously falling asleep under it after his dinner, might awake to find himself a pancake. Since that time we have had no lack of ingenuity at work on forcing pumps, and sucking-pumps, and screws. The screws are admirable, on account of the unusually startling nature, now and then, of their results. Not long ago, a couple of fine screws were adapted to a public building; one was to take air out, the other was to turn air in. The first screw, unexpectedly perverse, wheeled its air inward; so did the second, but instead of directing its draught upward, it blew down with a great gust of contempt upon the horrified experimentalist. There is something of a screw principle in those queer little wheels fastened occasionally in our windows, and on footmen's hats—query, are those the ventilating hats?—the rooms are as much ventilated by these little tins as they would be by an air from "Don Giovanni." I will say nothing about pumps; nor, indeed, need we devote more space to mechanical contrivances, since it is from other modes of ventilation that our cause has most to fear. Only one quaint speculation may be mentioned. It is quite certain that in the heats of India, air is not cooled by fanning, nor is it cooled judiciously by damping it. Professor Piazzi Smyth last year suggested this idea: Compress air by a forcing-pump into a close vessel, by so doing you increase its heat, then suddenly allow it to escape into a room, it will expand so much as to be cold, and, mixing with the other air in the apartment, cool the whole mass. This is the last new theory, which has not yet, I think, been tried in practice.

Now, physical ventilation—that which affects to imitate the processes of nature—is a more dangerously specious business. Its chief agent is heat. In nature, it is said, the sun is Lord High Ventilator. He rarefies the air in one place by his heat, elsewhere permits cold, and lets the air be dense; the thin air rises, and the dense air rushes to supply its place; so we have endless winds and currents—nature's ventilating works. It is incredible that sane men should have thought this system fit for imitation. It is a failure. Look at the hot department, where a traveler sometimes has to record that he lay gasping for two hours upon his back, until some one could find some water for him somewhere. Let us call that Africa, and who can say that he enjoys the squalls of wind rushing toward the desert? Let us think of the Persian and the Punic wars, when fleets which had not learned to play bo-peep with ventilating processes, strewed Mediterranean sands with wrecks and corpses. Some day we shall have these mimics of Dame Nature content with nothing smaller than a drawing-room typhoon to carry off the foul air of an evening party; dowagers' caps, young ladies' scarfs, cards, pocket-handkerchiefs, will whirl upon their blast, and then they will be happy. Now their demands are modest, but they mean hurricanes rely upon it; we must not let ourselves be lulled into a false security.

A fire, they say, is in English houses necessary during a large part of the year, is constant during that season when we are most closely shut up in our rooms. The fire, they say, is our most handy and most efficacious ventilator. Oh, yes, we know something about that: we know too well that the fire makes an ascending current, and that the cold air rushes from our doors and windows to the chimney, as from surrounding countries to the burning desert. We

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know that very well, because every such current is a draught; one cuts into our legs, one gnaws about our necks, and all our backs are cold. We are in the condition of a pious man in Fox's "Martyrs," about whom I used to read with childish reverence: that after a great deal of frying, during which he had not been turned by the Inquisition-Soyer, he lifted up his voice in verse:

> "This side enough is toasted;
> Then turn me, tyrant, and eat,
> And see whether raw or roasted
> I make the better meat."

We, all of us, over our Christmas fires, present this choice of raw or roast, and we don't thank your principles of ventilation for it. Then say these pertinacious people, that they also disapprove of draughts; but they don't seem to mind boring holes in a gentleman's floor, or knocking through the sacred walls of home. This is their plan. They say, that you should have, if possible, a pipe connected with the air without, passing behind the cheeks of your stove, and opening under your fire, about, on, or close before your hearth. They say, that from this source the fire will be supplied so well, that it will no longer suck in draughts over your shoulders, and between your legs, from remote corners of the room. They say, moreover, that if this aperture be large enough, it will supply all the fresh air needed in your room, to replace that which has ascended and passed out, through a hole which you are to make in your chimney near the ceiling. They say, that an up-draught will clear this air away so quietly that you will not need even a valve; though you may have one fitted and made ornamental at a trifling cost. They would recommend you to make another hole in the wall opposite your chimney, near the ceiling also, to establish a more effectual current in the upper air. Then, they say, you will have a fresh air, and no draughts. Fresh air, yes, at the expense of a hole in the floor, and two holes in the wall. We might get fresh air, gentlemen, on a much larger scale by pulling the house down. They say, you should not mind the holes. Windows are not architectural beauties, yet we like them for admitting light; and some day it may strike us that the want of ventilators is a neighbor folly to the want of windows.

This they suggest as the best method of adapting our old houses to their new ideas. New houses they would have so built as to include this system of ventilation in their first construction, and so include it as to make it more effectual. But really, if people want to know how to build what are called well-ventilated houses, they must not expect me to tell them; let them buy Mr. Hosking's book on "The proper Regulation of Buildings in Towns."

Up to this date, as I am glad to know, few architects have heard of ventilation. Under church galleries we doze through the most lively sermons, in public meetings we pant after air, but we have architecture; perhaps an airy style sometimes attempts to comfort us. These circumstances are, possibly, unpleasant at the time, but they assist the cause of general unhealthiness. Long may our architects believe that human lungs are instruments of brass; and let us hope that, when they get a ventilating fit, they will prefer strange machines, pumping, screwing, steaming apparatus. May they dispense then, doctored air, in draughts and mixtures.*

Fresh air in certain favored places—as in Smithfield, for example—is undoubtedly an object of desire. It is exceedingly to be regretted, if the rumors be correct, that the result of a Commission of Inquiry threatens, by removing Smithfield, to destroy the only sound lung this metropolis possesses. The wholesome nature of the smell of cows is quite notorious. Humboldt tells of a sailor who was dying of fever in the close hold of a ship. His end being in sight, some comrades brought him out to die. What Humboldt calls "the fresh air" fell upon him, and, instead of dying, he revived, eventually getting well. I have no doubt that there was a cow on board, and the man smelt her. Now, if so great an effect was produced by the proximity of one cow, how great must be the advantage to the sick in London of a central crowded cattle-market!

XI.

EXERCISE.

There is a little tell-tale muscle in the inner corner of the eye, which, if you question it, will deliver a report into your looking-glass touching the state of the whole muscular system which lies elsewhere hidden in your body. When it is pale, it praises you. Muscular development is, by all means, to be kept down. Some means of holding it in check we have already dwelt upon. Muscular power, like all other power, will increase with exercise. We desire to hold the flesh in strict subjection to the spirit. Bodily exercise, therefore, must be added to the number of those forces which, by strengthening the animal, do damage to the spiritual man.

We must take great pains to choke the energy of children. Their active little limbs must be tied down by a well-woven system of politeness. They run, they jump, turn heels over head, they climb up trees, if they attempt stillness they are ever on the move, because nature demands that while the body grows, it shall be freely worked in all its parts, in order that it may develop into a frame-work vigorous and well proportioned. Nature really is more obstinate than usual on this point. So restless a delight in bodily exertion is implanted in the child, that our patience is considerably tried when we attempt to keep it still. Children, however, can be tamed and civilized. By

* In the ventilation of large buildings destined to admit a throng, it may be also advantageous to the agritudinary cause if heat be at all times considered a sufficient agent.

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sending them unhealthy from the nursery, we can deliver many of them spiritless at school, there to be properly subdued. The most unwholesome plan is to send boys to one school, girls to another; both physically and morally, this method gives good hope of sickliness. Nature, who never is on our side, will allow children of each sex to be born into one family, to play together, and be educated at one mother's knee. There ought to be—if nature had the slightest sense of decency—girls only born in one house, boys only in another. However, we can sort the children at an early age, and send them off to school—girls east, boys west.

A girl should be allowed, on no account, to climb a tree, or be unladylike. She shall regard a boy as a strange, curious monster; be forced into flirtation; and prefer the solace of a darling friend to any thing that verges on a scamper. She shall learn English grammar: that is to mean, Lindley Murray's notion of it; geography, or the names of capital towns, rivers, and mountain ranges; French enough for a lady; music, ornamental needlework, and the "use of the globes." By-the-by, what a marvel it is that every lady has learned in her girlhood the use of the globes, and yet you never see a lady using them. All these subjects she shall study from a female point of view. Her greatest bodily fatigue shall be the learning of a polka, or the Indian sceptre exercise. Now and then, she shall have an iron down her back, and put her feet in stocks. The young lady shall return from school, able to cover ottomans with worsted birds; and to stitch a purse for the expected lover about whom she has been thinking for the last five years. She is quite aware that St. Petersburg is the capital of Ireland, and that a noun is a verb-substantive, which signifies to be, to do, to suffer.

The boy children shall be sent to school, where they may sit during three hours consecutively, and during eight or nine hours in the day, forcing their bodies to be tranquil. They shall entertain their minds by stuttering the eloquence of Cicero, which would be dull work to them in English, and is not enlivened by the Latin. They shall get much into their mouths of what they can not comprehend, and little or nothing into their hearts, out of the wide stores of information for which children really thirst. They shall be taught little or nothing of the world they live in, and shall know its Maker only as an answer to some question in a catechism. They shall talk of girls as beings of another nature; and shall come home from their school-life, pale, subdued, having unwholesome thoughts, awkward in using limbs, which they have not been suffered freely to develop; and shamefaced in the society from which, during their school-boy life, they have been banished.

The older girl shall ape the lady, and the older boy shall ape the gentleman; so we may speak next of adults.

No lady ought to walk when she can ride. The carriages of many kinds which throng our streets, all prove us civilized; prove us, and make us weak. The lady should be tired after a four-mile walk; her walk ought to be, in the utmost possible degree, weeded of energy. It should be slow; and when her legs are moved, her arms must be restrained from that synchronous movement which perverse Nature calls upon them to perform. Ladies do well to walk cut with their arms quite still, and with their hands folded before them. Thus they prevent their delicacy from being preyed upon by a too wholesome exercise, and, what is to us more pleasant, they betray their great humility. They dare only to walk among us lords of the creation with their arms folded before them, that by such humble guise they may acknowledge the inferiority of their position. An Australian native, visiting London, might almost be tempted, in sheer pride of heart, to knock some of our ladies two or three times about the head with that small instrument which he employs for such correction of his women, that so he might derive the more enjoyment from their manifest submissiveness.

The well-bred gentleman ought to be weary after six miles of walking, and haughtily stare down the man who talks about sixteen. The saddle, the gig, the carriage, or the cab, and omnibus, must protect at once his delicacy and his shoes. The student should confine himself to study, grudging time; believing nobody who tells him that the time he gives to wholesome exercise, he may receive back in the shape of increased value for his hours of thought—that even his life of study may be lengthened by it. Let the tradesman be well-rooted in his shop if he desire to flourish. Let the mechanic sit at labor on the week-days, and on Sundays let him sit at church, or else stop decently at home. Let us have no Sunday recreations. It is quite shocking to hear sanitary people lecture on this topic. Profanely they profess to wonder why the weary, toiling family of Christians should not be carried from the town, and from that hum of society which is not to them very refreshing on the day of rest. Why they should not go out and wander in the woods, and ask their hearts who taught the dragon-fly his dancing; who made the blue-bells cluster lovingly together, looking so modest; and ask from whose Opera the birds are singing their delicious music? Why should not the rugged man's face soften, and the care-worn woman's face be melted into tenderness, and man and wife and children cluster as closely as the blue-bells in the peaceful wood? What if they there become so very conscious of their mutual love, and of the love of God, as to feel glad that they are not in any other "place of worship," where they may hear Roman Catholics denounced, or Churchmen scorned, or the Dissenters pounded? What if they then come home refreshed in mind and body, and begin the week with larger, gentler thoughts of God and man? By such means may they not easily be led, if they were at any

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time unwilling, to give praise to God, and learn to join—not as a superstitious rite, but as a humble duty—in His public worship? So talk the sanitary men—here, as in all their doctrines, showing themselves litle better than materialists. The negro notion of a Sabbath is, that nobody may fish: our notion is, that nobody may stay away from church.

In these remarks on exercise among adults, I have confined myself to the plain exercise of walking. It may be taken for granted that no grown-up person will be so childish as to leap, to row, to swim. A few Young Englanders may put on, now and then, their white kid gloves to patronize a cricket-match; but we can laugh at them. In a gentleman it is undignified to run; and even walking, at the best, is vulgar.

Indeed there is an obvious vulgarity in the whole doctrine which would call upon us to assist our brute development by the mere exercising of ourselves as animals. Such counsel offers to degrade us to the low position of the race-horse who is trotted to and fro, the poodle who is sent out for an airing. As spiritual people, we look down with much contempt upon the man who would in any thing compare us with the lower animals. His mind is mean, and must be quite beneath our indignation. I will say no more. Why thrash a pickpocket with thunder?

XII.

A BEDROOM PAPER.

If you wish to have a thoroughly unhealthy bedroom, these are the precautions you should take.

Fasten a chimney-board against the fireplace, so as to prevent foul air from escaping in the night. You will, of course, have no hole through the wall into the chimney; and no sane man, in the night season, would have a door or window open. Use no perforated zinc in paneling; especially avoid it in small bedrooms. So you will get a room full of bad air. But in the same room there is bad, worse, and worst: your object is to have the worst air possible. Suffocating machines are made by every upholsterer; attach one to your bed; it is an apparatus of poles, rings, and curtains. By drawing your curtains around you before you sleep, you insure to yourself a condensed body of foul air over your person. This poison vapor-bath you will find to be most efficient when it is made of any thick material.

There being transpiration through the skin, it would not be a bad idea to see whether this can not be in some way hindered. The popular method will do very well: smother the flesh as much as possible in feathers. A wandering princess, in some fairy tale, came to a king's house. The king's wife, with the curiosity and acuteness proper to her sex, desired to know whether their guest was truly born a princess, and discovered how to solve the question. She put three peas on the young lady's paillasse, and over them a large feather-bed, and then another, then another—in fact, fifteen feather-beds. Next morning the princess looked pale, and, in answer to inquiries how she had passed the night, said that she had been unable to sleep at all, because the bed had lumps in it. The king's wife knew then that their guest showed her good breeding. Take this high-born lady for a model. The feathers retain all heat about your body, and stifle the skin so far effectually, that you awake in the morning pervaded by a sense of languor, which must be very agreeable to a person who has it in his mind to be unhealthy. In order to keep a check upon exhalation about your head (which otherwise might have too much the way of Nature), put on a stout, closely-woven night-cap. People who are at the height of cleverness in this respect sleep with their heads under the bedclothes. Take no rest on a hair-mattress; it is elastic and pleasant, certainly, but it does not encase the body; and therefore you run a risk of not awaking languid.

Never wash when you go to bed; you are not going to see any body, and therefore there can be no use in washing. In the morning wet no more skin than you absolutely must—that is to say, no more than your neighbors will see during the day—the face and hands. So much you may do with a tolerably good will, since it is the other part of the surface of the body, more covered and more impeded in the full discharge of its functions, which has rather the more need of ablution; it is therefore fortunate that you can leave that other part unwashed. Five minutes of sponging and rubbing over the whole body in the morning would tend to invigorate the system, and would send you with a cheerful glow to the day's business or pleasure. Avoid it by all means, if you desire to be unhealthy. Let me note here, that in speaking of the poor, we should abstain from ceding to them an exclusive title, as "the Great Unwashed." Will you, Mr. N. or M., retire into your room and strip? Examine your body; is it clean—was it sponged this morning—is there no dirt upon it any where? If it be not clean, if it was not sponged, if water would look rather black after you had enjoyed a thorough scrub in it, then is it not obvious that you yourself take rank among the Great Unwashed? By way of preserving a distinction between them and us, I even think it would be no bad thing were we to advocate the washing of the poor.

Do not forget that, although you must unfortunately apply water to your face you can find warrant in custom to excuse you from annoying it with soap; and for the water again, you are at liberty to take vengeance by obtaining compensation damages out of that part of your head which the hair covers. Never wash it; soil it; clog it with oil or lard—either of which will answer your purpose, as either will keep out air as well as water, and promote the growth of a thick morion of scurf. Lard in the

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bedroom is called bear's grease. In connection with its virtues in promoting growth of hair, there is a tale which I believe to be no fiction; not the old and profane jest of the man who rubbed a deal box with it over-night, and found a hair-trunk in the morning. It is said that the first adventurer who advertised bear's grease for sale, appended to the laudation of its efficacy a Nota Bene, that gentlemen, after applying it, should wash the palms of their hands, otherwise the hair would sprout thence also. I admire that speculator, grimly satiric at the expense both of himself and of his customers. He jested at his own pretensions; and declared, by an oblique hint, that he did not look for friends among the scrupulously clean.

Tooth-powder is necessary in the bedroom. Healthy stomachs will make healthy teeth, and then a tooth-brush and a little water may suffice to keep them clean. But healthy stomachs also make coarse constitutions. It is vexatious that our teeth rot when we vitiate the fluid that surrounds them. As gentlemen and ladies we desire good teeth; they must be scoured and hearth-stoned.

Of course, as you do not cleanse your body daily, so you will not show favor to your feet. Keep up a due distinction between the upper and lower members. When a German prince was told confidentially that he had dirty hands, he replied, with the liveliness of conscious triumph,

"Ach, do you call dat dirty? You should see my toes!"

Some people wash them once in every month; that will do very well; or once a year, it matters little which. In what washing you find yourself unable to omit, use only the finest towels, those which inflict least friction on the skin.

Having made these arrangements for yourself, take care that they are adhered to, as far as may be convenient, throughout your household.

Here and there, put numerous sleepers into a single room; this is a good thing for children, if you require to blanch them. By a little perseverance, also, in this way, when you have too large a family, you can reduce it easily. By all means, let a baby have foul air, not only by the use of suffocative apparatus, but by causing it to sleep where there are four or five others in a well-closed room. So much is due to the maintenance of our orthodox rate of infant mortality.

Let us admire, lastly, the economy of time in great men who have allowed themselves only four, five, or six hours, for sleep. It may be true that they would have lived longer had they always paid themselves a fair night's quiet for a fair day's work; they would have lived longer, but they would not have lived so fast. It is essential to live fast in this busy world. Moreover, there is a superstitious reverence for early rising, as a virtue by itself, which we shall do well to acquire. Let sanitary men say, "Roost with the lark, if you propose to rise with her." Nonsense. No civilized man can go to bed much earlier than midnight; but every man of business must be up betimes. Idle, happy people, on the other hand, they to whom life is useless, prudently remain for nine, ten, or a dozen hours in bed. Snug in their corner, they are in the way of nobody, except the housemaid.

"Now wotte we nat, ne can nat see
What manir ende that there shall be."

Birth, sickness, burial. Eating, drinking, clothing, sleeping. Exercise, and social pleasure. Air, water, and light. These are the topics upon which we have already touched. A finished painting of good ægritudinary discipline was not designed upon the present canvas: no man who knows the great extent and varied surface of the scene which such a picture should embrace, will think that there is here even an outline finished.

We might have recommended early marriages; and marriage with first cousins. We might have urged all men with heritable maladies to shun celibacy. We might have praised tobacco, which, by acting on the mucous membrane of the mouth, acts on the same membrane in the stomach also (precisely as disorder of the stomach will communicate disorder to the mouth), and so helps in establishing a civilized digestion and a pallid face.

"But we woll stint of this matere
For it is wondir long to here."

It is inherent in man to be perverse. A drawing-room critic, in one of Galt's novels, takes up a picture of a cow, holds it inverted, and enjoys it as a castellated mansion with four corner towers. And so, since "all that moveth doth mutation love," after a like fashion, many people, it appears, have looked upon these papers. There is a story to the point in Lucian. Passus received commission from a connoisseur to draw a horse with his legs upward. He drew it in the usual way. His customer came unannounced, saw what had been done, and grumbled fearfully. Passus, however, turned his picture upside down, and then the connoisseur was satisfied. These papers have been treated like the horse of Passus.

"Stimatissimo Signor Boswell" says, in his book on Corsica, that he rode out one day on Paoli's charger, gay with gold and scarlet, and surrounded by the chieftain's officers. For a while, he says, he thought he was a hero. Thus, like a goose on horseback, has our present writer visited some few of the chief ægritudinary outposts. Why not so? They say there is no way impossible. Wherefore an old emblem-book has represented Cupid crossing a stream which parts him from an altar, seated at ease upon his quiver, for a boat, and rowing with a pair of arrows. So has the writer floated over on a barrel of his folly, and possibly may touch, O reader, at the Altar of your Household Gods.

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A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.*

IN THREE PARTS.

I. Smoke—Signifying Doubt. II. Blaze—Signifying Cheer. III. Ashes—Signifying Desolation.

BY IK. MARVEL.

I HAVE got a quiet farm-house in the country, a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man, of the old New-England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter to look over the farm-accounts, and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cosy looking fireplace—a heavy oak floor—a couple of arm-chairs—a brown table with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning, with my eye upon a saucy colored lithographic print of some fancy "Bessy."

It happens to be the only house in the world of which I am *bonâ-fide* owner; and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture, almost every time I pay it a visit; and if I can not open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the wall in a very old arm-chair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering, as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big arm-chair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one, nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot, as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jams, roars for hours together, with white flame. To be sure, the windows are not very tight, between broken panes, and bad joints, so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches, I have a huge pile of oak and hickory, placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantle (using the family snuffers with one leg broke), then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron fire-dogs (until they grow too warm), I dispose myself for an evening of such sober and thoughtful quietude, as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow-men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then, though there is a thick stone chimney, and broad entry between, multiplying contrivances with his wife, to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour; though my only measure of time (for I never carry a watch into the country), is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blares, and goes out—even like our joys! and then, slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound and healthy slumber, as only such rattling window frames, and country air, can supply.

But to return: the other evening—it happened to be on my last visit to my farm-house—when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought, had formed all sorts of conjectures as to the income of the year, had planned a new wall around one lot, and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood, and wondered if the little rickety house would not be after all a snug enough box, to live and to die in—I fell on a sudden into some an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies—sometimes even starting tears—that I determined, the next day, to set as much of it as I could recall, on paper.

Something—it may have been the home-looking blaze (I am a bachelor of—say six-and twenty), or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room, had suggested to me the thought of—marriage.

I piled upon the heated fire-dogs, the last armful of my wood; and now, said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair—"I'll not flinch; I'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it lead me to the d—(I am apt to be hasty), at least," continued I, softening, "until my fire is out."

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before blaze; and so does doubt go before decision: and my reverie, from that very starting point, slipped into this shape:

I

SMOKE—SIGNIFYING DOUBT.

Ay, a wife—thought I.

A wife!—and why?

And pray, my dear sir, and my gentle lady, why not—why? Why not doubt—nay, tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery—a poor man whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket—without trembling, hesitating, doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, independence, comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship within four walls called home, that are to claim him, his time, his trouble, his tears, thenceforward forevermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business, moving

* From a new work soon to be issued by Baker and Scribner.

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off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful—shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings—that matrimony, where, if difficulty beset him, there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries, and high, gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour—turn itself at length to such dull task-work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams, in which I have warmed my fancies and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy: all, alas, will be gone—reduced to the dull standard of the actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination—no more gorgeous realm-making—all is over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming? Can any wife be prettier than an after dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise, than the little rosy-cheeked ones who have no existence, except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable, than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked, than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Munchausen, or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be—duty, or what not, making provocation—what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say—And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says, Lyttleton or Shaftesbury I think, that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the Lord Chancellor." Unfortunately, we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like honest Gil Blas of Santillane; or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the Presse, manages these matters to one's hand for some five per cent. on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted when the brook was so low, and the sky so hot, that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and wood-cock in snow-time, never despairing, scarce doubting; but, for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried woman, for a single capture—irremediable, unchangeable—and yet a capture which by strange metonymy, not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter—all this, surely, surely, may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then—again—there are the plaguey wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins, will appear at careless complimentary intervals long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at end? How many twisted headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea-time, "if she isn't a dear love of a wife?" Then, dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his), to give a little wholesome counsel, and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays and eat up your East India sweetmeats, and who are forever tramping over your head, or raising the Old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worst, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

That could be borne, however: for perhaps he has promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich:—(and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the fire-dogs). Then, she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you on occasion of a favorite purchase, how lucky *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy, and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock-list at breakfast time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients, that she is interested in *such* or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you, for his small bill; in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart, for the superlative folly of "marrying rich."

But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals, but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow, will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin-money, and pestered with poor wife's-relations. Ten to one she will stickle about taste—"Sir Vitos"—and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only*

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had the means, and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit!

Then she, for one, means that *her* children shan't go a-begging for clothes—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly; not noticeable at first; but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you didn't see that vulgar nose long ago: and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And, then, to come to breakfast, with her hair looking as it does, and you, not so much as daring to say—"Peggy, *do* brush your hair!" Her foot too—not very bad when decently *chaussée*—but now since she's married, she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be prigging up for an hour, when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

"Bless your kind hearts! my dear fellows," said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris—"not married yet!"

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough—only shrewish.

No matter for cold coffee; you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops, to eat with your rolls!

She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself—ruminated I—sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are "delicious"—slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork tines, slipping off my chair side-ways at the end, and slipping out with my hat between my knees. to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man, till the oak door is between me and Peggy!

"Ha, ha—not yet!" said I; and in so earnest a tone, that my dog started to his feet—cocked his eye to have a good look into my face—met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She has married you because father, or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she didn't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she didn't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough person—she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook-book; and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little "were it only for appearance sake."

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night:—she, bless her dear heart!—does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale; she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages: she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town? She hates to be mewed up in a cottage, or between brick walls; she does *so* love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you; at least she swears it, with her hands on the Sorrows of Werter. She has pin-money which she spends for the Literary World and the Friends in Council. She is not bad-looking, saving a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *negligé* till three o'clock, and an ink stain on the fore-finger be sluttish;—but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied when you saw her buried in a three volume novel, that it was any thing more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought, innocently, that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about divine Dante and funny Goldoni, is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed, and dog's-eared, and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca—an Elzevir—is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology—in lieu of camphor bottle—or chant the *Ai! Ai!* of tragic chorus.

The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyère.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney piece. I gave the fore-stick a kick, at thought of Peggy, baby, and Bruyère.

Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke—caught at a twig below—rolled round the mossy oak-stick—twined among the crackling tree-limbs—mounted—lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame

II.

BLAZE—SIGNIFYING CHEER.

I pushed my chair back; drew up another, stretched out my feet cozily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping and dancing flame.

Love is a flame—ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation.

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light, "good fellow, Carlo:" and I patted him kindly, and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my

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face, then strode away—turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I, "it is not enough, after all, to like a dog."

If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth—a bit of lace running round the swelling throat—the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams—and if you could reach an arm around that chair back, without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck, and if you could clasp with your other hand those little, white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach—and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image—(dream, call it, rather), would it not be far pleasanter than this cold single night-sitting—counting the sticks—reckoning the length of the blaze, and the height of the falling snow?

And if, some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening, because loving ears—ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper—ears ever indulgent, because eager to praise; and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far better, than to be waxing black and sour over pestilential humors—alone—your very dog asleep!

And if when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes—how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, lifeless, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you—coming, you know not whence, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress, or endearing word, upon that fondest, and most dear one, than in patting your glossy coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it. How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver, and grow weak, before that girl-brow, and eye of innocence! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such presence!

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made, were playing like fairy forms over floor, and wall, and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger, and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever, God-speed!

Her face would make a halo, rich as rainbow, atop of all such noisome things, as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowded cares; and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair, for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread, and float away—chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend—poor fellow!—dies:—never mind; that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep—it is worth ten friends!

Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon!

It is more: *she*, she says, will be a sister; and the waving curls as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes—God has sent his angel, surely!

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone, and homeless, like this?

But you are not homeless; you are not alone: *she* is there; her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again, to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then—those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with prattle now—they are yours. Toss away there on the green-sward—never mind the hyacinths, the snow-drops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love, and cherish: flower, tree, gun, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy, and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of cold lecture to teach thankfulness: your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf, and greenness, to turn thought kindly, and thankfully; for ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit, for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown, and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down—no lonely moanings, and wicked curses at careless-stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn, or withdrawn by the

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magic of that other presence; and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend-watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts, but, ever, the sad, shaded brow of her, whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief—if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the growing heat. So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself; striving with every thing gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive. Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double. Susceptibilities be quickened; Love master self; and having made the mastery, stretch onward, and upward toward infinitude.

And, if the end came, and sickness brought that follower—Great Follower—which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart and the hand of love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circleth all, and centreth in all—Love Infinite, and Divine!

Kind hands—none but *hers*—will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp, and heavy on it; and her fingers—none but hers—will lie in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens, and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears—you could feel no others, if oceans fell—will warm your drooping features once more to life; once more your eye lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then—

The fire fell upon the hearth; the blaze gave a last leap—a flicker—then another—caught a little remaining twig—blazed up—wavered—went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone, with only my dog for company.

III.

ASHES—SIGNIFYING DESOLATION.

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze, inevitably as death follows life. Misery treads on the heels of joy; anguish rides swift after pleasure.

"Come to me again, Carlo," said I to my dog; and I patted him fondly again, now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is but little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites, but it is a pleasure that when it passes, leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundance in your solitary heart-life, which if lost, another can be supplied.

But if your heart, not solitary—not quieting its humors with mere love of chase, or dog—not repressing year after year, its earnest yearnings after something better, more spiritual—has fairly linked itself by bonds strong as life to another heart—is the casting off easy, then?

Is it then only a little heart-redundancy cut off, which the next bright sunset will fill up?

And my fancy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under warmth of the blaze, so now it began under faint light of smouldering embers to picture heart-desolation.

What kind congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year, or two years old!

"Beautiful."

Ay, to be sure, beautiful!

"Rich."

Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart-treasure, who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife, as a wife should only be loved!

"Young."

Young indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting: they bring to mind, with new, and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that, which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step—if it lose not its buoyancy; How you study the color on that cheek, if it grow not fainter; How you tremble at the lustre in those eyes, if it be not the lustre of death; How you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve—a phantom weight! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be quickened, as you ascend the home-heights, to look off on sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep quiet sleep, after that she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath, soft as a sigh, sharp as an arrow, bid you bear it bravely?

But then, the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes: she triumphs over disease.

But poverty, the world's almoner, has come to you with ready, spare hand. Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you, on hope, kindling each morning, dying slowly each night, this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stores to the lone man. Money is not in his hand, but knowledge is in his brain! and from that brain he draws out faster, as he draws slower from his pocket. He remembers; and on remembrance he can live for days, and weeks. The garret, if garret covers him, is rich in fancies. The rain if it pelts, pelts only him used to rain-peltings. And his dog crouches not in dread, but in companionship. His crust he divides with him, and laughs. He crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes, though he begs: if he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of prisoned and homeless Gallileo.

He hums old sonnets, and snatches of poor Jonson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes, and dwells on Otway's rhyme. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humor takes him; and laughs at the world: for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone!

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes—the world is mine!

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I care not Fortune what you me deny—
You can not rob me of free nature's grace,
You can not shut the windows of the sky;
You can not bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.
Let health, my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave!

But—if not alone?

If *she* is clinging to you for support, for consolation, for home, for life; she, reared in luxury perhaps, is faint for bread?

Then, the iron enters the soul; then the nights darken under any sky light. Then the days grow long, even in solstice of winter.

She may not complain: what then?

Will your heart grow strong, if the strength of her love can dam up the fountains of tears, and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement? Will it solace you to find her parting the poor treasure of food you have stolen for her, with begging, foodless children?

But this ill, strong hands and heaven's help will put down. Wealth again; flowers again; patrimonial acres again; brightness again. But your little Bessy, your favorite child, is pining.

Would to God! you say in agony, that wealth could bring fullness again into that blanched cheek, or round those little thin lips once more; but it can not. Thinner and thinner they grow; plaintive and more plaintive her sweet voice.

"Dear Bessy"—and your tones tremble; you feel she is on the edge of the grave. Can you pluck her back? Can endearments stay her? Business is heavy, away from the loved child; home you go, to fondle while yet time is left; but *this* time you are too late. She is gone. She can not hear you; she can not thank you for the violets you put within her stiff white hand.

And then, the grassy mound—the cold shadow of head-stone!

The wind, growing with the night, is rattling at the window panes and whistles dismally. I wipe a tear, and in the interval of my Reverie, thank God, that I am no such mourner.

But gayety, snail-footed, creeps back to the household. All is bright again.

The violet's bed 's not sweeter than the delicious breath
Marriage sends forth.

Her lip is rich and full; her cheek delicate as a flower. Her frailty doubles your love.

And the little one she clasps—frail too—too frail; the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watched him growing ever prettier, ever winning more and more upon your soul. The love you bore to him when he first lisped names—your name and hers—has doubled in strength now that he asks innocently to be taught of this or that, and promises you by that same curiosity that flashes in his eye, a mind full of intelligence.

And some hair-breadth escape by sea or flood, that he perhaps may have had, which unstrung your soul to such tears as you pray God may be spared you again, has endeared the little fellow to your heart a thousand fold.

And now, with his pale sister in the grave, all *that* love has come away from the mound, where worms feast, and centres on the boy.

How you watch the storms lest they harm him! How often you steal to his bed late at night, and lay your hand lightly upon the brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising and falling with the throbbing temples, and watch, for minutes together, the little lips half parted, and listen—your ear close to them—if the breathing be regular and sweet!

But the day comes—the night rather—when you can catch no breathing.

Ay, put your hair away, compose yourself; listen again.

No, there is nothing.

Put your hand now to his brow—damp indeed—but not with healthful night-sleep; it is not your hand, no, do not deceive yourself—it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to you again; never play again—he is dead.

Oh, the tears—the tears; what blessed things are tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, on his lip, lest you waken him! Clasp him—clasp him harder—you can not hurt, you can not waken him! Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff; he is stark and cold.

But courage is elastic; it is our pride. It recovers itself easier, thought I, than these embers will get into blaze again.

But courage and patience, and faith and hope, have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine limit!

To a lone man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You reason with philosophy. A grave-yard? You read Hervey, and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh, you pat your dog—it is over. Losses? You retrench; you light your pipe—it is forgotten. Calumny? You laugh—you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow—what then?

Can you take down Seneca now and coolly blow the dust from the leaf-tops? Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire. Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies upon a church-yard wall—a wall that borders the grave of your boy?

Can you amuse yourself with turning stinging Martial into rhyme? Can you pat your dog, and seeing him wakeful and kind, say, "it is enough?" Can you sneer at calumny, and sit by your fire dozing?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trial as will measure limit of patience and limit of courage!

But the trial comes: colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your

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heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centred your affections. They are not now, as when you were a lone man, wide-spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They can not shoot out tendrils into barren world-soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing-glass of home-roof, they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon, and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections, that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you! are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when from the din, you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house? Is he wise, you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he never fail—is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner—no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile: hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is fallen. She can not talk even; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients—who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame—whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches—whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out of doors; she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her; what memories are in bird-songs! You need not shudder at her tears; they are tears of thanksgiving! Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

You are early home—mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible. They have sent for you.

She is lying down; her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eye opens; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles, hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says. "God will help you!"

She presses harder your hand: "Adieu!" A long breath—another; you are alone again! No tears now; poor man! You can not find them!

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tip-toe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat, and glides out stealthful as a cat.

The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonnette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonnette.

It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on; it is your table; you are a housekeeper—a man of family!

Ay, of family! keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, is gone out!

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet cushioned one over against yours empty. You press your fingers on your eye-balls, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you can not. Your head leans upon your hand; your eyes rest upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

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Go now into the room where she was sick. Softly, lest the prim housekeeper hear you, and come after.

They have put new dimity curtains upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its vials and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed, may have air. It will not be too cold. She is not there!

Oh, God! thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb, be kind!

The embers were dark; I stirred them; there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes—how they came I know not. I ejaculated a prayer of thanks that such desolation had not yet come nigh me, and a prayer of hope that it might never come.

In a half hour more, I was sleeping soundly. My reverie was ended.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

SORROWS AND JOYS.

BURY thy sorrows, and they shall rise
As souls to the immortal skies,
And then look down like mothers' eyes.

But let thy joys be fresh as flowers,
That suck the honey of the showers,
And bloom alike on huts and towers.

So shall thy days be sweet and bright—
Solemn and sweet thy starry night—
Conscious of love each change of light.

The stars will watch the flowers asleep,
The flowers will feel the soft stars weep,
And both will mix sensations deep.

With these below, with those above,
Sits evermore the brooding Dove,
Uniting both in bonds of love.

Children of Earth are these; and those
The spirits of intense repose—
Death radiant o'er all human woes.

For both by nature are akin;
Sorrow, the ashen fruit of sin,
And joy, the juice of life within.

O, make thy sorrows holy—wise—
So shall their buried memories rise,
Celestial, e'en in mortal skies.

O, think what then had been their doom,
If all unshriven—without a tomb—
They had been left to haunt the gloom!

O, think again what they will be
Beneath God's bright serenity,
When thou art in eternity!

For they, in their salvation, know
No vestige of their former woe,
While thro' them all the Heavens do flow.

Thus art thou wedded to the skies,
And watched by ever-loving eyes,
And warned by yearning sympathies.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

[*Continued from Page* 499.]

CHAPTER XII.

"A GLANCE AT STAFF-DUTY."

ALTHOUGH the passage of the Rhine was but the prelude to the attack on the fortress, that exploit being accomplished, Kehl was carried at the point of the bayonet, the French troops entering the outworks pell-mell with the retreating enemy, and in less than two hours after the landing of our first detachments, the "tri-color" waved over the walls of the fortress.

Lost amid the greater and more important successes which since that time have immortalized the glory of the French arms, it is almost impossible to credit the celebrity attached at that time to this brilliant achievement, whose highest merits probably were rapidity and resolution. Moreau had long been jealous of the fame of his great rival, Bonaparte, whose tactics, rejecting the colder dictates of prudent strategy, and the slow progress of scientific manœuvres, seemed to place all his confidence in the sudden inspirations of his genius, and the indomitable bravery of his troops. It was necessary, then, to raise the *morale* of the army of the Rhine, to accomplish some great feat similar in boldness and heroism to the wonderful achievements of the Italian army. Such was the passage of the Rhine at Strasbourg, effected in the face of a great enemy, advantageously posted, and supported by one of the strongest of all the frontier fortresses.

The morning broke upon us in all the exultation of our triumph, and as our cheers rose high over the field of the late struggle, each heart beat proudly with the thought of how that news would be received in Paris.

"You'll see how the bulletin will spoil all," said a young officer of the army of Italy, as he was getting his wound dressed on the field. "There will be such a long narrative of irrelevant matter—such details of this, that, and t'other—that the public will scarce know whether the placard announces a defeat or a victory."

"Parbleu!" replied an old veteran of the Rhine army, "what would you have? You'd not desire to omit the military facts of such an exploit?"

"To be sure I would," rejoined the other. "Give me one of our young general's bulletins, short, stirring, and effective—'Soldiers! you have crossed the Rhine against an army double your own in numbers and munitions of war. You have carried a fortress, believed impregnable, at the bayonet. Already the great flag of our nation waves over the citadel you have won. Forward, then, and cease not till it float over the cities of conquered Germany, and let the

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name of France be that of Empire over the continent of Europe.'"

"Ha! I like that," cried I, enthusiastically; "that's the bulletin to my fancy. Repeat it once more, mon lieutenant, that I may write it in my note-book."

"What! hast thou a note-book?" cried an old staff-officer, who was preparing to mount his horse; "let's see it, lad."

With a burning cheek and trembling hand, I drew my little journal from the breast of my jacket, and gave it to him.

"Sacre bleu!" exclaimed he, in a burst of laughter, "what have we here? Why, this is a portrait of old General Moricier, and, although a caricature, a perfect likeness. And here comes a plan for 'manœuvring a squadron by threes from the left.' This is better—it is a receipt for an 'Omelette à la Hussard;' and here we have a love-song, and a mustache-paste, with some hints about devotion, and diseased frog in horses. Most versatile genius, certainly!" And so he went on, occasionally laughing at my rude sketches, and ruder remarks, till he came to a page headed "Equitation, as practiced by Officers of the Staff," and followed by a series of caricatures of bad riding, in all its moods and tenses. The flush of anger which instantly colored his face, soon attracted the notice of those about him, and one of the bystanders quickly snatched the book from his fingers, and, in the midst of a group all convulsed with laughter, proceeded to expatiate upon my illustrations. To be sure, they were absurd enough. Some were represented sketching on horseback, under shelter of an umbrella; others were "taking the depth of a stream" by a "header" from their own saddles; some, again, were "exploring ground for an attack in line," by a measurement of the rider's own length over the head of his horse. Then there were ridiculous situations, such as "sitting down before a fortress," "taking an angle of incidence," and so on. Sorry jests, all of them, but sufficient to amuse those with whose daily associations they chimed in, and to whom certain traits of portraiture gave all the zest of a personality.

My shame at the exposure, and my terror for its consequences, gradually yielded to a feeling of flattered vanity at the success of my lucubrations; and I never remarked that the staff-officer had riden away from the group, till I saw him galloping back at the top of his speed.

"Is your name Tiernay, my good fellow?" cried he, riding close up to my side, and with an expression on his features I did not half like.

"Yes, sir," replied I.

"Hussar of the Ninth, I believe?" repeated he, reading from a paper in his hand.

"The same, sir."

"Well, your talents as a draughtsman have procured you promotion, my friend; I have obtained your discharge from your regiment, and you are now my orderly—orderly on the staff, do you mind? so mount, sir, and follow me."

I saluted him respectfully, and prepared to obey his orders. Already I foresaw the downfall of all the hopes I had been cherishing, and anticipated the life of tyranny and oppression that lay before me. It was clear to me, that my discharge had been obtained solely as a means of punishing me, and that Captain Discau, as the officer was called, had destined me to a pleasant expiation of my note-book. The savage exultation with which he watched me, as I made up my kit and saddled my horse—the cool malice with which he handed me back the accursed journal, the cause of all my disasters—gave me a dark foreboding of what was to follow; and as I mounted my saddle, my woeful face, and miserable look, brought forth a perfect shout of laughter from the bystanders.

Captain Discau's duty was to visit the banks of the Rhine, and the Eslar island, to take certain measurements of distances, and obtain accurate information on various minute points respecting the late engagement, for, while a brief announcement of the victory would suffice for the bulletin, a detailed narrative of the event, in all its bearings, must be drawn up for the minister of war, and for this latter purpose various staff-officers were then employed in different parts of the field.

As we issued from the fortress, and took our way over the plain, we struck out into a sharp gallop; but, as we drew near the river, our passage became so obstructed by lines of baggage-wagons, tumbrils, and ammunition-carts, that we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot; and now I was to see, for the first time, that dreadful picture, which, on the day after a battle, forms the reverse of the great medal of glory. Huge litters of wounded men on their way back to Strasbourg, were drawn by six or eight horses, their jolting motion increasing the agony of sufferings that found their vent in terrific cries and screams; oaths, yells, and blasphemies, the ravings of madness, and the wild shouts of infuriated suffering, filled the air on every side. As if to give the force of contrast to this uproar of misery, two regiments of Swabian infantry marched past as prisoners. Silent, crest-fallen, and wretched-looking, they never raised their eyes from the ground, but moved, or halted, wheeled, or stood at ease, as though by some impulse of mechanism; a cord coupled the wrists of the outer files, one with another, which struck me less as a measure of security against escape, than as a mark of indignity.

Carts and charettes with wounded officers, in which often-times the uniform of the enemy appeared side by side with our own, followed in long procession; and thus were these two great currents—the one hurrying forward, ardent, high-hearted, and enthusiastic; the other returning maimed, shattered, and dying!

It was an affecting scene to see the hurried gestures, and hear the few words of adieu, as they passed each other. Old comrades who were never to meet again, parted with a little

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motion of the hand; sometimes a mere look was all their leave-taking: save when, now and then, a halt would for a few seconds bring the two lines together, and then many a bronzed and rugged cheek was pressed upon the faces of the dying, and many a tear fell from eyes bloodshot with the fury of the battle! Wending our way on foot slowly along, we at last reached the river side, and having secured a small skiff, made for the Eslar island; our first business being to ascertain some details respecting the intrenchments there, and the depth and strength of the stream between it and the left bank. Discau, who was a distinguished officer, rapidly possessed himself of the principal facts he wanted, and then, having given me his portfolio, he seated himself under the shelter of a broken wagon, and opening a napkin, began his breakfast off a portion of a chicken and some bread—viands which, I own, more than once made my lips water as I watched him.

"You've eaten nothing to-day, Tiernay?" asked he, as he wiped his lips, with the air of a man that feels satisfied.

"Nothing, mon capitaine," replied I.

"That's bad," said he, shaking his head; "a soldier can not do his duty, if his rations be neglected. I have always maintained the principle: Look to the men's necessaries—take care of their food and clothing. Is there any thing on that bone there?"

"Nothing, mon capitaine."

"I'm sorry for it; I meant it for you; put up that bread, and the remainder of that flask of wine. Bourdeaux is not to be had every day. We shall want it for supper, Tiernay."

I did as I was bid, wondering not a little why he said "*we*," seeing how little a share I occupied in the co-partnery.

"Always be careful of the morrow on a campaign, Tiernay—no squandering, no waste; that's one of my principles," said he, gravely, as he watched me while I tied up the bread and wine in the napkin. "You'll soon see the advantage of serving under an old soldier."

I confess the great benefit had not already struck me, but I held my peace and waited; meanwhile he continued—

"I have studied my profession from my boyhood, and one thing I have acquired, that all experience has confirmed, the knowledge, that men must neither be taxed beyond their ability nor their endurance; a French soldier, after all, is human; eh, is't not so?"

"I feel it most profoundly, mon capitaine," replied I, with my hand on my empty stomach.

"Just so," rejoined he; "every man of sense and discretion must confess it. Happily for you, too, I know it; ay, Tiernay, I know it, and practice it. When a young fellow has acquitted himself to my satisfaction during the day—not that I mean to say that the performance has not its fair share of activity and zeal—when evening comes and stable duty finished, arms burnished, and accoutrements cleaned, what do you think I say to him?—eh, Tiernay, just guess now?"

"Probably, sir, you tell him he is free to spend an hour at the canteen, or take his sweetheart to the theatre."

"What! more fatigue! more exhaustion to an already tired and worn-out nature!"

"I ask pardon, sir, I see I was wrong; but I had forgotten how thoroughly the poor fellow was done up. I now see that you told him to go to bed."

"To bed! to bed! Is it that he might writhe in the nightmare, or suffer agony from cramps? To bed after fatigue like this! No, no, Tiernay, that was not the school in which *I* was brought up; *we* were taught to think of the men under our command; to remember that they had wants, sympathies, hopes, fears, and emotions like our own. I tell him to seat himself at the table, and with pen, ink, and paper before him, to write up the blanks. I see you don't quite understand me, Tiernay, as to the meaning of the phrase, but I'll let you into the secret. You have been kind enough to give me a peep at your note-book, and you shall in return have a look at mine. Open that volume, and tell me what you find in it."

I obeyed the direction, and read at the top of a page, the words "Skeleton, 5th Prairial," in large characters, followed by several isolated words, denoting the strength of a brigade, the number of guns in a battery, the depth of a fosse, the height of a parapet, and such like. These were usually followed by a flourish of the pen, or sometimes by the word "Bom." which singular monosyllable always occurred at the foot of the pages.

"Well, have you caught the key to the cipher?" said he, after a pause.

"Not quite, sir," said I, pondering; "I can perceive that the chief facts stand prominently forward, in a fair, round hand; I can also guess that the flourishes may be spaces left for detail; but this word "Bom." puzzles me completely."

"Quite correct, as to the first part," said he, approvingly; "and as to the mysterious monosyllable, it is nothing more than an abbreviation for 'Bombaste,' which is always to be done to the taste of each particular commanding officer."

"I perceive, sir," said I, quickly; "like the wadding of a gun, which may increase the loudness, but never affect the strength of the shot."

"Precisely, Tiernay; you have hit it exactly. Now I hope that, with a little practice, you may be able to acquit yourself respectably in this walk; and now to begin our skeleton. Turn over to a fresh page, and write as I dictate to you."

So saying, he filled his pipe and lighted it, and disposing his limbs in an attitude of perfect ease, he began:

"8th Thermidor, midnight—twelve battalions, and two batteries of field—boats and rafts—Eslar island—stockades—eight guns—Swabian infantry—sharp firing, and a flourish—strong current—flourish—detachment of the 28th carried down—'Bom.' Let me see it now—all right—nothing could be better—proceed. The 10th,

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45th, and 48th landing together—more firing—flourish—first gun captured—Bom.—bayonet charges—Bom. Bom.—three guns taken—Bom. Bom. Bom.—Swabs in retreat—flourish. The bridge eighty toises in length—flanking fire—heavy loss—flourish."

"You go a little too fast, mon capitaine," said I, for a sudden bright thought just flashed across me.

"Very well," said he, shaking the ashes of his pipe out upon the rock, "I'll take my doze, and you may awaken me when you've filled in those details—it will be a very fair exercise for you;" and with this he threw his handkerchief over his face, and without any other preparation was soon fast asleep.

I own that, if I had not been a spectator of the action, it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for me to draw up any thing like a narrative of it, from the meagre details of the captain's note-book. My personal observations, however, assisted by an easy imagination, suggested quite enough to make at least a plausible story, and I wrote away without impediment and halt till I came to that part of the action in which the retreat over the bridge commenced. There I stopped. Was I to remain satisfied with such a crude and one-sided explanation as the note-book afforded, and merely say that the retreating forces were harassed by a strong flank fire from our batteries? Was I to omit the whole of the great incident, the occupation of the "Fels Insel," and the damaging discharges of grape and round shot which plunged through the crowded ranks, and ultimately destroyed the bridge? Could I—to use the phrase so popular—could I, in the "interests of truth," forget the brilliant achievement of a gallant band of heroes who, led on by a young hussar of the 9th, threw themselves into the "Fels Insel," routed the garrison, captured the artillery, and directing its fire upon the retiring enemy, contributed most essentially to the victory. Ought I, in a word, to suffer a name so associated with a glorious action to sink into oblivion? Should Maurice Tiernay be lost to fame out of any neglect or false shame on my part? Forbid it all truth and justice, cried I, as I set myself down to relate the whole adventure most circumstantially. Looking up from time to time at my officer, who slept soundly, I suffered myself to dilate upon a theme in which somehow, I felt a more than ordinary degree of interest. The more I dwelt upon the incident, the more brilliant and striking did it seem. Like the appetite, which the proverb tells us comes by eating, my enthusiasm grew under indulgence, so that, had a little more time been granted me, I verily believe I should have forgotten Moreau altogether, and coupled only Maurice Tiernay with the passage of the Rhine, and the capture of the fortress of Kehl. Fortunately Captain Discau awoke, and cut short my historic recollections, by asking me how much I had done, and telling me to read it aloud to him.

I accordingly began to read my narrative slowly and deliberately, thereby giving myself time to think what I should best do when I came to that part which became purely personal. To omit it altogether would have been dangerous, as the slightest glance at the mass of writing would have shown the deception. There was, then, nothing left, but to invent at the moment another version, in which Maurice Tiernay never occurred, and the incident of the Fels Insel should figure as unobtrusively as possible. I was always a better improvisatore than amanuensis; so that without a moment's loss of time I fashioned a new and very different narrative, and detailing the battle tolerably accurately, *minus* the share my own heroism had taken in it. The captain made a few, a very few corrections of my style, in which the "flourish" and "bom." figured, perhaps, too conspicuously; and then told me frankly, that once upon a time he had been fool enough to give himself great trouble in framing these kind of reports, but that having served for a short period in the "bureau" of the minister of war, he had learned better. "In fact," said he, "a district report is never read! Some hundreds of them reach the office of the minister every day, and are safely deposited in the "archives" of the department. They have all, besides, such a family resemblance, that with a few changes in the name of the commanding officer, any battle in the Netherlands would do equally well for one fought beyond the Alps! Since I became acquainted with this fact, Tiernay, I have bestowed less pains upon the matter, and usually deputed the task to some smart orderly of the staff."

So thought I, I have been writing history for nothing; and Maurice Tiernay, the real hero of the passage of the Rhine, will be unrecorded and unremembered, just for want of one honest and impartial scribe to transmit his name to posterity. The reflection was not a very encouraging one; nor did it serve to lighten the toil in which I passed many weary hours, copying out my own precious manuscript. Again and again during that night did I wonder at my own diffuseness—again and again did I curse the prolix accuracy of a description that cost such labor to reiterate. It was like a species of poetical justice on me for my own amplifications; and when the day broke, and I still sat at my table writing on, at the third copy of this precious document, I vowed a vow of brevity, should I ever survive to indite similar compositions.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FAREWELL LETTER.

It was in something less than a week after, that I entered upon my new career as orderly in the staff, when I began to believe myself the most miserable of all human beings. On the saddle at sunrise, I never dismounted, except to carry a measuring-chain, "to step distances," mark out intrenchments, and then write away, for

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hours, long enormous reports, that were to be models of calligraphy, neatness, and elegance—and never to be read. Nothing could be less like soldiering than the life I led; and were it not for the clanking sabre I wore at my side, and the jingling spurs that decorated my heels, I might have fancied myself a notary's clerk. It was part of General Moreau's plan to strengthen the defenses of Kehl before he advanced further into Germany; and to this end repairs were begun upon a line of earth-works, about two leagues to the northward of the fortress, at a small village called "Ekheim." In this miserable little hole, one of the dreariest spots imaginable, we were quartered, with two companies of "sapeurs" and some of the wagon-train, trenching, digging, carting earth, sinking wells, and in fact engaged in every kind of labor save that which seemed to be characteristic of a soldier.

I used to think that Nancy and the riding-school were the most dreary and tiresome of all destinies, but they were enjoyments and delight compared with this. Now it very often happens in life, that when a man grows discontented and dissatisfied with mere monotony, when he chafes at the sameness of a tiresome and unexciting existence, he is rapidly approaching to some critical or eventful point, where actual peril and real danger assail him, and from which he would willingly buy his escape by falling back upon that wearisome and plodding life he had so often deplored before. This case was my own. Just as I had convinced myself that I was exceedingly wretched and miserable, I was to know there are worse things in this world than a life of mere uniform stupidity. I was waiting outside my captain's door for orders one morning, when at the tinkle of his little hand-bell I entered the room where he sat at breakfast, with an open dispatch before him.

"Tiernay," said he, in his usual quiet tone, "here is an order from the adjutant-general to send you back under an escort to head-quarters. Are you aware of any reason for it, or is there any charge against you which warrants this?"

"Not to my knowledge, mon capitaine," said I, trembling with fright, for I well knew with what severity discipline was exercised in that army, and how any, even the slightest, infractions met the heaviest penalties.

"I have never known you to pillage," continued he; "have never seen you drink, nor have you been disobedient while under my command; yet this order could not be issued on light grounds; there must be some grave accusation against you, and in any case you must go; therefore arrange all my papers, put every thing in due order, and be ready to return with the orderly."

"You'll give me a good character, mon capitaine," said I, trembling more than ever—"you'll say what you can for me, I'm sure."

"Willingly, if the general or chief were here," replied he; "but that's not so. General Moreau is at Strasbourg. It is General Regnier is in command of the army; and unless specially applied to, I could not venture upon the liberty of obtruding my opinion upon him."

"Is he so severe, sir?" asked I, timidly.

"The general is a good disciplinarian," said he, cautiously, while he motioned with his hand toward the door, and accepting the hint, I retired.

It was evening when I re-entered Kehl, under an escort of two of my own regiment, and was conducted to the "Salle de Police." At the door stood my old corporal, whose malicious grin as I alighted revealed the whole story of my arrest; and I now knew the charge that would be preferred against me—a heavier there could not be made—was, "disobedience in the field." I slept very little that night, and when I did close my eyes, it was to awake with a sudden start, and believe myself in presence of the court-martial, or listening to my sentence, as read out by the president. Toward day, however, I sunk into a heavy, deep slumber, from which I was aroused by the reveillée of the barracks.

I had barely time to dress when I was summoned before the "Tribunale Militaire"—a sort of permanent court-martial, whose sittings were held in one of the churches of the town. Not even all the terror of my own precarious position could overcome the effect of old prejudices in my mind, as I saw myself led up the dim aisle of the church toward the altar rails, within which, around a large table, were seated a number of officers, whose manner and bearing evinced but little reverence for the sacred character of the spot.

Stationed in a group of poor wretches whose wan looks and anxious glances told that they were prisoners like myself, I had time to see what was going forward around me. The president, who alone wore his hat, read from a sort of list before him the name of a prisoner and that of the witnesses in the cause. In an instant they were all drawn up and sworn. A few questions followed, rapidly put, and almost as rapidly replied to. The prisoner was called on then for his defense: if this occupied many minutes, he was sure to be interrupted by an order to be brief. Then came the command to "stand by;" and after a few seconds consultation together, in which many times a burst of laughter might be heard, the court agreed upon the sentence, recorded and signed it, and then proceeded with the next case.

If nothing in the proceedure imposed reverence or respect, there was that in the dispatch which suggested terror, for it was plain to see that the court thought more of the cost of their own precious minutes than of the years of those on whose fate they were deciding. I was sufficiently near to hear the charges of those who were arraigned, and, for the greater number, they were all alike. Pillage, in one form or another, was the universal offending; and from the burning of a peasant's cottage, to the theft of his dog or his "poulet," all came under this head. At last came number 82—"Maurice

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Tiernay, hussar of the Ninth." I stepped forward to the rails.

"Maurice Tiernay," read the president, hurriedly, "accused by Louis Gaussin, corporal of the same regiment, 'of willfully deserting his post while on duty in the field, and in the face of direct orders to the contrary; inducing others to a similar breach of discipline.' Make the charge, Gaussin."

The corporal stepped forward, and began,

"We were stationed in detachment on the bank of the Rhine, on the evening of the 23d—"

"The court has too many duties to lose its time for nothing," interrupted I. "It is all true. I did desert my post; I did disobey orders; and, seeing a weak point in the enemy's line, attacked and carried it with success. The charge is, therefore, admitted by me, and it only remains for the court to decide how far a soldier's zeal for his country may be deserving of punishment. Whatever the result, one thing is perfectly clear, Corporal Gaussin will never be indicted for a similar misdemeanor."

A murmur of voices and suppressed laughter followed this impertinent and not over discreet sally of mine; and the president calling out, "Proven by acknowledgment," told me to "stand by." I now fell back to my former place, to be interrogated by my comrades on the result of my examination, and hear their exclamations of surprise and terror at the rashness of my conduct. A little reflection over the circumstances would probably have brought me over to their opinion, and shown me that I had gratuitously thrown away an opportunity of self-defense; but my temper could not brook the indignity of listening to the tiresome accusation and the stupid malevolence of the corporal, whose hatred was excited by the influence I wielded over my comrades.

It was long past noon ere the proceedings terminated, for the list was a full one, and at length the court rose, apparently not sorry to exchange their tiresome duties for the pleasant offices of the dinner-table. No sentences had been pronounced, but one very striking incident seemed to shadow forth a gloomy future. Three, of whom I was one, were marched off, doubly guarded, before the rest, and confined in separate cells of the "Salle," where every precaution against escape too plainly showed the importance attached to our safe keeping.

At about eight o'clock, as I was sitting on my bed—if that inclined plane of wood, worn by the form of many a former prisoner, could deserve the name—a sergeant entered with the prison allowance of bread and water. He placed it beside me without speaking, and stood for a few seconds gazing at me.

"What age art thou, lad?" said he, in a voice of compassionate interest.

"Something over fifteen, I believe," replied I.

"Hast father and mother?"

"Both are dead!"

"Uncles or aunts living?"

"Neither."

"Hast any friends who could help thee?"

"That might depend upon what the occasion for help should prove, for I have one friend in the world."

"Who is he?"

"Colonel Mahon, of the Curaissiers."

"I never heard of him—is he here?"

"No; I left him at Nancy; but I could write to him."

"It would be too late, much too late."

"How do you mean—too late?" asked I, tremblingly.

"Because it is fixed for to-morrow evening," replied he, in a low, hesitating voice.

"What? the—the—" I could not say the word, but merely imitated the motion of presenting and firing. He nodded gravely in acquiescence.

"What hour is it to take place?" asked I.

"After evening parade. The sentence must be signed by General Berthier, and he will not be here before that time."

"It would be too late, then, sergeant," said I, musing, "far too late. Still I should like to write the letter; I would like to thank him for his kindness in the past, and show him, too, that I have not been either unworthy or ungrateful. Could you let me have paper and pen, sergeant?"

"I can venture so far, lad; but I can not let thee have a light; it is against orders; and during the day thou'lt be too strictly watched."

"No matter let me have the paper and I'll try to scratch a few lines in the dark; and thou'lt post it for me, sergeant? I ask thee as a last favor to do this."

"I promise it," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. After standing for a few minutes thus in silence, he started suddenly and left the cell.

I now tried to eat my supper; but although resolved on behaving with a stout and unflinching courage throughout the whole sad event, I could not swallow a mouthful. A sense of choking stopped me at every attempt, and even the water I could only get down by gulps. The efforts I made to bear up seemed to have caused a species of hysterical excitement that actually rose to the height of intoxication, for I talked away loudly to myself, laughed, and sung. I even jested and mocked myself on this sudden termination of a career that I used to anticipate as stored with future fame and rewards. At intervals, I have no doubt that my mind wandered far beyond the control of reason, but as constantly came back again to a full consciousness of my melancholy position, and the fate that awaited me. The noise of the key in the door silenced my ravings, and I sat still and motionless as the sergeant entered with the pen, ink, and paper, which he laid down upon the bed, and then as silently withdrew.

A long interval of stupor, a state of dreary half consciousness, now came over me, from which I aroused myself with great difficulty to write the few lines I destined for Colonel Ma-

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hon. I remember even now, long as has been the space of years since that event, full as it has been of stirring and strange incidents, I remember perfectly the thought which flashed across me as I sat, pen in hand, before the paper. It was the notion of a certain resemblance between our actions in this world with the characters I was about to inscribe upon that paper. Written in darkness and in doubt, thought I, how shall they appear when brought to the light! Perhaps those I have deemed the best and fairest shall seem but to be the weakest or the worst! What need of kindness to forgive the errors, and of patience to endure the ignorance! At last I began: "Mon Colonel—Forgive, I pray you, the errors of these lines, penned in the darkness of my cell, and the night before my death. They are written to thank you ere I go hence, and to tell you that the poor heart whose beating will soon be still throbbed gratefully toward you to the last! I have been sentenced to death for a breach of discipline of which I was guilty. Had I failed in the achievement of my enterprise by the bullet of an enemy, they would have named me with honor; but I have had the misfortune of success, and to-morrow am I to pay its penalty. I have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that my share in that great day can neither be denied nor evaded; it is already on record, and the time may yet come when my memory will be vindicated. I know not if these lines be legible, nor if I have crossed or recrossed them. If they are blotted they are not my tears have done it, for I have a firm heart and a good courage; and when the moment comes—"; here my hand trembled so much, and my brain grew so dizzy, that I lost the thread of my meaning, and merely jotted down at random a few words, vague, unconnected, and unintelligible, after which, and by an effort that cost all my strength, I wrote "Maurice Tierney, late Hussar of the 9th Regiment."

A hearty burst of tears followed the conclusion of this letter; all the pent-up emotion with which my heart was charged broke out at last, and I cried bitterly. Intense passions are, happily, never of long duration, and better still, they are always the precursors of calm. Thus, tranquil, the dawn of morn broke upon me, when the sergeant came to take my letter, and apprize me that the adjutant would appear in a few moments to read my sentence, and inform me when it was to be executed.

"Thou'lt bear up well, lad; I know thou wilt," said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes. "Thou hast no mother, and thou'lt not have to grieve for *her*."

"Don't be afraid, sergeant; I'll not disgrace the old 9th. Tell my comrades I said so."

"I will. I will tell them all! Is this thy jacket, lad?"

"Yes; what do you want it for?"

"I must take it away with me. Thou art not to wear it more!"

"Not wear it, nor die in it; and why not?"

"That is the sentence, lad; I can not help it. It's very hard, very cruel; but so it is."

"Then I am to die dishonored, sergeant; is that the sentence?"

He dropped his head, and I could see that he moved his sleeve across his eyes; and then, taking up my jacket, he came toward me.

"Remember, lad, a stout heart; no flinching. Adieu—God bless thee." He kissed me on either cheek, and went out.

He had not been gone many minutes, when the tramp of marching outside apprized me of the coming of the adjutant, and the door of my cell being thrown open, I was ordered to walk forth into the court of the prison. Two squadrons of my own regiment, all who were not on duty, were drawn up, dismounted, and without arms; beside them stood a company of grenadiers, and a half battalion of the line, the corps to which the other two prisoners belonged, and who now came forward, in shirt-sleeves like myself, into the middle of the court.

One of my fellow-sufferers was a very old soldier, whose hair and beard were white as snow; the other was a middle-aged man, of a dark and forbidding aspect, who scowled at me angrily as I came up to his side, and seemed as if he scorned the companionship. I returned a glance, haughty and as full of defiance as his own, and never noticed him after.

The drum beat a roll, and the word was given for silence in the ranks—an order so strictly obeyed, that even the clash of a weapon was unheard, and stepping in front of the line, the Auditeur Militaire read out the sentences. As for me, I heard but the words "Peine afflictive et infamante;" all the rest became confusion, shame, and terror co-mingled; nor did I know that the ceremonial was over, when the troops began to defile, and we were marched back again to our prison quarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SURPRISE AND AN ESCAPE.

It is a very common subject of remark in newspapers, and as invariably repeated with astonishment by the readers, how well and soundly such a criminal slept on the night before his execution. It reads like a wonderful evidence of composure, or some not less surprising proof of apathy or indifference. I really believe it has as little relation to one feeling as to the other, and is simply the natural consequence of faculties over-strained, and a brain surcharged with blood; sleep being induced by causes purely physical in their nature. For myself, I can say that I was by no means indifferent to life, nor had I any contempt for the form of death that awaited me. As localities, which have failed to inspire a strong attachment, become endowed with a certain degree of interest when we are about to part from them forever, I never held life so desirable as now that I was going to leave it; and yet, with all this, I fell into a sleep so heavy and profound,

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that I never awoke till late in the evening. Twice was I shaken by the shoulder ere I could throw off the heavy weight of slumber; and even when I looked up, and saw the armed figures around me, I could have laid down once more, and composed myself to another sleep.

The first thing which thoroughly aroused me, and at once brightened up my slumbering senses, was missing my jacket, for which I searched every corner of my cell, forgetting that it had been taken away, as the nature of my sentence was declared "infamante." The next shock was still greater, when two sapeurs came forward to tie my wrists together behind my back; I neither spoke nor resisted, but in silent submission complied with each order given me.

All preliminaries being completed, I was led forward, preceded by a pioneer, and guarded on either side by two sapeurs of "the guard;" a muffled drum, ten paces in advance, keeping up a low monotonous rumble as we went.

Our way led along the ramparts, beside which ran a row of little gardens, in which the children of the officers were at play. They ceased their childish gambols as we drew near, and came closer up to watch us. I could mark the terror and pity in their little faces as they gazed at me; I could see the traits of compassion with which they pointed me out to each other, and my heart swelled with gratitude for even so slight a sympathy. It was with difficulty I could restrain the emotion of that moment, but with a great effort I did subdue it, and marched on, to all seeming, unmoved. A little further on, as we turned the angle of the wall, I looked back to catch one last look at them. Would that I had never done so! They had quitted the railings, and were now standing in a group, in the act of performing a mimic execution. One, without his jacket, was kneeling on the grass. But I could not bear the sight, and in scornful anger I closed my eyes, and saw no more.

A low whispering conversation was kept up by the soldiers around me. They were grumbling at the long distance they had to march, as the "affair" might just as well have taken place on the glacis as two miles away. How different were *my* feelings—how dear to me was now every minute, every second of existence; how my heart leaped at each turn of the way, as I still saw a space to traverse, and some little interval longer to live.

"And, mayhap, after all," muttered one dark-faced fellow, "we shall have come all this way for nothing. There can be no 'fusillade' without the general's signature, so I heard the adjutant say; and who's to promise that he'll be at his quarters?"

"Very true," said another; "he may be absent, or at table."

"At table!" cried two or three together; "and what if he were?"

"If he be," rejoined the former speaker, "we may go back again for our pains! I ought to know him well; I was his orderly for eight months, when I served in the 'Legers,' and can tell you, my lads, I wouldn't be the officer who would bring him a report, or a return to sign, once he had opened out his napkin on his knee; and it's not very far from his dinner-hour now."

What a sudden thrill of hope ran through me! Perhaps I should be spared for another day.

"No, no, we're all in time," exclaimed the sergeant; "I can see the general's tent from this; and there he stands, with all his staff around him."

"Yes; and there go the other escorts—they will be up before us if we don't make haste; quick-time, lads. Come along, mon cher," said he, addressing me; "thou'rt not tired, I hope."

"Not tired!" replied I; "but remember, sergeant, what a long journey I have before me."

"*Pardieu!*" I don't believe all that rhodomontade about another world," said he gruffly; "the republic settled that question."

I made no reply. For such words, at such a moment, were the most terrible of tortures to me. And now we moved on at a brisker pace, and crossing a little wooden bridge, entered a kind of esplanade of closely-shaven turf, at one corner of which stood the capacious tent of the commander-in-chief, for such, in Moreau's absence, was General Berthier. Numbers of staff-officers were riding about on duty, and a large traveling-carriage, from which the horses seemed recently detached, stood before the tent.

We halted as we crossed the bridge, while the adjutant advanced to obtain the signature to the sentence. My eyes followed him till they swam with rising tears, and I could not wipe them away, as my hands were fettered. How rapidly did my thoughts travel during those few moments. The good old Père Michel came back to me in memory, and I tried to think of the consolation his presence would have afforded me; but I could do no more than think of them.

"Which is the prisoner Tiernay?" cried a young aid-de-camp, cantering up to where I was standing.

"Here, sir," replied the sergeant, pushing me forward.

"So," rejoined the officer, angrily, "this fellow has been writing letters, it would seem, reflecting upon the justice of his sentence, and arraigning the conduct of his judges. Your epistolary tastes are like to cost you dearly, my lad; it had been better for you if writing had been omitted in your education. Reconduct the others, sergeant, they are respited; this fellow alone is to undergo his sentence."

The other two prisoners gave a short and simultaneous cry of joy as they fell back, and I stood alone in front of the escort.

"Parbleu! he has forgotten the signature," said the adjutant, casting his eye over the paper: "he was chattering and laughing all

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the time, with the pen in his hand, and I suppose fancied that he had signed it."

"Nathalie was there, perhaps," said the aid-de-camp, significantly.

"She was, and I never saw her looking better. It's something like eight years since I saw her last; and I vow she seems not only handsomer, but fresher and more youthful to-day than then."

"Where is she going; have you heard?"

"Who can tell? Her passport is like a firman; she may travel where she pleases. The rumor of the day says Italy."

"I thought she looked provoked at Moreau's absence; it seemed like want of attention on his part, a lack of courtesy she's not used to."

"Very true; and her reception of Berthier was any thing but gracious, although he certainly displayed all his civilities in her behalf."

"Strange days we live in!" sighed the other, "when a man's promotion hangs upon the favorable word of a —"

"Hush! take care! be cautious!" whispered the other. "Let us not forget this poor fellow's business. How are you to settle it? Is the signature of any consequence? The whole sentence all is right and regular."

"I shouldn't like to omit the signature," said the other, cautiously; "it looks like carelessness, and might involve us in trouble hereafter."

"Then we must wait some time, for I see they are gone to dinner."

"So I perceive," replied the former, as he lighted his cigar, and seated himself on a bank. "You may let the prisoner sit down, sergeant, and leave his hands free; he looks wearied and exhausted."

I was too weak to speak, but I looked my gratitude; and sitting down upon the grass, covered my face, and wept heartily.

Although quite close to where the officers sat together chatting and jesting, I heard little or nothing of what they said. Already the things of life had ceased to have any hold upon me; and I could have heard of the greatest victory, or listened to a story of the most fatal defeat, without the slightest interest or emotion. An occasional word or a name would strike upon my ear, but leave no impression nor any memory behind it.

The military band was performing various marches and opera airs before the tent where the general dined, and in the melody, softened by distance, I felt a kind of calm and sleepy repose that lulled me into a species of ecstasy.

At last the music ceased to play, and the adjutant, starting hurriedly up, called on the sergeant to move forward.

"By Jove!" cried he, "they seem preparing for a promenade, and we shall get into a scrape if Berthier sees us here. Keep your party yonder, sergeant, out of sight, till I obtain the signature."

And so saying, away he went toward the tent at a sharp gallop.

A few seconds, and I watched him crossing the esplanade; he dismounted and disappeared. A terrible choking sensation was over me, and I scarcely was conscious that they were again tying my hands. The adjutant came out again, and made a sign with his sword.

"We are to move on!" said the sergeant, half in doubt.

"Not at all," broke in the aid-de-camp; "he is making a sign for you to bring up the prisoner! There, he is repeating the signal; lead him forward."

I knew very little of how—less still of why—but we moved on in the direction of the tent, and in a few minutes stood before it. The sounds of revelry and laughter, the crash of voices, and the clink of glasses, together with the hoarse bray of the brass band, which again struck up, all were co-mingled in my brain, as, taking me by the arm, I was led forward within the tent, and found myself at the foot of a table covered with all the gorgeousness of silver plate, and glowing with bouquets of flowers and fruits. In the one hasty glance I gave, before my lids fell over my swimming eyes, I could see the splendid uniforms of the guests as they sat around the board, and the magnificent costume of a lady in the place of honor next the head.

Several of those who sat at the lower end of the table drew back their seats as I came forward, and seemed as if desirous to give the general a better view of me.

Overwhelmed by the misery of my fate, as I stood awaiting my death, I felt as though a mere word, a look, would have crushed me but one moment back; but now, as I stood there, before that group of gazers, whose eyes scanned me with looks of insolent disdain, or still more insulting curiosity, a sense of proud defiance seized me, to confront and dare them with glances haughty and scornful as their own. It seemed to me so base and unworthy a part to summon a poor wretch before them, as if to whet their new appetite for enjoyment by the aspect of his misery, that an indignant anger took possession of me, and I drew myself up to my full height, and stared at them calm and steadily.

"So, then!" cried a deep soldier-like voice from the far-end of the table, which I at once recognized as the general-in-chief's; "so, then, gentlemen, we have now the honor of seeing among us the hero of the Rhine! This is the distinguished individual by whose prowess the passage of the river was effected, and the Swabian infantry cut off in their retreat! Is it not true, sir?" said he, addressing me with a savage scowl.

"I have had my share in the achievement!" said I, with a cool air of defiance.

"Parbleu! you are modest, sir. So had every drummer-boy that beat his tattoo! But yours was the part of a great leader, if I err not?"

I made no answer, but stood firm and unmoved.

"How do you call the island which you have immortalized by your valor?"

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"The Fels Insel, sir."

"Gentlemen, let us drink to the hero of the Fels Insel," said he, holding up his glass for the servant to fill it. "A bumper—a full, a flowing bumper! And let him also pledge a toast, in which his interest must be so brief. Give him a glass, Contard."

"His hands are tied, mon general."

"Then free them at once."

The order was obeyed in a second; and I, summoning up all my courage to seem as easy and indifferent as they were, lifted the glass to my lips, and drained it off.

"Another glass, now, to the health of this fair lady, through whose intercession we owe the pleasure of your company," said the general.

"Willingly," said I; "and may one so beautiful seldom find herself in a society so unworthy of her!"

A perfect roar of laughter succeeded the insolence of this speech; amid which I was half pushed, half dragged, up to the end of the table, where the general sat.

"How so, Coquin, do you dare to insult a French general, at the head of his own staff!"

"If I did, sir, it were quite as brave as to mock a poor criminal on the way to his execution!"

"That is the boy! I know him now! the very same lad!" cried the lady, as, stooping behind Berthier's chair, she stretched out her hand toward me. "Come here; are you not Colonel Mahon's godson?"

I looked her full in the face; and whether her own thoughts gave the impulse, or that something in my stare suggested it, she blushed till her cheek grew crimson.

"Poor Charles was so fond of him!" whispered she in Berthier's ear; and, as she spoke, the expression of her face at once recalled where I had seen her, and I now perceived that she was the same person I had seen at table with Colonel Mahon, and whom I believed to be his wife.

A low whispering conversation now ensued between the general and her, at the close of which, he turned to me and said,

"Madame Merlancourt has deigned to take an interest in you—you are pardoned. Remember, sir, to whom you owe your life, and be grateful to her for it."

I took the hand she extended toward me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Madame," said I, "there is but one favor more I would ask in this world, and with it I could think myself happy."

"But can I grant it, mon cher," said she, smiling.

"If I am to judge from the influence I have seen you wield, madame, here and elsewhere, this petition will easily be accorded."

A slight flush colored the lady's cheek, while that of the general became dyed red with anger. I saw that I had committed some terrible blunder, but how, or in what, I knew not.

"Well, sir," said Madame Merlancourt, addressing me with a stately coldness of manner, very different from her former tone, "Let us hear what you ask, for we are already taking up a vast deal of time that our host would prefer devoting to his friends, what is it you wish?"

"My discharge from a service, madame, where zeal and enthusiasm are rewarded with infamy and disgrace; my freedom to be any thing but a French soldier."

"You are resolved, sir, that I am not to be proud of my protégé," said she, haughtily; "what words are these to speak in presence of a general and his officers?"

"I am bold, madame, as you say, but I am wronged."

"How so, sir—in what have you been injured?" cried the general, hastily, "except in the excessive condescension which has stimulated your presumption. But we are really too indulgent in this long parley. Madame, permit me to offer you some coffee under the trees. Contardo, tell the band to follow us. Gentlemen, we expect the pleasure of your society."

And so saying, Berthier presented his arm to the lady, who swept proudly past without deigning to notice me. In a few minutes the tent was cleared of all, except the servants occupied in removing the remains of the dessert, and I fell back unremarked and unobserved, to take my way homeward to the barracks, more indifferent to life than ever I had been afraid of death.

As I am not likely to recur at any length to the somewhat famous person to whom I owed my life, I may as well state that her name has since occupied no inconsiderable share of attention in France, and her history, under the title of "Mémoires d'une Contemporaine," excited a degree of interest and anxiety in quarters which one might have fancied far above the reach of her revelations. At the time I speak of, I little knew the character of the age in which such influences were all powerful, nor how destinies very different from mine hung upon the favoritism of "La belle Nathalie." Had I known these things, and still more, had I known the sad fate to which she brought my poor friend, Colonel Mahon, I might have scrupled to accept my life at such hands, or involved myself in a debt of gratitude to one for whom I was subsequently to feel nothing but hatred and aversion. It was indeed a terrible period, and in nothing more so than the fact, that acts of benevolence and charity were blended up with features of falsehood, treachery, and baseness, which made one despair of humanity, and think the very worst of their species.

CHAPTER XV.

SCRAPS OF HISTORY.

NOTHING displays more powerfully the force of egotism than the simple truth that, when any man sets himself down to write the events of his life, the really momentous occurrences in which he

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may have borne a part occupy a conspicuously small place, when each petty incident of a merely personal nature, is dilated and extended beyond all bounds. In one sense, the reader benefits by this, since there are few impertinences less forgivable than the obtrusion of some insignificant name into the narrative of facts that are meet for history. I have made these remarks in a spirit of apology to my reader; not alone for the accuracy of my late detail, but also, if I should seem in future to dwell but passingly on the truly important facts of a great campaign, in which my own part was so humble.

I was a soldier in that glorious army which Moreau led into the heart of Germany, and whose victorious career would only have ceased when they entered the capital of the Empire, had it not been for the unhappy mistakes of Jourdan, who commanded the auxiliary forces in the north. For nigh three months we advanced steadily and successfully, superior in every engagement; we only waited for the moment of junction with Jourdan's army, to declare the empire our own; when at last came the terrible tidings that he had been beaten, and that Latour was advancing from Ulm to turn our left flank, and cut off our communications with France.

Two hundred miles from our own frontiers—separated from the Rhine by that terrible Black Forest whose defiles are mere gorges between vast mountains—with an army fifty thousand strong on one flank, and the Archduke Charles commanding a force of nigh thirty thousand on the other—such were the dreadful combinations which now threatened us with a defeat not less signal than Jourdan's own. Our strength, however, lay in a superb army of seventy thousand unbeaten men, led on by one whose name alone was victory.

On the 24th of September, the order for retreat was given; the army began to retire by slow marches, prepared to contest every inch of ground, and make every available spot a battle-field. The baggage and ammunition were sent on in front, and two days' march in advance. Behind, a formidable rere-guard was ready to repulse every attack of the enemy. Before, however, entering those close defiles by which his retreat lay, Moreau determined to give one terrible lesson to his enemy. Like the hunted tiger turning upon his pursuers, he suddenly halted at Biberach, and ere Latour, who commanded the Austrians, was aware of his purpose, assailed the imperial forces with an attack on right, centre, and left together. Four thousand prisoners and eighteen pieces of cannon were trophies of the victory.

The day after this decisive battle our march was resumed, and the advanced-guard entered that narrow and dismal defile which goes by the name of the "Valley of Hell," when our left and right flanks, stationed at the entrance of the pass, effectually secured the retreat against molestation. The voltigeurs of St. Cyr crowning the heights as we went, swept away the light troops which were scattered along the rocky eminences, and in less than a fortnight our army debouched by Fribourg and Oppenheim into the valley of the Rhine, not a gun having been lost, not a caisson deserted, during that perilous movement.

The Archduke, however, having ascertained the direction of Moreau's retreat, advanced by a parallel pass through the Kinzigthal, and attacked St. Cyr at Nauendorf, and defeated him. Our right flank, severely handled at Emmendingen, the whole force was obliged to retreat on Huningen, and once more we found ourselves upon the banks of the Rhine, no longer an advancing army, high in hope, and flushed with victory, but beaten, harassed, and retreating!

The last few days of that retreat presented a scene of disaster such as I can never forget. To avoid the furious charges of the Austrian cavalry, against which our own could no longer make resistance, we had fallen back upon a line of country cut up into rocky cliffs and precipices, and covered by a dense pine forest. Here, necessarily broken up into small parties, we were assailed by the light troops of the enemy, led on through the various passes by the peasantry, whose animosity our own severity had excited. It was, therefore, a continual hand-to-hand struggle, in which, opposed as we were to over numbers, well acquainted with every advantage of the ground, our loss was terrific. It is said that nigh seven thousand men fell—an immense number, when no general action had occurred. Whatever the actual loss, such were the circumstances of our army, that Moreau hastened to propose an armistice, on the condition of the Rhine being the boundary between the two armies, while Kehl was still to be held by the French.

The proposal was rejected by the Austrians, who at once commenced preparations for a siege of the fortress with forty thousand troops, under Latour's command. The earlier months of winter now passed in the labors of the siege, and on the morning of New Year's Day the first attack was made; the second line was carried a few days after, and, after a glorious defense by Desaix, the garrison capitulated, and evacuated the fortress on the 9th of the month. Thus, in the space of six short months, had we advanced with a conquering army into the very heart of the Empire, and now we were back again within our own frontier; not one single trophy of all our victories remaining, two-thirds of our army dead or wounded, more than all, the prestige of our superiority fatally injured, and that of the enemy's valor and prowess as signally elevated.

The short annals of a successful soldier are often comprised in the few words which state how he was made lieutenant at such a date, promoted to his company here, obtained his majority there, succeeded to the command of his regiment at such a place, and so on. Now my exploits may even be more briefly written as regards this campaign! for whether at Kehl

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at Nauendorf, on the Etz, or at Huningen, I ended as I begun—a simple soldier of the ranks. A few slight wounds, a few still more insignificant words of praise, were all that I brought back with me; but if my trophies were small, I had gained considerably both in habits of discipline and obedience. I had learned to endure, ably and without complaining, the inevitable hardships of a campaign, and better still, to see, that the irrepressible impulses of the soldier, however prompted by zeal or heroism, may oftener mar than promote the more mature plans of his general. Scarcely had my feet once more touched French ground, than I was seized with the ague, then raging as an epidemic among the troops, and sent forward with a large detachment of sick to the Military Hospital of Strasbourg.

Here I bethought me of my patron, Colonel Mahon, and determined to write to him. For this purpose I addressed a question to the Adjutant-general's office to ascertain the colonel's address. The reply was a brief and stunning one—he had been dismissed the service. No personal calamity could have thrown me into deeper affliction; nor had I even the sad consolation of learning any of the circumstances of this misfortune. His death, even though thereby I should have lost my only friend, would have been a lighter evil than this disgrace; and coming as did the tidings when I was already broken by sickness and defeat, more than ever disgusted me with a soldier's life. It was then with a feeling of total indifference that I heard a rumor which at another moment would have filled me with enthusiasm—the order for all invalids sufficiently well to be removed, to be drafted into regiments serving in Italy. The fame of Bonaparte, who commanded that army, had now surpassed that of all the other generals; his victories paled the glory of their successes, and it was already a mark of distinction to have served under his command.

The walls of the hospital were scrawled over with the names of his victories; rude sketches of Alpine passes, terrible ravines, or snow-clad peaks met the eye every where; and the one magical name, "Bonaparte," written beneath, seemed the key to all their meaning. With him war seemed to assume all the charms of romance. Each action was illustrated by feats of valor or heroism, and a halo of glory seemed to shine over all the achievements of his genius.

It was a clear, bright morning of March, when a light frost sharpened the air, and a fair, blue sky overhead showed a cloudless elastic atmosphere, that the "Invalides," as we were all called, were drawn up in the great square of the hospital for inspection. Two superior officers of the staff, attended by several surgeons and an adjutant, sat at a table in front of us, on which lay the regimental books and conduct-rolls of the different corps. Such of the sick as had received severe wounds, incapacitating them for further service, were presented with some slight reward—a few francs in money, a great-coat, or a pair of shoes, and obtained their freedom. Others, whose injuries were less important, received their promotion, or some slight increase of pay, these favors being all measured by the character the individual bore in his regiment, and the opinion certified of him by his commanding officer. When my turn came and I stood forward, I felt a kind of shame to think how little claim I could prefer either to honor or advancement.

"Maurice Tiernay, slightly wounded by a sabre at Nauendorf—flesh-wound at Biberach—enterprising and active, but presumptuous and overbearing with his comrades," read out the adjutant, while he added a few words I could not hear, but at which the superior laughed heartily.

"What says the doctor?" asked he, after a pause.

"This has been a bad case of ague, and I doubt if the young fellow will ever be fit for active service—certainly not at present."

"Is there a vacancy at Saumur?" asked the general. "I see he has been employed in the school at Nancy."

"Yes, sir; for the third class there is one."

"Let him have it, then. Tiernay, you are appointed as aspirant of the third class at the College of Saumur. Take care that the report of your conduct be more creditable than what is written here. Your opportunities will now be considerable, and if well employed, may lead to further honor and distinction; if neglected or abused, your chances are forfeited forever."

I bowed and retired, as little satisfied with the admonition as elated with the prospect which converted me from a soldier into a scholar, and, in the first verge of manhood, threw me back once more into the condition of a mere boy.

Eighteen months of my life—not the least happy, perhaps, since in the peaceful portion I can trace so little to be sorry for—glided over beside the banks of the beautiful Loire, the intervals in the hours of study being spent either in the riding-school, or the river, where, in addition to swimming and diving, we were instructed in pontooning and rafting, the modes of transporting ammunition and artillery, and the attacks of infantry by cavalry pickets.

I also learned to speak and write English and German with great ease and fluency, besides acquiring some skill in military drawing and engineering.

It is true that the imprisonment chafed sorely against us, as we read of the great achievements of our armies in various parts of the world; of the great battles of Cairo and the Pyramids, of Acre and Mount Thabor; and of which a holiday and a fête were to be our only share.

The terrible storms which shook Europe from end to end, only reached us in the bulletins of new victories; and we panted for the time when we, too, should be actors in the glorious exploits of France.

It is already known to the reader that of the

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country from which my family came I myself knew nothing. The very little I had ever learned of it from my father was also a mere tradition; still was I known among my comrades only as "the Irishman," and by that name was I recognized, even in the record of the school, where I was inscribed thus: "Maurice Tiernay, dit l'Irlandais." It was on this very simple and seemingly-unimportant fact my whole fate in life was to turn; and in this wise—But the explanation deserves a chapter of its own, and shall have it.

(To be continued.)

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE ENCHANTED ROCK.

ABOUT four miles west-northwest of Cape Clear Island and lighthouse, on the southwest coast of Ireland, a singularly-shaped rock, called the Fastnett, rises abruptly and perpendicularly a height of ninety feet above the sea level in the Atlantic Ocean. It is about nine miles from the mainland, and the country-people say it is *nine miles* from *every part* of the coast.

The Fastnett for ages has been in the undisturbed possession of the cormorant, sea-gull, and various other tribes of sea-fowl, and was also a noted place for large conger eels, bream, and pollock; but from a superstitious dread of the place, the fishermen seldom fished near it. During foggy weather, and when the rock is partially enveloped in mist, it has very much the appearance of a large vessel under sail—hence no doubt the origin of all the wonderful tales and traditions respecting the Fastnett being enchanted, and its celebrated feats. The old people all along the sea-coast are under the impression that the Fastnett hoists sails before sunrise on the 1st of May in every year, and takes a cruise toward the Dursey Islands, at the north entrance of Bantry Bay, a distance of some forty miles; and that, after dancing several times round the rocks known to mariners as the Bull, Cow, and Calf, it then shapes its homeward course, drops anchor at the spot from whence it sailed, and remains stationary during the remainder of the year.

The Fastnett, however, it appears, is not the only enchanted spot in that locality; for at the head of Schull Harbor, about nine miles north of the rock, on the top of Mount Gabriel—about 1400 feet above the sea-level—is a celebrated ake, which the people say is so deep, that the longest line ever made would not reach its bottom. It is also stoutly asserted that a gentleman once dropped his walking-stick into the lake, and that it was afterward found by a fisherman near the Fastnett. On another occasion, a female wishing to get some water from the lake to perform a miraculous cure on one of her friends, accidentally let fall the jug into the water, and after several months, the identical jug—it could not be mistaken, part of the lip being broken off—was also picked up near the Fastnett. For such reasons the people imagine that there is some mysterious connection between the rock and the lake, and that they have a subterranean passage or means of communication. Captain Wolfe, indeed, during his survey of the coast in 1848, sounded the mysterious pool, and found the bottom with a line *seven feet long;* but the people shake their heads at the idea, and say it was all *freemasonry* on the part of the captain, and ask how he accounts for the affair of the stick and jug? It will be some time, I presume, before this puzzling question can be solved to the satisfaction of all parties; and the traditions of the stick and jug, and many other extraordinary occurrences, are likely to be handed down to succeeding generations. The lake, or bog-hole, must therefore be left alone in its glory; but, alas! not so with the Fastnett.

No more will it hoist sail for its Walpurgic trip, and cruise to the Durseys, for it is now *firmly moored;* and in the hands of man the wonderful Fastnett is reduced to a simple isolated rock in the Atlantic Ocean. During the awful shipwrecks in the winters of 1846 and 1847, but little assistance was derived from the Cape Clear light, which is too elevated, and is often totally obscured by fog, and this drew attention to the Fastnett Rock as a more eligible site for a pharos, being in the immediate route of all outward and homeward-bound vessels: but the great difficulty was to effect a landing, and make the necessary surveys; its sides being almost perpendicular, and continually lashed by a heavy surge or surf. After many attempts, Captain Wolfe did effect a landing; and having made the necessary survey, and reported favorably as to its advantages, it was determined by the Ballast Board to erect on it a lighthouse forthwith. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1847, by sinking or excavating a circular shaft about twelve feet deep in the solid rock; holes were then drilled, in which were fixed strong iron shafts for the framework of the house; and then the masons began to rear the edifice. The workmen found it pleasant enough during the summer and autumn of 1847, and lived in tents on the summit of the rock, and looked over the mainland with the aid of a glass, like so many of their predecessors—the cormorants.

In the spring of 1848, however, when operations were resumed, after a cessation of the works for the winter, the scene changed. It began to blow very hard from the northwest; and the men secured their building, which was now several feet above the rocks, as well as they could, and covered it over with strong and heavy beams of timber, leaving a small aperture for ingress and egress, and then awaited in silence the result. During the night the wind increased, and the sea broke with such fury over the whole rock, that the men imagined every succeeding wave to be commissioned to sweep them into the abyss. It only extinguished their fire, however, and carried off most of their provisions,

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together with sundry heavy pieces of cast-iron, a large blacksmith's anvil, and the crane with which the building materials were lifted on the rock. The storm lasted upward of a week, during which time no vessel or boat could approach; and the crew of this island-ship remained drenched with water, and nearly perished with cold in a dark hole, with nothing to relieve their hunger but water-soaked biscuit. But the wind at length suddenly shifted, the sea moderated, and they were enabled eventually to crawl out of their hole more dead than alive. In a few days a boat approached as near as possible, and by the aid of ropes fastened round their waists, they were drawn one by one from the rock through the boiling surf. The men speedily recovered, and have since raised the building some twenty feet above the ground: the extreme height is to be sixty feet. This is the last adventure of the Enchanted Rock; but we trust a brilliant history is before it, in which, instead of expending its energies in idle cruises, it will act the part of the beneficent preserver of life and property.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE FORCE OF FEAR.

AT the close of the winter of 1825–6, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy dealers in the Palais Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters (the practice of the major part of them at nightfall), a well-known money-changer sat behind his counter alone, surrounded by massive heaps of silver and gold, the glittering and sterling currency of all the kingdoms of Europe. He had well-nigh closed his operations for the day, and was enjoying in anticipation the prospect of a good dinner. Between the easy-chair upon which he reclined in perfect satisfaction, and the door which opened into the north side of the immense quadrangle of which the splendid edifice above-mentioned is composed, arose a stout wire partition, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and resting upon the counter, which traversed the whole length of the room. Thus he was effectually cut off from all possibility of unfriendly contact from any of his occasional visitors; while a small sliding-board that ran in and out under the wire partition served as the medium of his peculiar commerce. Upon this he received every coin, note, or draft presented for change; and having first carefully examined it, returned its value by the same conveyance, in the coin of France, or indeed of any country required. Behind him was a door communicating with his domestic chambers, and in the middle of the counter was another, the upper part of which formed a portion of the wire partition above described.

The denizen of this little chamber had already closed his outer shutters, and was just on the point of locking up his doors, and retiring to his repast, when two young men entered. They were evidently Italians, from their costume and peculiar dialect. Had it been earlier in the day, when there would have been sufficient light to have discerned their features and expression, it is probable that our merchant would have defeated their plans, for he was well skilled in detecting the tokens of fraud or design in the human countenance. But they had chosen their time too appropriately. One of them, advancing toward the counter, demanded change in French coin for an English sovereign, which he laid upon the sliding board, and passed through the wire partition. The money-changer rose immediately, and having ascertained that the coin was genuine, returned its proper equivalent by the customary mode of transfer. The Italians turned as if to leave the apartment, when he who had received the money suddenly dropped the silver, as though accidentally, upon the floor. As it was now nearly dark, it was scarcely to be expected that they could find the whole of the pieces without the assistance of a light. This the unconscious merchant hastened to supply; and unlocking, without suspicion, the door of the partition between them, stooped with a candle over the floor in search of the lost coin. In this position the unfortunate man was immediately assailed with repeated stabs from a poniard, and he at length fell, after a few feeble and ineffectual struggles, senseless, and apparently lifeless, at the feet of his assassins.

A considerable time elapsed ere, by the fortuitous entrance of a stranger, he was discovered in this dreadful situation; when it was found that the assassins, having first helped themselves to an almost incredible amount of money, had fled, without any thing being left by which a clew might have been obtained to their retreat.

The unfortunate victim of their rapacity and cruelty was, however, not dead. Strange as it may appear, although he had received upward of twenty wounds, several of which plainly showed that the dagger had been driven to the very hilt, he survived; and in a few months after the event, was again to be seen in his long-accustomed place at the changer's board. In vain had the most diligent search been made by the military police of Paris for the perpetrators of this detestable deed. The villains had eluded all inquiry and investigation, and would in all probability have escaped undiscovered with their booty but for a mutually-cherished distrust of each other. Upon the first and complete success of their plan, the question arose, how to dispose of their enormous plunder, amounting to more than a hundred thousand pounds. Fearful of the researches of the police, they dared not retain it at their lodgings. To trust a third party with their secret was not to be thought of. At length, after long and anxious deliberation, they agreed to conceal the money outside the barriers of Paris until they should have concocted some safe plan for transporting it to their own country. This they accordingly did, burying the treasure under a tree about a mile from the Barrière d'Enfer. But

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they were still as far as ever from a mutual understanding. When they separated, on any pretense, each returned to the spot which contained the stolen treasure, where of course he was sure to find the other. Suspicion thus formed and fed soon grew into dislike and hatred, until at length, each loathing the sight of the other, they agreed finally to divide the booty, and then eternally to separate, each to the pursuit of his own gratification. It then became necessary to carry the whole of the money home to their lodgings in Paris, in order that it might, according to their notions, be equitably divided.

The reader must here be reminded that there exists in Paris a law relative to wines and spirituous liquors which allows them to be retailed at a much lower price without the barriers than that at which they are sold within the walls of the city. This law has given rise, among the lower orders of people, to frequent attempts at smuggling liquors in bladders concealed about their persons, often in their hats. The penalty for the offense was so high, that it was very rarely enforced, and practically it was very seldom, indeed, that the actual loss incurred by the offending party was any thing more than the paltry venture, which he was generally permitted to abandon, making the best use of his heels to escape any further punishment. The gensdarmes planted at the different barriers generally made a prey of the potables which they captured, and were consequently interested in keeping a good look-out for offenders. It was this vigilance that led to the discovery of the robbers; for, not being able to devise any better plan for the removal of the money than that of secreting it about their persons, they attempted thus to carry out their object. But as one of them, heavily encumbered with the golden spoils, was passing through the Barrière d'Enfer, one of the soldier-police who was on duty as sentinel, suspecting, from his appearance and hesitating gait, that he carried smuggled liquors in his hat, suddenly stepped behind him and struck it from his head with his halberd. What was his astonishment to behold, instead of the expected bladder of wine or spirits, several small bags of gold and rolls of English bank-notes! The confusion and prevarication of the wretch, who made vain and frantic attempts to recover the property, betrayed his guilt, and he was immediately taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unhesitatingly pointed out by his cowardly and bewildered confederate as the owner of the money. No time was lost in conveying intelligence of their capture to their unfortunate victim, who immediately identified the notes as his own property, and at the first view of the assassins swore distinctly to the persons of both—to the elder, as having repeatedly stabbed him; and to the younger, as his companion and coadjutor.

The criminals were in due course of time tried, fully convicted, and, as was to be expected, sentenced to death by the guillotine; but, owing to some technical informality in the proceedings, the doom of the law could not be carried into execution until the sentence of the court had been confirmed upon appeal. This delay afforded time and opportunity for some meddling or interested individual—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money-changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unhappy victim received a letter from an unknown hand, mysteriously worded, and setting forth, in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indissolubly united with that of his condemned assassins. It was evidently out of their power to take away *his* life; and it was equally out of his power to survive *them*, die by the sentence of the law, or how or when they might; it became clear—so argued this intermeddler—that the same moment which saw the termination of their lives, would inevitably be the last of his own. To fortify his arguments, the letter-writer referred to certain mystic symbols in the heavens. Now though the poor man could understand nothing of the trumpery diagrams which were set forth as illustrating the truth of the fatal warning thus conveyed to him, and though his friends universally laughed at the trick as a barefaced attempt of some anonymous impostor to rob justice of her due, it nevertheless made a deep impression upon his mind. Ignorant of every thing but what related immediately to his own money-getting profession, he had a blind and undefined awe of what he termed the supernatural sciences, and he inwardly thanked the kind monitor who had given him at least a chance of redeeming his days.

He immediately set about making application to the judges, in order to get the decree of death changed into a sentence to the galleys for life. He was equally surprised and distressed to find that they treated his petition with contempt, and ridiculed his fears. So far from granting his request, after repeated solicitations, they commanded him in a peremptory manner to appear no more before them. Driven almost to despair, he resolved upon petitioning the king; and after much expense and toil, he at length succeeded in obtaining an audience of Charles X. All was in vain. A crime so enormous, committed with such cool deliberation, left no opening for the plea of mercy: every effort he made only served to strengthen the resolution of the authorities to execute judgment. Finding all his efforts in vain, he appeared to resign himself despairingly to his fate. Deprived of all relish even for gain, he took to his bed, and languished in hopeless misery, and as the time for the execution of the criminals approached, lapsed more and more into terror and dismay.

It was on a sultry afternoon, in the begin-

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ning of June, 1826, that the writer of this brief narrative—then a not too thoughtful lad, in search of employment in Paris—hurried, together with a party of sight-seeing English workmen, to the Place de Grève to witness the execution of the two assassins of the money-changer. Under the rays of an almost insupportable sun, an immense crowd had congregated around the guillotine; and it was not without considerable exertion, and a bribe of some small amount, that standing-places were at length obtained within a few paces of the deathful instrument, upon the flat top of the low wall which divides the ample area of the Place de Grève from the river Seine.

Precisely at four o'clock the sombre cavalcade approached. Seated upon a bench in a long cart, between two priests, sat the wretched victims of retributive justice. The crucifix was incessantly exhibited to their view, and presented to their lips to be kissed, by their ghostly attendants. After a few minutes of silent and horrible preparation, the elder advanced upon the platform of the guillotine. With livid aspect and quivering lips, he gazed around in unutterable agony upon the sea of human faces; then lifting his haggard eyes to heaven, he demanded pardon of God and the people for the violation of the great prerogative of the former and the social rights of the latter, and besought most earnestly the mercy of the Judge into whose presence he was about to enter. In less than two minutes both he and his companion were headless corpses, and in a quarter of an hour no vestige, save a few remains of sawdust, was left of the terrible drama that had been enacted. Soon, however, a confused murmur pervaded the crowd—a report that the victim of cruelty and avarice had realized the dread presentiment of his own mind, and justified the prediction contained in the anonymous letter he had received. On inquiry, this was found to be true. As the signal rung out for execution, the unhappy man, whom twenty-two stabs of the dagger had failed to kill, expired in a paroxysm of terror—adding one more to the many examples already upon record of the fatal force of fear upon an excited imagination.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

LADY ALICE DAVENTRY; OR, THE NIGHT OF CRIME.

DAVENTRY HALL, near the little village of the same name in Cumberland, is the almost regal residence of the Cliffords; yet it does not bear their name, nor, till within the last quarter of a century, had it come into their possession. The tragical event which consigned it to the hands of a distant branch of the Daventry family is now almost forgotten by its occupants, but still lingers in the memory of some of humbler rank, who, in days gone by, were tenants under Sir John Daventry, the last of a long line of baronets of that name. Few men have entered life under happier auspices: one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom, in one sense, but just of age, in the other, possessed of an unencumbered rent roll of £20,000 per annum, he might probably have selected his bride from the fairest of the English aristocracy; but when he was twenty-three he married the beautiful and poor daughter of an officer residing in his vicinity. It was a love-match on his side—one partly of love, partly of ambition, on hers; their union was not very long, neither was it very happy, and when Lady Daventry died, leaving an infant daughter to his care, at the expiration of his year of mourning he chose as his second wife the wealthy and high-born widow of the county member. This was a *marriage de convenance*, and might have perhaps proved a fortunate one, as it secured to Sir John a wife suited to uphold his dignity and the style of his establishment, at the same time conferring on the little Clara the care of a mother, and the society of a playmate in the person of Charles Mardyn, Lady Daventry's son by her first marriage. But the marriage of convenience did not end more felicitously than the marriage of love—at the end of six months Sir John found himself a second time a widower. His position was now a somewhat unusual one—at twenty-seven he had lost two wives, and was left the sole guardian of two children, neither past the age of infancy; Clara Daventry was but two years old, Charles Mardyn three years her senior. Of these circumstances Sir John made what he conceived the best, provided attendants and governesses for the children, consigned them to the seclusion of the Hall, while he repaired to London, procured a superb establishment, was famed for the skill of his cooks, and the goodness of his wines, and for the following eighteen years was an *habitué* of the clubs, and courted by the élite of London society; and this, perhaps, being a perfectly blameless course, and inflicting as little of any sort of trouble or annoyance as possible, it must needs excite our surprise if we do not find it producing corresponding fruits. Eighteen years make some changes every where. During these, Clara Daventry had become a woman, and Charles Mardyn, having passed through Eton and Cambridge, had for the last two years emulated his stepfather's style of London life. Mr. Mardyn had left his fortune at the disposal of his widow, whom he had foolishly loved, and Lady Daventry, at her death, divided the Mardyn estates between her husband and son—an unfair distribution, and one Charles was not disposed to pardon. He was that combination so often seen—the union of talent to depravity; of such talent as the union admits—talent which is never first-rate, though to the many it appears so; it is only unscrupulous, and consequently, has at its command, engines which virtue dares not use. Selfish and profligate, he was that mixture of strong passions and indomitable will, with a certain strength of intellect, a winning manner, and noble appearance

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Clara possessed none of these external gifts. Low and insignificant looking, her small, pale features, narrow forehead, and cunning gray eyes, harmonized with a disposition singularly weak, paltry, and manœuvring. Eighteen years had altered Sir John Daventry's appearance less than his mind; he had grown more corpulent, and his features wore a look of sensual indulgence, mingled with the air of authority of one whose will, even in trifles, has never been disputed. But in the indolent voluptuary of forty-five little remained of the good-humored, careless man of twenty-seven. Selfishness is an ill-weed, that grows apace; Sir John Daventry, handsome, gifted with *l'air distingué* and thoroughly *répandu* in society, was a singularly heartless and selfish sensualist. Such changes eighteen years had wrought, when Clara was surprised by a visit from her father. It was more than two years since he had been at the Hall, and the news he brought was little welcome to her. He was about to marry a third time—his destined bride was Lady Alice Mortimer, the daughter of a poor though noble house, and of whose beauty, though now past the first bloom of youth, report had reached even Clara's ears. From Mardyn, too, she had heard of Lady Alice, and had fancied that he was one of her many suitors. Her congratulations on the event were coldly uttered; in truth, Clara had long been accustomed to regard herself as the heiress, and eventually, the mistress of that princely estate where she had passed her childhood; is was the one imaginative dream in a cold, worldly mind. She did not desire riches to gratify her vanity, or to indulge in pleasures. Clara Daventry's temperament was too passionless to covet it for these purposes; but she had accustomed herself to look on these possessions as her right, and to picture the day when, through their far extent, its tenants should own her rule. Besides, Mardyn had awoke, if not a feeling of affection, in Clara Daventry's breast, at least a wish to possess him—a wish in which all the sensuous part of her nature (and in that cold character there was a good deal that was sensuous) joined. She had perception to know her own want of attractions, and to see that her only hope of winning this gay and brilliant man of fashion was the value her wealth might be of in repairing a fortune his present mode of living was likely to scatter—a hope which, should her father marry, and have a male heir, would fall to the ground. In due time the papers announced the marriage of Sir John Daventry to the Lady Alice Mortimer. They were to spend their honeymoon at Daventry. The evening before the marriage, Charles Mardyn arrived at the Hall; it was some time since he had last been there; it was a singular day to select for leaving London, and Clara noticed a strange alteration in his appearance, a negligence of dress, and perturbation of manner unlike his ordinary self-possession, that made her think that, perhaps, he had really loved her destined stepmother. Still, if so, it was strange his coming to the Hall. The following evening brought Sir John and Lady Alice Daventry to their bridal home. The Hall had been newly decorated for the occasion, and, in the general confusion and interest, Clara found herself degraded from the consideration she had before received. Now the Hall was to receive a new mistress, one graced with title, and the stamp of fashion. These are offenses little minds can hardly be thought to overlook; and as Clara Daventry stood in the spacious hall to welcome her stepmother to her home, and she who was henceforward to take the first place there, the Lady Alice, in her rich traveling costume, stood before her, the contrast was striking—the unattractive, ugly girl, beside the brilliant London beauty—the bitter feelings of envy and resentment that then passed through Clara's mind cast their shade on her after destiny. During the progress of dinner, Clara noticed the extreme singularity of Mardyn's manner; noticed also the sudden flush of crimson that dyed Lady Alice's cheek on first beholding him, which was followed by an increased and continued paleness. There was at their meeting, however, no embarrassment on his part—nothing but the well-bred ease of the man of the world was observable in his congratulations; but during dinner Charles Mardyn's eyes were fixed on Lady Alice with the quiet stealthiness of one calmly seeking to penetrate through a mystery; and, despite her efforts to appear unconcerned, it was evident she felt distressed by his scrutiny. The dinner was soon dispatched; Lady Alice complained of fatigue, and Clara conducted her to the boudoir designed for her private apartment. As she was returning she met Mardyn.

"Is Lady Alice in the boudoir?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "you do not want her?"

Without answering, he passed on, and, opening the door, Charles Mardyn stood before the Lady Alice Daventry, his stepfather's wife.

She was sitting on a low stool, and in a deep reverie, her cheek resting on one of her fairy-like hands. She was indeed a beautiful woman No longer very young—she was about thirty, but still very lovely, and something almost infantine in the arch innocence of expression that lighted a countenance cast in the most delicate mould—she looked, in every feature, the child of rank and fashion; so delicate, so fragile, with those *petites* features, and that soft pink flesh, and pouting coral lips; and, in her very essence, she had all those qualities that belong to a spoiled child of fashion—wayward, violent in temper, capricious, and volatile. She started from her reverie; she had not expected to see Mardyn, and betrayed much emotion at his abrupt entrance; for, as though in an agony of shame, she buried her face in her hands, and turned away her head, yet her attitude was very feminine and attractive, with the glossy ringlets of rich brown hair falling in a shower over the fair soft arms, and the whole so graceful in its defenselessness, and the forbearance it

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seemed to ask. Yet, whatever Mardyn's purpose might be, it did not seem to turn him from it; the sternness on his countenance increased as he drew a chair, and, sitting down close beside her, waited in silence, gazing at his companion till she should uncover her face. At length the hands were dropped, and, with an effort at calmness, Lady Alice looked up, but again averted her gaze as she met his.

"When we last met, Lady Alice, it was under different circumstances," he said, sarcastically. She bowed her head, but made no answer.

"I fear," he continued, in the same tone, "my congratulations may not have seemed warm enough on the happy change in your prospects; they were unfeigned, I assure you." Lady Alice colored.

"These taunts are uncalled for, Mardyn," she replied, faintly.

"No; that would be unfair, indeed," he continued, in the same bitter tone, "to Lady Alice Daventry, who has always displayed such consideration for all my feelings."

"You never seemed to care," she rejoined, and the woman's pique betrayed itself in the tone—"You never tried to prevent it."

"Prevent what?"

She hesitated, and did not reply.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, violently, "did you think that if one word of mine could have stopped your marriage, that word would have been said? Listen, Lady Alice: I loved you once, and the proof that I did is the hate I now bear you. If I had not loved you, I should now feel only contempt. For a time I believed that you had for me the love you professed. You chose differently; but though that is over, do not think that all is. I have sworn to make you feel some of the misery you caused me. Lady Alice Daventry, do you doubt that that oath shall be kept?"

His violence had terrified her—she was deadly pale, and seemed ready to faint; but a burst of tears relieved her.

"I do not deserve this," she said; "I did love you—I swore it to you, and you doubted me."

"Had I no reason?" he asked.

"None that you did not cause yourself; your unfounded jealousy, your determination to humble me, drove me to the step I took."

The expression of his countenance somewhat changed; he had averted his face so that she could not read its meaning, and over it passed no sign of relenting, but a look more wholly triumphant than it had yet worn. When he turned to Lady Alice it was changed to one of mildness and sorrow.

"You will drive me mad, Alice," he uttered, in a low, deep voice. "May heaven forgive me if I have mistaken you; you told me you loved me."

"I told you the truth," she rejoined, quickly.

"But how soon that love changed," he said, in a half-doubting tone, as if willing to be convinced.

"It never changed!" she replied, vehemently. "You doubted—you were jealous, and left me. I never ceased to love you."

"You do not love me now?" he asked.

She was silent; but a low sob sounded through the room, and Charles Mardyn was again at her feet; and, while the marriage-vows had scarce died from her lips, Lady Alice Daventry was exchanging forgiveness with, and listening to protestations of love from the son of the man to whom, a few hours before, she had sworn a wife's fidelity.

It is a scene which needs some explanation; best heard, however, from Mardyn's lips. A step was heard along the passage, and Mardyn, passing through a side-door, repaired to Clara's apartment. He found her engaged on a book. Laying it down, she bestowed on him a look of inquiry as he entered.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," he said.

Fixing her cold gray eyes on his face, she awaited his questions.

"Has not this sudden step of Sir John's surprised you?"

"It has," she said, quietly.

"Your prospects are not so sure as they were?"

"No, they are changed," she said, in the same quiet tone, and impassive countenance.

"And you feel no great love to your new stepmother?"

"I have only seen Lady Alice once," she replied, fidgeting on her seat.

"Well, you will see her oftener now," he observed. "I hope she will make the Hall pleasant to you."

"You have some motive in this conversation," said Clara, calmly. "You may trust me, I do not love Lady Alice sufficiently to betray you."

And now her voice had a tone of bitterness surpassing Mardyn's; he looked steadily at her; she met and returned his gaze, and that interchange of looks seemed to satisfy both, Mardyn at once began:

"Neither of us have much cause to like Sir John's new bride; she may strip you of a splendid inheritance, and I have still more reason to detest her. Shortly after my arrival in London, I met Lady Alice Mortimer. I had heard much of her beauty—it seemed to me to surpass all I had heard. I loved her; she seemed all playful simplicity and innocence; but I discovered she had come to the age of calculation, and that though many followed, and praised her wit and beauty, I was almost the only one who was serious in wishing to marry Lord Mortimer's poor and somewhat *passée* daughter. She loved me, I believe, as well as she could love any one. That was not the love I gave, or asked in return. In brief, I saw through her sheer heartlessness, the first moment I saw her waver between the wealth of an old sensualist, and my love. I left her, but with an oath of vengeance; in the pursuit of that revenge it will be your interest to assist. Will you aid me?"

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"How can I?" she asked.

"It is not difficult," he replied. Lady Alice and I have met to-night; she prefers me still. Let her gallant bridegroom only know this, and we have not much to fear."

Clara Daventry paused, and, with clenched hands, and knit brow, ruminated on his words—familiar with the labyrinthine paths of the plotter, she was not long silent.

"I think I see what you mean," she said. "And I suppose you have provided means to accomplish your scheme?"

"They are provided for us. Where could we find materials more made to our hands?—a few insinuations, a conversation overheard, a note conveyed opportunely—these are trifles, but trifles are the levers of human action."

There was no more said then; each saw partly through the insincerity and falsehood of the other, yet each knew they agreed in a common object. These were strange scenes to await a bride, on the first eve in her new home.

Two or three months have passed since these conversations. Sir John Daventry's manner has changed to his bride: he is no longer the lover, but the severe, exacting husband. It may be that he is annoyed at all his long-confirmed bachelor habits being broken in upon, and that, in time, he will become used to the change, and settle down contentedly in his new capacity; but yet something more than this seems to be at the bottom of his discontent. Since a confidential conversation, held over their wine between him and Charles Mardyn, his manner had been unusually captious. Mardyn had, after submitting some time, taken umbrage at a marked insult, and set off for London. On Lady Alice, in especial, her husband spent his fits of ill-humor. With Clara he was more than ever friendly; her position was now the most enviable in that house. But she strove to alleviate her stepmother's discomforts by every attention a daughter could be supposed to show, and these proofs of amiable feeling seemed to touch Sir John, and as the alienation between him and his wife increased, to cement an attachment between Clara and her father.

Lady Alice had lately imparted to her husband a secret that might be supposed calculated to fill him with joyous expectations, and raise hopes of an heir to his vast possessions; but the communication had been received in sullen silence, and seemed almost to increase his savage sternness—treatment which stung Lady Alice to the quick; and when she retired to her room, and wept long and bitterly over this unkind reception of news she had hoped would have restored his fondness, in those tears mingled a feeling of hate and loathing to the author of her grief. Long and dreary did the next four months appear to the beautiful Lady of Daventry, who, accustomed to the flattery and adulation of the London world, could ill-endure the seclusion and harsh treatment of the Hall.

At the end of that time, Charles Mardyn again made his appearance; the welcome he received from Sir John was hardly courteous. Clara's manner, too, seemed constrained; but his presence appeared to remove a weight from Lady Alice's mind, and restore her a portion of her former spirits. From the moment of Mardyn's arrival, Sir John Daventry's manner changed to his wife: he abandoned the use of sarcastic language, and avoided all occasion of dispute with her, but assumed an icy calmness of demeanor, the more dangerous, because the more clear-sighted. He now confided his doubts to Clara; he had heard from Mardyn that his wife had, before her marriage, professed an attachment to him. In this, though jestingly alluded to, there was much to work on a jealous and exacting husband. The contrast in age, in manner, and appearance, was too marked, not to allow of the suspicion that his superiority in wealth and position had turned the scale in his favor—a suspicion which, cherished, had grown to be the demon that allowed him no peace of mind, and built up a fabric fraught with wretchedness on this slight foundation. All this period Lady Alice's demeanor to Mardyn was but too well calculated to deepen these suspicions. Now, too, had come the time to strike a decisive blow. In this Clara was thought a fitting instrument.

"You are indeed unjust," she said, with a skillful assumption of earnestness; "Lady Alice considers she should be a mother to Charles—they meet often; it is that she may advise him. She thinks he is extravagant—that he spends too much time in London, and wishes to make the country more agreeable to him."

"Yes, Clary, I know she does; she would be glad to keep the fellow always near her."

"You mistake, sir, I assure you; I have been with them when they were together; their language has been affectionate, but as far as the relationship authorizes."

"Our opinions on that head differ, Clary; she deceived me, and by — she shall suffer for it. She never told me she had known him; the fellow insulted me by informing me when it was too late. He did not wish to interfere—it was over now—he told me with a sneer."

"He was wounded by her treatment; so wounded, that, except as your wife, and to show you respect, I know he would never have spoken to her. But if your doubts can not be hushed, they may be satisfactorily dispelled."

"How—tell me?"

"Lady Alice and Charles sit every morning in the library; there are curtained recesses there, in any of which you may conceal yourself, and hear what passes."

"Good—good; but if you hint or breathe to them—"

"I merely point it out," she interrupted, "as a proof of my perfect belief in Charles's principle and Lady Alice's affection for you. If a word passes that militates against that belief, I will renounce it."

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A sneer distorted Sir John's features. When not blinded by passion, he saw clearly through character and motives. He had by this discerned Clara's dislike to Lady Alice, and now felt convinced she suggested the scheme as she guessed he would have his suspicions confirmed. He saw thus far, but he did not see through a far darker plot—he did not see that, in the deep game they played against him, Charles and Clara were confederates.

That was a pleasant room; without, through bayed windows, lay a wide and fertile prospect of sunny landscape; within, it was handsomely and luxuriously furnished. There were books in gorgeous bindings; a range of marble pillars swept its length; stands of flowers, vases of agate and alabaster, were scattered on every side; and after breakfast Mardyn and Lady Alice made it their sitting-room. The morning after the scheme suggested by Clara, they were sitting in earnest converse, Lady Alice, looking pale and care-worn, was weeping convulsively.

"You tell me you must go," she said; "and were it a few months later, I would forsake all and accompany you. But for the sake of my unborn infant, you must leave me. At another time return, and you may claim me."

"Dear Alice," he whispered softly, "dear, dear Alice, why did you not know me sooner? Why did you not love me more, and you would now have been my own, my wife?"

"I was mad," she replied, sadly; "but I have paid the penalty of my sin against you. The last year has been one of utter misery to me. If there is a being on earth I loathe, it is the man I must call my husband; my hatred to him is alone inferior to my love for you. When I think what I sacrificed for him," she continued, passionately, "the bliss of being your wife, resigned to unite myself to a vapid sensualist, a man who was a spendthrift of his passions in youth, and yet asks to be loved, as if the woman most lost to herself could feel love for him."

It was what he wished. Lady Alice had spoken with all the extravagance of woman's exaggeration; her companion smiled; she understood its meaning.

"You despise, me," she said, "that I could marry the man of whom I speak thus."

"No," he replied; "but perhaps you judge Sir John harshly. We must own he has some cause for jealousy."

Despite his guarded accent, something smote on Lady Alice's ear in that last sentence. She turned deadly pale—was she deceived? But in a moment the sense of her utter helplessness rushed upon her. If he were false, nothing but destruction lay before her—she desperately closed her eyes on her danger.

"You are too generous," she replied. "If I had known what I sacrificed—"

Poor, wretched woman, what fear was in her heart as she strove to utter words of confidence. He saw her apprehensions, and drawing her toward him, whispered loving words, and showered burning kisses on her brow. She leant her head on his breast, and her long hair fell over his arm as she lay like a child in his embrace.

A few minutes later the library was empty, when the curtains that shrouded a recess near where the lovers had sat were drawn back, and Sir John Daventry emerged from his concealment. His countenance betrayed little of what passed within; every other feeling was swallowed up in a thirst for revenge—a thirst that would have risked life itself to accomplish its object—for his suspicions had gone beyond the truth, black, dreadful as was that truth to a husband's ears, and he fancied that his unborn infant owed its origin to Charles Mardyn; when, for that infant's sake, where no other consideration could have restrained her, Lady Alice had endured her woman's wrong, and while confessing her love for Mardyn, refused to listen to his solicitations, or to fly with him; and the reference she had made to this, and which he had overheard, appeared to him but a base design to palm the offspring of her love to Mardyn as the heir to the wealth and name of Daventry.

It wanted now but a month of Lady Alice's confinement, and even Mardyn and Clara were perplexed and indecisive as to the effect their stratagem had upon Sir John. No word or sign escaped him to betray what passed within—he seemed stricken with sudden age, so stern and hard had his countenance become, so fixed his icy calmness. They knew not the volcanoes that burned beneath their undisturbed surface. A sudden fear fell upon them; they were but wicked—they were not great in wickedness. Much of what they had done appeared to them clumsy and ill-contrived; yet their very fears lest they might be seen through urged on another attempt, contrived to give confirmation to Sir John's suspicions, should his mind waver. So great at this time was Mardyn's dread of detection that he suddenly left the Hall. He knew Sir John's vengeance, if once roused, would be desperate, and feared some attempts on his life. In truth his position was a perilous one, and this lull of fierce elements seemed to forerun some terrible explosion—where the storm might spend its fury was as yet hid in darkness. Happy was it for the Lady Alice Daventry that she knew none of these things, or hers would have been a position of unparalleled wretchedness, as over the plotters, the deceived, and the foredoomed ones, glided on the rapid moments that brought them nearer and nearer, till they stood on the threshold of crime and death.

And now, through the dark channels of fraud and jealousy, we have come to the eve of that strange and wild page in our story, which long attached a tragic interest to the halls of Daventry, and swept all but the name of that ancient race into obscurity.

On the fifteenth of December, Lady Alice Daventry was confined of a son. All the usual demonstrations of joy were forbidden by Sir

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John, on the plea of Lady Alice's precarious situation. Her health, weakened by the events of the past year, had nearly proved unequal to this trial of her married life, and the fifth morning after her illness was the first on which the physician held out confident hopes of her having strength to carry her through. Up to that time the survival of the infant had been a matter of doubt; but on that morning, as though the one slender thread had bound both to existence, fear was laid aside, and calmness reigned through the mansion of Daventry. On that morning, too, arrived a letter directed to "The Lady Alice Daventry." A dark shade flitted over Sir John's face as he read the direction; then placing it among his other letters reserved for private perusal, he left the room.

The day wore on, each hour giving increasing strength to the Lady Alice and her boy-heir. During its progress, it was noticed, even by the servants, that their master seemed unusually discomposed, and that his countenance wore an expression of ghastly paleness. As he sat alone, after dinner, he drank glass after glass of wine, but they brought no flush to his cheek—wrought no change in his appearance; some mightier spirit seemed to bid defiance to the effects of drink. At a late hour he rétired to his room. The physician had previously paid his last visit to the chamber of his patient; she was in a calm sleep, and the last doubt as to her condition faded from his mind, as, in a confident tone, he reiterated his assurance to the nurse-tender "that she might lie down and take some rest —that nothing more was to be feared."

The gloom of a December's night had closed, dark and dreary, around the Hall, while, through the darkness, the wind drove the heavy rain against the casements; but, undisturbed by the rain and winds, the Lady Alice and her infant lay in a tranquil sleep; doubt and danger had passed from them · the grave had seemed to yawn toward the mother and child, but the clear color on the transparent cheek, the soft and regular breathing caught through the stillness of the chamber, when the wind had died in the distance, gave assurance to the nurse that all danger was past; and, wearied with the watching of the last four nights, she retired to a closet opening from Lady Alice's apartment, and was soon buried in the heavy slumber of exhaustion.

That profound sleep was rudely broken through by wild, loud cries, reaching over the rage of the elements, which had now risen to a storm. The terrified woman staggered to the bedroom, to witness there a fearful change—sudden, not to be accounted for. A night-lamp shed its dim light through the apartment on a scene of horror and mystery. All was silence now—and the Lady Alice stood erect on the floor, half shrouded in the heavy curtains of the bed, and clasping her infant in her arms. By this time the attendants, roused from sleep, had reached the apartment, and assisted in taking the child from its mother's stiff embrace; it had uttered no cry, and when they brought it to the light, the blaze fell on features swollen and lifeless—it was dead in its helplessness—dead by violence, for on its throat were the marks of strong and sudden pressure; but how, by whom, was a horrid mystery. They laid the mother on the bed, and as they did so, a letter fell from her grasp—a wild fit of delirium succeeded, followed by a heavy swoon, from which the physician failed in awaking her—before the night had passed, Lady Alice Daventry had been summoned to her rest. The sole clew to the events of that night was the letter which had fallen from Lady Alice; it the physician had picked up and read, but positively refused to reveal its contents, more than to hint that they betrayed guilt that rendered his wife and child's removal more a blessing than a misfortune to Sir John Daventry. Yet somehow rumors were heard that the letter was in Charles Mardyn's hand; that it had fallen in Sir John's way, and revealed to him a guilty attachment between Mardyn and his wife; but how it came into her hands, or how productive of such a catastrophe as the destruction of her infant, her frenzy, and death, remained unknown: but one further gleam of light was ever thrown on that dark tragedy. The nurse-tender, who had first come to her mistress's assistance, declared that, as she entered the room, she had heard steps in quick retreat along the gallery leading from Lady Alice's room, and a few surmised that, in the dead of night, her husband had placed that letter in her hand, and told her he knew her guilt. This was but conjecture—a wild and improbable one, perhaps.

Charles Mardyn came not again to the Hall. What he and Clara Daventry thought of what had passed, was known only to themselves. A year went on, and Clara and her father lived alone—a year of terror to the former, for from that terrible night her father had become subject to busrts of savage passion that filled her with alarm for her own safety: these, followed by long fits of moody silence, rendered her life, for a year, harassed and wretched; but then settling into confirmed insanity, released her from his violence. Sir John Daventry was removed to an asylum, and Clara was mistress of the Hall. Another year passed, and she became the wife of Charles Mardyn. It was now the harvest of their labors, and reaped as such harvests must be. The pleasures and amusements of a London life had grown distasteful to Mardyn—they palled on his senses, and he sought change in a residence at the Hall; but here greater discontent awaited him. The force of conscience allowed them not happiness in a place peopled with such associations: they were childless, they lived in solitary state, unvisited by those of their own rank, who were deterred from making overtures of intimacy by the stories that were whispered affixing discredit to his name; his pride and violent temper were ill fitted to brook this neglect; in disgust, they left Daventry, and went to Mar-

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dyn Park, an old seat left him by his mother, on the coast of Dorsetshire. It was wildly situated, and had been long uninhabited; and in this lonely residence the cup of Clara's wretchedness was filled to overflowing. In Mardyn there was now no trace left of the man who had once captivated her fancy; prematurely old, soured in temper, he had become brutal and overbearing; for Clara he had cast off every semblance of decency, and indifference was now usurped by hate and violence; their childless condition was made a constant source of bitter reproach from her husband. Time brought no alleviation to this state of wretchedness, but rather increased their evil passions and mutual abhorrence. They had long and bitterly disputed one day, after dinner, and each reminded the other of their sins with a vehemence of reproach that, from the lips of any other, must have overwhelmed the guilty pair with shame and terror. Driven from the room by Mardyn's unmanly violence and coarse epithets, Clara reached the drawing-room, and spent some hours struggling with the stings of conscience aroused by Mardyn's taunts. They had heard that morning of Sir John Daventry's death, and the removal of the only being who lived to suffer for their sin had seemed but to add a deeper gloom to their miserable existence —the time was past when any thing could bid them hope. Her past career passed through the guilty woman's mind, and filled her with dread, and a fearful looking out for judgment. She had not noticed how time had fled, till she saw it was long past Mardyn's hour for retiring, and that he had not come up stairs yet. Another hour passed, and then a vague fear seized upon her mind—she felt frightened at being alone, and descended to the parlor. She had brought no light with her, and when she reached the door she paused; all in the house seemed so still she trembled, and turning the lock, entered the room. The candles had burnt out, and the faint red glare of the fire alone shone through the darkness; by the dim light she saw that Mardyn was sitting, his arms folded on the table, and his head reclined as if in sleep. She touched him, he stirred not, and her hand, slipping from his shoulder, fell upon the table and was wet; she saw that a decanter had been overturned, and fancied Mardyn had been drinking, and fallen asleep; she hastened from the room for a candle. As she seized a light burning in the passage, she saw that the hand she had extended was crimsoned with blood. Almost delirious with terror, she regained the room. The light from her hand fell on the table—it was covered with a pool of blood, that was falling slowly to the floor. With a wild effort she raised her husband—his head fell on her arm—the throat was severed from ear to ear—the countenance set, and distorted in death.

In that moment the curse of an offended God worked its final vengeance on guilt—Clara Mardyn was a lunatic.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

MIRABEAU.

AN ANECDOTE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

THE public life as well as the private character of Mirabeau are universally known; but the following anecdote has not, we believe, been recorded in any of the biographies. The particulars were included in the brief furnished to M. de Galitzane, advocate-general in the parliament of Provence, when he was retained for the defense of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. de Galitzane afterward followed the Bourbons into exile, and returned with them in 1814; and it is on his authority that the story is given as fact.

Mirabeau had just been released from the dungeon of the castle of Vincennes near Paris. He had been confined there for three years and a half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, a *lettre-de-cachet*. His imprisonment had been of a most painful nature; and it was prolonged at the instance of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being reconciled to his father, the confinement terminated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.

One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris; and it was settled that he should go on a visit to his brother-in-law, Count du Saillant, whose estate was situated a few leagues from the city of Limoges, the capital of the Limousin. Accordingly, the count went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they pursued their journey at once with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorial château created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighborhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on account of his brilliant talents, but also for his violent passions; and they hastened to the château to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were mere sportsmen, whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any other book than the local almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their time, talk about their rural affairs, dine abundantly, and wash down their food with strong Auvergne wine.

Count du Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbors. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his château was perhaps the most civilized country residence in the Limousin. People came from a considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; and among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch,

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indeed, the young Lismousin noblemen, when they joined their regiments, to don their sword and epaulets for the first time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cultivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post in this society, many of the component members whereof seemed to have barely reached the first degrees in the scale of civilization. His vigorous frame; his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frizzled *coiffure;* his huge face, indented with scars, and furrowed with seams, from the effect of small-pox injudiciously treated in his childhood; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war within him; his mouth, whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation, and benevolence; his dress, always carefully attended to, but in an exaggerated style, giving him somewhat the air of a traveling charlatan decked out with embroidery, large frill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary-looking individual astonished the country-folks even before he opened his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by some interesting subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustic hearers felt as though they were in the presence of a saint, others in that of a devil; and according to their several impressions, they were tempted either to fall down at his feet, or to exorcise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, those men who seemed to belong to the primitive ages; so simple, frank, and at the same time clownish, were they in their manners. He listened to their conversations, which generally turned upon the chase, the exploits of their dogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; ameliorations in husbandry; and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good nature.

This monotonous life was, however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it, and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied for several hours in writing, he was in the habit of taking a fowling-piece, according to the custom of the country, and putting a book into his game-bag, he would frequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admired the noble forests of chestnut-trees which abound in the Limousin; the vast meadows, where numerous herds of cattle of a superior breed are reared; and the running streams by which that picturesque country is intersected. He generally returned to the château long after sunset, saying that night scenery was peculiarly attractive to him.

It was during and after supper that those conversations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the principal and the most interesting materials. He possessed the knack of provoking objections to what he might advance, in order to combat them, as he did with great force of logic and in energetic language; and thus he gave himself lessons in argument, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim being to exercise his mental ingenuity and to cultivate eloquence. Above all, he was fond of discussing religious matters with the curé of the parish. Without displaying much latitudinarianism, he disputed several points of doctrine and certain pretensions of the church so acutely, that the pastor could say but little in reply. This astonished the Limousin gentry, who, up to that time, had listened to nothing but the drowsy discourses of their curés, or the sermons of some obscure mendicant friars, and who placed implicit faith in the dogmas of the church. The faith of a few was shaken, but the greater number of his hearers were very much tempted to look upon the visitor as an emissary of Satan sent to the château to destroy them. The curé, however, did not despair of eventually converting Mirabeau.

At this period several robberies had taken place at no great distance from the château: four or five farmers had been stopped shortly after nightfall on their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these persons had offered any resistance, for each preferred to make a sacrifice rather than run the risk of a struggle in a country full of ravines, and covered with a rank vegetation very favorable to the exploits of brigands, who might be lying in wait to massacre any individual who might resist the one detached from the band to demand the traveler's money or his life. These outrages ceased for a short time, but they soon recommenced, and the robbers remained undiscovered.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the château. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighboring fair. This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, and spoke but little, which surprised every body, inasmuch as he was usually a merry companion. His gasconades had frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and of this he was not a little proud. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often told glowing tales about his own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took the roars of laughter with which they were usually received very good-humoredly.

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Count du Saillant being much surprised at this sudden change in his friend's manner, took him aside after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to obtain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy and taciturnity. At length the visitor said—"Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling you one of my fables, as you are pleased to call them; and perhaps *this* time we might fall out."

"What do you mean?" cried Count de Saillant; "this seems to be a serious affair. Am *I*, then, connected with your presentiments?"

"Not exactly *you*; but—"

"What does this *but* mean? Has it any thing to do with my wife? Explain yourself."

"Not the least in the world. Madame du Saillant is in nowise concerned in the matter; but—"

"*But!—but!* you tire me out with your *buts*. Are you resolved still to worry me with your mysteries? Tell me at once what has occurred—what has happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I was frightened."

"Frightened!—and at what? By whom? For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this painful state of uncertainty."

"Do you really wish me to speak out?"

"Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship."

"Well, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your château."

"Stopped! In what way? By whom?"

"Why, stopped as people are stopped by footpads. A gun was leveled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not ask me any more questions."

"Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance?"

"It being dark, I could not exactly discover: I can not positively say. However, it seems to me—"

"*What* seems to you? What or whom do you think you saw?"

"I never can tell *you*."

"Speak—speak; you can not surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice?"

"No; but if the said malefactor should be—"

"If he were my own son, I should insist upon your telling me."

"Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was your brother-in-law, MIRABEAU! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before, fear—"

"Impossible: no, it can not be. Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You *are* mistaken, my good friend."

"Certainly—certainly."

"Let us not speak any more of this," said Count du Saillant. "We will return to the drawing-room, and I hope you will be as gay as usual; if not, I shall set you down as a madman. I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought any thing of." And the gentlemen re-entered the drawing room, one a short time before the other.

The visitor succeeded in resuming his accustomed manner; but the count fell into a gloomy reverie, in spite of all his efforts. He could not banish from his mind the extraordinary story he had heard: it haunted him; and at last, worn out with the most painful conjectures, he again took his friend aside, questioned him afresh, and the result was, that a plan was agreed upon for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De —— should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it were, that he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party at a friend's house to dinner, and that he purposed coming afterward to take a bed at the château, where he hoped to arrive at about nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conversation, when all the guests were present—good care being taken that it should be heard by Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of chess with the curé.

A week passed away, in the course of which a farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and at length the critical night arrived.

Count du Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbearable when the hour for his friend's promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance. Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of lightning, thunder, and heavy rain came on; in the midst of it the bell at the gate of the court-yard rang loudly. The count rushed out of the room into the court-yard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his side. His guest was in the act of dismounting.

"Well," said M. De ——, "I have been stopped. It is really he. I recognized him perfectly."

Not a word more was spoken then; but as soon as the groom had led the horse to the stables, M. De —— rapidly told the count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordered him to throw down his purse. At that moment a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a portion of the robber's person, and M. De —— rode at him; but the robber retreated a few paces, and then leveling his gun at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake. "Pass on, or you are a dead man!" Another flash of lightning showed the whole of the robber's figure: it was Mirabeau, whose voice had already betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no inclination to be shot, put spurs to his horse, and soon reached the château.

The count enjoined strict silence, and begged

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of his friend to avoid displaying any change in his usual demeanor when in company with the other guests; he then ordered his valet to come again to him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Half an hour afterward Mirabeau arrived. He was wet to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the count that he could not join the company at the evening meal, and begged that his supper might be brought to his room; and he went to bed as soon as he had supped.

All went on as usual with the party assembled below, excepting that the gentleman who had had so unpleasant an adventure on the road appeared more gay than usual.

When his guests had all departed, the master of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's apartment. He found him fast asleep, and was obliged to shake him rather violently before he could rouse him.

"What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?" cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

"What do I want? I want to tell you that you are a wretch!"

"A fine compliment, truly!" replied Mirabeau, with the greatest coolness. "It was scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me: go away, and let me sleep."

"*Can* you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-table?"

"I was wet through—tired—harassed: I had been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep: do you want to keep me chattering all night?"

"I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De —— on his way hither this evening: this is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognized you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman, then!"

"Would it not have been all in good time to tell me this to-morrow morning?" said Mirabeau, with inimitable *sang-froid*. "Supposing that I *did* stop your friend, what of that?"

"That you are a wretch!"

"And that you are a fool, my dear Du Saillant. Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire? I wished to put him to the proof, and to put myself to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society: the trial was a dangerous one; but I have made it several times. I am satisfied with myself—but your friend is a coward." He then felt in the pocket of his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by his bedside, and drawing a key from it, said, "Take this key, open my *scrutoire*, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand."

The count, astounded at so much coolness, and carried away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabeau spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabeau. It contained nine purses; some made of leather, others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label on which was written a date—it was that of the day on which the owner had been stopped and robbed; the sum contained in the purse was also written down.

"You see," said Mirabeau, "that I did not wish to reap any pecuniary benefit from my proceedings. A timid person, my dear friend, could never become a highwayman; a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad. *You* are not the kind of man to understand me, therefore I will not attempt to make myself more intelligible. You would talk to me about honor—about religion; but these have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?"

"I obey without reasoning," replied the count.

"And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason," rejoined Mirabeau. "I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally admitted to be faulty. Such a study is a dangerous, but it is a necessary one for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the boundary of the law, whether it be for good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavor to acquire strength enough to combat it if it be bad when the proper time shall arrive."

"You wish for a convulsion then?" cried the count.

"I neither wish to bring it about nor do I desire to witness it; but should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would second it to the full extent of my power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of. Adieu. I shall depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep."

Count du Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morning Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

IT is proposed in the following article to give the reader some idea of one of the greatest and most extensive scientific works going on at the present time in this country—namely, the examination of the phenomenon of the earth's

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magnetism; but before doing so, it will be necessary to make a few prefatory observations respecting magnetism generally.

The attractive power of the natural magnet or loadstone over fragments of iron seems to have been known from the remotest antiquity. It is distinctly referred to by ancient writers, and Pliny mentions a chain of iron rings suspended from one another, the first being upheld by a loadstone. It is singular that although the common properties of the loadstone were known, and even studied, during the dark ages, its directive power, or that of a needle touched or rubbed by it, seems to be the discovery of modern times, notwithstanding the claims of the Chinese and Arabians to an early acquaintance with this peculiarity.

There is no doubt that the mariner's compass was known in the twelfth century, for several authors of that period make special allusion to it; but centuries elapsed before its variation from pointing precisely to the poles became noticed. If a magnet be suspended by a thread, in such a manner as to enable it to move freely, it will, when all other magnetic bodies are entirely removed from it, settle in a fixed position, which, in this country, is about 25° to the west of north; this deviation of the needle from the north is called its variation. Again, if, in place of suspending a magnetized needle, making it move horizontally on a pivot, we balance it upon a horizontal axis, as the beam of a pair of scales, we shall find that it no longer remains horizontal, but that one end will incline downward, or, as it is called, *dip*, and this dip or inclination from a horizontal line is about 70° in this country.

Thus we are presented with two distinct magnetical phenomena: 1. The variation or declination of the needle; 2. Its dip or inclination; and to these we may add the intensity or force which draws the needle from pointing to the north, and which varies in different latitudes. These phenomena constitute what has been called terrestrial magnetism.

Recent writers, and among them the great philosopher Humboldt, have shown that in all probability the declination or variation of the magnet was known as early as the twelfth century; but this important discovery has been generally ascribed to Columbus. His son Ferdinand states that on the 14th September 1492, his father, when about 200 leagues from the island of Ferro, noticed for the first time the variation of the needle. "A phenomenon," says Washington Irving, "that had never before been remarked." "He perceived," adds this author, "about nightfall that the needle, instead of pointing to the north star, varied half a point, or between five and six degrees, to the northwest, and still more on the following morning. Struck with this circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. He at first made no mention of this phenomenon, knowing how ready his people were to take alarm; but it soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the laws of nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world, subject to unknown influences. They apprehended that the compass was about to lose its mysterious virtues; and without this guide, what was to become of them in a vast and trackless ocean? Columbus tasked his science and ingenuity for reasons with which to allay their terrors. He told them that the direction of the needle was not the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point: the variation was not caused by any failing in the compass, but because this point, like the heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle round the pole. The high opinion that the pilots entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer gave weight to his theory, and their alarm subsided."

Thus, although it is possible that the variation of the needle had been noticed before the time of Columbus, it is evident that he had discovered the amount of the variation, and that it varied in different latitudes. The great philosopher Humboldt observes on this point, that "Columbus has not only the incontestible merit of having first discovered a line without magnetic variation, but also of having, by his considerations on the progressive increase of westerly declination in receding from that line, given the first impulse to the study of terrestrial magnetism in Europe."

With respect to the dip or inclination of the magnetic needle, which must be regarded as the other element of magnetic direction, there is little doubt that it was known long before the period usually assigned as the date of its discovery—namely, in 1576; for it is difficult to conceive how the variation of the needle should be observed and noted, and not its deviation from a horizontal line. In the above year a person of the name of Robert Norman, who styled himself "hydrographer," published a book containing an account of this phenomenon. The title of this work is sufficiently curious to be quoted. It runs: "The New Attractive: containing a short Discourse of the Magnes or Loadstone, and amongst others his Virtues, of a neue discovered Secret and Subtill Propertie, concerning the Declination of the Needle touched therewith under the Plaine of the Horizon, now first found out by Robert Norman, Hydrographer." In the third chapter we are told "by what meanes the rare and straunge declyning of the needle from the plaine of the horison was first found."

"Having made many and diuers compasses, and using always to finish and end them before I touched the needle, I found continually that after I had touched the yrons with the stone, that presently the north point thereof would bend or declyne downwards under the horison in some quantity, insomuch that I was constrained to putt some small piece of waxe in the south parts thereof, to counterpoise this declyn

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ing, and to make it equal againe. Which effecte hauing many times passed my hands without any greate regarde thereunto, as ignorant of any such properties in the stone, and not before hauing heard or read of any such matter, it chanced at length that there came to my handes an instrument to be made with a needle of sixe inches long, which needle, after I had polished, cutt off at full length, and made it to stand leuel upon the pinn, so that nothing rested but only the touching of it with the stone. When I hadde touched the same, presently the north part thereof declyned down in such sort, that being constrained to cut away some of that part to make it equall againe in the end, I cut it too short, and so spoiled the needle wherein I had taken so much paines.

"Hereby being straken into some cholar, I applyed myself to seek farther into this effecte; and making certain learned and expert men, my friends, acquainted in this matter, they advised me to frame some instrument to make some exact triall how much the needle touched with the stone would declyne, or what greatest angle it would make with the plaine of the horison."

The author then proceeds to give a number of experiments which he made with his instrument, and which may be regarded as the dipping-needle in its first and rudest form. By it he found the inclination or dip to be 71° 50′.

It is remarkable, that until within the last seventy years, it appears to have been the received opinion that the intensity of terrestrial magnetism was the same at all parts of the earth's surface; or, in other words, that in all countries the needle was similarly affected. And yet few things are more inconstant; for, not only is the magnetic force widely different in various parts of our globe, but the magnetic condition itself is one of swift and ceaseless change.

The first person who attempted to collect and generalize observations on the variation of the needle, was Robert Halley, who constructed a chart, showing a series of lines drawn through the points or places where the needle exhibited the same variation. This chart was published in 1700, and was preceded by some exceedingly curious papers, communicated to the Royal Society, in which he expresses his belief "that he has put it past doubt that the globe of the earth is one great magnet, having four magnetic poles or points of attraction, two near each pole of the equator; and that in those parts of the world which lie adjacent to any one of those magnetical poles, the needle is chiefly governed thereby, the nearest pole being always predominant over the more remote.

The great importance of collecting as much information as possible respecting the laws of magnetism, with a view to the proper understanding of its effects, was fully understood by Halley, as the following passage, taken from one of his papers, read before the Royal Society in 1692, singularly attests: "The nice determination of the variation, and several other particulars in the magnetic system, is reserved for a remote posterity. All that we can hope to do is, to leave behind us observations that may be confided in, and to propose hypotheses which after-ages may examine, amend, or refute; only here I must take leave to recommend to all masters of ships, and all others, lovers of natural truths, that they use their utmost diligence to make, or procure to be made, observations of these variations in all parts of the world, as well in the north as south latitude, after the laudable custom of our East India commanders; and that they please to communicate them to the Royal Society, in order to leave as complete a history as may be to those that are hereafter to compare all together, and to complete and perfect this abstruse theory."

Halley's theory, or rather hypothesis, which regarded our globe as a great piece of clockwork, by which the poles of an internal magnet were carried round in a cycle of determinate but unknown period, was so far confirmed, that his variation chart had been hardly forty years completed, when, by the effect of these changes, it had already become obsolete; and to satisfy the requirements of navigation, it became necessary to reconstruct it. This was performed by the aid of various observations furnished by the Commissioners of the Navy, and the East India, Africa, and Hudson's Bay Companies. But the chart was far from satisfactory, and, in consequence of the discordant nature of the observations, no dependence could be placed on it.

No further steps were taken to ascertain the magnetism of the earth until the close of the last century, when the French government undertook the first comprehensive experimental inquiry on the subject. When the exploring expedition of La Pérouse was organized, the French Academy of Sciences prepared instructions for the expedition, containing a recommendation that observations with the dipping-needle should be made at stations widely remote, as a test of the equality or difference of the magnetic intensity; suggesting also, with a sagacity anticipating the result, that such observations should particularly be made at those parts of the earth where the dip was greatest, and where it was least. The experiments, whatever their results may have been, which, in compliance with this recommendation, were made in the expedition of La Pérouse, perished in its general catastrophe, neither ships nor navigators having ever been heard of; but the instructions survived.

Our knowledge of the laws of magnetism was not increased until 1811, when, on the occasion of a prize proposed by the Royal Danish Academy, M. Hansteen, whose attention had for many years been turned to magnetic phenomena, undertook its re-examination. With indefatigable labor M. Hansteen traced back the history of the subject, and filled up the interval from Halley's time, and even from an earlier epoch (1600). The results appeared in his very remarkable and celebrated work, published in 1819, entitled, "Upon the Magnetism of the

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Earth;" in which he clearly demonstrates, by a great number of facts, the fluctuation which the magnetical element has undergone during the last two centuries, confirming in great detail the position of Halley—that the whole magnetical system is in motion; that the moving force is very great, extending its effects from pole to pole; and its that motion is not sudden, but gradual and regular.

In the magnetic atlas which accompanies M. Hansteen's work there is a variation chart for 1787, showing the magnetic force at that period. In this chart the western line of no variation, or that which passes through all places on the globe when the needle points to the true north, begins in latitude 60° to the west of Hudson's Bay; proceeds in a southeast direction through the North American Lakes, passes the Antilles and Cape St. Roque, till it reaches the South Atlantic Ocean, when it cuts the meridian of Greenwich in about 65° of south latitude. This line of no variation is extremely regular, being almost straight, till it bends round the eastern part of South America, a little south of the equator. The eastern line of no variation is exceedingly irregular, being full of curves and contortions of the most extraordinary kind, indicating plainly the action of local magnetic forces. It begins in latitude 60° south, below New Holland; crosses that island through its centre; extends through the Indian Archipelago with a double sinuosity, so as to cross the equator three times—first passing north of it to the east of Borneo, then returning to it, and passing south between Sumatra and Borneo, and then crossing it again south of Ceylon, from which it passes to the east through the Yellow Sea. It then stretches along the coast of China, making a semicircular sweep to the west, till it reaches the latitude of 71°, when it descends again to the south, and returns northwards with a great semicircular bend, which terminates in the White Sea. Thus it is demonstrated that in the northern hemisphere the general motion of the variation lines is from west to east, in the southern hemisphere from east to west.

A great impetus was given to the study of terrestrial magnetism by the publication of M. Hansteen's labors; and the various arctic expeditions sent out by the country did much toward making us acquainted with the laws of magnetism in the northern regions. One of these expeditions led to the discovery of the north magnetic pole, or that point where the dipping-needle assumes a vertical position. The discovery was made by Captain Sir James Ross, who sailed with his uncle Sir John Ross, in a voyage undertaken in search of a northwest passage. He left his uncle's ship with a party for the sole purpose of reaching this interesting magnetical point, which a series of observations assured him could not be very far distant. The following extract from his journal communicating his discovery will be read with interest. Under the date of the 31st of May 1831, he writes: "We were now within fourteen miles of the calculated position of the magnetic pole, and my anxiety, therefore, did not permit me to do or endure any thing which might delay my arrival at the long wished-for spot. I resolved, therefore, to leave behind the greater part of our baggage and provisions, and to take on ward nothing more than was strictly necessary, lest bad weather or other accidents should be added to delay, or lest unforeseen circumstances, still more untoward, should deprive me entirely of the high gratification which I could not but look to in accomplishing this most-desired object. We commenced, therefore, a most rapid march, comparatively disencumbered as we now were; and persevering with all our might, we reached the calculated place at eight in the morning of the 1st of June. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was 89° 59′, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this magnetic pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed—a fact which even the most moderately-informed of readers must know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any. The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. But nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot that she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact, only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to stand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux." The latitude of this spot is 70° 5′ 17″, and its longitude 96° 46′ 45″ west. The reader may remember that during his late arctic voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, Sir James Ross was extremely anxious to revisit this interesting locality, which he was at one time not very distant from; but which, as the places of magnetic intensity are continually changing, he would no longer have found representing the north magnetic pole. It is not a little remarkable that during Sir John Ross's voyage, Mr. Barlow, who had been long engaged investigating the laws of magnetism, had constructed a magnetical map, in which he laid down a point which he described as that where, in all probability, the dipping-needle would be perpendicular, and which is the very spot where Sir James Ross ascertained the north magnetic pole to exist.

But valuable and interesting as were the ob-

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servations made by navigators in different parts of the globe, yet philosophers began to perceive that, without some definite plan of proceeding, the mere multiplication of random observations made here and there at irregular periods was not the course most likely to lead to desired results, and to make us acquainted with the mysterious laws of magnetism. The establishment of national observatories for the registration of magnetical observations became absolutely necessary; and the illustrious Humboldt, to whom every branch of science owes so much, gave the first impulse to this great undertaking. During the course of his memorable voyages and travels in various parts of the globe, the observation of the magnetic phenomena in all their particulars occupied a large portion of his attention; and as the commencement of any great work is always an epoch of rare and lasting interest, we shall give the philosopher's own words on the subject: "When the first proposal to establish a system of observatories forming a network of stations, all provided with similar instruments, was made by myself, I could hardly entertain the hope that I should actually live to see the time when, thanks to the united activity of excellent physicists and astronomers, and especially to the munificent and persevering support of two governments—the Russian and the British, both hemispheres should be covered with magnetic observatories. In 1806 and 1807 my friend M. Altmanns and myself frequently observed the march of the declination needle at Berlin for five or six days and nights consecutively, from hour to hour, and often from half hour to half hour, particularly at the equinoxes and solstices. I was persuaded that continuous uninterrupted observations during several days and nights were preferable to detached observations continued during an interval of many months."

Political disturbances, always ruinous to the calm researches of the man of science, for many years prevented Humboldt carrying his wishes into effect; and it was not until 1828 that he was enabled to erect a small observatory at Berlin, whose more immediate object was to institute a series of simultaneous observations at concerted hours at Berlin, Paris, and Freiburg. In 1829 magnetic stations were established throughout Northern Asia, in connection with an expedition to that country which emanated from the Russian government; and in 1832 M. Gauss, the illustrious founder of a general theory of terrestrial magnetism, established a magnetic observatory at Göttingen, which was completed in 1834, and furnished with his ingenious instruments.

In 1836 Baron Humboldt addressed a long and highly-interesting letter to the Duke of Sussex, then president of the Royal Society, urging the establishment of regular magnetical stations in the British possessions in North America, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and between the tropics, not only for the observation of the momentary perturbations of the needle, but also for that of its periodical and secular movements. This appeal was nobly responded to.

The Royal Society, in conjunction with the British Association, called on government to advance the necessary funds to establish magnetical observatories at Greenwich, and in various parts of the British possessions; and in 1839–40 magnetical establishments were in activity at St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Canada, and Van Diemen's Land. The munificence of the directors of the East India Company founded and furnished, at the request of the Royal Society, magnetic observatories at Simla, Madras, Bombay, and Singapore, and the observations will be published in a similar form to those of the British observatories. We will now briefly describe the scheme of observations, and the manner of making them in the different observatories.

Each observatory is supplied with three magnetometers, or bars of magnetized steel, delicately suspended by threads of raw silk, which measure the magnetical declination, horizontal intensity, and vertical force—and such astronomical apparatus as is required for ascertaining the time and the true meridian. To these have also been added in each case a most complete and perfect set of meteorological instruments, carefully compared with the standards in possession of the Royal Society, not only for the purpose of affording the necessary corrections of the magnetic observations, but also with a view to obtaining at each station, at very little additional cost and trouble, a complete series of meteorological observations. In order that the observations may be made at the same periods of time, it was resolved that the mean time at Göttingen should be employed at all the stations, without any regard to the apparent times of day at the stations themselves. Each day is supposed to be divided into twelve equal portions of two hours each, commencing at all the stations at the same instants of absolute time, which are called the magnetic hours. At the commencement of each period of two hours throughout the day and night, with the exception of Sundays, the magnetometers are observed, and the meteorological instruments read off. Independently of these observations, others are made at stated periodical intervals every two minutes and a half during twenty-four hours. These are known by the name of "turn-day observations." Printed forms for registering the observations have been prepared with great care, in order that a complete form of registry may be preserved—a point of great importance, when it is remembered that all the observations made at the different stations must eventually be reduced and analyzed. A singularly felicitous adaptation of photography has been carried into effect with the magnetometers. By means of mirrors attached to their arms, reflected light is cast on highly-sensitive photographic paper wound round a cylinder moved by clockwork, and the slightest variation of the magnets is registered with the greatest accuracy.

The period has not yet arrived for reaping

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the fruits of all the labor carried on in the magnetic observatories at home and abroad, but already certain results have been deduced from the observations which are highly interesting. It appears that if the globe be divided into an eastern and a western hemisphere by a plane coinciding with the meridians of 100° and 280°, the western hemisphere, or that comprising the Americas and the Pacific Ocean, has a much higher magnetic intensity distributed generally over its surface than the eastern hemisphere, containing Europe and Africa, and the adjacent part of the Atlantic Ocean. The distribution of the magnetic intensity in the intertropical regions of the globe affords evidence of two governing magnetic centres in each hemisphere. The highest magnetic intensity which has been observed is more than twice as great as the lowest. It had long been known that in Europe the north end of a magnet suspended horizontally (meaning by the north end that which is directed toward the north) moves to the east from the night until between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, when an opposite movement commences, and the north end of the magnet moves to the west. Recent observations have shown that a similar movement takes place at the same hours of local time in North America, and that it is general in the middle latitudes of the northern hemisphere; but to show the capricious nature of magnetism, it may be mentioned, that although in the southern portion of the globe the movement of the magnet in the contrary direction is constant throughout the year, yet at St. Helena the peculiar feature of the diurnal is, that during one half of the year the movement of the north end of the magnet corresponds in direction with the movement which is taking place in the northern hemisphere, while in the other half of the year the direction corresponds with that which is taking place in the southern hemisphere.

Another striking result of these investigations is the estimate of the total magnetic power of the earth as compared with a steel bar magnetized one pound in weight. This proportion is calculated as 8,464,000,000,000,000,000,000 to 1, which, supposing the magnetic force uniformly distributed, will be found to amount to about six such bars to every cubic yard of the earth's surface.

Thus measured, it will be seen how tremendously mysterious is the power of magnetism, and how potent an influence it must possess over animate and inanimate nature! And not one of its least wonderful mysteries is its singular exception to the character of stability and permanence. The configuration of our globe, the distribution of temperature in its interior, the tides and currents of the ocean, the general course of winds, and the affections of climate—all these are appreciably constant. But magnetism, that subtle, undefinable fluid, is perpetually undergoing a change, and of so rapid a nature, that it becomes necessary to assume epochs, which ought not to be more than ten years apart, to which every observation should be reduced. The extreme importance of knowing the exact amount of magnetic variation can scarcely be overrated for maritime purposes; and the establishment of a complete magnetical theory, based on an extensive series of observations, must be regarded as a desideratum by the first nautical country.

The numerous magnetical surveys that have been made by our government, taken in conjunction with those in progress on the continent of Europe, and particularly in the Austrian dominions, give a full promise of the speedy realization of M. Humboldt's wish, so earnestly expressed, that the materials of the first general magnetic map of the globe should be assembled; and even permit the anticipation, that the first normal epoch of such a map will be but little removed from the present year.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

EARLY HISTORY OF THE USE OF COAL.

BITUMINOUS matter, if not the carboniferous system itself, exists abundantly on the banks of the Euphrates. In the basin of the Nile coal has been recently detected. It occurs sparingly in some of the states of Greece; and Theophrastus, in his "History of Stones," refers to mineral coal (*lithanthrax*) being found in Liguria and in Elis, and used by the smiths; the stones are earthy, he adds, but kindle and burn like wood coals (the *anthrax*). But by none of the Oriental nations does it appear that the vast latent powers and virtues of the mineral were thus early discovered, so as to render it an object of commerce or of geological research. What the Romans termed *lapis ampelites*, is generally understood to mean our cannel coal, which they used not as fuel, but in making toys, bracelets, and other ornaments; while their *carbo*, which Pliny describes as *vehementer perlucet*, was simply the petroleum or naphtha, which issues so abundantly from all the tertiary deposits. Coal is found in Syria, and the term frequently occurs in the Sacred Writings. But there is no reference any where in the inspired record as to digging or boring for the mineral—no directions for its use—no instructions as to its constituting a portion of the promised treasures of the land. In their burnt-offerings, wood appears uniformly to have been employed; in Leviticus, the term is used as synonymous with fire, where it is said that "the priests shall lay the parts in order upon the wood"—that is, on the fire which is upon the altar. And in the same manner for all domestic purposes, wood and charcoal were invariably made use of. Doubtless the ancient Hebrews would be acquainted with *natural* coal, as in the mountains of Lebanon, whither they continually resorted for their timber, seams of coal near Beirout were seen to protrude through the superincumbent strata in various directions. Still there are no traces of pits or excavations into the rock to show that they duly appreciated the extent and

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uses of the article. . . . . For many reasons it would seem that, among modern nations, the primitive Britons were the first to avail themselves of the valuable combustible. The word by which it is designated is not of Saxon, but of British extraction, and is still employed to this day by the Irish, in their form of *o-gual*, and in that of *kolan* by the Cornish. In Yorkshire, stone hammers and hatchets have been found in old mines, showing that the early Britons worked coals before the invasion of the Romans. Manchester, which has risen upon the very ashes of the mineral, and grown to all its wealth and greatness under the influence of its heat and light, next claims the merit of the discovery. Portions of coal have been found under, or imbedded in the sand of a Roman way, excavated some years ago for the construction of a house, and which at the time were ingeniously conjectured by the local antiquaries to have been collected for the use of the garrison stationed on the route of these warlike invaders at Mancenion, or the Place of Tents. Certain it is that fragments of coal are being constantly, in the district, washed out and brought down by the Medlock and other streams, which break from the mountains through the coal strata. The attention of the inhabitants would in this way be the more early and readily attracted by the glistening substance. Nevertheless, for long after, coal was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Toward the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III., of date 1284, a license is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals for the first time began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three million of tons. The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries. . . . . Under the regime of domestic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1291—at Dysart and other places along the Fife coast, about half a century later—and generally in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to the churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethius records that in his time the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug "a black stone," which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron.—*Rev. Dr. Anderson's Course of Creation.*

JENNY LIND.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

THERE was once a poor and plain little girl dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed, then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact she sang to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sang. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and sang, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music master, whose name was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, then a Count Puhe, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by rough speech and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the count, and asked him to engage her as "*élève* for the opera." "You ask a foolish thing!" said the count, gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? see what feet she has? And then her face? She will never be presentable. No, we can not take her. Away with her!"

The music master insisted, almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world!"

The count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for *élèves*, at the Opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Breg, director of the song school of the Opera.

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Some years later, at a comedy given by the *élèves* of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young *élève* acted the part of a beggar-girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicksome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Freischutz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra at once lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May—perfect in form—her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance, through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her "mezzo voice" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth, not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors.

From this time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical tastes and knowledge are said not to be surpassed. And, year after year, she continued so, though, after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat of its freshness, and the public being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Pamina (in Zauberflote) or in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to have been equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and courted every where, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seemed to belong to the upper classes of society) thronged on the shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked toward the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered, and waited and looked out eagerly toward the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted with a general buzz on the shore.

"There she comes! there she is!" A large steamer now came whelming on its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, toward the shore of the "Skeppsbero." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer; now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still. And, there on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, her eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on shore.

It was she again—our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public written by the beloved singer, stating, with noble simplicity, that "as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where *élèves* for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge." The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the Opera was crowded every night the beloved singer sang there. The first time she again appeared in Somnambula (one of her favorite roles), the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of hurrahs. In the midst of the burst of applause a clear and melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the retournelle of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain,

"No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

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[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

Book I.—Initial Chapter: showing how My Novel came to be written.

SCENE, *the Hall in Uncle Roland's Tower;* Time, *night;* Season, *winter.*

Mr. Caxton is seated before a great geographical globe, which he is turning round leisurely, and "for his own recreation," as, according to Sir Thomas Browne, a philosopher should turn round the orb, of which that globe professes to be the representation and effigies. My mother having just adorned a very small frock with a very smart braid, is holding it out at arm's length, the more to admire the effect. Blanche, though leaning both hands on my mother's shoulder, is not regarding the frock, but glances toward Pisistratus, who, seated near the fire leaning back in his chair, and his head bent over his breast, seems in a very bad humor. Uncle Roland, who has become a great novel reader, is deep in the mysteries of some fascinating Third Volume. Mr. Squills has brought *The Times* in his pocket for his own special profit and delectation, and is now bending his brows over "the state of the money market" in great doubt whether railway shares can possibly fall lower. For Mr. Squills, happy man! has large savings, and does not know what to do with his money; or, to use his own phrase, "how to buy in at the cheapest, in order to sell out at the dearest."

Mr. Caxton, musingly.—"It must have been a monstrous long journey. It would be somewhere hereabouts, I take it, that they would split off."

My Mother, mechanically, and in order to show Austin that she paid him the compliment of attending to his remarks.—"Who split off, my dear?"

"Bless me, Kitty," said my father, in great admiration, "you ask just the question which it is most difficult to answer. An ingenious speculator on races contends that the Danes, whose descendants make the chief part of our northern population (and, indeed, if his hypothesis could be correct, we must suppose all the ancient worshipers of Odin), are of the same origin as the Etrurians. And why, Kitty? I just ask you, why?"

My mother shook her head thoughtfully, and turned the frock to the other side of the light.

"Because, forsooth," cried my father, exploding—"because the Etrurians called their gods 'the Æsar,' and the Scandinavians called theirs the Æsir, or Aser! And where do you think he puts their cradle?"

"Cradle!" said my mother, dreamily; "it must be in the nursery."

Mr. Caxton.—"Exactly—in the nursery of the human race—just here," and my father pointed to the globe; "bounded, you see, by the River Helys, and in that region which, taking its name from Ees, or As (a word designating light or fire), has been immemorially called *Asia*. Now, Kitty, from Ees or As, our ethnological speculator would derive not only Asia, the land, but Æser or Aser, its primitive inhabitants. Hence, he supposes the origin of the Etrurians, and the Scandinavians. But, if we give him so much, we must give him more, and deduce from the same origin the Es of the Celt, and the Ized of the Persian, and—what will be of more use to him, I dare say, poor man, than all the rest put together—the Æs of the Romans, that is, the God of Copper-Money—a very powerful household god he is to this day!"

My mother looked musingly at her frock, as if she were taking my father's proposition into serious consideration.

"So, perhaps," resumed my father, "and not unconformably with sacred records, from one great parent horde came all these various tribes, carrying with them the name of their beloved Asia; and whether they wandered north, south, or west, exalting their own emphatic designation of 'Children of the Land of Light' into the title of gods. And to think (added Mr. Caxton pathetically, gazing upon that speck in the globe on which his forefinger rested), to think how little they changed for the better when they got to the Don, or entangled their rafts amidst the icebergs of the Baltic—so comfortably off as they were here, if they could but have staid quiet!"

"And why the deuce could not they?" asked Mr. Squills.

"Pressure of population, and not enough to live upon, I suppose," said my father.

Pisistratus, sulkily.—"More probably they did away with the Corn Laws, sir."

"Papæ!" quoth my father, "that throws a new light on the subject."

Pisistratus, full of his grievances, and not caring three straws about the origin of the Scandinavians—"I know that if we are to lose £500 every year on a farm which we hold rent-free, and which the best judges allow to be a perfect model for the whole country, we had better make haste, and turn Æsar, or Aser, or whatever you call them, and fix a settlement on the property of other nations, otherwise, I suspect, our probable settlement will be on the parish."

Mr. Squills, who, it must be remembered, is an enthusiastic free-trader—"You have only got to put more capital on the land."

Pisistratus.—"Well, Mr. Squills, as you think so well of that investment, put *your* capi-

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prieve, according to the poetical admonition, "Gather your rosebuds while you may," it cropped a thistle in full bloom, close to the ear of the Squire; so close indeed, that the Parson thought the ear was gone; and with the more probability, inasmuch as the Squire, feeling the warm breath of the creature, bellowed out with all the force of lungs accustomed to give a View-hallo!

"Bless me, is it gone?" said the Parson, thrusting his person between the ass and the squire.

"Zounds and the devil!" cried the Squire, rubbing himself as he rose to his feet.

"Hush," said the parson gently "What a horrible oath!"

"Horrible oath! If you had my nankeens on," said the Squire, still rubbing himself, "and had fallen into a thicket of thistles with a donkey's teeth within an inch of your ear!"

"It is not gone—then?" interrupted the Parson.

"No—that is, I think not," said the Squire dubiously; and he clapped his hand to the organ in question. "No! it is not gone!"

"Thank Heaven!" said the good Clergyman kindly.

"Hum," growled the Squire, who was now once more engaged in rubbing himself. "Thank Heaven indeed, when I am as full of thorns as a porcupine! I should just like to know what use thistles are in the world."

"For donkeys to eat, if you will let them, Squire," answered the Parson.

"Ugh, you beast!" cried Mr. Hazeldean, all his wrath reawakened, whether by the reference to the donkey species, or his inability to reply to the Parson, or perhaps by some sudden prick too sharp for humanity—especially humanity in nankeens—to endure without kicking; "Ugh, you beast!" he exclaimed, shaking his cane at the donkey, who, at the interposition of the Parson, had respectfully recoiled a few paces, and now stood switching its thin tail, and trying vainly to lift one of its fore legs—for the flies teased it.

"Poor thing!" said the Parson pityingly. "See, it has a raw place on the shoulder, and the flies have found out the sore."

"I am devilish glad to hear it," said the Squire vindictively.

"Fie, fie!"

"It is very well to say 'Fie, fie.' It was not you who fell among the thistles. What's the man about now, I wonder?"

The Parson had walked toward a chestnut tree that stood on the village green—he broke off a bough—returned to the donkey—whisked away the flies, and then tenderly placed the broad leaves over the sore, as a protection from the swarms. The donkey turned round its head, and looked at him with mild wonder.

"I would bet a shilling," said the Parson, softly, "that this is the first act of kindness thou hast met with this many a day. And slight enough it is, Heaven knows."

With that the Parson put his hand into his pocket, and drew out an apple. It was a fine large rose-cheeked apple: one of the last winter's store, from the celebrated tree in the parsonage garden, and he was taking it as a present to a little boy in the village who had notably distinguished himself in the Sunday school. "Nay, in common justice, Lenny Fairfield should have the preference," muttered the Parson. The ass pricked up one of its ears, and advanced its head timidly. "But Lenny Fairfield would be as much pleased with twopence: and what could twopence do to thee?" The ass's nose now touched the apple. "Take it in the name of Charity," quoth the Parson, "Justice is accustomed to be served last." And the ass took the apple. "How had you the heart?" said the Parson, pointing to the Squire's cane.

The ass stopped munching, and looked askant at the Squire.

"Pooh! eat on; he'll not beat thee now!"

"No," said the Squire apologetically. "But, after all, he is not an Ass of the Parish; he is a vagrant, and he ought to be pounded. But the pound is in as bad a state as the stocks, thanks to your new-fashioned doctrines."

"New-fashioned!" cried the Parson almost indignantly, for he had a great disdain of new fashions. "They are as old as Christianity; nay, as old as Paradise, which you will observe is derived from a Greek, or rather a Persian word, and means something more than "garden," corresponding (pursued the Parson rather pedantically) with the Latin *vivarium*—viz. grove or park full of innocent dumb creatures. Depend on it, donkeys were allowed to eat thistles there."

"Very possibly," said the Squire drily. "But Hazeldean, though a very pretty village, is not Paradise. The stocks shall be mended to-morrow—ay, and the pound too—and the next donkey found trespassing shall go into it, as sure as my name's Hazeldean."

"Then," said the Parson gravely, "I can only hope that the next parish may not follow your example; or that you and I may never be caught straying!"

CHAPTER III.

Parson Dale and Squire Hazeldean parted company; the latter to inspect his sheep, the former to visit some of his parishioners, including Lenny Fairfield, whom the donkey had defrauded of his apple.

Lenny Fairfield was sure to be in the way, for his mother rented a few acres of grass land from the Squire, and it was now hay-time. And

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Leonard, commonly called Lenny, was an only son, and his mother a widow. The cottage stood apart, and somewhat remote, in one of the many nooks of the long green village lane. And a thoroughly English cottage it was—three centuries old at least; with walls of rubble let into oak frames, and duly whitewashed every summer, a thatched roof, small panes of glass, and an old doorway raised from the ground by two steps. There was about this little dwelling all the homely rustic elegance which peasant life admits of: a honeysuckle was trained over the door; a few flower-pots were placed on the window-sills; the small plot of ground in front of the house was kept with great neatness, and even taste; some large rough stones on either side the little path having been formed into a sort of rockwork, with creepers that were now in flower; and the potato-ground was screened from the eye by sweet peas and lupine. Simple elegance all this, it is true; but how well it speaks for peasant and landlord, when you see that the peasant is fond of his home, and has some spare time and heart to bestow upon mere embellishment. Such a peasant is sure to be a bad customer to the ale-house, and a safe neighbor to the Squire's preserves. All honor and praise to him, except a small tax upon both, which is due to the landlord!

Such sights were as pleasant to the Parson as the most beautiful landscapes of Italy can be to the dilettante. He paused a moment at the wicket to look around him, and distended his nostrils voluptuously to inhale the smell of the sweet peas, mixed with that of the new-mown hay in the fields behind, which a slight breeze bore to him. He then moved on, carefully scraped his shoes, clean and well polished as they were—for Mr. Dale was rather a beau in his own clerical way—on the scraper without the door, and lifted the latch.

Your virtuoso looks with artistical delight on the figure of some nymph painted on an Etruscan vase, engaged in pouring out the juice of the grape from her classic urn. And the Parson felt as harmless, if not as elegant a pleasure, in contemplating Widow Fairfield brimming high a glittering can, which she designed for the refreshment of the thirsty hay-makers.

Mrs. Fairfield was a middle-aged, tidy woman, with that alert precision of movement which seems to come from an active orderly mind; and as she now turned her head briskly at the sound of the Parson's footsteps, she showed a countenance prepossessing, though not handsome—a countenance from which a pleasant hearty smile, breaking forth at that moment effaced some lines that, in repose, spoke "of sorrows, but of sorrows past;" and her cheek, paler than is common to the complexions even of the fair sex, when born and bred amidst a rural population, might have favored the guess that the earlier part of her life had been spent in the languid air and 'within-doors' occupation of a town.

"Never mind me," said the Parson, as Mrs. Fairfield dropped her quick courtesy, and smoothed her apron; if you are going into the hayfield, I will go with you; I have something to say to Lenny—an excellent boy."

Widow.—"Well, sir, and you are kind to say to it—but he is."

Parson.—"He reads uncommonly well, he writes tolerably; he is the best lad in the whole school at his catechism and in the Bible lessons; and I assure you, when I see his face at church, looking up so attentively, I fancy that I shall read my sermon all the better for such a listener!"

Widow, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.—"'Deed, sir, when my poor Mark died, I never thought I could have lived on as I have done. But that boy is so kind and good, that when I look at him sitting there in dear Mark's chair, and remember how Mark loved him, and all he used to say to me about him, I feel somehow or other as if my goodman smiled on me, and would rather I was not with him yet, till the lad had grown up, and did not want me any more."

Parson, looking away, and after a pause.—"You never hear any thing of the old folks at Lansmere?"

"'Deed, sir, sin' poor Mark died, they han't noticed me, nor the boy; but," added the widow, with all a peasant's pride, "it isn't that I wants their money; only it's hard to feel strange like to one's own father and mother!"

Parson.—"You must excuse them. Your father, Mr. Avenel, was never quite the same man after that sad event—but you are weeping, my friend, pardon me:—your mother is a little proud; but so are you, though in another way."

Widow.—"I proud! Lord love ye, sir, I have not a bit of pride in me! and that's the reason they always looked down on me."

Parson.—"Your parents must be well off; and I shall apply to them in a year or two on behalf of Lenny, for they promised me to provide for him when he grew up, as they ought."

Widow, with flashing eyes.—"I am sure, sir, I hope you will do no such thing; for I would not have Lenny beholden to them as has never given him a kind word sin' he was born!"

The Parson smiled gravely and shook his head at poor Mrs. Fairfield's hasty confutation of her own self-acquittal from the charge of pride, but he saw that it was not the time or moment for effectual peace-making in the most irritable of all rancors, viz., that nourished against one's nearest relations. He therefore dropped the subject, and said, "Well, time enough to think

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of Lenny's future prospects; meanwhile we are forgetting the hay-makers. Come."

The widow opened the back door, which led across a little apple orchard into the fields.

PARSON.—"You have a pleasant place here, and I see that my friend Lenny should be in no want of apples. I had brought him one, but I have given it away on the road."

WIDOW.—"Oh, sir, it is not the deed—it is the will; as I felt when the Squire, God bless him! took two pounds off the rent the year he—that is, Mark—died."

PARSON.—"If Lenny continues to be such a help to you, it will not be long before the Squire may put the two pounds on again."

"Yes, sir," said the widow simply; "I hope he will."

"Silly woman!" muttered the Parson. "That's not exactly what the schoolmistress would have said. You don't read nor write, Mrs. Fairfield; yet you express yourself with great propriety."

"You know Mark was a schollard, sir, like my poor, poor, sister; and though I was a sad stupid girl afore I married, I tried to take after him when we came together."

CHAPTER IV.

THEY were now in the hayfield, and a boy of about sixteen, but like most country lads, to appearance much younger than he was, looked up from his rake, with lively blue eyes, beaming forth under a profusion of brown curly hair.

Leonard Fairfield was indeed a very handsome boy—not so stout nor so ruddy as one would choose for the ideal of rustic beauty; nor yet so delicate in limb and keen in expression as are those children of cities, in whom the mind is cultivated at the expense of the body; but still he had the health of the country in his cheeks, and was not without the grace of the city in his compact figure and easy movements. There was in his physiognomy something interesting from its peculiar character of innocence and simplicity. You could see that he had been brought up by a woman, and much apart from familiar contact with other children; and such intelligence as was yet developed in him, was not ripened by the jokes and cuffs of his coevals, but fostered by decorous lecturings from his elders, and good little boy maxims in good little boy books.

PARSON.—"Come hither, Lenny. You know the benefit of school, I see: it can teach you nothing better than to be a support to your mother."

LENNY, looking down sheepishly, and with a heightened glow over his face.—"Please, sir, that may come one of these days."

PARSON.—"That's right Lenny. Let me see! why, you must be nearly a man. How old are you?"

Lenny looks up inquiringly at his mother.

PARSON.—"You ought to know, Lenny; speak for yourself. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Fairfield."

LENNY, twirling his hat, and in great perplexity.—"Well, and there is Flop, neighbor Dutton's old sheep-dog. He be very old now."

PARSON.—"I am not asking Flop's age, but your own."

"'Deed, sir, I have heard say as how Flop and I were pups together. That is, I—I—"

For the Parson is laughing, and so is Mrs. Fairfield; and the haymakers, who have stood still to listen, are laughing too. And poor Lenny has quite lost his head, and looks as if he would like to cry.

PARSON, patting the curly locks, encouragingly.—"Never mind; it is not so badly answered after all. And how old is Flop?"

LENNY.—"Why, he must be fifteen year and more."

PARSON.—"How old, then, are you?"

LENNY, looking up with a beam of intelligence.—"Fifteen year and more!"

Widow sighs and nods her head.

"That's what we call putting two and two together," said the Parson. "Or, in other words," and here he raised his eyes majestically toward the haymakers—"in other words—thanks to his love for his book—simple as he stands here, Lenny Fairfield has shown himself capable of INDUCTIVE RATIOCINATION."

At those words, delivered *ore rotundo*, the haymakers ceased laughing. For even in lay matters they held the Parson to be an oracle, and words so long must have a great deal in them.

Lenny drew up his head proudly.

"You are very fond of Flop, I suppose?"

"'Deed he is," said the widow, "and of all poor dumb creatures."

"Very good. Suppose, my lad, that you had a fine apple, and that you met a friend who wanted it more than you; what would you do with it?"

"Please you, sir, I would give him half of it."

The Parson's face fell. "Not the whole, Lenny?"

Lenny considered. "If he was a friend, sir, he would not like me to give him all!"

"Upon my word, Master Leonard, you speak so well, that I must e'en tell the truth. I brought you an apple, as a prize for good conduct in school. But I met by the way a poor donkey, and some one beat him for eating a thistle; so I thought I would make it up by giving him the apple. Ought I only to have given him the half?"

Lenny's innocent face became all smile; his interest was aroused. "And did the donkey like the apple?"

"Very much," said the Parson, fumbling in

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his pocket, but thinking of Leonard Fairfield's years and understanding; and moreover, observing, in the pride of his heart, that there were many spectators to his deed, he thought the meditated twopence not sufficient, and he generously produced a silver sixpence.

"There, my man, that will pay for the half apple which you would have kept for yourself." The Parson again patted the curly locks, and, after a hearty word or two with the other haymakers, and a friendly "Good-day" to Mrs. Fairfield, struck into a path that led toward his own glebe.

He had just crossed the stile, when he heard hasty but timorous feet behind him. He turned, and saw his friend Lenny.

LENNY, half crying, and holding out the sixpence.—"Indeed, sir, I would rather not. I would have given all to the Neddy."

PARSON.—"Why, then, my man, you have a still greater right to the sixpence.

LENNY.—"No, sir; 'cause you only gave it to make up for the half apple. And if I had given the whole, as I ought to have done, why, I should have had no right to the sixpence. Please, sir, don't be offended; do take it back, will you?"

The Parson hesitated. And the boy thrust the sixpence into his hand, as the ass had poked his nose there before in quest of the apple.

"I see," said Parson Dale, soliloquizing, "that if one don't give Justice the first place at the table, all the other Virtues eat up her share."

Indeed, the case was perplexing. Charity, like a forward impudent baggage as she is, always thrusting herself in the way, and taking other people's apples to make her own little pie, had defrauded Lenny of his due; and now Susceptibility, who looks like a shy, blush-faced, awkward Virtue in her teens—but who, nevertheless, is always engaged in picking the pockets of her sisters, tried to filch from him his lawful recompense. The case was perplexing; for the Parson held Susceptibility in great honor, despite her hypocritical tricks, and did not like to give her a slap in the face, which might frighten her away forever. So Mr. Dale stood irresolute, glancing from the sixpence to Lenny, and from Lenny to the sixpence.

"*Buon giorno*—good-day to you," said a voice behind, in an accent slightly but unmistakably foreign, and a strange-looking figure presented itself at the stile.

Imagine a tall and exceedingly meagre man, dressed in a rusty suit of black—the pantaloons tight at the calf and ankle, and there forming a loose gaiter over thick shoes buckled high at the instep; an old cloak, lined with red, was thrown over one shoulder, though the day was sultry; a quaint, red, outlandish umbrella, with a carved brass handle, was thrust under one arm, though the sky was cloudless; a profusion of raven hair, in waving curls that seemed as fine as silk, escaped from the sides of a straw-hat of prodigious brim; a complexion sallow and swarthy, and features which, though not without considerable beauty to the eye of the artist, were not only unlike what we fair, well-fed, neat-faced Englishmen are wont to consider comely, but exceedingly like what we are disposed to regard as awful and Satanic—to wit, a long hooked nose, sunken cheeks, black eyes, whose piercing brilliancy took something wizard-like and mystical from the large spectacles through which they shone; a mouth round which played an ironical smile, and in which a physiognomist would have remarked singular shrewdness and some closeness, complete the picture: imagine this figure, grotesque, peregrinate, and to the eye of a peasant certainly diabolical, then perch it on the stile in the midst of those green English fields, and in sight of that primitive English village; there let it sit straddling, its long legs dangling down, a short German pipe emitting clouds from one corner of those sardonic lips, its dark eyes glaring through the spectacles full upon the Parson, yet askant upon Lenny Fairfield. Lenny Fairfield looked exceedingly frightened.

"Upon my word, Dr. Riccabocca," said Mr. Dale, smiling, "you come in good time to solve a very nice question in casuistry;" and herewith the Parson explained the case, and put the question—"Ought Lenny Fairfield to have the sixpence, or ought he not?"

"*Cospetto!*" said the doctor. "If the hen would but hold her tongue, nobody would know that she had laid an egg."

CHAPTER V.

"GRANTED," said the Parson; "but what follows? The saying is good, but I don't see the application."

"A thousand pardons!" replied Dr. Riccabocca, with all the urbanity of an Italian; "but it seems to me, that if you had given the sixpence to the *fanciullo*—that is, to this good little boy—without telling him the story about the donkey, you would never have put him and yourself into this awkward dilemma."

"But, my dear sir," whispered the Parson, mildly, as he inclined his lips to the Doctor's ear, "I should then have lost the opportunity of inculcating a moral lesson—you understand."

Dr. Riccabocca shrugged his shoulders, restored his pipe to his mouth, and took a long whiff. It was a whiff eloquent, though cynical—a whiff peculiar to your philosophical smoker—a whiff that implied the most absolute but the most placid incredulity as to the effect of the Parson's moral lesson.

"Still you have not given us your decision," said the Parson, after a pause.

The doctor withdrew the pipe. "*Cospetto!*"

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said he. "He who scrubs the head of an ass wastes his soap."

"If you scrubbed mine fifty times over with those enigmatical proverbs of yours," said the Parson, testily, "you would not make it any the wiser."

"My good sir," said the Doctor, bowing low from his perch on the stile, "I never presumed to say that there were more asses than one in the story; but I thought that I could not better explain my meaning, which is simply this—you scrubbed the ass's head, and therefore you must lose the soap. Let the *fanciullo* have the sixpence; and a great sum it is, too, for a little boy, who may spend it all upon pocket-money!"

"There, Lenny—you hear?" said the Parson, stretching out the sixpence. But Lenny retreated, and cast on the umpire a look of great aversion and disgust.

"Please, Master Dale," said he, obstinately, "I'd rather not."

"It is a matter of feeling, you see," said the Parson, turning to the umpire; "and I believe the boy is right."

"If it is a matter of feeling," replied Dr. Riccabocca, "there is no more to be said on it. When Feeling comes in at the door, Reason has nothing to do but to jump out of the window."

"Go, my good boy," said the Parson, pocketing the coin; "but stop! give me your hand first. *There*—I understand you—good-by!"

Lenny's eyes glistened as the Parson shook him by the hand, and, not trusting himself to speak, he walked off sturdily. The Parson wiped his forehead, and sat himself down on the stile beside the Italian. The view before them was lovely, and both enjoyed it (though not equally) enough to be silent for some moments. On the other side the lane, seen between gaps in the old oaks and chestnuts that hung over the moss-grown pales of Hazeldean Park, rose gentle verdant slopes, dotted with sheep and herds of deer; a stately avenue stretched far away to the left, and ended at the right hand, within a few yards of a ha-ha that divided the park from a level sward of table-land gay with shrubs and flower-plots, relieved by the shade of two mighty cedars. And on this platform, only seen in part, stood the squire's old-fashioned house, red brick, with stone mullions, gable-ends, and quaint chimney-pots. On this side the road, immediately facing the two gentlemen, cottage after cottage whitely emerged from the curves in the lane, while, beyond, the ground declining gave an extensive prospect of woods and cornfields, spires and farms. Behind, from a belt of lilacs and evergreens, you caught a peep of the parsonage-house, backed by woodlands, and a little noisy rill running in front. The birds were still in the hedgerows, only as if from the very heart of the most distant woods, there came now and then the mellow note of the cuckoo.

"Verily," said Mr. Dale softly, "my lot has fallen on a goodly heritage."

The Italian twitched his cloak over him, and sighed almost inaudibly. Perhaps he thought of his own Summer Land, and felt that amidst all that fresh verdure of the North, there was no heritage for the stranger.

However, before the Parson could notice the sigh or conjecture the cause, Dr. Riccabocca's thin lips took an expression almost malignant.

"*Per Bacco!*" said he; "in every country I find that the rooks settle where the trees are the finest. I am sure that, when Noah first landed on Ararat, he must have found some gentleman in black already settled in the pleasantest part of the mountain, and waiting for his tenth of the cattle as they came out of the ark."

The Parson turned his meek eyes to the philosopher, and there was in them something so deprecating rather than reproachful, that Dr. Riccabocca turned away his face, and refilled his pipe. Dr. Riccabocca abhorred priests; but though Parson Dale was emphatically a parson, he seemed at that moment so little of what Dr. Riccabocca understood by a priest, that the Italian's heart smote him for his irreverent jest on the cloth. Luckily at this moment there was a diversion to that untoward commencement of conversation, in the appearance of no less a personage than the donkey himself—I mean the donkey who ate the apple.

CHAPTER VI.

The Tinker was a stout swarthy fellow, jovial and musical withal, for he was singing a stave as he flourished his staff, and at the end of each *refrain* down came the staff on the quarters of the donkey. The tinker went behind and sung, the donkey went before and was thwacked.

"Yours is a droll country," quoth Dr. Riccabocca; "in mine it is not the ass that walks first in the procession, who gets the blows."

The Parson jumped from the stile, and, looking over the hedge that divided the field from the road—"Gently, gently," said he; "the sound of the stick spoils the singing! O Mr. Sprott, Mr. Sprott! a good man is merciful to his beast."

The donkey seemed to recognize the voice of its friend, for it stopped short, pricked one ear wistfully, and looked up.

The Tinker touched his hat, and looked up too. "Lord bless your reverence! he does not mind it, he likes it. I vould not hurt thee; vould I, Neddy?"

The donkey shook his head and shivered; perhaps a fly had settled on the sore, which the chestnut leaves no longer protected.

"I am sure you did not mean to hurt him, Sprott," said the Parson, more politely, I fear,

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than honestly—for he had seen enough of that cross-grained thing called the human heart, even in the little world of a country parish, to know that it requires management, and coaxing, and flattering, to interfere successfully between a man and his own donkey—"I am sure you did not mean to hurt him; but he has already got a sore on his shoulder as big as my hand, poor thing!"

"Lord love 'un! yes; that vas done a playing with the manger, the day I gave 'un oats!" said the Tinker.

Dr. Riccabocca adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed the ass. The ass pricked up his other ear, and surveyed Dr. Riccabocca. In that mutual survey of physical qualifications, each being regarded according to the average symmetry of its species, it may be doubted whether the advantage was on the side of the philosopher.

The Parson had a great notion of the wisdom of his friend, in all matters not immediately ecclesiastical.

"Say a good word for the donkey!" whispered he.

"Sir," said the Doctor, addressing Mr. Sprott, with a respectful salutation, "there's a great kettle at my house—the Casino—which wants soldering: can you recommend me a Tinker?"

"Why, that's all in my line," said Sprott, "and there ben't a Tinker in the country that I vould recommend like myself, thof I say it."

"You jest, good sir," said the Doctor, smiling pleasantly. "A man who can't mend a hole in his own donkey, can never demean himself by patching up my great kettle."

"Lord, sir!" said the Tinker, archly, "if I had known that poor Neddy had had two sitch friends in court, I'd have seen he was a gintleman, and treated him as sitch."

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" quoth the Doctor, "though that jest's not new, I think the Tinker comes very well out of it."

"True; but the donkey!" said the Parson, "I've a great mind to buy it."

"Permit me to tell you an anecdote in point," said Dr. Riccabocca.

"Well?" said the Parson, interrogatively.

"Once in a time," pursued Riccabocca, "the Emperor Adrian, going to the public baths, saw an old soldier, who had served under him, rubbing his back against the marble wall. The emperor, who was a wise, and therefore a curious, inquisitive man, sent for the soldier, and asked him why he resorted to that sort of friction. 'Because,' answered the veteran, 'I am too poor to have slaves to rub me down.' The emperor was touched, and gave him slaves and money. The next day, when Adrian went to the baths, all the old men in the city were to be seen rubbing themselves against the marble as hard as they could. The emperor sent for them, and asked them the same question which he had put to the soldier; the cunning old rogues, of course, made the same answer. 'Friends,' said Adrian, 'since there are so many of you, you will just rub one another!' Mr. Dale, if you don't want to have all the donkeys in the county with holes in their shoulders, you had better not buy the Tinker's!"

"It is the hardest thing in the world to do the least bit of good," groaned the Parson, as he broke a twig off the hedge nervously, snapped it in two, and flung the fragments on the road—one of them hit the donkey on the nose. If the ass could have spoken Latin, he would have said, "*Et tu, Brute!*" As it was, he hung down his ears, and walked on.

"Gee hup," said the Tinker, and he followed the ass. Then stopping, he looked over his shoulder, and seeing that the Parson's eyes were gazing mournfully on his *protégé*, "Never fear, your reverence," cried the Tinker kindly; "I'll not spite 'un."

CHAPTER VII.

"Four o'clock," cried the Parson, looking at his watch; "half-an-hour after dinner-time, and Mrs. Dale particularly begged me to be punctual, because of the fine trout the Squire sent us. Will you venture on what our homely language calls 'pot luck,' Doctor?"

Now Riccabocca, like most wise men, especially if Italians, was by no means inclined to the credulous view of human nature. Indeed, he was in the habit of detecting self-interest in the simplest actions of his fellow-creatures. And when the Parson thus invited him to pot luck, he smiled with a kind of lofty complacency; for Mrs. Dale enjoyed the reputation of having what her friends styled "her little tempers." And, as well-bred ladies rarely indulge "little tempers" in the presence of a third person, not of the family, so Dr. Riccabocca instantly concluded that he was invited to stand between the pot and the luck! Nevertheless—as he was fond of trout, and a much more good-natured man than he ought to have been according to his principles—he accepted the hospitality; but he did so with a sly look from over his spectacles, which brought a blush into the guilty cheeks of the Parson. Certainly Riccabocca had for once guessed right in his estimate of human motives.

The two walked on, crossed a little bridge that spanned the rill, and entered the parsonage lawn. Two dogs, that seemed to have sate on watch for their master, sprung toward him barking; and the sound drew the notice of Mrs. Dale, who, with parasol in hand, sallied out from the sash window which opened on the lawn. Now, O reader! I know that in thy secret heart, thou art chuckling over the want of knowledge in the sacred arcana of the domestic

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hearth, betrayed by the author; thou art saying to thyself, "A pretty way to conciliate little tempers indeed, to add to the offense of spoiling the fish the crime of bringing an unexpected friend to eat it. Pot luck, quotha, when the pot's boiled over this half hour!"

But, to thy utter shame and confusion, O reader, learn that both the author and Parson Dale knew very well what they were about.

Dr. Riccabocca was the special favorite of Mrs. Dale, and the only person in the whole country who never put her out, by dropping in. In fact, strange though it may seem at first glance, Dr. Riccabocca had that mysterious something about him which we of his own sex can so little comprehend, but which always propitiates the other. He owed this, in part, to his own profound but hypocritical policy; for he looked upon woman as the natural enemy to man—against whom it was necessary to be always on the guard; whom it was prudent to disarm by every species of fawning servility and abject complaisance. He owed it also, in part, to the compassionate and heavenly nature of the angels whom his thoughts thus villainously traduced—for women like one whom they can pity without despising; and there was something in Signor Riccabocca's poverty, in his loneliness, in his exile, whether voluntary or compelled, that excited pity; while, despite the threadbare coat, the red umbrella, and the wild hair, he had, especially when addressing ladies, that air of gentleman and cavalier which is or was more innate in an educated Italian, of whatever rank, than perhaps in the highest aristocracy of any other country in Europe. For, though I grant that nothing is more exquisite than the politeness of your French marquis of the old *régime*—nothing more frankly gracious than the cordial address of a highbred English gentleman—nothing more kindly prepossessing than the genial good-nature of some patriarchal German, who will condescend to forget his sixteen quarterings in the pleasure of doing you a favor—yet these specimens of the suavity of their several nations are rare; whereas blandness and polish are common attributes with your Italian. They seem to have been immemorially handed down to him, from ancestors emulating the urbanity of Cæsar, and refined by the grace of Horace.

"Dr. Riccabocca consents to dine with us," cried the Parson, hastily.

"If madame permit?" said the Italian, bowing over the hand extended to him, which, however, he forebore to take, seeing it was already full of the watch.

"I am only sorry that the trout must be quite spoiled," began Mrs. Dale, plaintively.

"It is not the trout one thinks of when one dines with Mrs. Dale," said the infamous dissimulator

"But I see James coming to say that dinner is ready?" observed the Parson.

"He said *that* three quarters of an hour ago, Charles dear," retorted Mrs. Dale, taking the arm of Dr. Riccabocca.

CHAPTER VIII.

While the Parson and his wife are entertaining their guest, I propose to regale the reader with a small treatise apropos of that "Charles dear," murmured by Mrs. Dale;—a treatise expressly written for the benefit of The Domestic Circle.

It is an old jest that there is not a word in the language that conveys so little endearment as the word "dear." But though the saying itself, like most truths, be trite and hackneyed, no little novelty remains to the search of the inquirer into the varieties of inimical import comprehended in that malign monosyllable. For instance, I submit to the experienced that the degree of hostility it betrays is in much proportioned to its collocation in the sentence. When, gliding indirectly through the rest of the period, it takes its stand at the close, as in that "Charles dear" of Mrs. Dale—it has spilt so much of its natural bitterness by the way that it assumes even a smile, "amara lento temperet risu." Sometimes the smile is plaintive, sometimes arch. *Ex. gr.*

(*Plaintive.*)

"I know very well that whatever I do is wrong, Charles dear."

"Nay, I am only glad you amused yourself so much without me, Charles dear."

"Not quite so loud! If you had, but my poor head, Charles dear," &c.

(*Arch.*)

"If you *could* spill the ink any where but on the best table-cloth, Charles dear!"

"But though you must always have your own way, you are not *quite faultless*, own, Charles dear," &c.

In this collocation occur many dears, parental as well as conjugal; as—"Hold up your head, and don't look quite so cross, dear."

"Be a good boy for once in your life—that's a dear," &c.

When the enemy stops in the middle of the sentence, its venom is naturally less exhausted. *Ex. gr.*

"Really, I must say, Charles dear, that you are the most fidgety person," &c.

"And if the house bills were so high last week, Charles dear, I should just like to know whose fault it was—that's all."

"Do you think, Charles dear, that you could put your feet any where except upon the chintz sofa?"

"But you know, Charles dear, that you care no more for me and the children than," &c.

But if the fatal word spring up, in its primi

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tive freshness, at the head of the sentence, bow your head to the storm. It then assumes the majesty of "my" before it; is generally more than simple objurgation—it prefaces a sermon. My candor obliges me to confess that this is the mode in which the hateful monosyllable is more usually employed by the marital part of the one flesh; and has something about it of the odious assumption of the Petruchian *pater-familias*—the head of the family—boding, not perhaps "peace, and love, and quiet life," but certainly "awful rule and right supremacy." *Ex. gr.*

"My dear Jane—I wish you would just put by that everlasting tent-stitch, and listen to me for a few moments," &c.

"My dear Jane—I wish you would understand me for once—don't think I am angry—no, but I am hurt. You must consider," &c.

"My dear Jane—I don't know if it is your intention to ruin me; but I only wish you would do as all other women do who care three straws for their husbands' property," &c.

"My dear Jane—I wish you to understand that I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but I'll be d—d if that puppy, Captain Prettyman," &c.

Now, if that same "dear" could be thoroughly raked and hoed out of the connubial garden, I don't think that the remaining nettles would signify a button. But even as it was, Parson Dale, good man, would have prized his garden beyond all the bowers which Spenser and Tasso have sung so musically, though there had not been a single specimen of "dear," whether the dear *humilis*, or the dear *superba*; the dear *pallida*, *rubra*, or *nigra*; the dear *umbrosa*, *florens*, *spicata*; the dear *savis*, or the dear *horrida*; no, not a single dear in the whole horticulture of matrimony which Mrs. Dale had not brought to perfection; but this, fortunately, was far from being the case. The *dears* of Mrs. Dale were only wild flowers, after all.

CHAPTER IX.

In the cool of the evening, Dr. Riccabocca walked home across the fields. Mr. and Mrs. Dale had accompanied him half way; and as they now turned back to the Parsonage, they looked behind, to catch a glimpse of the tall, outlandish figure, winding slowly through the path amidst the waves of the green corn.

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Dale, feelingly; "and the button was off his wristband! What a pity he has nobody to take care of him! He seems very domestic. Don't you think, Charles, it would be a great blessing if we could get him a good wife?"

"Um," said the Parson; "I doubt if he values the married state as he ought."

"What do you mean, Charles? I never saw a man more polite to ladies in my life."

"Yes, but—"

"But what? You are always so mysterious, Charles dear."

"Mysterious! No, Carry; but if you could hear what the Doctor says of the ladies sometimes."

"Ay, when you men get together, my dear. I know what that means—pretty things you say of us. But you are all alike; you know you are, love!"

"I am sure," said the Parson, simply, "that I have good cause to speak well of the sex—when I think of you, and my poor mother."

Mrs. Dale, who, with all her "tempers," was an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the whole of her quick little heart, was touched. She pressed his hand, and did not call him *dear* all the way home.

Meanwhile the Italian passed the fields, and came upon the high-road about two miles from Hazeldean. On one side stood an old-fashioned solitary inn, such as English inns used to be before they became railway hotels—square, solid, old-fashioned, looking so hospitable and comfortable, with their great signs swinging from some elm tree in front, and the long row of stables standing a little back, with a chaise or two in the yard, and the jolly landlord talking of the crops to some stout farmer, who has stopped his rough pony at the well-known door. Opposite this inn, on the other side the road, stood the habitation of Dr. Riccabocca.

A few years before the date of these annals, the stage-coach, on its way to London, from a seaport town, stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, that its passengers might dine like Christian Englishmen—not gulp down a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting heathen Yankees, with that cursed railway whistle shrieking like a fiend in their ears! It was the best dining-place on the whole road, for the trout in the neighboring rill were famous, and so was the mutton which came from Hazeldean Park.

From the outside of the coach had descended two passengers who, alone, insensible to the attractions of mutton and trout, refused to dine—two melancholy-looking foreigners, of whom one was Signor Riccabocca, much the same as we see him now, only that the black suit, was less threadbare, the tall form less meagre, and he did not then wear spectacles; and the other was his servant, "They would walk about while the coach stopped." Now the Italian's eye had been caught by a mouldering dismantled house on the other side the road, which nevertheless was well situated; half-way up a green hill, with its aspect due south, a little cascade falling down artificial rock-work, and a terrace with a balustrade, and a few broken urns and statues before its Ionic portico; while on the roadside stood a board, with characters already half effaced, implying that the house

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was to be "Let unfurnished, with or without land."

The abode that looked so cheerless, and which had so evidently hung long on hand, was the property of Squire Hazeldean. It had been built by his grandfather on the female side—a country gentleman who had actually been in Italy (a journey rare enough to boast of in those days), and who, on his return home, had attempted a miniature imitation of an Italian villa. He left an only daughter and sole heiress, who married Squire Hazeldean's father; and since that time, the house, abandoned by its proprietors for the larger residence of the Hazeldeans, had been uninhabited and neglected. Several tenants, indeed, had offered themselves: but your Squire, is slow in admitting upon his own property a rival neighbor. Some wanted shooting. "That," said the Hazeldeans, who were great sportsmen and strict preservers, "was quite out of the question." Others were fine folks from London. "London servants," said the Hazeldeans, who were moral and prudent people, "would corrupt their own, and bring London prices." Others, again, were retired manufacturers, at whom the Hazeldeans turned up their agricultural noses. In short, some were too grand, and others too vulgar. Some were refused because they were known so well: "Friends are best at a distance," said the Hazeldeans. Others because they were not known at all: "No good comes of strangers," said the Hazeldeans. And finally, as the house fell more and more into decay, no one would take it unless it was put into thorough repair: "As if one was made of money!" said the Hazeldeans. In short, there stood the house unoccupied and ruinous; and there, on its terrace, stood the two forlorn Italians, surveying it with a smile at each other, as, for the first time since they set foot in England, they recognized, in dilapidated pilasters and broken statues, in a weed-grown terrace and the remains of an orangery, something that reminded them of the land they had left behind.

On returning to the inn, Dr. Riccabocca took the occasion of learning from the innkeeper (who was indeed a tenant of the Squire's) such particulars as he could collect; and a few days afterward Mr. Hazeldean received a letter from a solicitor of repute in London, stating that a very respectable foreign gentleman had commissioned him to treat for Clump Lodge, otherwise called the "Casino;" that the said gentleman did not shoot—lived in great seclusion—and, having no family, did not care about the repairs of the place, provided only it were made weather-proof—if the omission of more expensive reparations could render the rent suitable to his finances, which were very limited. The offer came at a fortunate moment—when the steward had just been representing to the Squire the necessity of doing something to keep the Casino from falling into positive ruin, and the Squire was cursing the fates which had put the Casino into an entail—so that he could not pull it down for the building materials. Mr. Hazeldean therefore caught at the proposal even as a fair lady, who has refused the best offers in the kingdom, catches at last at some battered old captain on half-pay, and replied that, as for rent, if the solicitor's client was a quiet respectable man, he did not care for that. But that the gentleman might have it for the first year rent free, on condition of paying the taxes and putting the place a little in order. If they suited each other, they could then come to terms. Ten days subsequently to this gracious reply, Signor Riccabocca and his servant arrived; and, before the year's end, the Squire was so contented with his tenant that he gave him a running lease of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, at a rent nearly nominal, on condition that Signor Riccabocca would put and maintain the place in repair, barring the roof and fences, which the Squire generously renewed at his own expense. It was astonishing, by little and little, what a pretty place the Italian had made of it, and what is more astonishing, how little it had cost him. He had indeed painted the walls of the hall, staircase, and the rooms appropriated to himself, with his own hands. His servant had done the greater part of the upholstery. The two between them had got the garden into order. The Italians seemed to have taken a joint love to the place, and to deck it as they would have done some favorite chapel to their Madonna.

It was long before the natives reconciled themselves to the odd ways of the foreign settlers—the first thing that offended them was the exceeding smallness of the household bills. Three days out of the seven, indeed, both man and master dined on nothing else but the vegetables in the garden, and the fishes in the neighboring rill; when no trout could be caught they fried the minnows (and certainly, even in the best streams, minnows are more frequently caught than trouts). The next thing which angered the natives quite as much, especially the female part of the neighborhood, was the very sparing employment the two he creatures gave to the sex usually deemed so indispensable in household matters. At first indeed, they had no woman servant at all. But this created such horror that Parson Dale ventured a hint upon the matter, which Riccabocca took in very good part, and an old woman was forthwith engaged, after some bargaining—at three shillings a week—to wash and scrub as much as she liked during the daytime. She always returned to her own cottage to sleep. The man-servant, who was styled in the neighborhood "Jackeymo," did all else for his master—smoothed his

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room, dusted his papers, prepared his coffee, cooked his dinner, brushed his clothes, and cleaned his pipes, of which Riccabocca had a large collection. But, however close a man's character, it generally creeps out in driblets; and on many little occasions the Italian had shown acts of kindness, and, on some more rare occasions, even of generosity, which had served to silence his calumniators, and by degrees he had established a very fair reputation—suspected, it is true, of being a little inclined to the Black Art, and of a strange inclination to starve Jackeymo and himself—in other respects harmless enough.

Signor Riccabocca had become very intimate, as we have seen, at the Parsonage. But not so at the Hall. For though the Squire was inclined to be very friendly to all his neighbors—he was, like most country gentlemen, rather easily *huffed*. Riccabocca had, if with great politeness, still with great obstinacy, refused Mr. Hazeldean's earlier invitations to dinner, and when the Squire found, that the Italian rarely declined to dine at the Parsonage, he was offended in one of his weak points, viz., his regard for the honor of the hospitality of Hazeldean Hall—and he ceased altogether invitations so churlishly rejected. Nevertheless, as it was impossible for the Squire, however huffed, to bear malice, he now and then reminded Riccabocca of his existence by presents of game, and would have called on him more often than he did, but that Riccabocca received him with such excessive politeness that the blunt country gentleman felt shy and put out, and used to say that "to call on Riccabocca was as bad as going to court."

But I left Dr. Riccabocca on the high-road. By this time he has ascended a narrow path that winds by the side of the cascade, he has passed a trellis-work covered with vines, from the which Jackeymo has positively succeeded in making what he calls *wine*—a liquid, indeed, that, if the cholera had been popularly known in those days, would have soured the mildest member of the Board of Health; for Squire Hazeldean, though a robust man who daily carried off his bottle of port with impunity, having once rashly tasted it, did not recover the effect till he had had a bill from the apothecary as long as his own arm. Passing this trellis, Dr. Riccabocca entered upon the terrace, with its stone pavement smoothed and trim as hands could make it. Here, on neat stands, all his favorite flowers were arranged. Here four orange trees were in full blossom; here a kind of summer-house or Belvidere, built by Jackeymo and himself, made his chosen morning room from May till October; and from this Belvidere there was as beautiful an expanse of prospect as if our English Nature had hospitably spread on her green board all that she had to offer as a banquet to the exile.

A man without his coat, which was thrown over the balustrade, was employed in watering the flowers; a man with movements so mechanical—with a face so rigidly grave in its tawny hues—that he seemed like an automaton made out of mahogany.

"Giacomo," said Dr. Riccabocca, softly.

The automaton stopped its hand, and turned its head.

"Put by the watering-pot, and come here," continued Riccabocca in Italian; and, moving toward the balustrade, he leaned over it. Mr. Mitford, the historian, calls Jean Jacques "*John James.*" Following that illustrious example, Giacomo shall be Anglified into Jackeymo. Jackeymo came to the balustrade also, and stood a little behind his master.

"Friend," said Riccabocca, "enterprises have not always succeeded with us. Don't you think, after all, it is tempting our evil star to rent those fields from the landlord?" Jackeymo crossed himself, and made some strange movement with a little coral charm which he wore set in a ring on his finger.

"If the Madonna send us luck, and we could hire a lad cheap?" said Jackeymo, doubtfully.

"*Piu vale un presente che due futuri*," said Riccabocco. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"*Chi non fa quondo può, non può fare quondo vuole*"—("He who will not when he may, when he will it shall have nay")—answered Jackeymo, as sententiously as his master. "And the Padrone should think in time that he must lay by for the dower of the poor signorina"—(young lady).

Riccabocca sighed, and made no reply.

"She must be *that* high now!" said Jackeymo, putting his hand on some imaginary line a little above the balustrade. Riccabocca's eyes, raised over the spectacles, followed the hand.

"If the Padrone could but see her here—"

"I thought I did!" muttered the Italian.

"He would never let her go from his side till she went to a husband's," continued Jackeymo.

"But this climate—she could never stand it," said Riccabocca, drawing his cloak round him, as a north wind took him in the rear.

"The orange trees blossom even here with care," said Jackeymo, turning back to draw down an awning where the orange trees faced the north. "See!" he added, as he returned with a sprig in full bud.

Dr. Riccabocca bent over the blossom, and then placed it in his bosom.

"The *other* one should be there, too," said Jackeymo.

"To die—as this does already!" answered Riccabocca. "Say no more."

Jackeymo shrugged his shoulders; and then, glancing at his master, drew his hand over his eyes.

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There was a pause. Jackeymo was the first to break it.

"But, whether here or there, beauty without money is the orange tree without shelter. If a lad could be got cheap, I would hire the land, and trust for the crop to the Madonna."

"I think I know of such a lad," said Riccabocca, recovering himself, and with his sardonic smile once more lurking about the corner of his mouth—"a lad made for us!"

"Diavolo!"

"No, not the Diavolo! Friend, I have this day seen a boy who—refused sixpence!"

"*Cosa stupenda!*"—(Stupendous thing!) exclaimed Jackeymo, opening his eyes, and letting fall the water-pot.

"It is true, my friend."

"Take him, Padrone, in Heaven's name, and the fields will grow gold."

"I will think of it, for it must require management to catch such a boy," said Riccabocca. "Meanwhile, light a candle in the parlor, and bring from my bedroom—that great folio of Machiavelli."

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE TWO GUIDES OF THE CHILD.

A SPIRIT near me said, "Look forth upon the Land of Life. What do you see?"

"Steep mountains, covered by a mighty plain, a table-land of many-colored beauty. Beauty, nay, it seems all beautiful at first, but now I see that there are some parts barren."

"Are they quite barren?—look more closely still!"

"No, in the wildest deserts, now, I see some gum-dropping acacias, and the crimson blossom of the cactus. But there are regions that rejoice abundantly in flower and fruit; and now, O Spirit, I see men and women moving to and fro."

"Observe them, mortal."

"I behold a world of love; the men have women's arms entwined about them; some upon the verge of precipices—friends are running to the rescue. There are many wandering like strangers, who know not their road, and they look upward. Spirit, how many, many eyes are looking up as if to God! Ah, now I see some strike their neighbors down into the dust; I see some wallowing like swine; I see that there are men and women brutal."

"Are they quite brutal—look more closely still."

"No, I see prickly sorrow growing out of crime, and penitence awakened by a look of love. I see good gifts bestowed out of the hand of murder, and see truth issue out of lying lips. But in this plain, O Spirit, I see regions—wide, bright regions—yielding fruit and flower, while others seem perpetually vailed with fogs, and in them no fruit ripens. I see pleasant regions where the rock is full of clefts, and people fall into them. The men who dwell beneath the fog deal lovingly, and yet they have small enjoyment in the world around them, which they scarcely see. But whither are these women going?"

"Follow them."

"I have followed down the mountains to a haven in the vale below. All that is lovely in the world of flowers makes a fragrant bed for the dear children; birds singing, they breathe upon the pleasant air; the butterflies play with them. Their limbs shine white among the blossoms, and their mothers come down full of joy to share their innocent delight. They pelt each other with the lilies of the valley. They call up at will fantastic masks, grim giants play to make them merry, a thousand grotesque loving phantoms kiss them; to each the mother is the one thing real, the highest bliss—the next bliss is the dream of all the world beside. Some that are motherless, all mother's love. Every gesture, every look, every odor, every song, adds to the charm of love which fills the valley. Some little figures fall and die, and on the valley's soil they crumble into violets and lilies, with love-tears to hang in them like dew.

"Who dares to come down with a frown into this happy valley? A severe man seizes an unhappy, shrieking child, and leads it to the roughest ascent of the mountain. He will lead it over steep rocks to the plain of the mature. On ugly needle-points he makes the child sit down, and teaches it its duty in the world above."

"Its duty, mortal! Do you listen to the teacher?"

"Spirit, I hear now. The child is informed about two languages spoken by nations extinct centuries ago, and something also, O Spirit, about the base of an hypothenuse."

"Does the child attend?"

"Not much; but it is beaten a' ay, and its knees are bruised against the rocks, till it is hauled up, woe-begone and weary, to the upper plain. It looks about bewildered; all is strange—it knows not how to act. Fogs crown the barren mountain paths. Spirit, I am unhappy; there are many children thus hauled up, and as young men upon the plain; they walk in fog, or among brambles; some fall into pits; and many, getting into flower-paths, lie down and learn. Some become active, seeking right, but ignorant of what right is; they wander among men out of their fog-land, preaching folly. Let me go back among the children."

"Have they no better guide?"

"Yes, now there comes one with a smiling face, and rolls upon the flowers with the little ones, and they are drawn to him. And he has magic spells to conjure up glorious spectacles of fairy land. He frolics with them, and might be first cousin to the butterflies. He wreathes their little heads with flower garlands, and with his fairy land upon his lips he walks toward the mountains; eagerly they follow. He seeks the smoothest upward path, and that is but a

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rough one, yet they run up merrily, guide and children, butterflies pursuing still the flowers as they nod over a host of laughing faces. They talk of the delightful fairy world, and resting in the shady places learn of the yet more delightful world of God. They learn to love the Maker of the Flowers, to know how great the Father of the Stars must be, how good must be the Father of the Beetle. They listen to the story of the race they go to labor with upon the plain, and love it for the labor it has done. They learn old languages of men, to understand the past—more eagerly they learn the voices of the men of their own day, that they may take part with the present. And in their study when they flag, they fall back upon thoughts of the Child Valley they are leaving. Sports and fancies are the rod and spur that bring them with new vigor to the lessons. When they reach the plain they cry, "We know you, men and women; we know to what you have aspired for centuries; we know the love there is in you; we know the love there is in God; we come prepared to labor with you, dear, good friends. We will not call you clumsy when we see you tumble, we will try to pick you up; when we fall, you shall pick us up. We have been trained to love, and therefore we can aid you heartily, for love is labor!"

The Spirit whispered, "You have seen and you have heard. Go now, and speak unto your fellow-men: ask justice for the child."

To-day should love To-morrow, for it is a thing of hope; let the young Future not be nursed by Care. God gave not fancy to the child that men should stamp its blossoms down into the loose soil of intellect. The child's heart was not made full to the brim of love, that men should pour its love away, and bruise instead of kiss the trusting innocent. Love and fancy are the stems on which we may graft knowledge readily. What is called by some dry folks a solid foundation may be a thing not desirable. To cut down all the trees, and root up all the flowers in a garden, to cover walks and flower-beds alike with a hard crust of well-rolled gravel, that would be to lay down your solid foundation after a plan which some think good in a child's mind, though not quite worth adopting in a garden. O, teacher, love the child and learn of it; so let it love and learn of you.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE LABORATORY IN THE CHEST.

THE mind of Mr. Bagges was decidedly affected—beneficially—by the lecture on the Chemistry of a Candle, which, as set forth in a previous number of this journal, had been delivered to him by his youthful nephew. That learned discourse inspired him with a new feeling; an interest in matters of science. He began to frequent the Polytechnic Institution, nearly as much as his club. He also took to lounging at the British Museum; where he was often to be seen, with his left arm under his coat-tails, examining the wonderful works of nature and antiquity, through his eye-glass. Moreover, he procured himself to be elected a member of the Royal Institution, which became a regular house of call to him, so that in a short time he grew to be one of the ordinary phenomena of the place.

Mr. Bagges likewise adopted a custom of giving *conversaziones*, which, however, were always very private and select—generally confined to his sister's family. Three courses were first discussed; then dessert; after which, surrounded by an apparatus of glasses and decanters, Master Harry Wilkinson was called upon, as a sort of juvenile Davy, to amuse his uncle by the elucidation of some chemical or other physical mystery. Master Wilkinson had now attained to the ability of making experiments; most of which, involving combustion, were strongly deprecated by the young gentleman's mamma; but her opposition was overruled by Mr. Bagges, who argued that it was much better that a young dog should burn phosphorus before your face than let off gunpowder behind your back, to say nothing of occasionally pinning a cracker to your skirts. He maintained that playing with fire and water, throwing stones, and such like boys' tricks, as they are commonly called, are the first expressions of a scientific tendency—endeavors and efforts of the infant mind to acquaint itself with the powers of Nature.

His own favorite toys, he remembered, were squibs, suckers, squirts, and slings; and he was persuaded that, by his having been denied them at school, a natural philosopher had been nipped in the bud.

Blowing bubbles was an example—by-the-by, a rather notable one—by which Mr. Bagges, on one of his scientific evenings, was instancing the affinity of child's play to philosophical experiments, when he bethought him Harry had said on a former occasion that the human breath consists chiefly of carbonic acid, which is heavier than common air. How then, it occurred to his inquiring, though elderly mind, was it that soap-bladders, blown from a tobacco-pipe, rose instead of sinking? He asked his nephew this.

"Oh, uncle!" answered Harry, "in the first place, the air you blow bubbles with mostly comes in at the nose and goes out at the mouth, without having been breathed at all. Then it is warmed by the mouth, and warmth, you know, makes a measure of air get larger, and so lighter in proportion. A soap-bubble rises for the same reason that a fire-balloon rises—that is, because the air inside of it has been heated, and weighs less than the same sized bubbleful of cold air."

"What, hot breath does!" said Mr. Bagges. "Well, now, it's a curious thing, when you come to think of it, that the breath should be hot—indeed, the warmth of the body generally seems a puzzle. It is wonderful, too, how the bodily heat can be kept up so long as it is.

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Here, now, is this tumbler of hot grog—a mixture of boiling water, and what d'ye call it, you scientific geniuses?"

"Alcohol, uncle."

"Alcohol—well—or, as we used to say, brandy. Now, if I leave this tumbler of brandy-and-water alone—"

"*If* you do, uncle," interposed his nephew, archly.

"Get along, you idle rogue! If I let that tumbler stand there, in a few minutes the brandy-and-water—eh?—I beg pardon—the alcohol-and-water—gets cold. Now, why—why the deuce—if the brand—the alcohol-and-water cools; why—how—how is it we don't cool in the same way, I want to know? eh?" demanded Mr. Bagges, with the air of a man who feels satisfied that he has propounded a "regular poser."

"Why," replied Harry, "for the same reason that the room keeps warm so long as there is a fire in the grate."

"You don't mean to say that I have a fire in my body?"

"I do, though."

"Eh, now? That's good," said Mr. Bagges. "That reminds me of the man in love crying, 'Fire! fire!' and the lady said, 'Where, where?' And he called out, 'Here! here!' with his hand upon his heart. Eh?—but now I think of it—you said, the other day, that breathing was a sort of burning. Do you mean to tell me that I—eh?—have fire, fire, as the lover said, here, here—in short, that my chest is a grate or an Arnott's stove?"

"Not exactly so, uncle. But I do mean to tell you that you have a sort of fire burning partly in your chest; but also, more or less, throughout your whole body."

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, "How can you say such horrid things!"

"Because they're quite true, mamma—but you needn't be frightened. The fire of one's body is not hotter than from ninety degrees to one hundred and four degrees or so. Still it is fire, and will burn some things, as you would find, uncle, if, in using phosphorus, you were to let a little bit of it get under your nail."

"I'll take your word for the fact, my boy," said Mr. Bagges. "But, if I have a fire burning throughout my person—which I was not aware of, the only inflammation I am ever troubled with being in the great toe—I say, if my body is burning continually—how is it I don't smoke—eh? Come, now?"

"Perhaps you consume your own smoke," suggested Mr. Wilkinson, senior, "like every well-regulated furnace."

"You smoke nothing but your pipe, uncle, because you burn all your carbon," said Harry. "But, if your body doesn't smoke, it steams. Breathe against a looking-glass, or look at your breath on a cold morning. Observe how a horse reeks when it perspires. Besides—as you just now said you recollected my telling you the other day—you breathe out carbonic acid, and that, and the steam of the breath together, are exactly the same things, you know, that a candle turns into in burning."

"But if I burn like a candle—why don't I burn *out* like a candle?" demanded Mr. Bagges. "How do you get over that?"

"Because," replied Harry, "your fuel is renewed as fast as burnt. So perhaps you resemble a lamp rather than a candle. A lamp requires to be fed; so does the body—as, possibly, uncle, you may be aware."

"Eh?—well—I have always entertained an idea of that sort," answered Mr. Bagges, helping himself to some biscuits. "But the lamp feeds on train-oil."

"So does the Laplander. And you couldn't feed the lamp on turtle or mulligatawny, of course, uncle. But mulligatawny or turtle can be changed into fat—they are so, sometimes, I think—when they are eaten in large quantities, and fat will burn fast enough. And most of what you eat turns into something which burns at last, and is consumed in the fire that warms you all over."

"Wonderful, to be sure," exclaimed Mr. Bagges. "Well, now, and how does this extraordinary process take place?"

"First, you know, uncle, your food is digested—"

"Not always, I am sorry to say, my boy," Mr. Bagges observed, "but go on."

"Well; when it *is* digested, it becomes a sort of fluid, and mixes gradually with the blood, and turns into blood, and so goes over the whole body, to nourish it. Now, if the body is always being nourished, why doesn't it keep getting bigger and bigger, like the ghost in the Castle of Otranto?"

"Eh? Why, because it loses as well as gains, I suppose. By perspiration—eh—for instance?"

"Yes, and by breathing; in short, by the burning I mentioned just now. Respiration, or breathing, uncle, is a perpetual combustion."

"But if my system," said Mr. Bagges, "is burning throughout, what keeps up the fire in my little finger—putting gout out of the question?"

"You burn all over, because you breathe all over, to the very tips of your fingers' ends," replied Harry.

"Oh, don't talk nonsense to your uncle!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"It isn't nonsense," said Harry. "The air that you draw into the lungs goes more or less over all the body, and penetrates into every fibre of it, which is breathing. Perhaps you would like to hear a little more about the chemistry of breathing, or respiration, uncle?"

"I should, certainly."

"Well, then; first you ought to have some idea of the breathing apparatus. The laboratory that contains this is the chest, you know. The chest, you also know, has in it the heart and lungs, which, with other things in it, fill it quite out, so as to leave no hollow space be-

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tween themselves and it. The lungs are a sort of air-sponges, and when you enlarge your chest to draw breath, they swell out with it, and suck the air in. On the other hand, you narrow your chest, and squeeze the lungs, and press the air from them;—that is breathing out. The lungs are made up of a lot of little cells. A small pipe—a little branch of the windpipe—opens into each cell. Two blood-vessels, a little tiny artery, and a vein to match, run into it also. The arteries bring into the little cells dark-colored blood, which *has been* all over the body. The veins carry out of the little cells bright scarlet-colored blood, which *is to go* all over the body. So all the blood passes through the lungs, and in so doing, is changed from dark to bright scarlet."

"Black blood, didn't you say, in the arteries, and scarlet in the veins? I thought it was just the reverse," interrupted Mr. Bagges.

"So it is," replied Harry, "with all the other arteries and veins, except those that circulate the blood through the lung-cells. The heart has two sides, with a partition between them that keeps the blood on the right side separate from the blood on the left; both sides being hollow, mind. The blood on the right side of the heart comes there from all over the body, by a couple of large veins, dark, before it goes to the lungs. From the right side of the heart, it goes on to the lungs, dark still, through an artery. It comes back to the left side of the heart from the lungs, bright scarlet, through four veins. Then it goes all over the rest of the body from the left side of the heart, through an artery that branches into smaller arteries, all carrying bright scarlet blood. So the arteries and veins of the lungs on one hand, and of the rest of the body on the other, do exactly opposite work, you understand."

"I hope so."

"Now," continued Harry, "it requires a strong magnifying glass to see the lung-cells plainly, they are so small. But you can fancy them as big as you please. Picture any one of them to yourself of the size of an orange, say, for convenience in thinking about it; that one cell, with whatever takes place in it, will be a specimen of the rest. Then you have to imagine an artery carrying blood of one color into it, and a vein taking away blood of another color from it, and the blood changing its color in the cell."

"Ay, but what makes the blood change its color?"

"Recollect, uncle, you have a little branch from the windpipe opening into the cell which lets in the air. Then the blood and the air are brought together, and the blood alters in color. The reason, I suppose you would guess, is that it is somehow altered by the air."

"No very unreasonable conjecture, I should think," said Mr. Bagges.

"Well; if the air alters the blood, most likely, we should think, it gives something to the blood. So first let us see what is the difference between the air we breathe *in*, and the air we breathe *out*. You know that neither we nor animals can keep breathing the same air over and over again. You don't want me to remind you of the Black Hole of Calcutta, to convince you of that; and I dare say you will believe what I tell you, without waiting till I can catch a mouse and shut it up in an air-tight jar, and show you how soon the unlucky creature will get uncomfortable, and began to gasp, and that it will by-and-by die. But if we were to try this experiment—not having the fear of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, nor the fear of doing wrong, before our eyes—we should find that the poor mouse, before he died, had changed the air of his prison considerably. But it would be just as satisfactory, and much more humane, if you or I were to breathe in and out of a silk bag or a bladder till we could stand it no longer, and then collect the air which we had been breathing in and out. We should find that a jar of such air would put out a candle. If we shook some lime-water up with it, the lime-water would turn milky. In short, uncle, we should find that a great part of the air was carbonic acid, and the rest mostly nitrogen. The air we inhale is nitrogen and oxygen; the air we exhale has lost most of its oxygen, and consists of little more than nitrogen and carbonic acid. Together with this, we breathe out the vapor of water, as I said before. Therefore in breathing, we give off exactly what a candle does in burning, only not so fast, after the rate. The carbonic acid we breathe out, shows that carbon is consumed within our bodies. The watery vapor of the breath is a proof that hydrogen is so, too. We take in oxygen with the air, and the oxygen unites with carbon, and makes carbonic acid, and with hydrogen, forms water."

"Then don't the hydrogen and carbon combine with the oxygen—that is, burn—in the lungs, and isn't the chest the fire-place, after all?" asked Mr. Bagges.

"Not altogether, according to those who are supposed to know better. They are of opinion, that some of the oxygen unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the blood in the lungs; but that most of it is merely absorbed by the blood, and dissolved in it in the first instance."

"Oxygen, absorbed by the blood? That seems odd," remarked Mr. Bagges. "How can that be?"

"We only know the fact that there are some things that will absorb gases—suck them in—make them disappear. Charcoal will, for instance. It is thought that the iron which the blood contains gives it the curious property of absorbing oxygen. Well; the oxygen going into the blood makes it change from dark to bright scarlet; and then this blood containing oxygen is conveyed all over the system by the arteries, and yields up the oxygen to combine with hydrogen and carbon as it goes along. The carbon and hydrogen are part of the substance of the body. The bright scarlet blood mixes oxygen with them, which burns them, in

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fact; that is, makes them into carbonic acid and water. Of course, the body would soon be consumed if this were all that the blood does. But while it mixes oxygen with the old substance of the body, to burn it up, it lays down fresh material to replace the loss. So our bodies are continually changing throughout, though they seem to us always the same; but then, you know, a river appears the same from year's end to year's end, although the water in it is different every day."

"Eh, then," said Mr. Bagges, "if the body is always on the change in this way, we must have had several bodies in the course of our lives, by the time we are old."

"Yes, uncle; therefore, how foolish it is to spend money upon funerals. What becomes of all the bodies we use up during our life-times? If we are none the worse for their flying away in carbonic acid and other things without ceremony, what good can we expect from having a fuss made about the body we leave behind us, which is put into the earth? However, you are wanting to know what becomes of the water and carbonic acid which have been made by the oxygen of the blood burning up the old materials of our frame. The dark blood of the veins absorbs this carbonic acid and water, as the blood of the arteries does oxygen—only, they say, it does so by means of a salt in it, called phosphate of soda. Then the dark blood goes back to the lungs, and in them it parts with its carbonic acid and water, which escapes as breath. As fast as we breathe out, carbonic acid and water leave the blood; as fast as we breathe in, oxygen enters it. The oxygen is sent out in the arteries to make the rubbish of the body into gas and vapor, so that the veins may bring it back and get rid of it. The burning of rubbish by oxygen throughout our frames is the fire by which our animal heat is kept up. At least this is what most philosophers think; though doctors differ a little on this point, as on most others, I hear. Professor Liebig says, that our carbon is mostly prepared for burning by being first extracted from the blood sent to it—(which contains much of the rubbish of the system dissolved)—in the form of bile, and is then re-absorbed into the blood, and burnt. He reckons that a grown-up man consumes about fourteen ounces of carbon a day. Fourteen ounces of charcoal a day, or eight pounds two ounces a week, would keep up a tolerable fire."

"I had no idea we were such extensive charcoal-burners," said Mr. Bagges. "They say we each eat our peck of dirt before we die—but we must burn bushels of charcoal."

"And so," continued Harry, the professor calculates that we burn quite enough fuel to account for our heat. I should rather think, myself, it had something to do with it—shouldn't you?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Bagges; "it makes one rather nervous to think that one is burning all over—throughout one's very blood—in this kind of way."

"It is very awful!" said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"If true. But in that case, shouldn't we be liable to inflame occasionally?" objected her husband.

"It is said," answered Harry, "that spontaneous combustion does happen sometimes; particularly in great spirit drinkers. I don't see why it should not, if the system were to become too inflammable. Drinking alcohol would be likely to load the constitution with carbon, which would be fuel for the fire, at any rate."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges, pushing his brandy-and-water from him. "We had better take care how we indulge in combustibles."

"At all events," said Harry, "it must be bad to have too much fuel in us. It must choke the fire, I should think, if it did not cause inflammation; which Dr. Truepenny says it does, meaning, by inflammation, gout, and so on, you know, uncle."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Bagges.

"Taking in too much fuel, I dare say, you know, uncle, means eating and drinking to excess," continued Harry. "The best remedy, the doctor says, for overstuffing is exercise. A person who uses great bodily exertion, can eat and drink more without suffering from it than one who leads an inactive life; a fox-hunter, for instance, in comparison with an alderman. Want of exercise and too much nourishment must make a man either fat or ill. If the extra hydrogen and carbon are not burnt out, or otherwise got rid of, they turn to blubber, or cause some disturbance in the system, intended by Nature to throw them off, which is called a disease. Walking, riding, running, increase the breathing—as well as the perspiration—and make us burn away our carbon and hydrogen in proportion. Dr. Truepenny declares that if people would only take in as much fuel as is requisite to keep up a good fire, his profession would be ruined."

"The good old advice—Baillie's, eh?—or Abernethy's—live upon sixpence a day, and earn it," Mr. Bagges observed.

"Well, and then, uncle, in hot weather the appetite is naturally weaker than it is in cold—less heat is required, and therefore less food. So in hot climates; and the chief reason, says the doctor, why people ruin their health in India is their spurring and goading their stomachs to crave what is not good for them, by spices and the like. Fruits and vegetables are the proper things to eat in such countries, because they contain little carbon compared to flesh, and they are the diet of the natives of those parts of the world. Whereas food with much carbon in it, meat, or even mere fat or oil, which is hardly any thing else than carbon and hydrogen, are proper in very cold regions, where heat from within is required to supply the want of it without. That is why the Laplander is able, as I said he does, to devour train-oil. And Dr. Truepenny says that it may be all very well for Mr. M'Gregor to drink raw whisky at deer-stalking

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in the Highlands, but if Major Campbell combines that beverage with the diversion of tiger-hunting in the East Indies, habitually, the chances are that the major will come home with a diseased liver."

"Upon my word, sir, the whole art of preserving health appears to consist in keeping up a moderate fire within us," observed Mr. Bagges.

"Just so, uncle, according to my friend the doctor. 'Adjust the fuel,' he says, 'to the draught'—he means the oxygen; 'keep the bellows properly at work, by exercise, and your fire will seldom want poking.' The doctor's pokers, you know, are pills, mixtures, leeches, blisters, lancets, and things of that sort."

"Indeed? Well, then, my heart-burn, I suppose, depends upon bad management of my fire?" surmised Mr. Bagges.

"I should say that was more than probable, uncle. Well, now, I think you see that animal heat can be accounted for, in very great part at least, by the combustion of the body. And then there are several facts that—as I remember Shakspeare says—

"'Help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.'

"Birds that breathe a great deal are very hot creatures; snakes and lizards, and frogs and fishes, that breathe but little, are so cold that they are called cold-blooded animals. Bears and dormice, that sleep all the winter, are cold during their sleep, while their breathing and circulation almost entirely stop. We increase our heat by walking fast, running, jumping, or working hard; which sets us breathing faster, and then we get warmer. By these means, we blow up our own fire, if we have no other, to warm ourselves on a cold day. And how is it that we don't go on continually getting hotter and hotter?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges, "I suppose that is one of Nature's mysteries."

"Why, what happens, uncle, when we take violent exercise? We break out into a perspiration; as you complain you always do, if you only run a few yards. Perspiration is mostly water, and the extra heat of the body goes into the water, and flies away with it in steam. Just for the same reason, you can't boil water so as to make it hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees; because all the heat that passes into it beyond that, unites with some of it and becomes steam, and so escapes. Hot weather causes you to perspire even when you sit still; and so your heat is cooled in summer. If you were to heat a man in an oven, the heat of his body generally wouldn't increase very much till he became exhausted and died. Stories are told of mountebanks sitting in ovens, while meat being cooked by the side of them. Philosophers have done much the same thing—Fordyce and others, who found they could bear a heat of two hundred and sixty degrees. Perspiration is our animal fire-escape. Heat goes out from the lungs, as well as the skin, in water; so the lungs are concerned in cooling us as well as heating us, like a sort of regulating furnace. Ah, uncle, the body is a wonderful factory, and I wish I were man enough to take you over it. I have only tried to show you something of the contrivances for warming it, and I hope you understand a little about that!"

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, "breathing, I understand you to say, is the chief source of animal heat, by occasioning the combination of carbon and hydrogen with oxygen, in a sort of gentle combustion, throughout our frame. The lungs and heart are an apparatus for generating heat, and distributing it over the body by means of a kind of warming pipes, called blood-vessels. Eh?—and the carbon and hydrogen we have in our systems we get from our food. Now, you see, here is a slice of cake, and there is a glass of wine—Eh?—now see whether you can get any carbon and oxygen out of that."

The young philosopher, having finished his lecture, applied himself immediately to the performance of the proposed experiment, which he performed with cleverness and dispatch.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE STEEL PEN

AN ILLUSTRATION OF CHEAPNESS

WE remember (early remembrances are more durable than recent) an epithet employed by Mary Wolstonecroft, which then seemed as happy as it was original—"The *iron* pen of Time." Had the vindicatress of the "Rights of Women" lived in these days (fifty years later), when the iron pen is the almost universal instrument of writing, she would have bestowed upon Time a less common material for recording his doings.

While we are remembering, let us look back for a moment upon our earliest school-days—the days of large text and round hand. Twenty urchins sit at a long desk, each intent upon making his *copy*. A nicely mended pen has been given to each. Our own labor goes on successfully, till, in school-boy phrase, the pen begins to splutter. A bold effort must be made. We leave the form, and timidly address the writing-master with—"Please, sir, mend my pen." A slight frown subsides as he sees that the quill is very bad—too soft or too hard—used to the stump. He dashes it away, and snatching a feather from a bundle—a poor thin feather, such as green geese drop on a common—shapes it into a pen. This mending and making process occupies all his leisure—occupies, indeed, many of the minutes that ought to be devoted to instruction. He has a perpetual battle to wage with his bad quills. They are the meanest produce of the plucked goose.

And is this process still going on in the many thousand schools of our land, where with all drawbacks of imperfect education, both as to numbers educated and gifts imparted, there are about two millions and a half of children under daily instruction? In remote rural districts,

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probably; in the towns certainly not. The steam-engine is now the pen-maker. Hecatombs of geese are consumed at Michaelmas and Christmas; but not all the geese in the world would meet the demand of England for pens. The supply of *patés de foie gras* will be kept up—that of quills, whether known as *primes*, *seconds*, or *pinions*, must be wholly inadequate to the wants of a *writing* people. Wherever geese are bred in these islands, so assuredly, in each succeeding March, will every full-fledged victim be robbed of his quills; and then turned forth on the common, a very waddling and impotent goose, quite unworthy of the name of bird. The country schoolmaster, at the same spring-time, will continue to buy the smallest quills, at a low price, clarify them after his own rude fashion, make them into pens, and sorely spite the boy who splits them up too rapidly. The better quills will still be collected, and find their way to the quill dealer, who will exercise his empirical arts before they pass to the stationer. He will plunge them into heated sand, to make the external skin peel off, and the external membrane shrivel up; or he will saturate them with water, and alternately contract and swell them before a charcoal fire; or he will dip them in nitric acid, and make them of a gaudy brilliancy but a treacherous endurance. They will be sorted according to the quality of the barrels, with the utmost nicety. The experienced buyer will know their value by looking at their feathery ends, tapering to a point; the uninitiated will regard only the quill portion. There is no article of commerce in which the market value is so difficult to be determined with exactness. For the finest and largest quills no price seems unreasonable; for those of the second quality too exorbitant a charge is often made. The foreign supply is large, and probably exceeds the home supply of the superior article. What the exact amount is we know not. There is no duty now on quills. The tariff of 1845—one of the most lasting monuments of the wisdom of our great commercial minister—abolished the duty of half-a-crown a thousand. In 1832 the duty amounted to four thousand two hundred pounds, which would show an annual importation of thirty-three millions one hundred thousand quills; enough, perhaps, for the commercial clerks of England, together with the quills of home growth—but how to serve a letter-writing population?

The ancient reign of the quill-pen was first seriously disturbed about twenty-five years ago. An abortive imitation of the *form* of a pen was produced before that time; a clumsy, inelastic, metal tube fastened in a bone or ivory handle, and sold for half-a-crown. A man might make his mark with one—but as to writing, it was a mere delusion. In due course came more carefully finished inventions for the luxurious, under the tempting names of ruby pen, or diamond pen—with the plain gold pen, and the rhodium pen, for those who were skeptical as to the jewelry of the inkstand. The economical use of the quill received also the attention of science. A machine was invented to divide the barrel lengthwise into two halves; and, by the same mechanical means, these halves were subdivided into small pieces, cut pen-shape, slit, and nibbed. But the pressure upon the quill supply grew more and more intense. A new power had risen up in our world—a new seed sown—the source of all good, or the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. In 1818 there were only one hundred and sixty-five thousand scholars in the monitorial schools—the new schools, which were being established under the auspices of the National Society, and the British and Foreign School Society. Fifteen years afterward, in 1833, there were three hundred and ninety thousand. Ten years later, the numbers exceeded a million. Even a quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the male population of England, and one-half of the female, were learning to write; for in the Report of the Registrar-General for 1846, we find this passage—"Persons when they are married are required to sign the marriage register; if they can not write their names, they sign with a mark: the result has hitherto been, that nearly one man in three, and one woman in two, married, sign with marks." This remark applies to the period between 1839 and 1845. Taking the average age of men at marriage as twenty-seven years, and the average age of boys during their education as ten years, the marriage-register is an educational test of male instruction for the years 1824–28. But the gross number of the population of England and Wales was rapidly advancing. In 1821 it was twelve millions; in 1831, fourteen millions; in 1841, sixteen millions; in 1851, taking the rate of increase at fourteen per cent., it will be eighteen millions and a half. The extension of education was proceeding in a much quicker ratio; and we may therefore fairly assume that the proportion of those who make their marks in the marriage-register has greatly diminished since 1844.

But, during the last ten years, the natural desire to learn to write, of that part of the youthful population which education can reach, has received a great moral impulse by a wondrous development of the most useful and pleasurable exercise of that power. The uniform penny postage has been established. In the year 1838, the whole number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was seventy-six millions; in this year that annual delivery has reached the prodigious number of three hundred and thirty-seven millions. In 1838, a Committee of the House of Commons thus denounced, among the great commercial evils of the high rates of postage, their injurious effects upon the great bulk of the people—"They either act as a grievous tax on the poor, causing them to sacrifice their little earnings to the pleasure and advantage of corresponding with their distant friends, or compel them to forego such intercourse altogether; thus subtracting from the small amount of their enjoyments, and obstruct-

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ing the growth and maintenance of their best affections." Honored be the man who broke down these barriers! Praised be the Government that, *for once*, stepping out of its fiscal tram-way, dared boldly to legislate for the domestic happiness, the educational progress, and the moral elevation of the masses! The steel pen, sold at the rate of a penny a dozen, is the creation, in a considerable degree, of the Penny Postage stamp; as the Penny Postage stamp was a representative, if not a creation, of the new educational power. Without the steel pen, it may reasonably be doubted whether there were mechanical means within the reach of the great bulk of the population for writing the three hundred and thirty-seven millions of letters that now annually pass through the Post Office.

Othello's sword had "the ice-brook's temper;" but not all the real or imaginary virtues of the stream that gave its value to the true Spanish blade could create the elasticity of a steel pen. Flexible, indeed, is the Toledo. If thrust against a wall, it will bend into an arc that describes three-fourths of a circle. The problem to be solved in the steel-pen, is to convert the iron of Dannemora into a substance as thin as the quill of a dove's pinion, but as strong as the proudest feather of an eagle's wing. The furnaces and hammers of the old armorers could never have solved this problem. The steel pen belongs to our age of mighty machinery. It could not have existed in any other age. The demand for the instrument, and the means of supplying it, came together.

The commercial importance of the steel pen was first manifested to our senses a year or two ago at Sheffield. We had witnessed all the curious processes of *converting* iron into steel, by saturating it with carbon in the converting furnace; of *tilting* the bars so converted into a harder substance, under the thousand hammers that shake the waters of the Sheaf and the Don; *of casting* the steel thus converted and tilted into ingots of higher purity; and, finally, of *milling*, by which the most perfect development of the material is acquired, under enormous rollers. About two miles from the metropolis of steel, over whose head hangs a canopy of smoke through which the broad moors of the distance sometimes reveal themselves, there is a solitary mill where the tilting and rolling processes are carried to great perfection. The din of the large tilts is heard half a mile off. Our ears tingle, our legs tremble, when we stand close to their operation of beating bars of steel into the greatest possible density; for the whole building vibrates as the workmen swing before them in suspended baskets, and shift the bar at every movement of these hammers of the Titans. We pass onward to the more quiet *rolling* department. The bar that has been rolled into the most perfect compactness, has now to acquire the utmost possible tenuity. A large area is occupied by furnaces and rollers. The bar of steel is dragged out of the furnace at almost a white heat. There are two men at each roller. It is passed through the first pair, and its squareness is instantly elongated and widened into flatness; rapidly through a second pair, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. The bar is becoming a sheet of steel. Thinner and thinner it becomes, until it would seem that the workmen can scarcely manage the fragile substance. It has spread out like a morsel of gold under the beater's hammer, into an enormous leaf. The least attenuated sheet is only the hundredth part of an inch in thickness; some sheets are made as thin as the two-hundredth part of an inch. And for what purpose is this result of the labors of so many workmen, of such vast and complicated machinery, destined?—what the final application of a material employing so much capital in every step, from the Swedish mine to its transport by railroad to some other seat of British industry? *The whole is prepared for one steel-pen manufactory at Birmingham.*

There is nothing very remarkable in a steel-pen manufactory, as regards ingenuity of contrivance or factory organization. Upon a large scale of production, the extent of labor engaged in producing so minute an article, is necessarily striking. But the process is just as curious and interesting, if conducted in a small shop as in a large. The pure steel, as it comes from the rolling-mill, is cut up into strips about two inches and a half in width. These are further cut into the proper size for the pen. The pieces are then annealed and cleansed. The maker's name is neatly impressed on the metal; and a cutting-tool forms the slit, although imperfectly in this stage. The pen shape is given by a convex punch pressing the plate into a concave die. The pen is formed when the slit is perfected. It has now to be hardened, and, finally, cleansed and polished, by the simple agency of friction in a cylinder. All the varieties of form of the steel pen are produced by the punch; all the contrivances of slits and apertures above the nib, by the cutting-tool. Every improvement has had for its object to overcome the rigidity of the steel—to imitate the elasticity of the quill, while bestowing upon the pen a superior durability.

The perfection that may reasonably be demanded in a steel pen has yet to be reached. But the improvement in the manufacture is most decided. Twenty years ago, to one who might choose, regardless of expense, between the quill pen and the steel, the best Birmingham and London production was an abomination. But we can trace the gradual acquiescence of most men in the writing implement of the multitude. Few of us, in an age when the small economies are carefully observed, and even paraded, desire to use quill pens at ten or twelve shillings a hundred, as Treasury Clerks once luxuriated in their use—an hour's work, and then a new one. To mend a pen, is troublesome to the old, and even the middle-aged man who once acquired the art; the young, for

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the most part, have not learned it. The most painstaking and penurious author would never dream of imitating the wondrous man who translated Pliny with "one gray goose quill." Steel pens are so cheap, that if one scratches or splutters, it may be thrown away, and another may be tried. But when a really good one is found, we cling to it, as worldly men cling to their friends: we use it till it breaks down, or grows rusty. We can do no more; we handle it as Izaak Walton handled the frog upon his hook, "as if we loved him." We could almost fancy some analogy between the gradual and decided improvement of the steel pen—one of the new instruments of education—and the effects of education itself upon the mass of the people. An instructed nation ought to present the same gradually perfecting combination of strength with elasticity. The favorites of fortune are like the quill, ready made for social purposes, with a little scraping and polishing. The bulk of the community have to be formed out of ruder and tougher materials—to be converted, welded, and tempered into pliancy. The *manners* of the great British family have decidedly improved under culture—"*emollit mores*:" may the sturdy self-respect of the race never be impaired!

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

SNAKES AND SERPENT CHARMERS.

AT the present time there are at the London Zoological Gardens two Arabs, who are eminently skilled in what is termed "Snake-Charming." In this country, happily for ourselves, we have but little practical acquaintance with venomous serpents, and there is no scope for the development of native skill in the art referred to; the visit, therefore, of these strangers is interesting, as affording an opportunity of beholding feats which have hitherto been known to us only by description. We propose, therefore, to give some account of their proceedings.

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens will remark, on the right hand side, after they have passed through the tunnel, and ascended the slope beyond, a neat wooden building in the Swiss style. This is the reptile-house, and while our readers are bending their steps toward it, we will describe the performance of the Serpent Charmers.

The names of these are Jubar-Abou-Haijab, and Mohammed-Abou-Merwan. The former is an old man, much distinguished in his native country for his skill. When the French occupied Egypt, he collected serpents for their naturalists, and was sent for to Cairo to perform before General Bonaparte. He described to us the general, as a middle-sized man, very pale, with handsome features, and a most keen eye. Napoleon watched his proceedings with great interest, made many inquiries, and dismissed him with a handsome "backsheesh." Jubar is usually dressed in a coarse loose bernoose of brown serge, with a red cap on his head. The gift, or craft, of serpent-charming, descends in certain families from generation to generation; and Mohammed, a smart active lad, is the old man's son-in-law, although not numbering sixteen years. He is quite an Adonis as to dress, wearing a smart, richly-embroidered dark-green jacket, carried—hussar fashion—over his right shoulder, a white loose vest, full white trowsers, tied at the knee, scarlet stockings and slippers, and a fez or red cap, with a blue tassel of extra proportions on his head. In his right ear is a ring, so large that it might pass for a curtain ring.

Precisely as the clock strikes four, one of the keepers places on a platform a wooden box containing the serpents, and the lad Mohammed proceeds to tuck his ample sleeves as far up as possible, to leave the arms bare. He then takes off his cloth jacket, and, opening the box, draws out a large Cobra de Capello, of a dark copper color: this he holds at arm's length by the tail, and after allowing it to writhe about in the air for some time, he places the serpent on the floor, still holding it as described. By this time the cobra had raised his hood, very indignant at the treatment he is receiving. Mohammed then pinches and teases him in every way; at each pinch the cobra strikes at him, but, with great activity, the blow is avoided. Having thus teased the snake for some time, Mohammed rises, and placing his foot upon the tail, irritates him with a stick. The cobra writhes, and strikes sometimes at the stick, sometimes at his tormentor's legs, and again at his hands, all which is avoided with the utmost nonchalance. After the lapse of about ten minutes, Mohammed coils the cobra on the floor, and leaves him while he goes to the box, and draws out another far fiercer cobra. While holding this by the tail, Mohammed buffets him on the head with his open hand, and the serpent, quite furious, frequently seizes him by the forearm. The lad merely wipes the spot, and proceeds to tie the serpent like a necklace around his neck. Then the tail is tied into a knot around the reptile's head, and again head and tail into a double knot. After amusing himself in this way for some time, the serpent is told to lie quiet, and stretched on his back, the neck and chin being gently stroked. Whether any sort of mesmeric influence is produced we know not, but the snake remains on its back, perfectly still, as if dead. During this time the first cobra has remained coiled up, with head erect, apparently watching the proceedings of the Arab. After a pause, the lad takes up the second cobra, and carrying it to the first, pinches and irritates both, to make them fight; the fiercer snake seizes the other by the throat, and coiling round him, they roll struggling across the stage. Mohammed then leaves these serpents in charge of Jubar, and draws a third snake out of the box. This he first ties in a variety of apparently impossible knots, and then holding him at a little distance from his face, allows the snake to strike at it, just dodging back each time sufficiently

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far to avoid the blow. The serpent is then placed in his bosom next his skin, and left there, but it is not so easy after a time to draw it out of its warm resting-place. The tail is pulled; but, no! the serpent is round the lad's body, and will not come. After several unsuccessful efforts, Mohammed rubs the tail briskly between his two hands, a process which—judging from the writhings of the serpent, which are plainly visible—is the reverse of agreeable. At last Mohammed pulls him hand-over-hand—as the sailors say—and, just, as the head flies out, the cobra makes a parting snap at his tormentor's face, for which he receives a smart cuff on the head, and is then with the others replaced in the box.

Dr. John Davy, in his valuable work on Ceylon, denies that the fangs are extracted from the serpents which are thus exhibited; and says that the only charm employed is that of courage and confidence—the natives avoiding the stroke of the serpent with wonderful agility; adding, that they will play their tricks with any hooded snake, but with no other poisonous serpent.

In order that we might get at the truth, we sought it from the fountain-head, and our questions were thus most freely answered by Jubar-Abou-Haijab, Hamet acting as interpreter:

Q. How are the serpents caught in the first instance?

A. I take this adze (holding up a sort of geological hammer mounted on a long handle) and as soon as I have found a hole containing a cobra, I knock away the earth till he comes out or can be got at; I then take a stick in my right hand, and seizing the snake by the tail with the left, hold it at arm's length. He keeps trying to bite, but I push his head away with the stick. After doing this some time I throw him straight on the ground, still holding him by the tail; I allow him to raise his head and try to bite, for some time, in order that he may learn how to attack, still keeping him off with the stick. When this has been done long enough, I slide the stick up to his head and fix it firmly on the ground; then taking the adze, and forcing open the mouth, I break off the fangs with it, carefully removing every portion, and especially squeezing out all the poison and blood, which I wipe away as long as it continues to flow; when this is done the snake is harmless and ready for use.

Q. Do the ordinary jugglers, or only the hereditary snake charmers catch the cobras?

A. We are the only persons who dare to catch them, and when the jugglers want snakes they come to us for them; with that adze (pointing to the hammer) I have caught and taken out the fangs of many thousands.

Q. Do you use any other snakes besides the cobras for your exhibitions?

A. No; because the cobra is the only one that will fight well. The cobra is always ready to give battle, but the other snakes are sluggish, only bite, and can't be taught for our exhibitions.

Q. What do the Arabs do if they happen to be bitten by a poisonous snake?

A. They immediately tie a cord tight round the arm above the wound, and cut out the bitten part as soon as possible—some burn it; they then squeeze the arm downward, so as to press out the poison, but they don't suck it, because it is bad for the mouth; however, in spite of all this, they sometimes die.

Q. Do you think it possible that cobras could be exhibited without the fangs being removed?

A. Certainly not, for the least scratch of their deadly teeth would cause death, and there is not a day that we exhibit that we are not bitten, and no skill in the world would prevent it.

Such were the particulars given us by a most distinguished professor in the art of snake-charming, and, therefore, they may be relied on as correct; the matter-of-fact way in which he *acted*, as well as related the snake-catching, bore the impress of truth, and there certainly would appear to be far less mystery about the craft than has generally been supposed. The way in which vipers are caught in this country is much less artistic than the Arab mode. The viper-catcher provides himself with a cleft-stick, and stealing up to the reptile when basking, pins his head to the ground with the cleft, and seizing the tail, throws the reptile into a bag. As they do not destroy the fangs, these men are frequently bitten in the pursuit of their business, but their remedy is either the fat of vipers, or salad oil, which they take inwardly, and apply externally, after squeezing the wound. We are not aware of any well-authenticated fatal case in man from a viper bite, but it fell to our lot some years ago to see a valuable pointer killed by one. We were beating for game in a dry, stony district, when suddenly the dog, who was running beneath a hedgerow, gave a yelp and bound, and immediately came limping up to us with a countenance most expressive of pain; a large adder was seen to glide into the hedgerow. Two small spots of blood on the inner side of the left foreleg, close to the body of the dog marked the seat of the wound; and we did our best to squeeze out the poison. The limb speedily began to swell, and the dog laid down, moaning and unable to walk. With some difficulty we managed to carry the poor animal to the nearest cottage, but it was too late. In spite of oil and other remedies the body swelled more and more, and he died in convulsions some two hours after the receipt of the injury.

The Reptile-house is fitted up with much attention to security and elegance of design; arranged along the left side are roomy cages painted to imitate mahogany and fronted with plate-glass. They are ventilated by perforated plates of zinc above, and warmed by hot water pipes below. The bottoms of the cages are strewed with sand and gravel, and in those which contain the larger serpents strong branches of trees are fixed. The advantage of the plate-glass fronts is obvious, for every movement of the reptiles is distinctly seen, while its great

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strength confines them in perfect safety. Each cage is, moreover, provided with a pan of water.

Except when roused by hunger, the Serpents are generally in a state of torpor during the day, but as night draws on, they, in common with other wild denizens of the forest, are roused into activity. In their native state the Boas then lie in wait, coiled round the branches of trees, ready to spring upon the antelopes and other prey as they pass through the leafy glades; and the smaller serpents silently glide from branch to branch in quest of birds on which to feed. As we have had the opportunity of seeing the Reptile-house by night, we will describe the strange scene.

About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this, imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the Boas and Pythons, the Rattlesnakes and Cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge Boas and Pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then separating they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans containing water and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better, and on the uppermost branch of the tree in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it, at least, disliked its company. Misery is said to make us acquainted with strange bedfellows, but evil must be the star of that mouse or pigeon whose lot it is to be the comrade and prey of a serpent!

A singular circumstance occurred not long since at the Gardens, showing that the mouse at times has the best of it. A litter of rattlesnakes was born in the Gardens—curious little active things without rattles—hiding under stones, or coiling together in complicated knots, with their clustering heads resembling Medusa's locks. It came to pass that a mouse was put into the cage for the breakfast of the mamma, but she not being hungry, took no notice. The poor mouse gradually became accustomed to its strange companions, and would appear to have been pressed by hunger, for it actually nibbled away great part of the jaw of one of the little rattlesnakes, so that it died! perhaps the first instance of such a turning of the tables. An interesting fact was proved by this, namely, that these reptiles when young are quite defenseless, and do not acquire either the power of injuring others, or of using their rattles until their adolescence.

During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard; a strange scratching against the glass would be audible; 'twas the Carnivorous Lizard endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter, and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze, too, from the brilliant eyes of the huge Pythons, was more fascinating than pleasant, and the scene, taking it all together, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trowsers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great dor beetle which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear; startled indeed we were, for at the moment our impression was that it was some member of the Happy Family around us who had favored us with a mark of his attention.

In feeding the larger serpents, the Boas and Pythons, some care is necessary lest such an accident should occur as that which befell Mr. Cops, of the Lion Office in the Tower, some years ago. Mr. Cops was holding a fowl to the head of the largest of the five snakes which were then there kept; the snake was changing its skin, consequently, being nearly blind (for the skin of the eye is changed with the rest), it darted at the fowl but missed it, and seized the keeper by the left thumb, coiling round his arm and neck in a moment, and fixing itself by its tail to one of the posts of its cage, thus giving itself greater power. Mr. Cops, who was alone, did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately attempted to relieve himself from the powerful constriction by getting at the serpent's head; but the serpent had so knotted itself upon its own head, that Mr. Cops could not reach it, and had thrown himself upon the floor in order to grapple, with greater success, with his formidable opponent, when fortunately, two other keepers came in and rushed to the rescue. The struggle even then was severe, but at length they succeeded in breaking the teeth of the serpent, and relieving Mr. Cops from his perilous situation; two broken teeth were extracted from the thumb; the wounds

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soon healed, and no further inconvenience followed. Still more severe was the contest which took place between a negro herdsman, belonging to Mr. Abson, for many years Governor at Fort William, on the coast of Africa. This man was seized by a huge Python while passing through a wood. The serpent fixed his fangs in his thigh, but in attempting to throw himself round his body, fortunately became entangled with a tree, and the man being thus preserved from a state of compression which would have instantly rendered him powerless, had presence of mind enough to cut with a large knife which he carried about with him, deep gashes in the neck and throat of his antagonist, thereby killing him, and disengaging himself from his frightful situation. He never afterward, however, recovered the use of the limb, which had sustained considerable injury from the fangs and mere force of the jaws, and for many years limped about the fort, a living example of the prowess of these fearful serpents.

The true *Boas*, it is to be observed, are restricted to America, the name *Python* being given to the large serpents of Africa and India. It is related by Pliny that the army of Regulus was alarmed by a huge serpent, one hundred and twenty-three feet in length. This account is doubtful; but there is a well-authenticated instance of the destruction of a snake above sixty-two feet long, while in the act of coiling itself round the body of a man. The snakes at the gardens will generally be found coiled and twined together in large clusters, probably for the sake of warmth. Dr. Carpenter knew an instance in which no less than *thirteen hundred* of our English harmless snakes were found in an old lime kiln! The *battûe* which ensued can better be imagined than described.

The cobras, the puff-adders, and some of the other highly-venomous serpents are principally found in rocky and sandy places, and very dangerous they are. Mr. Gould, the eminent ornithologist, had a most narrow escape of his life when in the interior of Australia: there is a serpent found in those arid wastes, whose bite is fatal in an incredibly short time, and it springs at an object with great force. Mr. Gould was a little in advance of his party, when suddenly a native who was with him screamed out, "Oh, massa! dere big snake!" Mr. Gould started, and putting his foot in a hole, nearly fell to the ground. At that instant the snake made its spring, and had it not been for his stumble, would have struck him in the face; as it was, it passed over his head, and was shot before it could do any further mischief. It was a large snake, of the most venomous sort, and the natives gathered round the sportsman anxiously inquiring if it had bitten him? Finding it had not, all said they thought he was "good for dead," when they saw the reptile spring.

The expression "sting," used repeatedly by Shakspeare, as applied to snakes, is altogether incorrect; the tongue has nothing to do with the infliction of injury. Serpents bite, and the difference between the harmless and venomous serpents generally is simply this: the mouths of the harmless snakes and the whole tribe of boas are provided with sharp teeth, but no fangs; their bite, therefore, is innocuous; the poisonous serpents on the other hand, have two poison-fangs attached to the upper jaw which lie flat upon the roof of the mouth when not in use, and are concealed by a fold of the skin. In each fang is a tube which opens near the point of the tooth by a fissure; when the creature is irritated the fangs are at once erected. The poison bag is placed beneath the muscles which act on the lower jaw, so that when the fangs are struck into the victim the poison is injected with much force to the very bottom of the wound.

But how do Boa Constrictors swallow goats and antelopes, and other large animals whole? The process is very simple; the lower jaw is not united to the upper, but is hung to a long stalk-shaped bone, on which it is movable, and this bone is only attached to the skull by ligaments, susceptible of extraordinary extension. The process by which these serpents take and swallow their prey has been so graphically described in the second volume of the "Zoological Journal," by that very able naturalist and graceful writer, W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S., that we shall transcribe it, being able, from frequent ocular demonstrations, to vouch for its correctness. A large buck rabbit was introduced into the cage of a Boa Constrictor of great size: "The snake was down and motionless in a moment. There he lay like a log without one symptom of life, save that which glared in the small bright eye twinkling in his depressed head. The rabbit appeared to take no notice of him, but presently began to walk about the cage. The snake suddenly, but almost imperceptibly, turned his head according to the rabbit's movements, as if to keep the object within the range of his eye. At length the rabbit, totally unconscious of his situation, approached the ambushed head. The snake dashed at him like lightning. There was a blow—a scream—and instantly the victim was locked in the coils of the serpent. This was done almost too rapidly for the eye to follow; at one instant the snake was motionless—the next he was one congeries of coils round his prey. He had seized the rabbit by the neck just under the ear, and was evidently exerting the strongest pressure round the throrax of the quadruped; thereby preventing the expansion of the chest, and at the same time depriving the anterior extremities of motion. The rabbit never cried after the first seizure; he lay with his hind legs stretched out, still breathing with difficulty, as could be seen by the motion of his flanks. Presently he made one desperate struggle with his hind legs; but the snake cautiously applied another coil with such dexterity as completely to manacle the lower extremities, and in about eight minutes the rabbit was quite dead. The snake then gradually and

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carefully uncoiled himself, and finding that his victim moved not, opened his mouth, let go his hold, and placed his head opposite the fore-part of the rabbit. The boa, generally, I have observed, begins with the head; but in this instance, the serpent having begun with the fore-legs was longer in gorging his prey than usual, and in consequence of the difficulty presented by the awkward position of the rabbit, the dilatation and secretion of lubricating mucus were excessive. The serpent first got the fore-legs into his mouth; he then coiled himself round the rabbit, and appeared to draw out the dead body through his folds; he then began to dilate his jaws, and holding the rabbit firmly in a coil, as a point of resistance, appeared to exercise at intervals the whole of his anterior muscles in protruding his stretched jaws and lubricated mouth and throat, at first against, and soon after gradually upon and over his prey. When the prey was completely engulfed the serpent lay for a few moments with his dislocated jaws still dropping with the mucus which had lubricated the parts, and at this time he looked quite sufficiently disgusting. He then stretched out his neck, and at the same moment the muscles seemed to push the prey further downward. After a few efforts to replace the parts, the jaws appeared much the same as they did previous to the monstrous repast."

[From Colburn's Monthly Magazine.]

THE MAGIC MAZE.

THE Germans are said to be a philosophical and sagacious people, with a strong *penchant* for metaphysics and mysticism. They are certainly a *leichtgläubiges Volk*, but, notwithstanding, painstaking and persevering in their search after truth. I know not whence it arises—whether from temperament, climate, or association—but it is very evident that a large portion of their studies is recondite and unsatisfactory, and incapable of being turned to any practical or beneficial account. They meditate on things which do not concern them; they attempt to penetrate into mysteries which lie without the pale of human knowledge. It has been ordained, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, that there are things which man shall not know; but they have endeavored to draw aside the vail which He has interposed as a safeguard to those secrets, and have perplexed mankind with a relation of their discoveries and speculations. They have pretended to a knowledge of the invisible world, and have assumed a position scarcely tenable by the weight of argument adduced in its defense. What has puzzled the minds of the most erudite and persevering men, I do not presume to decide. Instances of the re-appearance of persons after their decease, may or may not have occurred; there may, for aught I know, be good grounds for the belief in omens, warnings, wraiths, second-sight, with many other descriptions of supernatural phenomena. I attempt not to dispute the point. The human mind is strongly tinctured with superstition; it is a feeling common to all nations and ages. We find it existing among savages, as well as among people of refinement; we read of it in times of antiquity, as well as in modern and more enlightened periods. This universality betokens the feeling to be instinctive, and is an argument in favor of the phenomena which many accredit, and vouch to have witnessed.

I inherit many of the peculiarities of my countrymen. I, too, have felt that deep and absorbing interest in every thing appertaining to the supernatural. This passion was implanted in my breast at a very early age, by an old woman, who lived with us as nurse. I shall remember her as long as I live, for to her may be attributed a very great portion of my sufferings. She was an excellent story-teller. I do not know whether she invented them herself, but she had always a plentiful supply. My family resided at that time in Berlin, where, indeed, I was born. This old woman, when she took me and my sister to bed of an evening, kept us awake for hours and hours, by relating to us tales which were always interesting, and sometimes very frightful. Our parents were not aware of this, or they never would have suffered her to relate them to us. In the long winter nights, when it grew quite dark at four o'clock, she would draw her chair to the stove, and we would cluster round her, and listen to her marvelous stories Many a time did my limbs shake, many a time did I turn as pale as death, and cling closely to her from fear, as I sat listening with greedy ear to her narratives. So powerful an effect did they produce, that I dared not remain alone. Even in the broad day-light, and when the sun was brightly shining into every chamber, I was afraid to go upstairs by myself; and so timid did I become, that the least noise instantly alarmed me. That old woman brought misery and desolation into our house; she blasted the fondest hopes, and threw a dark and dismal shadow over the brightest and most cheerful places. Often and often have I wished that she had been sooner removed; but, alas! it was ordered otherwise. She pretended to be very fond of us, and our parents never dreamed of any danger in permitting her to remain under their roof. We were so delighted and captivated with her narratives, that we implicitly obeyed her in every respect; but she laid strong injunctions upon us, that we were not to inform either our father or mother of the nature of them. If we were alarmed at any time, we always attributed it to some other than the true cause; hence the injury she was inflicting upon the family was unperceived. I have sometimes thought that she was actuated by a spirit of revenge, for some supposed injury inflicted upon her, and that she had long contemplated the misfortune into which she eventually plunged my unhappy parents, and which hurried them both to a premature grave.

I will briefly state the cause of the grievous

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ge in our domestic happiness. My sister
t year or two younger than myself, and, at
me of which I speak, about seven years of
She had always been a gay, romping
till this old woman was introduced into
mily, and then she became grave, timid,
eserved; she lost all that buoyancy of dis-
on, that joyousness of heart, which were
ion to her before. Methinks I now see
s she was then—a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired
creature, with soft, blue eyes, that sparkled
nimation, a mouth pursed into the pleasant-
ile, and a nose and chin exquisitely formed.
ister, as I have already stated, altered much
the old woman had become an inmate of
mily. She lost the freshness of her com-
on, the bright lustre of her eye, and was
dejected and thoughtful. One night (I
ler even now when I think of it), the wicked
eldame told us, as usual, one of her fright-
ories, which had alarmed us exceedingly.
ated to our own house, which she declared
t one time been haunted, and that the ap-
on had been seen by several persons still
. It appeared as a lady, habited in a green
ress, black velvet bonnet, with black feath-
After she had concluded her narrative,
r some pretense or other, she left the room,
h we both strenuously implored her to re-
; for we were greatly afraid, and trembling
ery limb. She, however, did not heed our
tation, but said she would return in a few
tes. There was a candle upon the table,
t was already in the socket, and fast ex-
g. Some ten or fifteen minutes elapsed,
he chamber-door was quietly thrown open.
nand shakes, and my flesh seems to creep
my bones, as I recall that horrid moment
y past existence. The door was opened,
a figure glided into the room. It seemed
ove upon the air, for we heard not its foot-
. By the feeble and sickly light of the ex-
g taper, we closely examined the appearance
r extraordinary visitor. She had on a green
, black bonnet and feathers, and, in a word,
sely corresponded with the appearance of
pparition described by the wicked old nurse.
ister screamed hysterically, and I fell into
oon. The household was disturbed, and in
v minutes the servants and our parents were
ie bed-side. The old woman was among
. I described, as well as I was able, what
occurred; and my parents, without a mo-
's hesitation, laid the mysterious visitation
e charge of the old woman; but she stoutly
d it. My belief, however, to this day, is,
she was concerned in it. My beloved sister
me a confirmed idiot, and died about two
s after that dreadful night.
[y subsequent wretchedness may be traced
is female, for she had already instilled into
mind a love for the marvelous and super-
ral. I was not satisfied unless I was
ing books that treated of these subjects;
I desired, like the astrologers of old, to
the stars, and to be endowed with the
power of casting the horoscopes of my fellow-creatures.

When directed by my guardians to select a profession, I chose that of medicine, as being most congenial to my taste. I was accordingly placed with a respectable practitioner, and in due time sent to college, to perfect myself in my profession. I found my studies dry and wearisome, and was glad to relieve myself with books more capable of interesting me than those relating to medical subjects.

I had always attached great importance to dreams, and to the various coincidences which so frequently occur to us in life. I shall mention a circumstance or two which occurred about this time, and which made a very forcible impression upon me. I dreamed one night that an intimate friend of mine, then residing in India, had been killed by being thrown from his horse. Not many weeks elapsed, before I received intelligence of his death, which occurred in the very way I have described. I was so struck with the coincidence, that I instituted further inquiry, and ascertained that he had died on the same night, and about the same hour on which I had dreamed that the unfortunate event took place. I reflected a good deal upon this occurrence. Was it possible, I asked myself, that his disinthralled spirit had the power of communicating with other spirits, though thousands of miles intervened? An event so strange I could not attribute to mere chance. I felt convinced that the information had been conveyed by design, although the manner of its accomplishment I could not comprehend.

A circumstance scarcely less remarkable happened to me only a few days subsequently. I had wandered a few miles into the country, and at length found myself upon a rising eminence, commanding a view of a picturesque little village in the distance. Although I had at no period of my life been in this part of the country, the scene was not novel to me. I had seen it before. Every object was perfectly familiar. The mill, with its revolving wheel—the neat cottages, with small gardens in front—and the little stream of water that gently trickled past.

These matters gave a stronger impulse to my reading, and I devoured, with the greatest voracity, all books appertaining to my favorite subjects. Indeed, I became so engrossed in my employment, that I neglected my proper studies, avoided all society, all exercise, and out-door occupation. For weeks and weeks I shut myself up in my chamber, and refused to see any body. I would sit for hours of a night, gazing upon the stars, and wondering if they exercised any control over the destinies of mankind. So nervous did this constant study and seclusion render me, that if a door were blown open by a sudden blast of wind, I trembled, and became as pale as death; if a withered bough fell from a neighboring tree, I was agitated, and unable for some seconds to speak; if a sudden footstep was heard on the stairs, I anticipated that my chamber-door would be immediately thrown

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open, and ere many seconds elapsed to be in the presence of a visitor from the dark and invisible world of shadows. I became pale and feverish, my appetite failed me, and I felt a strong disinclination to perform the ordinary duties of life.

My friends observed, with anxiety and disquietude, my altered appearance; and I was recommended to change my residence, and to withdraw myself entirely from books. A favorable locality, combining the advantages of pure air, magnificent scenery, and retirement, was accordingly chosen for me, in which it was determined I should remain during the winter months. It was now the latter end of September.

My future residence lay at the distance of about ten German miles from Berlin. It was a fine autumnal day, that I proceeded, in the company of a friend, to take possession of my new abode. Toward the close of the day we found ourselves upon an elevated ground, commanding an extensive and beautiful view of the country for miles around. From this spot we beheld the house, or rather castle (for it had once assumed this character, although it was now dismantled, and a portion only of the eastern wing was inhabitable), that I was to occupy. It stood in an extensive valley, through which a broad and deep stream held its devious course—now flowing smoothly and placidly along, amid dark, overhanging trees—now dashing rapidly and furiously over the rocks, foaming and roaring as it fell in the most beautiful cascades. The building stood on the margin of the stream, and in the midst of thick and almost impenetrable woods, that rendered the situation in the highest degree romantic and captivating. The scene presented itself to us under the most favorable aspect. The sun was just setting behind the distant hills, and his rays were tinging with a soft, mellow light, the foliage of the trees, of a thousand variegated colors. Here and there, through the insterstices of the trees, they fell upon the surface of the water, thus relieving the dark and sombre appearance of the stream. The road we now traversed led, by a circuitous route, into the valley. As we journeyed on, I was more than ever struck with the beauty of the scene. Dried leaves in many places lay scattered upon the ground; but the trees were still well laden with foliage, although I foresaw they would be entirely stripped in a short time. The evening was soft and mild; but occasionally a gentle breeze would spring up, and cause, for a moment, a slight rustling among the trees, and then gradually die away. The sky above our heads was serene and placid, presenting one vast expanse of blue, relieved, here and there, by a few light fleecy clouds. As we got deeper into the valley, the road became bad and uneven, and it was with much difficulty we prevented our horses from stumbling. In one or two instances we had to dismount and lead them, the road in many places being dangerous and precipitous. At length we gained the bottom of the valley. A rude stone bridge was thrown over the stream above described, over which we led our steeds. Arrived at the other side, we entered a long avenue of trees, sufficient to admit of two horsemen riding abreast. When we had gained the extremity of the avenue, the road diverged to the left, and became tortuous and intricate in its windings. It was in a bad state of repair, for the building had not been inhabited by any body but an old woman for a great number of years. We at length arrived in front of the entrance. As I gazed upon the dilapidated structure, I did not for a moment dream of the suffering and misery I was to undergo beneath its roof. We dismounted and gave our horses into the charge of a man who worked about the grounds during the day-time. We were no sooner admitted into this peculiar-looking place, than a circumstance occurred which plunged me into the greatest distress of mind, and aroused a host of the most painful and agonizing reminiscences. I conceived the event to be ominous of disaster; and so it proved. I recognized, in the woman who admitted us, that execrable being who had already so deeply injured my family, and to whose infernal machinations I unhesitatingly ascribed the idiocy and death of my dearly beloved sister. She gazed earnestly upon me, and seemed to recognize me. This discovery caused me the greatest uneasiness. I hated the sight of the woman; I loathed her; I shuddered when I was in her presence; and a vague, undefinable feeling took possession of me, which seemed to suggest that she was something more than mortal. I know not what evils I anticipated from this discovery. I predicted, however, nothing so awful, nothing so horrible, as what actually befell me.

I took the earliest opportunity of speaking alone with this woman.

"My good woman," I said to her, "I shall not suffer you to remain here at night."

"Why not, sir?" she asked.

"There are certain insuperable objections, the nature of which you may probably surmise."

"Indeed, I do not."

"Then your memory is short."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"It is not of any consequence."

After some further altercation, she consented to submit to the terms dictated to her.

On the following day, my friend Hoffmeister returned to Berlin, where he had some business to transact, on which depended much of his future happiness. He promised to pay me another visit in the course of a week or ten days.

I spent the first three or four days very comfortably, though I was still very nervous, and in a weak state of health. On the morning of the fifth day, the old woman (who had by some means discovered my profession) asked me if I required a subject for the purpose of dissection. This was what I had long been seeking for, but my efforts to obtain one had hitherto been fruitless. I asked the sex, and she informed

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me it was a male. I was delighted with the offer, and at once acquiesced in the terms. Toward nightfall it was arranged that the corpse should be conveyed to the castle.

I know not from what cause, but, during the whole of the day, I was in a very abstracted and desponding state of mind, and began to regret that I had agreed to take the body through the mediation of the old woman, whom I almost conceived to be in league with Beelzebub himself.

The day had been exceedingly sultry, and toward evening the sky became overcast with huge masses of dark clouds. The wind, at intervals, moaned fitfully, and as it swept through the long corridors of the building, strongly resembled the mournful and pitiful tones of a human being in distress. The trees that stood in front of the house ever and anon yielded to the intermitting gusts of wind, and bowed their heads as though in submission to a superior power. There was no human being to be seen out of doors, and the cattle, shortly before grazing upon some distant hills, had already been removed. The river flowed sluggishly past, its brawling breaking occasionally upon the ear when the wind was inaudible. Suddenly the wind ceased, and large drops of rain began to fall; presently afterward, it came down in torrents. It was a fearful night. Frequent peals of thunder smote upon the ear; now it seemed to be at a distance, now immediately overhead. Vivid flashes of lightning were at intervals seen in the distant horizon, illumining for a moment, with supernatural brilliancy, the most minute and insignificant objects. In the midst of the tempest, I fancied I heard a rumbling noise at a distance. It grew more distinct; the cause of it was rapidly approaching. I looked earnestly out of the window, and I thought I could discern a moving object between the interstices of the trees. I was not mistaken. It was the vehicle conveying the dead body. It came along at a rapid pace. It was just in the act of turning an angle of the road, when a tree, of gigantic proportions, was struck by the electric fluid to the ground. The horse shied, and the car narrowly escaped being crushed beneath its ponderous weight. The men drove up to the entrance, and speedily took the box containing the body from the car, and placed it in a room which I showed them into. I directed them to take the body out of the box, and place it upon a deal board, which I had laid horizontally upon a couple of trestles. The corpse was accordingly taken out. It was that of a finely-grown young man. I laid my hand upon it; it was still warm, and I fancied I felt a slight pulsation about the region of the heart. Anxious to dismiss the men as soon as possible, and fearing that the old woman might be imposing upon me, I asked the price.

"*Siebzig Thaler, mein Herr,*" said the man.

"*Danke, danke—tausendmal,*" said he, as I counted the money into his hand.

At this instant a vivid flash of lightning illumined, for a second or two, the livid and ghastly corpse of the man, rendering the object horrible to gaze upon.

"*Gott im Himmel! was für ein schrecklicher Stürm!*" exclaimed the man to whom I had paid the money.

In a few minutes the men departed, and I stood at the window watching them, as they drove furiously away. At length they disappeared altogether from my view.

I was now alone in the house. The storm was as furious as ever. I had never before felt so wretched. I was restless and uneasy, and a thousand dark thoughts flitted across my distracted brain as I wandered from room to room. It was already quite dark, and I was at least a couple of miles distant from any living soul. The frequent flashes of lightning, the loud peals of thunder, the dead body of the man, and my own nervous and superstitious temperament, constituted a multitude of anxieties, fears, and apprehensions, that might have caused the stoutest heart to quail beneath their influence. I seated myself in the sitting-room that had been provided for me, and took up my *meerschaum*, and endeavored to compose myself. It was, however, in vain. I was exceedingly restless, and I know not what vague and indefinable apprehensions entered my imagination. Whenever I have felt a presentiment of evil, it has invariably been followed by some danger or difficulty. It was so in the present instance. I drew the curtains in front of the windows, for I could not bear to look upon the storm that was raging with unabated vehemence out of doors, and I drew my chair closer to the fire, and sat for a considerable time. At length, between ten and eleven o'clock, I took from a small cabinet a bottle containing some excellent French brandy. I poured a portion of it into a tumbler, and diluted it with warm water. I took two or three copious draughts, which I thought imparted new life to my frame.

I was in this way occupied, when a sudden noise in a corner of the room caused a feeling of horror to thrill through my whole system. I sprang upon my legs in a moment; my eyes stared wildly, and every limb in my body shook as though with convulsions. For a moment, I stood still, steadfastly fixing my eyes upon the place from whence the noise proceeded. All was quiet. I heard nothing save the beating of the rain against the windows, and low peals of distant thunder. I walked across the room, and I discovered that a riding-whip had fallen from the nail from which it had been suspended. Satisfied that there was no occasion for alarm, I resumed my seat, and indulged in fresh draughts of brandy-and-water. A few minutes elapsed, and a noise similar to the last filled me with new apprehensions. I sprang again from my seat. The pulses of my heart beat quickly. I gazed wildly about me. I could see nothing—hear nothing. I walked a few paces, and found an empty powder-flask upon the floor; it had fallen from the shelf upon which I had placed it

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in the morning. I was much alarmed; I reeled like a drunken man, and my mind was filled with the most horrible forebodings. I drank the diluted spirit more freely than usual, and stood awaiting the issue. Another article in a few minutes fell from the wall. I now knew what to expect. I had frequently read of this species of disturbance before. It was what is called in Germany the *Poltergeist*. In a few minutes, the greatest uproar manifested itself. The pictures fell from the walls, the ornaments from the shelves; the jugs, glasses, and bottles leaped from the table; the chairs, &c., by some unseen and infernal agency, were overturned. I ran about like one beside himself; I tore my hair with agony; I groaned with mental affliction; and my heart cursed the devil incarnate that had brought all this misery to pass. It was the woman; I was convinced of it. She, she alone, could conceive and hatch such monstrous and nefarious stratagems. I knew not what to do—whither to fly. The uproar continued. In my distraction, I ran from place to place. I entered the room where the corpse lay. Merciful God! I discovered, by the glimmering light from the other chamber, that it had changed its position. I had laid it upon its back. Its face was now turned downward! My cup was full—my misery complete. I returned to the room I had just quitted. The disturbance had in some measure abated. I was thankful that it was so, and I proceeded to place the tables, chairs, &c., in their usual position. While I was thus engaged, the tumult commenced afresh. No sooner had I placed a chair in an upright direction, than it was immediately overturned; no sooner had I suspended a picture from the wall, than it was again upon the floor. What was I to do? How was I to escape the horrible spells with which the arch-fiend had encompassed me? I could not leave the place on account of the storm; and even if I had done so, it was not possible that I could gain admittance into any habitation at that late hour of the night. Wretch that I was! What crime had I committed, wherein had I erred, that I should be visited with so unaccountable and terrible a calamity? My presence seemed to arouse the malignity of the *Poltergeist*, and I deemed it expedient to leave the room. I was afraid to enter that in which the dead (?) man lay, lest I should be exposed to further causes for alarm. There was certainly a room in the higher part of the building in which I had been accustomed to sleep; but I dared not venture there in my present state of mind. I entered an adjourning corridor, and paced up and down for a few minutes, but the air was chilly, and I was in total darkness. The disturbance ceased as soon as I had quitted the room. I could not remain where I was, so I re-entered it, but my return was only the signal for fresh disasters. The uproar was resumed with tenfold energy. However much my heart might revolt from it, there was no other course open than to go into the room where the dead body lay. In the condition of one who is driven to the last stage of desperation, I walked, with as much fortitude as I could command, into that chamber. God of Heaven! I had no sooner reached the threshold than I started back with affright. I will not dwell upon that horrible scene; I will not minutely detail the agony I endured. The corpse sat upright! I drew the chamber-door quickly after me and staggered into the next apartment. Powerless and overcome, I fell to the ground.

When I recovered, it was day. The light was streaming into the chamber, and the storm had subsided. Fresh marvels were to be revealed. I was no longer in the room in which I had been on the preceding night. I was in bed, in the chamber where I had hitherto slept! How came I hither? I knew not. I pressed my hand to my brow, and strove to collect my scattered senses. I was bewildered and confused, and could only account for the marvelous transition to which I had been exposed, by some remarkable agency, altogether intangible to my senses, and utterly beyond the power of my understanding to comprehend.

I descended, as soon as I was dressed, to breakfast, of which I sparingly partook. I was pale and agitated. My sitting-room was in its usual state of order. I did not venture into the other apartment, neither did I speak to the woman touching the spectacles I had witnessed.

Hoffmeister returned in the evening, some days sooner than he expected. He observed my altered appearance, and said—

"*Was fehlt dir? Du bist krank, nicht wahr?*"

"*Nein; ich bin recht wohl, Gott sei dank.*"

I could not, however, convince Hoffmeister that nothing had happened. I was not disposed to reveal to him what I had witnessed, for I knew he would treat the matter with unbecoming levity. His opinions were very different from mine upon these subjects.

Hoffmeister appeared much depressed in spirits himself. I inquired the cause, but he evaded the question. I concluded that his journey to Berlin had not been attended with satisfactory results, for I could conjecture no other cause for his unhappiness. We retired to rest early, for Hoffmeister appeared fatigued. I proposed that we should sleep together, which my friend gladly assented to.

I was much surprised, when I awoke on the following morning, to find myself alone. What had become of Hoffmeister? Had he, too, been under the domination of some evil power? I knew he was not an early riser, and his absence, therefore, astonished and agitated me. I dressed myself hastily, and immediately went in search of him. I wandered about the adjacent grounds, but he was not there. I could not rest till I had found him. I had known him for many years, and had always loved and esteemed him. He was, till lately, my constant companion—my bosom-friend—in a word, my *alter ego*.

I resolved to extend my search. I swiftly

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passed through the avenue of trees, crossed the bridge, and it was not long before I had gained the summit of the road that led into the valley. I stood for a while gazing around me. I gazed earnestly at the dilapidated and time-worn walls of the old castle, in which I had witnessed so many marvelous and horrible sights. I shuddered when I reflected upon them. I resumed my journey, and at length reached a village a few miles distant from my former abode. I walked quickly forward, and on my way met several persons who saluted me, whom I did not remember to have seen before. What could they mean by taking such unwarrantable liberties with me? They did not appear to be drunk, nor to have any intention of insulting me. It was odd—unaccountable. I hurried on. My head began to swim; my eyes were burning hot, and ready to start from their sockets. I was wild—frantic.

I reached the shop of an apothecary, and stepped in to ask for water, to quench my thirst. The man smirked, and asked me how I was. I told him, I did not know him; but he persisted in saying he had been in my company only a night or two before. I was confounded. I seized the glass of water he held in his hand, and took a hearty draught, and precipitately departed. I traveled on. I was bewildered—in a maze, from which I found it impossible to extricate myself. I made inquiries about my friend, but the people stared and laughed, as though there was something extraordinary about me. I wandered about till nightfall, and at last found shelter in a cottage by the road-side, which was inhabited by an infirm old woman.

The next day I returned to the village. I called upon a gentleman with whom I was intimately acquainted. I thought he might be able to give me some tidings of my friend. When I was ushered into his presence he did not know me. I was incredulous. Was I no longer myself? Had I changed my identity? Whence this mystery? I was unable to fathom it. I handed my card to him; he looked at it, and returned it, saying he did not know Mr. Hoffmeister. The card was that of my friend. How it had come into my possession I knew not. I apologized for the error, and informed him that my name was not Hoffmeister, but Heinrich Gottlieb Langström. My surprise may be conceived, when he informed me Langström—in fact, that I myself was dead, and that my body had been found in the stream that flowed past the village the day previously! I was ready to sink through the floor, and could not find language to reply to the monstrous falsehood. I rushed from his presence, feeling assured that some conspiracy was afoot to drive me mad. I must have become so, or I never would have been exposed to the extraordinary delusion to which I afterward became a victim.

I entered a house of public entertainment, and determined to solve this dreadful enigma. I was, unfortunately, acquainted with the doctrines of Pythagoras, and, at the time to which I refer, no doubt insane.

I requested to be shown into a room, where I could arrange my dress. I was conducted into a chamber, in which all things necessary for that purpose were provided. My object, however, was of greater consequence than this. I wished to unravel the strange mystery that surrounded me—to discover, in a word, whether I were really myself, or some other person. There was no way of freeing myself from this horrible suspense and uncertainty than by examining my features in the looking-glass. There was one placed upon a dressing-table, but I shrank from it as though it had been a demon. I dreaded to approach it; I feared to look into it, lest it should confirm all the vague and monstrous misgivings that agitated my mind. I regarded it as the arbiter of my destiny. It possessed the power either to transport me with happiness, or to plunge me into utter, irretrievable misery. In that brief moment I endured an age of agony and suspense. With a faltering step, with a whirling brain, I advanced toward the glass. I stood opposite to it; I looked into it. Distraction! horror of horrors! It was not my own face I beheld! I swooned—fell backward.

When I recovered, I found myself in the arms of a man, who bathed my temples with water. I quickly made my escape from the house. I was pale and haggard, like one stricken with some sudden and grievous calamity. I fancied, as I passed along, that the passengers whom I met stared at me, laughed in my face, and seemed to consider my misfortune a fit subject for their mirth and ridicule. Every hubbub in the street, every screeching voice that assailed my ear, I conceived to be attributable to my horrible transformation. I was afraid to look around; I dared not arrest my progress for a moment, lest any of the mocking fiends should make sport of my unhappy situation, and drive me to some act of desperation. On, on, I hurried. I gained the fields. Thank Heaven! the village lay at a distance behind me. The haunts of men were no place for me. I was something more than mortal. I had undergone a change, of which I had never conceived myself susceptible. I sped forward; naught could impede my course. My only relief was in action. Any thing to dissipate the thoughts that flitted across my distracted brain. Bodily pain might be endured—fatigue, hunger, any corporeal suffering; but to think, was death—destruction. Oh! could I have evaded thought for one moment, what joy, what transport! I fled onward; there was no time to pause—to consider. The sun had already sunk behind the hills, and night was about to spread her mantle o'er the earth, when I threw myself down, exhausted and overpowered. Slumber sealed my eyes, and I lay upon the ground, an outcast of men, an isolated and wretched being, to whom the common lot of humanity had been denied.

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I will hurry this painful narrative to a close. I have but a vague idea of the events that occurred during the next few weeks. I remember being told, as I lay in bed, by a young woman who attended me, that I had been found by some workpeople, on the night above referred to, in the vicinity of my former residence, and conveyed thither, and that I had been attacked by the brain fever, and that my life had been despaired of by my medical attendant.

The body which had been found in the stream, and which was supposed to be mine, was that of my dear friend, Hoffmeister. In his agitation, previously to his committing the dreadful act of suicide, he had inadvertently mistaken my garments for his own.

When I became convalescent, I determined upon leaving, as soon as possible, the scene of my recent suffering. Before doing so, I proceeded to the village which I had previously visited. I called upon the gentleman who had not recognized me on a former occasion; but, strange to say, he now remembered me perfectly, and received me very kindly indeed. I referred to the circumstance of our late interview, but he had no recollection of it. While we were thus conversing, a third person entered the room, the very image of my friend, and who, it appeared was his brother. An explanation at once ensued.

These matters I have thought it necessary to explain. There are, however, occurrences in the narrative, of which I can give no solution, though I may premise, that my conviction is, that those which took place in the village, arose from natural causes, with which I am nevertheless unacquainted. The body of the man, who, I have reason to believe, was not quite dead when he was brought to me, I conveyed with me to Berlin. The old woman I never again beheld.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE SUN.

OF all the links in the stupendous chain of the cosmos, the sun, next to our own planet, is that which we are most concerned in knowing well, while it is precisely that which we know the least. This glorious orb has always been involved in the deepest mystery. All that had been revealed to us concerning it, till very recently, was derived from the observations and deductions of the elder Herschel. His discovery of a double luminous envelopment, at times partially withdrawn from various portions of the sun's surface, afforded, on the whole, a satisfactory explanation of the numerous spots that are always seen on his disk. This glimpse merely of the external changes which happen on his surface made up the sum of our knowledge of that great luminary on which the animation of our planetary system depends! One main cause of this utter ignorance on the subject, besides its own intrinsic difficulty, lay in the comparatively slight attention it had always received from astronomers generally. No individual observer ever thought of devoting himself to the solar phenomena alone, while the public observatories confined themselves to merely observing the sun's culmination at noon, or to ascertaining the exact duration of its eclipses.

We knew, from the observations of Cassini and Herschel, that the spots on the sun's disk are not alike numerous every year; and Kunowsky particularly drew the attention of astronomers to the fact, that while in the years 1818 and 1819 very large and numerous ones appeared, some visible even to the naked eye, very few, on the contrary, and those of but trifling size, were seen in the years 1822–1824. But it was reserved for the indefatigable Schwabe of Dessau, who has devoted himself for a long series of years to this one single object, to establish the fact of these spots observing a certain periodicity. Among the results of his labors—for as yet we have only his brief announcements to the scientific world in the "Astronomical Notices"—are the following: 1. That the recurrence of the solar spots has a period of about ten years; 2. That the number of the single groups of one year varies at the minimum time from twenty-five to thirty, while in the maximum years they sometimes rise to above three hundred; 3. That with their greater abundance is combined also a greater local extension and blackness of the spots; 4. That at the maximum time, the sun, for some years together, is never seen without very considerable spots. The last maximum appears to have been of a peculiary rich character, as, from February, 1837, till December, 1840, solar spots were visible on every day of observation; while the number of groups in the former of those years amounted to 333.

But if a single individual, by observations continued unbroken for entire decenniums, has thus revealed to us the most important fact hitherto known relating to the sun, there are other questions not less important which can only find their solution in the careful observation of a rarely-occurring interval of perhaps one or two minutes. The splendor of the sun is so amazingly great, as to preclude us entirely from perceiving any object in his immediate proximity unless projected before his disk as a darkening object. At ten, or fifteen degrees even from the sun, when this luminary is above the horizon, all the fixed stars vanish from the most powerful telescopes. We are therefore in utter ignorance whether the space between him and Mercury is occupied or not by some other denizen of the planetary system. To enable us to explore the sun's immediate proximity, we require a body that shall exclude his rays from our atmosphere, and yet leave the space round the sun open to our view. Such an object can of course be neither a cloud nor any terrestrial object, natural or artificial, since parts of the atmosphere will exist behind it which will be impinged on by the sun's rays. Only during a total eclipse can these conditions be fulfilled, and even then but for a very brief

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interval, which may still be lost to the observer through unfavorable weather or from too low a position of the sun.

Notwithstanding that this rare and precarious opportunity is the only possible one we possess of becoming better acquainted with the physical nature of the great luminary of day, astronomers never availed themselves of it for any other purpose than the admeasurement of the earth, which might have been done as well, if not better, during any planetary eclipse. This error or indifference, whichever it may have been, can not, however, be laid to the charge of our living astronomers. The 8th of July, 1842—the day on which the last total eclipse of the sun took place—witnessed the most distinguished of these assembled for the purpose of making, for the first time, observations calculated to afford us some insight into this greatest mystery of the celestial world. This eclipse was total on a zone which traversed the north of Spain, the south of France, the region of the Alps and Styria, and a portion of Austria, Central Russia and Siberia, terminating in China; so that the observatories of Marseilles, Milan, Venice, Padua, Vienna, and Ofen, all supplied with excellent telescopes, and in full activity, came within its range; while many astronomers, at whose observatories the eclipse was not visible, set out for places situated within the zone just described. Thus Arago and two of his colleagues repaired to Perpignan, Airy to Turin, Schumacker to Vienna, Struve and Sehidloffsky to Lipezk, and Stubendorff to Koerakow. Most of them were favored by the weather. Let us now see what the combined endeavors of these practiced and well-furnished observers have made us acquainted with.

First, as regards the obscurity, it was so great, that five, seven, and in some cases as many as ten stars were visible to the naked eye. A reddish light was seen to proceed from the horizon—that is, from those regions where the darkness was not total—and by this light print of a moderate size could, with a little difficulty, be read. Such plants as usually close their petals at night were seen in most places to close them also during the eclipse. The thermometer fell from 2 to 3 degrees of Reaumur, and in the fields about Perpignan a heavy dew fell. A change in the color of the light, and consequently of the enlightened objects, was noticed by many, although they were not agreed in their description of it. But this diversity may have been caused by the nature of the air at different places being probably different, and the degree of obscurity very unequal. At Lipezk, where the eclipse lasted the longest, being 3 minutes and 3 seconds, a darkness similar to that of night set in, and there the eclipse began exactly at noon.

The effect of the eclipse on the animal creation was similar to what had been observed before in the like circumstances: they ceased eating; draught animals suddenly stood still; domestic birds fled to the stables, or sought other places of shelter; owls and bats flew abroad, as if night had come on. Of three lively linnets, kept in a cage, one dropped down dead. The insect world too was greatly affected; ants stopped in the midst of their labors, and only resumed their course after the reappearance of the sun; and bees retreated suddenly to their hives. A general restlessness pervaded the animal world; and only those places which were situated more on the boundary of the zone, and where the obscurity was consequently less complete, formed an exception.

During the total eclipse, the dark moon which covered the sun's disk appeared surrounded with a brilliant crown of light or halo. This halo consisted of two concentric belts, of which the inner one was the lightest, and the external less brilliant, and gradually fading. In the direction of the line which connected the point of the commencement of the total eclipse with that of its termination, two parabolic pencils of light—some observers say several—appeared on the halo. Within it also light intervolved veins were observable. The breadth of the inner halo was from 2 to 3 minutes; that of the external one from 10 to 15 minutes; the pencils of light, on the other hand, extended as far as from 1 to 1½ degree; by some they were traced even to 3 degrees. The color of the halo was of a silvery white, and exhibited a violent undulating or trembling motion, its general appearance varying in the briefest space. The light of the halo was intensest near the covered solar rim. Its brilliance at Lipezk was so great, that the naked eye could hardly look on it, and some of the observers almost doubted whether the sun had really altogether disappeared. At Vienna, Milan, and Perpignan, on the contrary, the observers found the light of the halo resembling that of the moon toward its full. Beli, at Verona, who found time to estimate its intensity, ascertained it to be one-seventh of that of the full moon. Its first traces were noticed from 3 to 5 seconds before the entrance of the entire eclipse; in like manner, its last vestiges disappeared only some seconds after the eclipse was over. Vivid, however, as its light was, the halo cast but an extremely faint shadow. Some, indeed, who particularly directed their attention to it, could not detect any. But this might have been owing to those places on which the shadows would have fallen being faintly illumined by the reddish light of the horizon before mentioned. In other respects, during the progress of the eclipse, before and after its maximum, not the least change was observable in the uncovered part of the sun's disk. The cusps were as sharp and distinctly-marked as possible, the lunar mountains were projected on the sun's surface with the most beautiful distinctness and precision, and the color and brilliance of his disk, in the proximity of the moon's rim, were in no way diminished or altered. In short, nothing was seen which could be referred in the smallest degree to a lunar atmosphere.

All these phenomena, striking as they were,

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were such as the assembled observers were prepared for; for they were such as had already been noticed during previous eclipses of the sun. But there was one of quite a different character, as mysterious as it was novel to them. This was the appearance of large reddish projections within the halo on the dark rim. The different observers characterized it by the expressions—"red clouds, volcanoes, flames, fire-sheaves," &c.; terms intended of course merely to indicate the phenomenon, and not in any way to explain it. The observers differed in their reports both with respect to the number of these "red clouds," as well as to their apparent heights. Arago stated that he observed two rose-colored projections which seemed to be unchangeable, and a minute high. His two colleagues also saw them, but to them they seemed somewhat larger. A fourth observer saw one of the projections some minutes even after the eclipse was over, while others perceived it with the naked eye. Petit, at Montpellier remarked *three* protections, and even found time to measure one of them. It was $1\frac{3}{4}$ minute high. Littrow, at Vienna, considered them to be as high again as this; and stated 'that the streaks were visible before they became colored, and remained visible also after their color had vanished.' The light of these projections was soft and quiet, the projections themselves sharp, and their form unchanging till the moment of their extinction. Schidloffsky, at Lipezk, thought he perceived a rose-colored border on the moon in places where these red clouds did not reach; but could not be certain of the fact, on account of the shortness of the time.

These projections or red clouds, mysterious and unexpected as they were to men who directed their attention for the first time to the purely physical phenomena concerned, were in fact, after all, nothing altogether new. The descriptions given by astronomers of earlier eclipses of the sun had been forgotten or overlooked. Stannyan, for instance, in his relation of that of the 20th May, 1706, says, "The egress of the sun from the moon's disk was preceded on its left rim, during an interval of six or seven seconds, by the appearance of a blood-red streak;" and Nassenius, during a total eclipse of the sun observed on the 13th of May, 1733, mentions having seen "several red spots, three or four in number, without the periphery of the moon's disk, one of them being larger than the others, and consisting, as it were, of three parallel parts inclining toward the moon's disk." It is clear, therefore, that earlier observers had witnessed the same phenomenon, although they were unable to offer any explanation of it. It seems, however, no unreasonable conclusion to come to, that these projections or red clouds, as well as the halo with its pencils of light before spoken of, are something without the proper solar photosphere, but not forming, as this does, one connected mass of light. What further can be known concerning this *something* must be left to future ages to discover

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

A TRAVELER, from journeying
In countries far away,
Repassed his threshold at the close
Of one calm Sabbath day;
A voice of love, a comely face,
A kiss of chaste delight,
Were the first things to welcome him
On that blessed Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,
Before its friendly blaze,
And conjured up mixed memories
Of gay and gloomy days;
And felt that none of gentle soul,
However far he roam,
Can e'er forego, can e'er forget,
The quiet joys of home.

"Bring me my children!" cried the sire,
With eager, earnest tone;
"I long to press them, and to mark
How lovely they have grown;
Twelve weary months have passed away
Since I went o'er the sea,
To feel how sad and lone I was
Without my babes and thee."

"Refresh thee, as 'tis needful," said
The fair and faithful wife,
The while her pensive features paled,
And stirred with inward strife;
"Refresh thee, husband of my heart,
I ask it as a boon;
Our children are reposing, love;
Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,
She pressed him to partake;
He sat down blithely at the board,
And all for her sweet sake;
But when the frugal feast was done,
The thankful prayer preferred,
Again affection's fountain flowed;
Again its voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,
I'm in an ardent mood;
My soul lacks purer aliment,
I long for other food;
Bring forth my children to my gaze,
Or ere I rage or weep,
I yearn to kiss their happy eyes
Before the hour of sleep."

"I have a question yet to ask;
Be patient, husband dear.
A stranger, one auspicious morn,
Did send some jewels here;
Until to take them from my care,
But yesterday he came,
And I restored them with a sigh:
—Dost thou approve or blame?"

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou
Shouldst breathe such words to me;
Restore to man, resign to God,
Whate'er is lent to thee;

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Restore it with a willing heart,
Be grateful for the trust;
Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife,
Let us be ever just."

She took him by the passive hand.
And up the moonlit stair,
She led him to their bridal bed,
With mute and mournful air;
She turned the cover down, and there,
In grave-like garments dressed,
Lay the twin children of their love,
In death's serenest rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,
Which God has deigned to own;
The precious caskets still remain,
But, ah, the *gems* are flown;
But thou didst teach me to resign
What God alone can claim;
He giveth and he takes away,
Blest be His holy name!"

The father gazed upon his babes,
The mother drooped apart,
While all the woman's sorrow gushed
From her o'erburdened heart;
And with the striving of her grief,
Which wrung the tears she shed.
Were mingled low and loving words
To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,
He vailed each breathless face,
And down in self-abasement bowed,
For comfort and for grace;
With the deep eloquence of woe,
Poured forth his secret soul,
Rose up, and stood erect and calm,
In spirit healed and whole.

"Restrain thy tears, poor wife," he said,
"I learn this lesson still,
God gives, and God can take away,
Blest be His holy will!
Blest are my children, for they *live*
From sin and sorrow free,
And I am not all joyless, wife,
With faith, hope, love, and thee."

[From Hogg's Instructor.]

THE TEA-PLANT.

D behind the monster wall that screens in the land of the Celestials from the prying of the "barbarian," the Tea-plant, in com- with many things peculiar to those regions, ined long unknown to Europeans, and the hes of information brought home by early ers concerning it, were, in too many cases, it questionable and contradictory kind, so teristic, even in the present day, of the gs of those who travel in Eastern lands. as now become a general article of do- consumption in every household of our y having any pretension to social comfort, l as in that of every other civilized nation, deed, the *tea-table* has no mean influence ing the manners and promoting the social intercourse of a people. Important, however, as this universal beverage has become as an essential requisite to the social and physical comfort of all classes and conditions of civilized society, yet our knowledge of the plant from which it is produced is still very imperfect; and this, notwithstanding the fact that we have had tea-plants growing in our hothouses since the year 1768. Speaking of the introduction of the plant to this country, Hooker says—"It was not till after tea had been used as a beverage for upwards of a century in England, that the shrub which produces it was brought alive to this country. More than one botanist had embarked for the voyage to China—till lately a protracted and formidable undertaking—mainly in the hope of introducing a growing tea-tree to our greenhouses. No passage across the desert, no Waghorn-facilities, no steam-ship assisted the traveler in those days. The distance to and from China, with the necessary time spent in that country, generally consumed nearly three years! Once had the tea-tree been procured by Osbeck, a pupil of Linnæus, in spite of the jealous care with which the Chinese forbade its exportation; and when near the coast of England, a storm ensued, which destroyed the precious shrubs. Then the plan of obtaining berries was adopted, and frustrated by the heat of the tropics, which spoiled the oily seeds, and prevented their germination. The captain of a Swedish vessel hit upon a good scheme: having secured fresh berries, he sowed these on board ship, and often stinted himself of his daily allowance of water for the sake of the young plants; but, just as the ship entered the English Channel, an unlucky rat attacked his cherished charge and devoured them all!". So much, then, for the early attempts to introduce the tea-shrub to Europe: often, indeed, is the truth exemplified that

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gee."

The Chinese tea-plants are neat-growing shrubs, with bright glossy green leaves, not unlike those of the bay; or a more exact similitude will be found in the garden camellia, with the *leaves* of which, however, many of our readers may not have acquaintance, although the *flowers* are well known, being extensively used in decorating the female dress for the ball-room in the winter season. The tea-plants are nearly allied to the camellia, and belong to the same natural order: indeed, one species of the latter —the *Camellia sasanqua* of botanists—is cultivated in the tea-grounds of China, on account of its beautiful flowers, which are said to impart fragrance and flavor to other teas.

Comparatively few scientific naturalists have had sufficient opportunities of studying the tea-producing plants in their native *habitats*, or even in the cultivated grounds of China, and consequently a great difference of opinion has all along existed, as to whether tea is obtained from one, two, or more distinct species of *Thea*. This question is getting day by day more in-

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volved as new facts come to light; and, indeed, cultivation seems to have altered the original character of some forms of the plant so much, that the subject bids fair to remain an open question among European botanists for ages to come. The two tea-plants which have been long grown in British gardens, and universally supposed, until within the last few years, to be the only kinds in existence, are the *Thea bohea* and the *Thea viridis*. The former was, until recently, very generally believed to produce the black tea of commerce, and the latter the green tea; but recent travelers have clearly shown that both *black* and *green* tea may be, and are, obtained from the same plant. The difference is caused by the mode of preparation; but it will be afterward seen that very important discrepancies occur between the accounts of this operation given by different observers. Certain it is, that the extreme caution with which the Chinese attempt to conceal a knowledge of their peculiar arts and manufactures from European visitors—and in none is their anxiety to do so more strikingly evinced than in the case of the culture and preparation of tea—tends greatly to frustrate the endeavors of the scientific traveler to acquire accurate information on this point.

In the present state of our knowledge, it is quite impossible to say how many species or varieties of the tea-plant are grown in China. They are now believed to be numerous, although the two kinds to which we have referred are those most extensively cultivated. They have long been allowed to rank as distinct species in botanical books, and grown as such in our greenhouses; but some acute botanists have, at various times, suggested that they might be merely varieties of one plant. Such was the opinion of the editor of the "Botanical Magazine," when he figured and described the Bohea variety (t. 998). Professor Balfour ('Manual of Botany,' § 793) enumerates three species—the two already mentioned, and one called *Thea Assamica*, being the one chiefly cultivated at the tea-grounds of Assam. Most of our readers may be aware that the cultivation and manufacture of tea has been successfully introduced to Northern India. A "Report on the Government Tea Plantations in Kumaon and Gurwahl, by W. Jameson, Esq., the superintendent of the Botanical Gardens in the North-Western Provinces,"* has just reached us. In that report—to which we will have occasion afterward to refer—there are "two species, and two well marked varieties" described. Some of these do not appear to have been at all noticed by other writers, although, from specimens of the plants, which we have examined, from the tea-grounds, they appear sufficiently distinct to warrant their being ranked as separate species; and there are, indeed, some botanists who would at once set them down as such.

Having disposed of the question of *species* in such manner as the unsatisfactory state of botanical knowledge on this point will admit, we shall now proceed to communicate some information respecting the culture of the tea-plant, and the manner in which its leaves are made available for the production of the beverage of which the female portion of the community, and more particularly *old wives* (of both sexes), are believed to be so remarkably fond.

The tea-plants are grown in beds conveniently formed for the purpose of irrigating in dry weather, and for plucking the leaves when required. The Chinese sow the seed thus: "Several seeds are dropped into holes four or five inches deep, and three or four feet apart, shortly after they ripen, or in November and December; the plants rise up in a cluster when the rains come on. They are seldom transplanted, but, sometimes, four to six are put quite close, to form a fine bush." In the government plantations of Kumaon and Gurwahl, more care seems to be bestowed in the raising of the plants, whereby the needless expenditure of seeds in the above method is saved. The seeds ripen in September or October, and in elevated districts, sometimes so late as November. In his report, Mr. Jameson mentions that, when ripe, the seeds are sown in drills, eight to ten inches apart from each other, the ground having been previously prepared by trenching and manuring. If the plants germinate in November, they are protected from the cold by a '*chupper*,' made of bamboo and grass—a small kind of bamboo, called the ringal, being found in great abundance on the hills, at an elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet, and well adapted for the purpose; these *chuppers* are removed throughout the day, and replaced at night. In April and May, they are used for protecting the young plants from the heat of the sun, until the rains commence. When the plants have attained a sufficient size they are transplanted with great care, a ball of earth being attached to their roots. They require frequent waterings, if the weather be dry. During the rains grass springs up around them with great rapidity, so as to render it impossible, with the usual number of hands, to keep the grounds clean. The practice, therefore, is merely to make a '*golah*' or clear space round each plant, these being connected with small water channels, in order to render irrigation easy in times of drought. The plants do not require to be pruned until the fifth year, the plucking of leaves generally tending to make them assume the basket shape, the form most to be desired to procure the greatest quantity of leaves. Irrigation seems absolutely essential for the profitable cultivation of the tea-plant, although, on the other hand, land liable to be flooded during the rains, and upon which water lies for any length of time, is quite unsuitable for its growth The plant seems to thrive in a great variety of soils, but requires the situation to be at a considerable altitude above the sea level.

According to Mr. Jameson, the season for

* Calcutta, 1848. This report is also published in the "Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India," vol. vi. part 2.

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picking the leaves commences in April and continues until October, the number of gatherings varying, according to the nature of the season, from four to seven. So soon as the new and young leaves have appeared in April, the first plucking takes place. "A certain division of the plantation is marked off, and to each man a small basket is given, with instructions to proceed to a certain point, so that no plant may be passed over." On the small basket being filled, the leaves are emptied into another large one, which is put in some shady place, and in which, when filled, they are conveyed to the manufactory. The leaves are generally plucked with the thumb and forefinger. Sometimes the terminal part of a branch having four or five young leaves attached, is plucked off." The old leaves, being too hard to curl, are rejected as of no use; but all new and fresh leaves are indiscriminately collected.

The *manufacture* of the different varieties of tea has been the subject of much difference of opinion. It has been supposed by some writers, as we have already mentioned, that *green* tea was solely obtained from the Thea viridis, and *black* tea from the Thea bohea, while others have asserted, that the different kinds of the manufactured article are equally produced by both plants. Facts seem now to be quite in favor of the latter opinion, and, indeed, Mr. Fortune, while on his first botanical mission on account of the Horticultural Society of London, ascertained, by visiting the different parts of the coast of China, that the *Bohea* plant was converted into both black and green tea in the south of China, but that in all the northern provinces he found only *Thea viridis* grown, and equally converted into both kinds of tea. Mr. Ball (the late inspector of teas to the East India Company in China), in a work entitled "An Account of the Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea in China," fully confirms the fact that both the green and black teas are prepared from the same plant, and that the differences depend entirely on the processes of manufacture. It is, of course, possible that particular varieties of the same plant, grown in certain soils and situations, may be preferred by the Chinese manufacturers for the preparation of the black and green teas, and the various kinds of both known in commerce. It has been stated by some that the *young leaves* are taken for green tea, and the older ones for the black varieties; this is the popular notion on the subject, but probably it has no foundation.

Although it *now* seems somewhat generally agreed that both green and black teas are made from the leaves of the same plant, yet the various writers on the subject are at considerable variance as to the mode in which the difference of appearance is brought about. Some assert that the *black* being the natural colored tea, the beautiful green tinge is given to the *green* tea by means of substances used for the purpose of dyeing it; while others hold that the green hue depends entirely on the method of roasting. Among the former is Mr. Fortune, whose account of the "Chinese Method of Coloring Green Tea," as observed by him, is published in a former number of the INSTRUCTOR (No. 240, page 91). From that account, it would appear that the coloring substances used are gypsum, indigo, and Prussian blue, and "for every hundred pounds of green tea which are consumed in England or America, the consumer really eats more than half a pound" of these substances. We hope now to present our tea-drinking readers with a more pleasing picture than this; to show that indeed there is not "death in the cup," nor aught else to be feared. We therefore proceed to explain the modes of manufacture, as detailed by Mr. Ball. And, firstly, the *manufacture* of *black* tea. The leaves, on being gathered, are exposed to the air, until they wither and "become soft and flaccid." In this state they soon begin to emit a slight degree of fragrance, when they are sifted, and then tossed about with the hands in large trays. They are then collected into a heap, and covered with a cloth, being now "watched with the utmost care, until they become spotted and tinged with red, when they also increase in fragrance, and must be instantly roasted, or the tea would be injured." In the first roasting, the fire, which is prepared with dry wood, is kept exceedingly brisk; but "any heat may suffice which produces the crackling of the leaves described by Kæmpfer." The roasting is continued till the leaves give out a fragrant smell, and become quite flaccid, when they are in a fit state to be rolled. The roasting and rolling are often a third, and sometimes even a fourth time repeated, and, indeed, the process of rolling is continued until the juices can no longer be freely expressed. The leaves are then finally dried in sieves placed in drying-tubs, over a charcoal fire in a common chafing-dish. The heat dissipates much of the moisture, and the leaves begin to assume their black appearance. Smoke is prevented, and the heat moderated, by the ash of charcoal or burnt "paddy-husk" being thrown on the fire. "The leaves are then twisted, and again undergo the process of drying, twisting, and turning as before; which is repeated once or twice more, until they become quite black, well-twisted, and perfectly dry and crisp.

According to Dr. Royle, there are only two gatherings of the leaves of *green* tea in the year; the first beginning about the 20th of April, and the second at the summer solstice. "The green tea factors universally agree that the sooner the leaves of green tea are roasted after gathering the better; and that exposure to the air is unnecessary, and to the sun injurious." The iron vessel in which the green tea is roasted is called a *kuo*. It is thin, about sixteen inches in diameter, and set horizontally (that for Twankey obliquely) in a stove of brickwork, so as to have a depth of about fifteen inches. The fire is prepared with dry wood, and kept very brisk; the heat becomes intolerable, and the bottom of the

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kuo even red-hot, though this is not essential. About half a pound of leaves are put in at one time, a crackling noise is produced, much steam is evolved from the leaves, which are quickly stirred about; at the end of every turn they are raised about six inches above the surface of the stove, and shaken on the palm of the hand, so as to separate them, or to disperse the steam. They are then suddenly collected into a heap, and passed to another man, who stands in readiness with a basket to receive them. The process of rolling is much the same as that employed in the rolling of black tea, the leaves taking the form of a ball. After the balls are shaken to pieces, the leaves are also rolled between the palms of the hands, so that they may be twisted regularly, and in the same direction. They are then spread out in sieves, and placed on stands in a cool room.

For the second roasting the fire is considerably diminished, and charcoal used instead of wood, and the leaves constantly fanned by a boy who stands near. When the leaves have lost so much of their aqueous and viscous qualities as to produce no sensible steam, they no longer adhere together, but, by the simple action of the fire, separate and curl of themselves. When taken from the kuo, they appear of a dark olive color, almost black; and after being sifted, they are placed on stands as before.

For the third roasting, which is in fact the final drying, the heat is not greater than what the hand can bear for some seconds without much inconvenience. "The fanning and the mode of roasting were the same as in the final part of the second roasting. It was now curious to observe the change of color which gradually took place in the leaves, for it was in this roasting that they began to assume that bluish tint, resembling the bloom on fruit, which distinguishes this tea, and renders its appearance so agreeable."

The foregoing being the general mode of manufacturing green or Hyson tea, it is then separated into different varieties, as Hyson, Hyson-skin, young Hyson, and gunpowder, by sifting, winnowing, and fanning, and some varieties by further roasting.

This account of the preparation of green tea is directly opposed to that given by Mr. Fortune, before referred to, wherein it is mentioned that the coloring of green tea is effected by the admixture of indigo, gypsum, &c. It would appear that both modes are practiced in China; and, with the editor of the "Botanical Gazette," we may ask, Is it not possible that *genuine* green tea is free from artificial coloring matter, and that the Chinese, with their usual *imitative* propensity (exercised, as travelers tell us, in the manufacture of wooden hams, &c., for exportation), may prepare an artificial green tea, since this fetches a higher price than the black? If this be not the case, then we have a difficulty in accounting for the *origin* of the green teas; "there must have been green teas for the foreigners to become acquainted with and acquire a preference for, or there could not have been a demand for it." We think Mr. Jameson throws some additional light on the subject when he remarks, in the course of his observations on the manufacture of green tea, "To make the bad or light-colored leaves marketable, they undergo an artificial process of coloring; but this I have prohibited, in compliance with the orders of the Court of Directors, and therefore do not consider this tea at present fit for the market." In a foot-note he adds, "In China, this process, according to the statement of the tea-manufacturers, is carried on to a great extent." Whether the process of coloring is confined solely to the light-colored leaves of green tea, or extended to other interior sorts, we have no means of judging, amid such a variety of discordant statements.

After the tea is thoroughly dried, in the manner above detailed, it is carefully hand-picked, all the old or badly curled, and also light-colored leaves being removed, as well as any leaves of different varieties that may have got intermixed with it. Being now quite dry, it is ready to be packed, which is done in a very careful manner. The woods used for making the boxes in Northern India (according to Mr. Jameson) are toon, walnut, and saul (*Shorea robusta*), all coniferous (pine) woods being unfit for the purpose, on account of their pitchy odor. The tea is firmly packed in a leaden box, and soldered down, being covered with paper, to prevent the action of air through any unobserved holes that might exist in the lead; this leaden box is contained in the wooden one, which it is made exactly to fit. The tea being now ready to go into the hands of the merchant, we need carry our observations no farther, as every housewife will know better than we can tell her how to manage her own tea-pot. We will, therefore, conclude our remarks by submitting the following statistical note of the imports of tea into the United Kingdom in the year 1846, with the view of showing its commercial importance—

Black tea, about	43,000,000 lbs.
Green tea, about	13,000,000 "
Total	56,000,000 "

ANECDOTES OF DR. CHALMERS.

SOME curious Anecdotes of Dr. Chalmers are given in the new volume of his life, now on the point of publication. Immediately upon his translation to Glasgow a most enthusiastic attachment sprung up between Chalmers, who was then some thirty-five years of age, and Thomas Smith, the son of his publisher, a young man still in his minority. It was more like a first love than friendship. The friends met regularly by appointment, or in case of absence, daily letters were interchanged. The young man died in the course of a few months. A ring containing his hair was given to Chalmers; and it is noted as a singular fact, showing the intense and lasting nature of his attachment, that the ring, after having been long laid aside, was resumed and worn by him a few months before his death, a period of more than thirty years. . . .

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His keen practical talents did not altogether shield him from attempts at imposition. "On one occasion," he writes, "a porter half-drunk came up to me, and stated that two men were wanting to see me. He carried me to a tavern, where it turned out that there was a wager between these two men whether this said porter was correct in his knowledge of me. I was so revolted at his impertinency, that I made the ears of all who were in the house ring with a reproof well said and strong; and so left them a little astounded, I have no doubt." .... On another occasion, while busily engaged one forenoon in his study, he was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. The doctor began to look grave at the interruption; but was propitiated by his visitor telling him that he called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated," said the doctor, looking up eagerly, and turning full of interest from his writing table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave among others what is said in the Bible about Melchisedec being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficuly as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end—"Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way" At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others —"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! and to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek! ..... A discussion arose among the superintendents of his Sabbath-schools whether punishment should ever be resorted to. One of them related an instance of a boy whom he had found so restless, idle, and mischievous, that he was on the point of expelling him, when the thought occurred to him to give the boy an office. The candles used in the school-room were accordingly put under care of the boy; and from that hour he became a diligent scholar. Another superintendent then related his experience. He had been requested to take charge of a school that had become so unruly and unmanageable that it had beaten off every teacher that had gone to it. "I went," said the teacher, "and told the boys, whom I found all assembled, that I had heard a very bad account of them, that I had come out for the purpose of doing them good, that I must have peace and attention, that I would submit to no disturbance, and that, in the first place, we must begin with prayer. They all stood up, and I commenced, and certainly did not forget the injunction—Watch and pray. I had not proceeded two sentences, when one little fellow gave his neighbor a tremendous *dig* in the side; I instantly stepped forward and gave *him* a sound cuff on the side of his head. I never spoke a word, but stepped back, concluded the prayer, taught for a month, and never had a more orderly school." Dr. Chalmers enjoyed the discussion exceedingly; and decided that the question as to punishment and non-punishment stood just where it was before, "inasmuch as it had been found that the judicious appointment of a candle-snuffer-general and a good cuff on the *lug* had been about equally efficacious." .... Among the most ardent admirers of the doctor's eloquence, was Mr. Young, professor of Greek. Upon one occasion, he was so electrified that he leaped up from his seat upon the bench near the pulpit, and stood, breathless and motionless, gazing at the preacher till the burst was over, the tears all the while came rolling down his cheeks. Upon another occasion, forgetful of time and place—fancying himself perhaps in the theatre—he rose and made a loud clapping of his hands in an ecstasy of admiration and delight. ..... He was no exception to the saying that a prophet is not without honor save among his own countrymen. When he preached in London his own brother James never went to hear him. One day, at the coffee-house which he frequented, the brother was asked by some one who was ignorant of the relationship, if he had heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of his, "Yes," said James, somewhat drily, "I have heard him." "And what did you think of him?" "Very little indeed," was the reply. "Dear me," exclaimed the inquirer," "*When* did you hear him?" "About half an hour after he was born," was the cool answer of the brother. ..... When he preached at his native place, so strong was the feeling of his father against attending any but his own parish church, or so feeble was his desire to hear his son, that, although the churches of the two parishes of Eastern and Western Anstruther stood but a few hundred yards apart, the old man would not cross the separating *burn* in order to hear him.

[From the People's Journal.]

THE PLEASURES OF ILLNESS.

EVERY body knows the pleasures of health; but there are very few, if any, who can appreciate those of illness. Doubtless many people will feel inclined to laugh at the suggestion, but we beg that we may not be prejudged. There is positive pleasure to be derived even from every variety—and there is a choice—of sickness, if we would only put faith in the idea, and then strive to realize it. You may smile, but we are very serious, recollecting especially that the subject is rather a painful one, for which reason it behoves us to begin by treating it philosophically.

The best thing that people can do when they are suffering pain, either acute or otherwise, is —if they can not readily overcome it—to endeavor to forget it; simply because the mere effort, earnestly made and persevered in, will materially assist whatever more direct and effi-

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cient means may be adopted to get rid of it. Brooding over any bodily suffering only gives it encouragement, inasmuch as the mind is then actively assisting the ailment of the body; but let us make the most of a temporary cessation from the infliction, and there is a probability of its being dispelled altogether. Now the pleasure of getting rid of pain is undeniable, and, having achieved that, the best thing we can do to render the cessation permanent is to enjoy a sound sleep, which, though a very simple and ordinary gratification at other times, then becomes an extreme luxury, such, indeed, as we never should have known except through the instrumentality of the suffering that preceded it. The same may be said of many of the remedies that are used for the alleviation of pain: a hot bath, local applications of an exceedingly cold nature, or a delicious draught for cooling fever and quenching thirst—a draught like that of hock and soda-water—a draught "worthy of Xerxes, the great king," and not to be equaled by sherbet "sublimed with snow;" but then you must (oh, what a pleasure for a king!) "get very drunk," says Byron, in order thoroughly to enjoy it. You see our author so highly appreciated the pleasures of illness that he actually advises us to make ourselves ill; and that, too, in a most vulgar and degrading manner, in order that we may unreservedly revel in them. But, perhaps, the poet only meant to satirize the excessive proneness of all human beings—and kings have been noted for this quite as much as any—to bring pain upon themselves by some wanton or provoked indiscretion.

No pleasure can compensate for acute and long-endured suffering; but in all cases of illness unattended by pain, the pleasure to be derived is considerably greater than might be imagined. In fact, no one ever thinks of being able to enjoy an illness, for which reason we shall endeavor to show our readers not only the practicability of the idea, but how they are to set about realizing it. Let us take the most common kind of malady there is unattended by actual pain, a cold; a cold all over you, as violent as you please—such, in fact, as is "not to be sneezed at," one that will confine you to your bed, compel you to take medicine, and restrict you to broth and barley-water. There you are, then, ill; happy fellow! very ill! you have not the least conception how much you are to be envied. The mere fact of being in such a condition, renders you an object of anxiety and interest. Every body in the house is ready to wait upon you, and all you have to do is to lie still and enjoy your bed, while other people are bustling about the house, or out of doors all day, undergoing the fatigue and irksomeness of their ordinary avocations. You are ill—you are to do nothing—not even to get up to breakfast, but to have it brought to you in bed; a luxury which it is probable you may have often been tempted to enjoy in the winter, ou h your philosophy enabled you to overcome it. Now you are not only compelled to indulge in it, but are made an object of sympathy on that account; it is so very lamentable to see you propped up with pillows, and cosily encased in flannel around the throat and shoulders. You are not to be hurried over your breakfast; there is no office to go to; nothing to be thought of but the enjoyment of your tea and toast, which you may sip and munch as leisurely as you please, while reading a magazine or newspaper. At length breakfast is over, and you have become tired of reading; down go the pillows to their usual position, and after some gentle hand has smoothed and placed them comfortably, you sink back upon them, overwhelmed by a most delightful sense of mental and bodily indolence. What a blessing it is to have escaped the ordeal of shaving, even for one morning! only think of that; and remember also how the warmth of the bed will encourage the growth of your beard, compelling you of course to send for the barber when you have got well enough to leave your room again. Hark! there's a knock at the door—somebody you don't want to see, probably; "Master's very poorly, and obliged to keep his bed." Ha! ha! Keep his bed, eh?—no such thing; it's the bed that keeps him—snug and warm, and in a blessed state of exemption from all annoyances, and you must not be subjected to any such infliction; no, you are very ill. You abandon yourself to the idea, nestle your head luxuriously in the pillow, pull the bed clothes over your chin, and fall into a delightful dose. You awake feverish, perhaps, and thirsty. Well, there is some barley-water at your bedside, delicately flavored with a little lemon juice and sugar; a sort of primitive punch, pleasant to the palate, and not at all likely to prove provocative of headache. You raise a tumblerful to your lips, and drink with intense *gusto*. What a pleasure it is! well worth coming into the world to enjoy, if one was to die the next minute; but you are not going to die yet, don't suppose it—you are only being favored with an opportunity of enjoying the pleasures of illness. But you are so feverish, you say; so much the better. Now, just endeavor to recall to mind the wildest fiction, either in prose or poetry that you have ever read, something very pleasing and highly imaginative—a fairy tale will be as good as any. Go to sleep thinking of it, and you will dream—dream, said we? we were wrong, for the fiction will become a glorious reality; and so it does! but, alas! you awake, once more return to the vulgar commonplaces of mundane existence. A sharp rap at the bedroom door makes you farther conscious that you have only been reveling in what is termed a delusion; but never mind, here comes some one to console you—another corporeality like yourself, intent on feeding you with chicken-broth, and batter-pudding; much more substantial fare than the fairies would have given you, and extremely enjoyable now that you are ill, though at any other time you would have turned up your nose at it. Oh, it's

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ne thing is illness for teaching people not to
the palate become irritated by luxurious
ıg! "Very nice," eh, "but you would
e liked a basin of mulligatawny better, and
e wine-sauce with the pudding?" Shocking
avity! the pleasures of illness are simple,
you must learn to enjoy *them* as well as
e of health; it's all habit. Many medicines
ld be found extremely palatable if we were not
ıdiced against them. Now, black draughts,
"can't bear them;" and yet they are much
than castor-oil. Why, what's the matter?
e upset all the broth over that beautifully
e counterpane! Delicate stomach, yours;

Come, try the pudding; and don't let
imagination combine any medicinal sauce
it. You have eaten it all; that's right.
allow us to suggest that a little very ripe
will not hurt you—an orange, or some
berries if in season. But you must not lie
and allow your mind to get either into a
ıome state of vacuity or unpleasant reflec-
Send for a book from the library—some
that you have never read; and if it is too
trouble to read it yourself, get some one
l it to you. It is a capital plan always to
or to forget an illness by means of some
ınd absorbing enjoyment. You are fond
ic, for instance; and if you hear any good
rike up in the street we recommend you
neans to detain them. You will get up,
s, in the evening, and prepare yourself
freshing night's rest by having your bed
should a friend drop in who can give you
of chess or cribbage be sure to avail
of the opportunity, if you feel inclined
recreation. Do not sit up late, or get
exciting conversation; but go calmly
etly to bed, take your basin of gruel,
your pills, lay your head on the pillow,
o sleep. To-morrow it is most probable
will be well, or only sufficiently indis-
render it prudent that you should stop
, when you will indulge in a stronger
relishing diet; pass the day in a dreamy
inactivity, or enjoy yourself vivacious-
ıy reasonable manner you may think

ps, gentle reader, you may have en-
olonged and severe attacks of bodily
—perhaps you will tell us that we have
depicting illness at all, but merely in-
ı. You would have had us pick out
pages of the "Lancet" a thrilling ac-
orture under the knife, and then made
ur ingenuity to discover, if possible,
sure contingent upon that. You might
xpect us to write an article on the
of being hanged. We will, however,
uch as regards every degree of illness:
is scarcely any that does not admit of
gating gratification. The mere cir-
of being watched and most carefully
those we love, the kindness with which
our peevishness, and the desire they
display to do every thing they can either to alleviate our pain or to conduce to our convalescence, are pleasures such as illness alone can afford, and must ever merit the highest appreciation, not only because we either are or ought to be duly impressed with them at the time, but for the farther and more substantial reason that they become delightful reminiscences and bonds of affection forever after. It is an excellent thing, morally and socially, is illness, and only requires that we endeavor to make the best instead of the worst of it; and therein lies the whole serious purport of this paper, which we have thought fit to write in as light a style as possible, knowing that the subject, though interesting to all, is very far from being generally palatable.

OBSTRUCTIONS TO THE USE OF THE TELESCOPE.

IT has been long known, both from theory and in practice, that the imperfect transparency of the earth's atmosphere, and the unequal refraction which arises from differences of temperature, combine to set a limit to the use of high magnifying powers in our telescopes. Hitherto, however, the application of such high powers was checked by the imperfections of the instruments themselves; and it is only since the construction of Lord Rosse's telescope that astronomers have found that, in our damp and variable climate, it is only during a few days of the year that telescopes of such magnitude can use successfully the high magnifying powers which they are capable of bearing. Even in a cloudless sky, when the stars are sparkling in the firmament, the astronomer is baffled by influences which are invisible, and while new planets and new satellites are being discovered by instruments comparatively small, the gigantic Polyphemus lies slumbering in his cave, blinded by thermal currents, more irresistible than the firebrand of Ulysses. As the astronomer, however, can not command a tempest to clear his atmosphere, nor a thunder storm to purify it, his only alternative is to remove his telescope to some southern climate, where no clouds disturb the serenity of the firmament, and no changes of temperature distract the emanations of the stars. A fact has been recently mentioned, which entitles us to anticipate great results from such a measure. The Marquis of Ormonde is said to have seen from Mount Etna, with his naked eye, the satellites of Jupiter. If this be true, what discoveries may we not expect, even in Europe, from a large reflector working above the grosser strata of our atmosphere. This noble experiment of sending a large reflector to a southern climate has been but once made in the history of science. Sir John Herschel transported his telescopes and his family to the south of Africa, and during a voluntary exile of four years' duration he enriched astronomy with many splendid discoveries.—*Sir David Brewster.*

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Political Incidents of the past month have been interesting and important. Congress, after spending eight or nine months in most animated discussion of the principles, results, and relations of various subjects growing out of Slavery in the Southern States, has enacted several provisions of very great importance to the whole country. The debates upon these topics, especially in the Senate, have been exceedingly able, and have engrossed public attention to an unusual degree. The excitement which animated the members of Congress gradually extended to those whom they represented, and a state of feeling had arisen which was regarded, by many judicious and experienced men, as full of danger to the harmony and well-being, if not to the permanent existence, of the American Union. The action of Congress during the month just closed, concludes the controversy upon these questions, and for the time, at least, prevents vigorous and effective agitation of the principles which they involved. What that action has been we shall state with as much detail and precision as our readers will desire.

In the last number of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, we chronicled the action of the Senate upon several of the bills now referred to. They were sent of course to the House of Representatives, and that body first took up the bill establishing the boundary of Texas, and giving her ten millions of dollars in payment of her claim to the portion of New Mexico which the bill requires her to relinquish. Mr. BOYD, of Kentucky, moved as an amendment, to attach to it the bills for the government of Utah and New Mexico, substantially as they had passed the Senate, both being without any anti-slavery proviso. He subsequently withdrew that portion of the amendment relating to Utah; and an effort was made by Mr. ASHMUN to cut off the remainder of the amendment by the previous question, but the House refused by a vote of 74 ayes to 107 nays. The subject was discussed with a good deal of animation for several days. On the 4th of September, a motion to lay the bill on the table was defeated—ayes 30, nays 169. A motion to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole, which was considered equivalent to its rejection, was then carried—ayes 109, nays 99;—but a motion to reconsider that vote was immediately passed—ayes 104, nays 98;—and the House then refused to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole by a vote of 101 ayes and 103 nays. Mr. CLINGMAN, of North Carolina, moved an amendment to divide California, and erect the southern part of it into the territory of Colorado;—but this was rejected—ayes 69, nays 130. The question was then taken on the amendment, organizing a territorial government for New Mexico, and was lost—ayes 98, nays 106. The question then came up on ordering the Texas Boundary bill to a third reading, and the House refused to do so by a vote of 80 ayes and 126 nays. Mr. BOYD immediately moved to reconsider that vote, and on the 5th that motion passed—ayes 131, nays 75. Mr. GRINNELL, of Massachusetts then moved to reconsider the vote by which Mr. BOYD's amendment had been rejected, and this was carried by a vote of 106 to 99. An amendment, offered by Mr. FEATHERSTON, of Virginia, to strike out all after the enacting clause, and to make the Rio Grande, from its mouth to its source, the boundary of Texas, was rejected by a vote of 71 in favor to 128 against it. The amendment of Mr. BOYD was then passed by a vote of 106 ayes and 99 noes; and the question was then taken on ordering the bill, as amended, to a third reading. It was lost by a vote of 99 ayes to 107 noes. Mr. HOWARD, of Texas, who had voted against the bill, immediately moved a reconsideration of the vote. The Speaker decided that the motion was not in order, inasmuch as a reconsideration had once been had. Mr. HOWARD appealed from the decision, and contended that the former vote was simply to reconsider the vote on the original bill, whereas this was to reconsider the vote on the bill as amended by Mr. BOYD.—On the 6th, the House reversed the Speaker's decision, 123 to 83,—thus bringing up again the proposition to order the bill to a third reading. Mr. HOWARD moved the previous question, and his motion was sustained, 103 to 91;—and the bill was then ordered to a third reading by a vote of 108 to 98. The bill was then read a third time, and finally passed by a vote of 108 ayes to 98 nays.—As this bill is one of marked importance, we add, as a matter of record, the following analysis of the vote upon it:—the names of Democrats are in Roman letter, Whigs in italics, and members of the Free Soil party in small capitals:—

AYES.—INDIANA, Albertson, W. J. Brown, Dunham, Fitch, Gorman, McDonald, Robinson.—ALABAMA, *Aiston*, W. R. W. Cobb, *Hilliard*.—TENNESSEE, *Anderson*, Ewing, *Gentry*, I. G. Harris, A. Johnson, Jones, Savage, F. P. Stanton, Thomas, *Watkins*, *Williams*.—NEW YORK, *Arcens*, *Bokee*, *Briggs*, *Brooks*, *Duer*, *McKissock*, *Nelson*, *Phœnix*, *Rose*, *Schermerhorn*, *Thurman*, *Underhill*, *White*.—IOWA, Leffler.—RHODE-ISLAND, *Gro. G. King*.—MISSOURI Bay, Bowlin, Green, Hall.—VIRGINIA, Bayly, Beale, Edmunson, *Haymond*, McDowell, McMullen, *Martin*, Parker.—KENTUCKY, Boyd, *Breck*, G. A. Caldwell, *J. L. Johnson*, *Marshall*, Mason, *McLean*, *Morehead*, R. H. Stanton, *John B. Thompson*.—MARYLAND, *Bowie*, Hammond, *Kerr*, McLane.—MICHIGAN, Buel.—FLORIDA, *E. C. Cabell*.—DELAWARE, *J. W. Houston*.—PENNSYLVANIA, *Chester Butler*, *Casey*, *Chandler*, Dimmick, Gilmore, *Lewis*, Job Mann, McLanahan, *Pitman*, Robbins, Ross, Strong,

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James Thompson.—North Carolina, *R. C. Caldwell, Deberry, Outlaw, Shepperd, Stanly.*—Ohio, Disney, Hoagland, Potter, *Taylor*, Whittlesey.—Massachusetts, *Duncan, Eliot, Grinnell.*—Maine, Fuller, Gerry, Littlefield.—Illinois, Thomas L. Harris, McClernand, Richardson, Young.—New-Hampshire, Hibbard, Peaslee, *Wilson.*—Texas, Howard, Kaufman.—Georgia, *Owen, Toombs*, Welborn.—New Jersey, Wildrick.

NAYS.—New York, *Alexander, Bennett, Burrows, Clark, Conger, Gott, Holloway, W. T. Jackson, John A. King*, Preston King, *Matteson, Putnam, Reynolds, Ramsey, Sackett, Schoolcraft, Silvester.*—Massachusetts, Allen, *Fowler, Horace Mann, Rockwell.*—North Carolina, *Clingman*, Daniel, Venable.—Virginia, Averett, Holiday, Mead, Millson, Powell, Seddon.—Illinois, *Baker*, Wentworth.—Michigan, Bingham, Sprague.—Alabama, Bowdon, S. W. Harris, Hubbard, Inge.—Mississippi, A. G. Brown, Featherston, McWillie, Jacob Thompson.—South Carolina, Burt, Colcock, Holmes, Orr, Wallace, Woodward, McQueen.—Connecticut, *Thomas B. Butler*, Waldo, Booth.—Ohio, Cable, *Campbell*, Cartter, *Corwin, Crowell, Nathan Evans*, Giddings, *Hunter*, Morris, Olds, Root, *Schenck*, Sweetzer, *Vinton.*—Pennsylvania, *Calvin, Dickey*, Howe, *Moore, Ogle, Reed, Thaddeus Stevens.*—Wisconsin, *Cole*, Doty, Durkee.—Rhode Island, *Dixon.*—Georgia, Haralson, Jos. W. Jackson.—Indiana, Harlan, Julian, *McGaughey.*—Vermont, *Hebard, Henry, Meacham*, Peck.—Arkansas, Robert W. Johnson.—New Jersey, *James G. King, Newell, Van Dyke.*—Louisiana, La Sere, Morse.—Maine, *Otis*, Sawtelle, Stetson.—Missouri, Phelps.—New Hampshire, Tuck.

This analysis shows that there voted

For the Bill	Northern Whigs	24	
	Southern Whigs	25	49
	Northern Democrats ...	32	
	Southern Democrats...	27	59
	Total.....		108
Against the Bill..	Northern Whigs	44	
	Southern Whigs	1	45
	Northern Democrats ...	13	
	Southern Democrats ...	30	43
	Total.....		98

The bill thus passed in the House was sent to the Senate; and on the 9th that body, by a vote of 31 to 10, concurred in the amendment which the House had made to it; and it became, by the signature of the President, the law of the land.

On Saturday the 7th, the House took up the bill from the Senate admitting California into the Union. Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, moved an amendment, making the parallel of 36° 30′ the southern boundary of California, which was rejected—yeas 71, nays 134. The main question was then taken, and the bill, admitting California, passed—yeas 150, nays 56. ——On the same day the bill from the Senate organizing a territorial government for Utah was taken up, and Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, moved to amend it by inserting a clause prohibiting the existence of slavery within the territory. This was lost—ayes 69, nays 78. Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, moved an amendment, declaring that the Mexican law prohibiting slavery, should remain in full force in the territory: after some discussion this was rejected—ayes 51, nays 85. Several other amendments were introduced and lost, and the bill finally passed by a vote of 97 ayes and 85 nays.

The bill to facilitate the recovery of Fugitive slaves was taken up in the Senate on the 20th of August. Mr. Dayton submitted an amendment providing for a trial by jury of the question, whether the person who may be claimed, is or is not a fugitive slave. After some debate, the amendment was rejected by a vote of ayes 11, nays 27, as follows:

AYES.—Messrs. Chase, Davis of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dodge of Wisconsin, Greene, Hamlin, Phelps, Smith, Upham, Walker, Winthrop—11.

NAYS.—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Benton, Berrien, Butler, Cass, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Houston, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Soulé, Sturgeon Turney, Underwood, Wales, and Yulee—27.

On the 22d, Mr. Pratt, of Maryland, submitted an amendment, the effect of which would have been to make the United States responsible in damages for fugitive slaves that might not be recovered. This was rejected by a vote of 10 to 27. Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment extending the right of *habeas corpus* to free colored citizens arriving in vessels at Southern ports, who may be imprisoned there without any alleged offense against the law' This amendment, after debate, was rejected—ayes 13, nays 25. The original bill was then ordered to a third reading by a vote of 27 ayes to 12 nays, as follows:

AYES.—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Foote, Houston, Hunter, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Soulé, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Wales, and Yulee—27

NAYS.—Messrs. Baldwin, Bradbury, Chase, Cooper, Davis of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dodge of Wisconsin, Greene, Smith, Upham, Walker, and Winthrop—12.

On the 26th the bill had its third reading and was finally passed. On the 12th of September the House of Representatives took up the bill, and after some slight debate, passed it, under the operation of the previous question, by a vote of 109 ayes to 75 nays.

On the 3d of September the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill abolishing the Slave-trade in the District of Columbia. Mr Foote of Mississippi offered a substitute placing the control of the whole matter in the hands of the Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown. To this Mr. Pearce of Maryland, in committee of the whole, moved an amendment punishing by fine and imprisonment any person who shall induce or attempt to induce slaves to run away, and giving the corporate authorities power to remove free negroes from the District. The first portion of the amendment was passed, ayes 26, nays 15, and the second ayes 24, nays 18. Mr. Foote then withdrew his substitute.——On the 10th the consideration of the bill was resumed. Mr Seward moved to substitute a bill abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia and appropriating $200,000 to indemnify the owners of slaves who might thus be enfranchised—the claims to be audited and adjusted by the Secretary of the Interior; and submitting the law to the people of the District. The amendment

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gave rise to a warm debate and on the 12th was rejected, ayes 5, nays 46. The amendments offered by Mr. PEARCE, and passed in committee of the whole, were non-concurred in by the Senate on the 14th, and the bill on the same day was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, by a vote of 32 to 19. On the 16th it was read a third time and finally passed, ayes 33, nays 19, as follows:

AYES.—Messrs. Baldwin, Benton, Bright, Cass, Chase, Clarke, Clay, Cooper, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dickinson, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Ewing, Felch, Frémont, Greene, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, Houston, Jones, Norris, Seward, Shields, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Wales, Walker, Whitcomb, and Winthrop—33.

NAYS.—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Downs, Hunter, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, Soulé, Turney, and Yulee—19.

It was taken up in the House of Representatives on the 15th and passed by a vote of 124 to 47.

By the action of Congress during the past month, therefore, bills have been passed upon all the topics which have agitated the country during the year. The bill in regard to the Texas boundary provides that the northern line shall run on the line of 36° 30′ from the meridian of 100° to 103° of west longitude—thence it shall run south to the 32d parallel of latitude, and on that parallel to the Rio del Norte, and in the channel of that river thence to its mouth. The State of Texas is to cede to the United States all claims to the territory north of that line, and to relinquish all claim for liability for her debts, &c., and is to receive from the United States as a consideration the sum of ten millions of dollars. The law will, of course, have no validity unless assented to by the State of Texas. No action upon this subject has been taken by her authorities. Previous to the passage of the bill, the Legislature of the State met in special session called by Governor BELL, and received from him a long and elaborate message in regard to the attempt made, under his direction, to extend the laws and jurisdiction of Texas over the Santa Fé district of New Mexico, and to the resistance which he had met from the authorities of the Federal Government. After narrating the circumstances of the case, he urges the necessity of asserting, promptly and by force, the claim of Texas to the territory in question. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the Executive to raise and maintain two regiments of mounted volunteers for the Expedition. A bill was introduced in conformity with this recommendation; but of its fate no reliable intelligence has yet been received.——A resolution was introduced into the Texas Legislature calling upon the governor for copies of any correspondence he might have had with other states of the Confederacy, but it was not passed. A letter has been published from General QUITMAN, Governor of Mississippi, stating that in case of a collision between the authorities of Texas and those of the United States, he should deem it his duty to aid the former.——Hon. THOS. J. RUSK, whose term as U. S. Senator expires with the present session, has been re-elected by the Legislature of Texas receiving 56 out of 64 votes. He voted in favor of the bill of adjustment, and his re-election by so large a majority is looked upon as indicating a disposition on the part of the authorities to accept the terms proposed.——Both Houses of Congress have agreed to adjourn on the 30th of September.

Intelligence from the Mexican Boundary Commission has been received to the 31st of August, on which day they were at Indianola, Texas. There was some sickness among the members of the corps, but every thing looked promising.——Hon. WILLIAM DUER, member of Congress from the Oswego District, New York, has declined a re-election, in a letter in which he vindicates the bills passed by Congress, and earnestly urges his constituents not to encourage or permit any further agitation among them of questions connected with slavery. Hon. E. G. SPAULDING, from the Erie District, and Hon. GEORGE ASHMUN, of Massachusetts, also decline a re-election.——Captain AMMIN BEY, of the Turkish Navy, arrived at New York on the 13th, in the United States ship Erie, being sent out by his Government as special Commissioner to collect information and make personal observations of the character, resources, and condition of the United States. He is a gentleman of ability, education, and experience and has been employed by his Government on various confidential missions. He was the secret agent of Turkey on the frontiers of Hungary during the recent struggle of that gallant people with Austria and Russia. He has been warmly received here, and enjoys every facility for prosecuting the objects of his mission. Congress has appropriated $10,000 toward defraying the expenses of his mission.——Hon. A. H. H. STUART, of Virginia, has been appointed Secretary of the Interior, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. M'KENNAN. He has accepted the appointment and entered upon the duties of the office. Mr. M'KENNAN resigned on finding, from an experience of a day, that his health was not adequate to the performance of the duties of the place. Mr. STUART has been a member of Congress, where he was universally recognized as a man of ability, assiduity, and character.——Mr. CONRAD, of Louisiana, on accepting the office of Secretary of War, addressed a letter to his constituents, explaining and justifying the course he had taken in Congress. He said that opinions on the subject of the extension of slavery might be classified as follows: 1. There are those who seek, through the direct agency of the Federal Government, to introduce slavery into this territory. 2. Those who wish, by the same means, to prevent this introduction. 3. Those who resist any interference with the question by the Federal Government, and would leave to the inhabitants of the country the exclusive right to decide it. He claims to belong to the latter class. The Union, he says, is too

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at a blessing to be staked upon any game of ard, and the prolongation of the controversy n the subject of slavery, he deems in itself a mity. "It alarms the South and agitates North; it alienates each from the other, and ments the number and influence of those wage an endless war against slavery, and m this discussion has raised to a political ortance which, without it, they never could e attained."——Dr. HENRY NES, member Congress from the Fifteenth District of Penn-ania, died at his residence in York on the h.——Several American citizens residing in is, having observed in the London papers an ount of a gross insult said to have been of-d to Hon. Mr. BARRINGER, United States Min-r at Madrid, by General NARVAEZ at Naples, te to him, assuring him of the cordial re-se upon which he might count to such sures of redress as he should choose to pt. Mr. BARRINGER replied by declaring whole story to be false in every particular. ll his personal and official intercourse with , he says, General NARVAEZ had been most rteous and respectful.——An election for e officers was held in Vermont on the first sday of September, which resulted in the ice of CHARLES R. WILLIAMS (Whig) for ernor, and the re-election of Hon. Messrs. ARD and MEACHAM to Congress, from the ond and Third Districts. THOMAS BART-T, jun., Democrat, was elected in the Fourth rict, and no choice was effected in the First. —Professor J. W. WEBSTER was executed Boston on the 30th of August, pursuant to sentence, for the murder of Dr. PARKMAN. died with great firmness and composure, essing and evincing the most heartfelt peni-e for his crime.——Intelligence has been ived of the death of the Reverend ADON-M JUDSON, D.D., who is known to all the ld as the oldest and one of the most la-ous missionaries in foreign lands. He left United States for Calcutta in 1812, and has oted the whole of his life since that time to ing Christianity known in Burmah. He slated the Bible into the language of the ntry, besides compiling a Dictionary of it, and forming an immense amount of other literary r in addition to the regular preaching of the pel and the discharge of other pastoral duties. returned to this country in 1847, and mar-Miss Emily Chubbuck, with whom he soon rned to his field of labor. His health for past few months has been gradually declin-and during the last spring it had become so ously impaired that a sea voyage was deem-essential to its restoration. He accordingly arked on board the French bark, Aristide ie, for the Isle of Bourbon, on the 3d of il; but his disease made rapid advances, after several days of intense agony, he died he 12th, and his body was committed to the on the next day. Dr. JUDSON was attach-o the Baptist Church, but his memory will held in the profoundest veneration, as his labors have been cheered and sustained, by Christians of all denominations. He was a man of ability, of learning, and of intense devotion to the welfare of his fellow-men.——Bishop H. B. BASCOM, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Louisville, Ky., on the 8th of September, after an illness of some months' continuance. He was in many respects one of the most influential and distinguished members of the large denomination to which he belonged. He enjoyed a very wide reputation for eloquence and was universally regarded, by all who ever heard him, as one of the most brilliant and effective of American orators. His person was large and commanding, his voice sonorous and musical, and his manner exceedingly impressive. His style was exceedingly florid, and elaborate, and his discourses abounded in the most adventurous flights of fancy and imagination. He shared the merits and the faults of what is generally and pretty correctly known as the Southern and Western style of eloquence, and always spoke with great effect. His labors in the service of the church have been long, arduous, and successful. He has exerted a wide influence and has exerted it in behalf of the noblest and most important of all interests. His death occasions profound and universal regret.——JOHN INMAN, Esq., favorably known to the country as a literary man, and as editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, died at his residence in New York, on the 30th of August, after a lingering illness of several months. Mr. Inman was educated for the bar, and practiced law for some years in New York; but left the profession for the more congenial labors of literature. He was engaged for some years upon the New York Mirror, and soon after became associated with Colonel STONE, in the editorial conduct of the Commercial. Upon the death of that gentleman in 1847, Mr. Inman became the principal editor, and held that post, discharging its duties with ability, skill, and unwearied assiduity, until failing health compelled him to relinquish it during the last spring. He wrote frequently for the reviews and magazines, and sustained confidential relations, as critic and literary adviser, to the house of Harper and Brothers. He was a man of decided talent, of extensive information, great industry and of unblemished character. He died at the age of 47.

The most exciting event of the month has been the arrival of the celebrated Swedish vocalist, JENNY LIND. She reached New York in the Steamer *Atlantic* on the 1st of September, and was received by a demonstration of popular enthusiasm which has seldom been equaled in this country. More than twenty thousand people gathered upon the wharf where she landed, and crowded the streets through which she passed. She gave her first concert at Castle Garden, in New York, on the evening of the 12th, and this was rapidly followed by five others at the same place. The number of persons present on each occasion could not have

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been less then seven thousand. The receipts on the first night were about thirty thousand dollars, and JENNY LIND immediately bestowed ten thousand upon several of the worthiest charities of New York City. The enthusiasm which she excites seems fully justified not more by her superiority as an artist than by her personal qualities and character. Of her life a brief but spirited sketch, from the graceful pen of her distinguished countrywoman, Miss BREMER, will be found in another part of this Magazine. Her charities are already well known and honored wherever there are hearts to glow at deeds of enlightened benevolence. A young woman, who has not yet seen thirty years, she has already bestowed upon benevolent objects half a million of dollars, not inherited or won at a throw, but the fruit of a life of severe and disheartening toil, and has appropriated to the benefit of her native country the profits which she will reap from the willing soil of America. As an artist she has powers which are met with but once or twice in a generation. Her voice is in itself a wonder, and unlike most wonders is beautiful to a degree which causes those who come under its influence to forget surprise in pleasure. It is compared to all things beautiful under the sun by those whose grateful task it is to set its attractions forth in detail: to the flood of melody from the nightingale's throat, to light, to water which flows from a pure and inexhaustible spring. We shall be content to say that it appears to us almost the ideal of a beautiful sound. It would puzzle the nicest epicure of the ear, we think, to say in what respect he would have its glorious quality modified. He might object possibly at first to the slightest shade of huskiness which appears sometimes in its lower tones, or to an equally slight sharpness in the very highest, but if he listened long he would surely forget to object. The purely musical quality of JENNY LIND's voice is its crowning charm and excellence, in comparison with which its great extent, brilliance, and acquired flexibility are of but secondary worth. Its lowest tone can be felt at a distance and above, or rather through, all noisy obstacles and surroundings, whether they be vocal or instrumental. Another of its chief charms is its seeming inexhaustibility. It pours forth in a pellucid flood of sound, and always produces the impression that there is more yet, amply more, to meet all the demands of the singer.

M'lle LIND's vocalization is to the ordinary ear beyond criticism. Her intended effects are so completely attained, and attained with such apparent ease and consciousness of power, that the hearer does not think of questioning whether they could be better in themselves or better performed, but gives himself up to this unalloyed enjoyment. Her intervals are taken with a certainty and firmness which can not be attained by an instrument, so nicely, so rigidly accurate is her ear, and so absolute is her power over her organ. Her abilities have been best displayed in the first *aria* sung by the Queen of Night in MOZART's *Zauberflöte*, and by a taking Swedish Herdsman's Song. In the former she vocalizes freely above the lines for many bars, and in one passage takes the astonishing note F *in alt.* with perfect intonation. In the latter, which contains some very difficult and unmelodic intervals, her performance is marked with the same ease and accuracy which appear in her simplest ballad, and the effect of echo which she produces is to be equaled only by Nature herself. M'lle LIND's shake is probably the most equal and brilliant ever heard. There are some critics and amateurs who object to her manner of delivering her voice and to her unimpassioned style; but although these objections seem to have no little weight, their consideration would involve a deeper investigation of questions of pure Art than we are at present prepared for, and are content to offer our homage, with that of the rest of the world, to the Genius and Benevolence which are united in her fascinating, though, we must say, not beautiful person.

The Gallery of the AMERICAN ART-UNION was re-opened for the season in New York on the 4th of September, JENNY LIND honoring the occasion by her presence. The collection is unusually large and excellent. It already numbers over 300 pictures, several of which are among the best productions of their authors. The number and variety of works of art to be distributed among the members at the coming anniversary will be greater than ever before. The rapid and wonderful growth of this institution is in the highest degree honorable to the country, and affords marked evidence of the energy and spirit with which its affairs have been conducted. We understand that the subscription list is already larger by some thousands than ever before at the same time.

The LITERARY INTELLIGENCE of the month is devoid of any features of startling interest. G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. has commenced in Boston a series of six Lectures upon the History of Civilization, and will probably repeat them in New York and other American cities. The subject is one with which Mr. JAMES has made himself familiar in the ordinary course of his studies for his historical novels; and he will undoubtedly bring to its methodical discussion a clear and sound judgment, liberal views, and his characteristic felicity and picturesqueness of description and narrative. The lectures are new, and are delivered for the first time in this country.——All who are interested in Classical Education will welcome the appearance of the edition of FREUND's Lexicon of the Latin Language, upon which Professor ANDREWS has been engaged for several years. The original work consists of four octavo volumes, averaging about 1100 pages each, which were eleven years in passing through the press, viz., from 1834 to 1845. By the adoption of various typographical expedients, such as adding another

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column to the page, and using smaller type, the whole will be comprised in a single volume, an improvement which, while it diminishes the cost, adds greatly to the convenience with which it may be used. This Lexicon is intended to give an account of all the Latin words found in the writings of the Romans from the earliest times to the fall of the Western Empire, as well as those from the Greek and other languages. The grammatical inflexions, both regular and irregular, of each word, are accurately pointed out; and the etymologies are made to embrace the results of modern scholarship in that department as specifically applicable to the Latin language, without invading the proper province of comparative philology. To the definitions, as the most important department of lexicography, particular attention has been given; and the primary, the transferred, the tropical, and the proverbial uses of words are carefully arranged in the order of their development; the shades of difference in the meanings and uses of synonymous terms are pointed out. Special attention has been given to the chronology of words, *i. e.*, to the time when they were in use, and they are designated accordingly as belonging to all periods of the language, or as "ante-classic," "quite classic," "Ciceronian," "Augustan," "post-Augustan," "post-classic," or "late Latin," as the case may be. The student is also informed whether a word is used in prose or poetry, or in both, whether it is of common or rare occurrence, &c., &c.; and each of its uses is illustrated by a copious selection of examples, with a reference in every instance to the chapter, section, and verse where found. To those familiar with the subject, this brief description of the work will suffice to show its vast superiority over every dictionary of the Latin language at present in use among us, and how much may be expected in aid of the cause of sound learning from its introduction into our seminaries and colleges. It will appear from the press of the Harpers very soon.——"The History of the United States of America, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress, in three volumes," is the title of a new work by Mr. HILDRETH, whose three volumes, bringing down the history of the United States to the adoption of the Federal Constitution are already favorably known to the public. The present volumes, the first of which is already in press, are intended to embrace a fully authentic and impartial history of the two great parties of Federalists and Republicans, or Democrats, as they were sometimes called, by which the country was divided and agitated for the first thirty years and upward subsequent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The volume now in press is devoted to the administration of Washington, a subject of great interest and importance, since, during that period, not only were all the germs of the subsequent party distinctions fully developed, but because the real character and operation of the Federal Government, from that day to this, was mainly determined by the impress given to it while Washington remained at the head of affairs. This subject, treated with the candor, discrimination, industry, and ability which Mr. Hildreth's volumes already published give us a right to expect, can hardly fail to attract and reward a large share of public attention.——An Astronomical Expedition has been sent out by the United States Government to Santiago, Chili, for the purpose of making astronomical observations. It is under the charge of Lieut. J. M. GILLIS, of the Navy, one of the ablest astronomers of his age now living. The Chilian Government has received the expedition with great cordiality, and has availed itself of the liberal offer of the United States Government to admit several young men to instruction in the Observatory, by designating three persons for that object. Letters from Lieut. G. show that he is prosecuting his labors with unwearied zeal and assiduity—having, up to the 1st of June, catalogued nearly five thousand stars. HUMBOLDT, in a letter to a friend, which has been published, expresses a high opinion of Lieut. GILLIS, and of the expedition in which he is engaged. In the same letter he speaks in warm terms of the great ability and merit, in their several departments, of TICKNOR, PRESCOTT, FREMONT, EMORY, GOULD, and other literary and scientific Americans.

From CALIFORNIA our intelligence is to the 15th of August, brought by the steamer *Ohio*, which reached New York on the 22d ult. The most important item relates to a deplorable collision which has occurred between persons claiming lands under titles derived from Capt. SUTTER, and others who had taken possession of them and refused to leave. Capt. Sutter held them under his Spanish grant, the validity of which, so far as the territory in question is concerned, is disputed. Attempts to eject the squatters, in accordance with the decision of the courts, were forcibly resisted at Sacramento City on the 14th of August, and a riot was the result, in which several persons on both sides were killed, and others severely wounded. Several hundred were engaged in the fight. As this occurred just upon the eve of the steamer's departure, the issue of the contest is unknown. There is reason to fear that the difficulties to which it gives rise may not be very soon or very easily settled. Among those killed were Mr. Bigelow, Mayor of Sacramento City, Mr. Woodland, an auctioneer, and Dr. Robinson, the President of the Squatter Association.——The news from the mines continues to be encouraging. In the southern mines the dry season had so far advanced that the Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers were in good working condition, and yielded good returns. Details are given from the various localities showing that the gold has been by no means exhausted. From the northern mines similar accounts are received.——The total amount received for duties by the Collector at San Francisco from

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November 12, 1849, to June 30, 1850, was $889,542.——During the passage of the steamer Panama from San Francisco to Panama the cholera broke out, and seventeen of the passengers died. It was induced by excessive indulgence in fruit at Acupulco.——Rev. HORATIO SOUTHGATE D.D., formerly Missionary Bishop at Constantinople, has been chosen Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Diocese of California.——In Sonora the difficulties which had broken out in consequence of the tax on foreign miners had been obviated, and order was restored.——Mining operations are prosecuted with the greatest vigor and energy, and were yielding a good return. Companies were formed for carrying on operations more thoroughly than has been usual, and new locations have been discovered which promise to be very fertile.

From OREGON there is no news of interest, though our intelligence comes down to the 25th of July. Business was prosperous. Gold is said to have been discovered on Rogue's river, and companies had been formed to profit by the discovery. A treaty of peace has been negotiated with the Indians by Gov. LANE.

From JAMAICA we hear of the death of Gen. Herard, ex-President of Hayti, who has been residing in Jamaica for several years. The season has been favorable for the crops, and the harvests of fruit were very abundant. There had been several very severe thunderstorms, and several lives had been lost from lightning. Efforts are made to promote the culture of cotton upon the island.

From NEW MEXICO Major R. H. WEIGHTMAN arrived at St. Louis, Aug. 22d, having been elected U. S. Senator by the state Legislature. He was on his way to Washington where he has since arrived. His colleague was Hon. F. A. CUNNINGHAM. In the popular canvass the friends of a state government carried every county except one, over those who desired a territorial organization. A conflict of authority had occurred between the newly elected state officers and the Civil and Military Governor, the latter refusing to transfer the authority to the former until New Mexico should be admitted as a state. A voluminous correspondence upon the subject between the two governors has been published.—The Indians at the latest dates were still committing the grossest outrages in all parts of the country. The crops were fine and promising.

In ENGLAND the month has been signalized by no event of special interest or importance. The incident which has attracted most attention grew out of the visit to England of General HAYNAU, the commander of the Austrian armies during the war with Hungary, who acquired for himself a lasting and infamous notoriety by the horrible cruelty which characterized his campaigns and his treatment of prisoners who fell into his hands. His proclamations, threatening butchery and extermination to every village any of whose inhabitants should furnish aid or countenance to the Hungarians, and the inhuman barbarity with which they were put in execution, must be fresh in the public memory, as it certainly was in that of the people of London. It seems that, during his stay in London, General HAYNAU visited the great brewery establishment of Messrs. Barclay & Co. On presenting himself, accompanied by two friends, at the door, they were required, as was customary, to register their names. On looking at the books, the clerks discovered the name and rank of their visitor, and his presence and identity were soon known throughout the establishment. The workmen began to shout after him, and finally to follow and assail him with denunciations and dirt; and before he had crossed the yard he found himself completely beset by a mob of coal-heavers, draymen, brewers' men, and others, who shouted "Down with the Austrian butcher!" and hustled him about with a good deal of violence and considerable injury to his person. Fully realizing the peril of his position, he ran from the mob, and took refuge in a hotel, concealing himself in a secluded room from his pursuers, who ransacked the whole house, until the arrival of a strong police force put an end to the mob and the General's peril. The leading papers, especially those in the Tory interest, speak of this event in the most emphatic terms of denunciation. The Liberal journals exult in the popular spirit which it evinced, while they regret the disregard of law and order which attended it.

Parliament was prorogued on the 15th of August by the Queen in person, to the 25th of October. The ceremonial was unusually splendid. The Queen tendered her thanks for the assiduity and care which had marked the business of the session, and expressed her satisfaction with the various measures which had been consummated. In approving of the Colonial Government Act, she said it would always be gratifying to her to extend the advantages of republican institutions to colonies inhabited by men who are capable of exercising, with benefit to themselves, the privileges of freedom: she looks for the most beneficial consequences, also, from the act extending the elective franchise in Ireland.—Previous to the prorogation, Parliament transacted very little business of much interest to our readers. Marlborough House was set apart for the residence of the Prince of Wales when he shall need it, and meantime it is to be used for the exhibition of the Vernon pictures. Lord BROUGHAM created something of a sensation in the House of Lords on the 2d, by complaining that all savings in the Civil List should accrue to the nation, and not to the royal privy purse,—as the spirit of the constitution required the Sovereign to have no private means, but to be dependent wholly on the nation. His movement excited a good deal of feeling, and was very warmly censured by all the Lords who spoke upon it, as betraying an eagerness

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to pry into the petty details of private expenditures unworthy of the House, and indelicate toward the Sovereign. Lord BROUGHAM resented these censures with bitterness, and reproached the Whigs with having changed their sentiments and their conduct since they had tasted the sweets of office. This course, he said, showed "most painfully that absolute prostration of the understanding which takes place, even in the minds of the bravest, when the word "prince" is mentioned in England.——We mentioned in our last number the presentation of a petition concerning the Liverpool waterworks, many of the signatures to which were found to be forgeries. The case was investigated by the Lords, and the presenters of the petition, Mr. C. Cream and Mr. M. A. Gage, were declared to have been guilty of a breach of privilege, and sent to Newgate for a fortnight.——Lord CAMPBELL, on the 14th, expressed the opinion, "as one of the judges of the land," that the new regulations forbidding the delivery or transit of letters on Sunday, had a tendency, so far as the administration of justice was concerned, to obstruct works of necessity and mercy. The regulations have been essentially modified.——The bill concerning parliamentary voters in Ireland, after passing the House of Lords with the rate requisite for franchise at £15, was amended in the Commons by substituting £12;—the amendment was concurred in by the Lords, and in that form the bill became a law. The effect of it will be to add some two hundred thousand to the number of voters in the kingdom.——Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in reply to a question from Mr. HUME, explained the nature of the British claims on Tuscany for injuries sustained by British subjects after the revolt of Leghorn, and the occupation of that city by an Austrian corps acting as auxiliaries to the Grand Duke. After all resistance was over, it seems, that corps plundered a number of houses, and among them houses belonging to British residents, and conspicuously marked as such by the British consul. The amount claimed was £1530.—— Complaint was made in the Commons by Mr. BERNAL, of the defective state of the regulations for the immigration of Africans into the West Indies. He said that contracts were now limited to one year, which often caused serious loss to the employer. He thought the evil might be remedied by making the contract for three years. He was told in reply that Lord Grey had already sanctioned contracts for three years in British Guiana and Trinidad, and would, of course, be quite prepared to do so in Jamaica. The immigration of free labor from Africa had proved a failure; but this was not the case with the immigration of Coolies. Many requests had been made to renew it, and arrangements had been made to comply with those requests. Arrangements had also been made, in consequence of communications with Dr. Gutzlaff, for introducing free Chinese immigrants into Trinidad.

The Tenant-right conference of Ireland held its session on the 6th in Dublin. The attendance of delegates was large. Resolutions were adopted declaring that a fair valuation of rent between landlord and tenant was indispensable, that the tenant should not be disturbed so long as he pays the rent fixed; that no further rent shall be recoverable by process of law; and that an equitable valuation for rent should divide between landlord and tenant the net profits of cultivation. A tenant league is to be formed.——A dinner was given by the Fishmongers' Company of London to the Ministers on the 1st. Lord BROUGHAM was present, and excited attention and mirth by his way of testing the sentiments of the Company on matters of public reform. If they applauded what he was about to say, they were reformers, as of old: if not, it would show that they had been corrupted. He was made a Fishmonger in 1820, and he hoped the Company were not ashamed of what they did in favor of an oppressed queen against an aggressive king and his minions of ministers. The remark was not applauded, whereupon Lord B. drew his fore gone conclusion:—"Ah, I see;—you are far from having the same feeling you had in 1820 Honors corrupt manners—being in power is a dangerous thing to public virtue." ——The report of the Railway Commissioners for 1849 states that in course of the year the Board had sanctioned the opening of 869 miles of new railway—630 in England, 108 in Scotland, and 131 in Ireland—making the total extent of railway communication at the end of the year, 5996 miles, of which 4656 are in England, 846 in Scotland, and 494 in Ireland.——The Queen left on the 22d for a short visit to the King of the Belgians at Ostend. She was received with great enthusiasm, and returned the next day ——Prince Albert completed his thirty-first year on the 26th of August. The Queen left town on the 27th for Scotland.——Sir George Anderson has been appointed Governor of Ceylon, in place of Lord Torrington, who has been recalled.——The American steamer *Pacific* arrived at New York at half-past six P.M., on Saturday, the 21st ult., having left Liverpool at two P.M. on the 11th. She thus made the passage in *ten days, four and a half hours:* this is by several hours the quickest voyage ever made between the two ports.

From FRANCE the only news of general interest relates to the tour of the President through the provinces. The Assembly had previously broken up, there not being a quorum present on the 9th. It was to re-assemble on the 11th of November. A Committee of *Surveillance* was to sit during the recess. On the 12th, the President started on his tour. He had given several military banquets, which, from their imperial aspect, and the political spirit manifested by the guests, created a great sensation. On one of these occasions, a dinner was given to the officers of a portion of the garrison of Paris; it is told, that after the company

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left the table, they adjourned into the garden to smoke their cigars; and there Louis Napoleon seeing a musket, took it up, and went through the manual exercise with great dexterity, to the great delight of the sergeants and corporals, who shouted "Vive le petit Corporal!" (the Emperor's pet-name among the soldiers) with great enthusiasm. During his tour, which was unattended by any very noticeable incident, he made very liberal distribution of crosses of honor, sometimes accompanied by gratuities to old officers and soldiers of the imperial army. He had a most brilliant reception at Lyons, where he spent a day, and was entertained at a grand dinner by the Chamber of Commerce. At Besançon he had a less gracious reception: at a ball given to him in the evening a mob broke into the room, shouting "Vive la Republique," and creating great confusion. The President left the room, which was cleared by General Castellane at the point of the bayonet. At several other places demonstrations were made of a similar character, but much less violent.

Louis Phillipe, late King of France, died on the 26th of August, at Claremont, England, where he has resided since he became an exile. His health had gradually failed since he first left France, but it was not until the 24th, that he became fully sensible of the gravity of his disease. On that day he was carried out into the open air, and was present at dinner with his family, although he ate nothing. During the night he was restless, and was informed by the queen that his medical attendants despaired of his recovery. The next morning, the doctor, on being asked his opinion, hesitated. "I understand," says the king, "you bring me notice to quit." To Col. Dumas he dictated a last page of his memoirs, which terminated a recital in which he had been engaged for the last four months. The king then sent for his chaplain, with whom he had a long interview. He repeatedly expressed his readiness for death, which came upon him at eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 26th. Louis Phillipe was born in Paris, Oct. 6, 1773, and was the eldest son of Phillipe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, known to the world by the *sobriquet* of Phillipe Egalité. His education was intrusted to Madame de Genlis, under whose direction he made himself familiar with the English, German, and Italian languages, and with the ordinary branches of scientific knowledge. In 1792, being then Duke de Chartres, he made his first campaign against the Austrians, fighting at Valmy and Jemappes. His father was executed January 21, 1793, and he was summoned with Gen. Dumouriez, before the Committee of Public Safety, seven months after. Both, however, fled, and escaped to Austria. Retiring to private life, and refusing the offer of Austria, he was joined by his sister Adelaide and their former preceptress, and repaired to Zurich, whence, however, he was soon compelled to make his escape. He became greatly straitened for means, and, finally, found protection in the house of M. de Montesquiou, at Baumgarten, where he remained until the end of 1794, when he quitted the place, and resolved to go to the United States. He was compelled to abandon this project from lack of funds, and traveled on foot through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Negotiations were now opened on the part of the Directory, who had in vain attempted to discover the place of his exile, to induce him to go to the United States, promising, in the event of his compliance, that the condition of the Duchess D'Orleans should be ameliorated, and that his younger brothers should be permitted to join him. Through the agency of M. Westford, of Hamburg, this letter was conveyed to the duke, who at once accepted the terms offered, and sailed from the mouth of the Elbe in the American, taking with him his servant Baudoin. He departed on the 24th of September, 1796, and arrived in Philadelphia after a passage of twenty-seven days. In the November following, the young prince was joined by his two brothers, after a stormy passage from Marseilles; and the three brothers remained at Philadelphia during the winter. They afterward visited Mount Vernon, where they became intimate with General Washington; and they soon afterward traveled through the western country, and after a long and fatiguing journey they returned to Philadelphia; proceeding afterward to New Orleans, and, subsequently, by an English ship, to Havanna. The disrespect of the Spanish authorities at the Havanna, soon compelled them to depart, and they proceeded to the Bahama Islands, where they were treated with much kindness by the Duke of Kent, who, however, did not feel authorized to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They, accordingly, embarked for New York, and thence sailed to England in a private vessel, arriving at Falmouth in February, 1800. After proceeding to London they took up their residence at Twickenham, where for some time they enjoyed comparative quiet, being treated with distinction by all classes of society. Their time was now principally spent in study, and no event of any importance disturbed their retreat, until the death of the Duke de Montpensier, on the 18th of May, 1807. The Count Beaujolais soon afterward proceeded to Malta, where he died in 1808. The Duke of Orleans now quitted Malta, and went to Messina, in Sicily, accepting an invitation from King Ferdinand. During his residence at Palermo he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, and was married to her in 1809. No event of any material importance marked the life of the young couple until the year 1814, when it was announced in Palermo that Napoleon had abdicated the throne, and that the restoration of the Bourbon family was about to take place. The duke sailed immediately, and arrived in Paris on the 18th of May, where, in a short time, he was in the enjoyment of the honors to which he was so well entitled. The return of Napoleon in 1815, soon disturbed his tranquillity; and, having sent his

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family to England, he proceeded, in obedience to the command of Louis XVIII., to take the command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March, 1815, when he resigned his command to the Duke de Treviso and retired to Twickenham. On the return of Louis, after the hundred days —in obedience to the ordinance issued, requiring all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers—the duke returned to France in 1815; and, by his liberal sentiments, rendered himself so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned to England, where he remained until 1817. In that year he returned to France, continuing now in a private capacity, as he was not a second time summoned to sit in the Chamber of Peers. For some years after this period the education of his family deeply engaged his attention; and while the Duke of Orleans was thus pursuing a career apart from the court, a new and unexpected scene was opened in the drama of his singularly eventful and changeful life. In 1830 that revolution occurred in France which eventuated in the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne. The cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons having been pronounced hopeless, the king in effect being discrowned, and the throne rendered vacant, the Provisional Government which had risen out of the struggle, and in which Laffitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians, had taken the lead, turned toward the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris, to become Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterward, in a more regular manner, to become King. The Duke of Orleans, during the insurrection, had been residing in seclusion at his country seat, and, if watching the course of events, apparently taking no active part in dethroning his kinsman. M. Thiers and M. Scheffer were appointed to conduct the negotiation with the duke, and visited Neuilly for the purpose. The duke, however, was absent, and the interview took place with the duchess and Princess Adelaide, to whom they represented the danger with which the nation was menaced, and that anarchy could only be averted by the prompt decision of the duke to place himself at the head of the new constitutional monarchy. M. Thiers expressed his conviction "that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers; and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty was to run full upon the republic and its inevitable violences." The substance of the communication having been made known to the duke, on a day's consideration he acceded to the request, and at noon on the 31st came to Paris to accept the office which had been assigned to him. On the 2d of August the abdiction of Charles X. and his son was placed in the hands of the Lieutenant-general, the abdication, however, being in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. On the 7th the Chamber of Deputies declared the throne vacant; and on the 8th the Chamber went in a body to the Duke of Orleans, and offered him the Crown on the terms of a revised charter. His formal acceptance of the offer took place on the 9th. From the accession of Louis Philippe as King of the French, in 1830, his life is universally known. His reign was marked by sagacity and upright intentions. He committed the unpardonable error, however, of leaving the people entirely out of his account, and endeavored to fortify himself by allying his children to the reigning families of Europe. He married his eldest son Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans (born 1810) to the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; his daughter Louisa (born 1812) to Leopold, King of the Belgians; his son Louis, Duke of Nemours (born 1814) to the Princess Victoria of Saxe Coburg Gotha; his daughter Clementina (born 1817) to Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg Gotha; his son Francis, Prince of Joinville (born 1818) to the Princess Frances Caroline, of Brazil; his son the Duke of Aumale (born 1822) to the Princess Caroline, of Salerno, and his son Antony, Duke of Montpensier (born 1824) to Louisa, sister and heir presumptive of the reigning Queen of Spain. But these royal alliances served him not in the day of his distress. The fatal 24th of February came, and swept away the throne he had taken so much pains to consolidate, and he signed his act of abdication, accepting the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. His subsequent fate is familiar to all. His flight from Paris to the sea-shore; his escape in disguise to England; his kind reception in that country, are well known. Claremont was given him as an abode, and there, with the exception of occasional visits to Richmond and St. Leonard's, Louis Philippe continued to reside. There, too, he breathed his last on Monday morning, the 26th of August, in the 77th year of his age. His death excited general comment, but was universally regarded as an event of no political importance.——A very imposing review of the French fleet at the harbor of Cherbourg, took place on the 7th inst. A great number of the English nobility and gentlemen were present by special invitation, and a magnificent display was made of British yachts. An immense concourse of people was in attendance, and the President, Prince Louis Napoleon, was received with distinguished honors. The parting salute at sunset, when over two thousand pieces of ordnance crashed forth with a simultaneous roar, was highly effective. ——The trade of Paris is said to be unusually brisk this season. Wheat is abundant and all the harvests yield good returns, though fears are entertained that the quality of the vintage may be inferior.——The proceedings of the General Councils of sixty-four of the eighty-five departments of France are now known.—Forty-seven have pronounced in favor of the revision of the actual constitution. Seven have rejected resolutions recommending the revision, and ten have declined the expression of an opinion upon the subject. Only three have declared themselves in favor of an extension and continuance of the power now confided to Louis Napoleon Bona-

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PARTE. Nearly all have expressly desired that the revision should be effected in the mode and time prescribed by the constitution itself.

The LITERARY INTELLIGENCE from abroad lacks special interest. The Magazines for September contain nothing worthy of mention, which will not be found in the foregoing pages of this number. BULWER commences a new novel in Blackwood, the opening chapters of which are here reprinted. It is in continuation of "The Caxtons," and promises to be exceedingly interesting. It will, of course, be given to our readers as rapidly as it appears. Our opening paper this month is a spirited and eloquent notice of WORDSWORTH, evidently from the popular and effective pen of GILFILLAN, who is a constant contributor to the London Eclectic Review from which it is taken. 'David Copperfield' by DICKENS, and 'Pendennis' by THACKERAY, draw toward their end, and our readers may therefore anticipate new productions from their pens ere long.——The question whether an American can hold a copyright in England comes up before the English Courts in a suit brought by Murray for interference with his rights by a publisher who has issued an edition of Washington Irving. It is stated that Irving has received from the Murrays the sum of £9767 for the English copyrights of his various works.——The Gallery of Paintings of the King of Holland has been sold at auction and the returns are stated at $450,000. The Emperor of Russia, and the Marquis of Hertford in England, were extensive purchasers. Two portraits of Vandyke were bought by the latter at 63,000 florins.——LAMARTINE writes to the *Debats* from Marseilles, denying, so far as he is concerned, the truth of statements contained in MR. CROKER'S article in the London Quarterly upon the flight of Louis Phillipe. He has commenced the publication of a new volume of "Confidences" in the *feuilleton* of the *Presse*. ——The Household Narrative in its summary of English Literary Intelligence, notices the appearance of an elaborate work on *Tubular Bridges* by Mr. Edwin Clark, with a striking folio of illustrative drawings and lithographs. Also of an Essay in two goodly octavos on *Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs*, by Mr. Kenrick, full of learning, yet full of interest, because grafting on the ascertained old history all the modern elucidations of travelers and artists, critics and interpreters. It appears to be but a portion of a contemplated work comprehending a complete history of those countries of the East whose civilization preceded and influenced that of Greece; and to our proper understanding of which, the discovery of the hieroglyphic character, and such researches as those of Mr. Layard, have lately contributed an entire new world of information. Another book remarkable for the precision and completeness of its knowledge, is Doctor Latham's *Natural History of the Varieties of Man*, a very important contribution to the literature of ethnology; and with this is connected in subject, though not in any other kind of merit, an eccentric fragment on the *Races of Man*, by Dr. Robert Knox.——Mrs. Jameson has published a second series of her *Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, in a volume of *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, similiarly illustrated; and nothing can be more graceful than this lady's treatment of a subject which has not much that is graceful in itself.——To biography, a new volume of the *Life of Chalmers* has been the most interesting addition. A *Life of Ebenezer Elliott*, by his son-in-law, possesses also some interest; and, with a little less of the biographer and more of the biography, would have been yet more successful. In English fiction, a semi-chartist novel called *Alton Locke*, full of error and earnestness, and evidently by a University man of the so-called Christian Socialist school, is the most noticeable work of the kind that has lately appeared. The other romances of the month have been translations from the German and French. The *Two Brothers* is somewhat in the school of Miss Bremer; and *Stella and Vanessa* is a novel by a graceful French writer, very agreeably translated by Lady Duff Gordon, of which the drift is to excuse Swift for his conduct to Mrs. Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh. The subject is curious, and the treatment (for a Frenchman) not less so. Nothing painful or revolting is dwelt upon, and if it does not satisfy it fails to offend.——The London *Morning Chronicle* has an extended and elaborate review of MR. TICKNOR'S great "History of Spanish Literature," in which it pays the highest possible compliments to the accomplished author. "The masterly sweep of his general grasp," it says, "and the elaborated finish of his constituent sketches, silence the caviller at the very outset, and enforce him to respectful study, while the unaffected ease of the style, lively but not flippant, charms the attention, and not seldom disguises the amount of research and indagation which has been bestowed upon each stage of the history." It closes its review with this emphatic praise: "this History will at once take its position as the standard book of reference upon Spanish literature, but it will not take the cold honors of the shelf usually accorded to such volumes, for it will not only be consulted but read. We cordially congratulate our American friends upon possessing a compatriot who is able to make such a contribution to English literature —we are not aware that we are equally fortunate."——The third series of SOUTHEY'S Common-Place Book has just appeared. Unlike the former series, which consisted of selections of rare and striking passages, and so possessed a general and independent value, the present volume consists mainly of brief notes or references to important passages in a great variety of works, bearing upon the subjects of Civil and Ecclesiastical History, Biography, and Literature in general. The references are so brief, and the works referred to so rare, that the book will prove of little service except to

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those who have access to large public libraries. Probably not one book in ten of those referred to is to be found in any library in this country. The volume, however, furnishes evidence still stronger than the others, of the wonderful extent, variety, and accuracy of Southey's reading; it shows that he was a sort of living library, a walking study; he read almost every thing that appeared, and methodized, and laid up in his mind all that was worth preserving, of what he read, and thus gained a super-eminence of information which has rarely been surpassed. The third volume of his Common-Place Book is not altogether destitute of those quaint and singular selections which gave so rare a charm to those that preceded. ——The North British Review for the current quarter, from which we gave some extracts in our September number, has an article upon the disputed claims of Messrs. Stephenson & Fairbairn to the credit of having invented the Tubular bridge. If the facts upon which the reasonings of the reviewer are based, are correctly stated, there can be no doubt that a large, perhaps the larger share of the credit due to this greatest triumph of modern engineering, belongs to WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, of Manchester, by whom all the experiments were undertaken that demonstrated the practicability of the undertaking, and proved that a square form was much stronger than the elliptical one, which was originally proposed. Mr. Fairbairn, it is stated, showed conclusively by actual experiment, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Stephenson, that suspension chains, as an additional means of support, were not needed, thus avoiding an outlay of some £200,000. Successful as the experiment has been in a scientific point of view, the railroad of which this bridge forms a link, has been most unfortunate in a pecuniary aspect. The stock consists of two kinds, the original, and preferential. In July, 1850, the former was selling at a loss of £72 10*s*., and the latter at a loss of £33 6*s*. 8*d*. on every £100, involving a total loss to the stockholders of £1,764,000.——The *Barbarigo Gallery* at Venice, celebrated for ages for its rich collection, especially of the works of Titian, has been purchased by the court of Russia for 560,000 francs, or £22,400 sterling. A new singer, Madame Fiorentini, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, who attracts considerable attention. She is a native of Seville, and married to Mr. Jennings, an English officer. She received her musical education in London, and made her first public appearance at Berlin only twelve months since.——The telegraphic wires between Dover and Calais, or rather Cape Grinez, have been laid and got into operation. Dispatches have been received in this country which were sent from Paris to London by this means. Thirty miles of wire, incased in a strong coating of gutta percha, have been imbedded, as far as this could possibly be done, in the bottom of the channel, by means of leaden weights. It remains now to be seen whether the precautions taken are sufficient to protect the wire from the ravages of the ocean's denizens, the assaults of ships' anchors, and the shifting sands which are known to underlie the Straits of Dover.——A duel took place at Perigueux between MM. CHAVOIX and DUPONT, in which the latter was killed. The latter was editor of a paper called *Echo de Vesone*, and had offended M. Chavoix, a wealthy proprietor, by severe strictures on his conduct. Both were members of the Assembly. They fought with pistols at twenty-five paces. M. Chavoix won the throw for the choice of position, and M. Dupont for first fire. Dupont fired and missed. Chavoix, declaring that he could not see clearly, waited till the smoke of his adversary's discharge passed, and fired at an interval of some seconds. His ball struck the forehead of Dupont, who fell stark dead upon the plain without uttering a cry or a groan.——The distinguished French Novelist M. BALZAC died at Paris on the 18th of August, aged 51. He was in many important respects, the foremost of French writers. He was originally a journeyman printer at Tours, his native place. His earlier works obtained a fair measure of success, but it was not until after many years' apprenticeship, either anonymously or under assumed cognomens, that he ventured to communicate his name to the public. And no sooner was the name given than it became popular—and in a little while famous—famous not in France alone, but all over Europe. His success was almost as brilliant as that of Walter Scott himself. In addition to his romances, Balzac wrote some theatrical pieces, and for a while edited and contributed a good deal to the *Revue Parisienne*. Since the revolution Balzac published nothing, but was engaged in visiting the battle-fields of Germany and Russia, and in piling up materials for a series of volumes, to be entitled *Scènes de la Vie Militaire*. He leaves behind several MS. works, partially or wholly completed. His design was to make all his romances form one great work, under the title of the *Comedie Humaine*,—the whole being a minute dissection of the different classes of French society. Only a little while before his death, he stated that, in what he had done, he had but half accomplished his task. Next to his great celebrity, the most remarkable feature in his career is a strong passion which he formed for a Russian countess, and which, after years of patient suffering, he had the satisfaction of having rewarded by the gift of the lady's hand. Shortly after his marriage—which took place some two years ago—he was attacked with a disease of the heart, and that carried him off. He and his wife had only been a few months in Paris when this sad event took place. His funeral was celebrated with a good deal of ceremony, and an eloquent funeral oration was pronounced by M. VICTOR HUGO.——Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, President of the Royal Academy, died at Brighton on the 19th, in his 80th year. He was elected to the above office in 1830, on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, when he received the honor of knighthood. He

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retire l in 1845 from the active duties of the office, which have been since performed by Mr. Turner.——The late Sir ROBERT PEEL has left directions in his will for the early publication of his political memoirs, and has ordered that the profits arising from the publication shall be given to some public institution for the education of the working classes. He has confided the task of preparing these memoirs to Lord Mahon and Mr. Cardwell.

In the settlement of GERMAN affairs little progress has yet been made by the Congress at Frankfort. At a meeting on the 8th of August, at which Count Thun, the Austrian plenipotentiary, presided, it was decided that Austria should formally invite all the members of the Bund to assemble at Frankfort on the 1st of September next. A circular note of the 18th of August, in which the Minister-President reiterates the assurances so solemnly given in the circular of the 19th July, that it is the earnest wish of Austria to make such reforms in the Act of Confederation as may be required by the recent change of circumstances in Germany, and may conduce to the unity of the common fatherland, was accordingly dispatched with the Frankfort summons to the different courts on the 15th. It remains to be seen whether Prussia and the League will accept this proposal. ——The third meeting of the General Peace Congress commenced at Frankfort on the 22d of August. There were some two thousand delegates in attendance, mostly from England, France, the United States, and Germany. Gen. Haynau was present for a time. Resolutions were submitted, discussed, and adopted, deprecating a resort to arms, and urging the propriety and expediency of settling all international differences by arbitration. Dr. JAUP presided, and speeches were made by delegates from every nation. Among the most prominent representatives from the United States were Elihu Burritt, Professor Cleaveland, Dr. Hitchcock, and George Copway, an Indian chief; Mr. Cobden, of England, and Cormenin and Girardin, of France were also in attendance. The session lasted three days.

In PIEDMONT a great sensation has been produced by a collision with the papal power. The Sardinian Minister of Finance, the Cavalière Santa Rosa, who had supported the ministry in passing the law which rendered the clergy amenable to the civil courts, being on his deathbed, was refused the sacrament by the monks, under the direction of Franzoni the Archbishop of Turin. At his funeral such excitement was manifested by the people, that to avoid an actual outbreak, the monks were ordered to leave the city, and the possessions of their order were sequestered. In the search through their house, documents were found which inculpated the Archbishop Franzoni himself, and he was consequently arrested and imprisoned in the fortress of Fenestrelles. Both Austria and France, however, have interfered; and, in consequence, the editor of *L'Opinione*, a liberal journal, has been banished from the Sardinian States. It is stated that Lord Palmerston has addressed to the Court of the Vatican a most energetic note, in which he cautions it against adopting violent measures toward Sardinia, and persevering in the system hitherto pursued by the Pope with regard to that Government.

A letter from Rome, of the 20th, in the *Constitutionnel*, states that several persons have been arrested there for a supposed conspiracy to assassinate the Pope, on Assumption day, by throwing crystal balls filled with explosive substances into his carriage when on his way to church to pronounce the benediction. The discovery of the plot prevented all danger. There was some agitation on the following Sunday, as it was supposed that there had been a plot against the Austrian Ambassador, on the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor. A strong armed force was placed near his palace to protect it, and in the evening some arrests were made.

A continuance of heavy rain in BELGIUM on the 15th, 16th, and 17th has produced disastrous inundations in various parts of that country. At Antwerp there was a tremendous storm of rain, wind, and thunder. The lightning struck several buildings; many of the streets were under water, and large trees were uprooted in the neighboring country. At Ghent a large sugar manufactory was destroyed by lightning, and people were killed by it in different places. A great part of the city of Brussels and the neighboring villages were under water for nearly two days; and many houses were so much damaged that they fell, and a number of persons perished. Near Charleroi all the fields were submerged, and the injury done to the crops was immense. At Valenciennes the Scheldt overflowed, inundating the neighboring country, and causing vast devastation. The damage done to the crops has produced a rise in the price of flour. Many bridges have been swept away, and the injury done to the railways has been immense.

From SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN, we learn that the continued rains have prevented all renewal of operations in the field. The Danes have established a permanent camp near Ramstedt, and the marshes in that vicinity have been completely flooded. The Emperor of Russia has created General KROGH, the Danish Commander-in-Chief, Knight of the Order of St. Anne of the first class, for the distinguished bravery and prudence which he displayed in the engagements of the 24th and 25th of July, at Idstedt.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Rural Hours, by A LADY, published by G. P. Putnam, is an admirable volume, the effect of which is like a personal visit to the charming scenes which the writer portrays with such a genuine passion for nature, and so much vivacity and truthfulness of description. Without the faintest trace of affectation, or even the desire to present the favorite surroundings of her daily life in overdone pictures, she quietly jots down the sights and sounds, and odorous blossomings of the seasons as they pass, and by this intellectual honesty and simplicity, has given a peculiar charm to her work, which a more ambitious style of composition would never have been able to command. Her eye for nature is as accurate as her enthusiasm is sincere. She dwells on the minute phenomena of daily occurrence in their season with a just discrimination, content with clothing them in their own beauty, and never seeking to increase their brilliancy by any artificial gloss. Whoever has a love for communing with nature in the "sweet hour of prime," or in the "still twilight," for watching the varied glories of the revolving year, will be grateful to the writer of this picturesque volume for such a fragrant record of rural experience. The author is stated to be a daughter of Cooper, the distinguished American novelist, and she certainly exhibits an acuteness of observation, and a vigor of description, not unworthy of her eminent parentage.

A new edition of the *Greek and English Lexicon*, by Professor EDWARD ROBINSON, (Harper and Brothers) will be received with lively satisfaction by the large number of Biblical students in this country and in England who are under such deep obligations to the previous labors of Dr. ROBINSON in this department of philology. The work exhibits abundant evidence of the profound and discriminating research, the even more than German patience of labor, the rigid impartiality, and the rare critical acumen for which the name of the author is proverbial wherever the New-Testament Lexicography is made the object of earnest study. Since the publication of the first edition, fourteen years since, which was speedily followed by three rival editions in Great Britain, and two abridgments, the science of Biblical philology has made great progress; new views have been developed by the learned labors of Wahl, Bretschneider, Winer, and others; the experience of the author in his official duties for the space of ten years, had corrected and enlarged his own knowledge; he had made a personal exploration of many portions of the Holy Land; and under these circumstances, when he came to the revision of the work, he found that a large part of it must be re-written, and the remainder submitted to such alterations, corrections, and improvements, as were almost as laborious as the composition of a new Lexicon. The plan of the work in its present enlarged form, embraces the etymology of each word given—the logical deduction of all its significations, which occur in the New Testament—the various combinations of verbs and adjectives—the different forms and inflections of words—the interpretation of difficult passages—and a reference to every passage of the New Testament in which the word is found. No scholar can examine the volume, without a full conviction of the eminent success with which this comprehensive plan has been executed, and of the value of the memorial here presented to the accuracy and thoroughness of American scholarship. The practical use of the work will be greatly facilitated by the clearness and beauty of the Greek type on which it is printed, being an admirable specimen of the Porson style.

The Berber, or Mountaineer of the Atlas, by WILLIAM S. MAYO, M.D., published by G. P. Putnam, is toned down to a very considerable degree from the high-colored pictures which produced such a dazzling effect in *Kaloolah*, the work by which the author first became known to the public. The scene is laid in Morocco, affording the writer an occasion for the use of a great deal of geographical and historical lore, which is introduced to decided advantage as a substantial back-ground to the story, which, in itself, possesses a sustained and powerful interest. Dr. Mayo displays a rare talent in individualizing character: his groups consist of distinct persons, without any confused blundering or repetition; he is not only a painter of manners, but an amateur of passion; and hence his admirable descriptions are combined with rapid and effective touches, which betray no ordinary insight into the subtle philosophy of the heart. The illusion of the story is sometimes impaired by the introduction of the novelist in the first person, a blemish which we should hardly have looked for in a writer who is so obviously well acquainted with the resources of artistic composition as the author of this volume.

Harper and Brothers have issued the Fifth Part of *The Life and Correspondence of* ROBERT SOUTHEY, which brings the biography down to the fifty-fifth year of his age, and to the close of the year 1828. The next number will complete the work, which has sustained a uniform interest from the commencement, presenting a charming picture of the domestic habits, literary enterprises, and characteristic moral features of its eminent subject. Mr. Southey's connection with the progress of English literature during the early part of the present century, his strong political predilections, the extent and variety of his productions, and his singular devotion to a purely intellectual life, make his biography one of the most entertaining and instructive records that have recently been published in this department of letters. His son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, by whom the work is edited, has acquitted himself of his task

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with admirable judgment and modesty, never obtruding himself on the notice of the reader, and leaving the correspondence, which, in fact, forms a continuous narrative, to make its natural impression, without weakening its force by superfluous comment. The present number contains several letters to our distinguished countryman, GEORGE TICKNOR, Esq., of Boston, which will be read with peculiar interest on account of their free remarks on certain American celebrities, and their criticisms on some of the popular productions of American literature.

Among the late valuable theological publications, is *The Works of Joseph Bellamy, D.D., with a Memoir of his Life and Character*, by TRYON EDWARDS, issued by the Doctrinal Tract and Book Society, Boston, in two volumes. As models of forcible reasoning, and of ingenious and subtle analysis, the theological disquisitions of Dr. Bellamy have seldom been surpassed, and their reproduction in the present form will be grateful to many readers who have not been seduced by the excitements of the age from their love of profound and acute speculation. The memoir prefixed to these volumes gives an interesting view of the life of a New England clergyman of the olden time.

Adelaide Lindsay, from the prolific and vigorous pen of Mrs. MARSH, the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "The Wilmingtons," &c., forms the one hundred and forty-seventh number of Harper and Brothers' "Library of Select Novels."

Popular Education; for the Use of Parents and Teachers (Harper and Brothers), is the title of a volume by IRA MAYHEW, prepared in accordance with a resolution of the Legislature of Michigan, and discussing the subject, in its multifarious aspects and relations, with a thoroughness, discrimination, and ability, which can not fail to make it a work of standard authority in the department to which it is devoted. The author has been Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Michigan; his official position has put him in possession of a great amount of facts and statistics in relation to the subject; he is inspired with a noble zeal in the cause of education; and in the production of this volume, has given a commendable proof of his industry, good sense, and thorough acquaintance with an interest on which he rightly judges that the future prosperity of the American Republic essentially depends.

C. S. Francis and Co. have published *The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* in a beautiful edition of two volumes, including "The Seraphim, with other Poems," as first published in England in 1838, and the contents of the previous American edition. This edition is introduced with a Critical Essay, by H. T. TUCKERMAN, taken from his "Thoughts on the Poets," presenting in refined and tasteful language, a discriminating view of Mrs. BROWNING's position among the living poets of England. Mr. Tuckerman makes use of no extravagant encomium in his estimate of her powers; his remarks are less enthusiastic than critical; and, indeed, the more ardent admirers of Mrs. Browning would deem them of too subdued a tone, and deficient in an adequate appreciation of her peculiar boldness, originality, and beauty. The edition now presented to the public will be thankfully accepted by the wide circle which has learned to venerate Mrs. Browning's genius, and will serve to extend the healthful interest cherished by American readers in the most remarkable poetess of modern times.

The Companion; After Dinner Table Talk, by CHETWOOD EVELYN, Esq. (New York: G. P. Putnam), is the title of a popular compilation from favorite English authors, prepared with a good deal of tact and discrimination, and forming an appropriate counterpart to *The Lift for the Lazy*, published some time since by the same house.

George P. Putnam has just issued *The Deer Slayer*, by J. FENIMORE COOPER, being the first volume of the author's revised edition of *The Leather Stocking Tales*.

Among the swarm of Discourses and Funeral Orations, occasioned by the death of the late President Taylor, we have seen none of a more striking character than *The Sermon delivered at the Masonic Hall*, Cincinnati, by T. H. STOCKTON. It presents a series of glowing and impressive pictures of public life in Washington, of the tombs of the departed Presidents, of eminent American statesmen now no more, of the progress of discovery in this country, and of the march of improvement in modern times. The too florid character of some portions of the Discourse is amply redeemed by the spirit of wise patriotism and elevated religion with which it is imbued, while it has the rare merit of being entirely free from the commonplaces of the pulpit. In a note to this discourse, it is stated that the author is desirous of forming a collection of Sermons, Orations, Addresses, &c., on the death of General Taylor, and that editors and speakers will confer a favor on him by forwarding him a copy of their several publications.

The Relations of the American Scholar to his Country and his Times (Baker and Scribner), is the title of an Address delivered by HENRY J RAYMOND, before the Associate Alumni of the University of Vermont, maintaining the doctrine that educated men, instead of retiring from the active interests and contending passions of the world, to some fancied region of serene contemplation, are bound to share in the struggle, the competition, the warfare of society. This is argued, with a variety of illustrations, from the character of the education of the scholar, as combining theory and practice, and from the peculiar tendencies of American society, now in a state of rapid fermentation and development. Mr. Raymond endeavors to do justice both to the Conservative and Radical elements, which are found in our institutions and national character, and to discuss those difficult problems in a spirit of moderation, and without passion. Of the literary character of this production, the

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writer of the present notice can speak with more propriety in another place.

The Recent Progress of Astronomy, by ELIAS LOOMIS (Harper and Brothers), exhibits the most important astronomical discoveries made within the last ten years, with special reference to the condition of the science in the United States. Among the topics treated in detail, are the discovery of the planet Neptune, the addition to our knowledge of comets, with a full account of Miss Mitchell's comet, the new stars and nebulae, the determination of longitude by the electric telegraph, the manufacture of telescopes in the United States, and others of equal interest both to men of science and the intelligent reader in general. Professor LOOMIS displays a singularly happy talent in bringing the results of scientific investigation to the level of the common mind, and we predict a hearty welcome to his little volume, as a lucid and delightful compendium of valuable knowledge. The author states in the Preface, that "he has endeavored to award equal and exact justice to all American astronomers; and if any individual should feel that his labors in this department have not been fairly represented, he is requested to furnish in writing a minute account of the same," and he shall receive amends in a second edition of the work.

Professor LOOMIS's *Mathematical Course* has met with signal favor at the hands of the best instructors in our higher institutions of learning. New editions of his *Algebra* and the *Geometry* have recently been issued; and a new volume on *Analytical Geometry*, and the *Calculus*, completing the course, will soon appear.

Truth and Poetry, from my own Life, or the Autobiography of Goethe, edited by PARKE GODWIN, is issued in a second edition by George P. Putnam, with a preface, showing the plagiarisms which have been committed on it in a pretended English translation from the original, by one John Oxenford. This enterprising person has made a bold appropriation of the American version, with only such changes as might serve the purpose of concealing the fraud. In addition to this felonious proceeding, he charges the translation to which he has helped himself so freely, with various inaccuracies, not only stealing the property, but giving it a bad name. The work of the American editor has thus found a singular, but effectual guarantee for its value, and is virtually pronounced to be a translation incapable of essential improvement. With the resources possessed by Mr. GODWIN, in his own admirable command both of the German and of the English language, and the aid of the rare scholarship in this department of letters of Mr. CHARLES A. DANA and Mr. JOHN S. DWIGHT, to whom a portion of the work was intrusted, he could not fail to produce a version which would leave little to be desired by the most fastidious critic. It is unnecessary to speak of the merits of the original, which is familiar to all who have the slightest tincture of German literature. As a history of the progress of literary culture in Germany, as well as of the rich development of Goethe's own mind, it is one of the most instructive, and at the same time, the most entertaining biographies in any language.

Daniel Adee has republished, in a cheap form, the twenty-first part of *Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery*, a work richly entitled to a place in every physician's library.

Domestic History of the Revolution, by Mrs. ELLET (Baker and Scribner), follows the thread of the Revolutionary drama, unfolding many agreeable and often touching incidents, which have not been brought to light before, and illustrating the manners and society of that day, in connection with the great struggle for national life. The researches of the author in collecting materials for "The Women of the Revolution," have put her in possession of a variety of domestic details and anecdotes, illustrative of the state of the country at different intervals, which she has used with excellent effect in the composition of this volume. Without indulging in fanciful embellishment, she has confined herself to the simple facts of history, rejecting all traditional matter, which is not sustained by undoubted authority. The events of the war in the upper districts of South Carolina, are described at length, as, in the opinion of Mrs. Ellet, no history has ever yet done justice to that portion of the country, nor to the chivalrous actors who there signalized themselves in the Revolutionary contest.

D. Appleton and Company have published an interesting volume of American biography, entitled *Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men*, by JANES WYNNE, M.D, comprising memoirs of Franklin, President Edwards, Fulton, Chief Justice Marshall, Rittenhouse, and Eli Whitney. They are composed in a tone of great discrimination and reserve, and scarcely in a single estimate come up to the popular estimation of the character described. Doctor Franklin and President Edwards, especially, are handled in a manner adapted to chill all enthusiasm which may have been connected with their names. Nor does the scientific fame of Robert Fulton gather any new brightness under the author's hands. This cool dissection of the dead may not be in accordance with the public taste, but in justice to the author, it should be borne in mind that he is a surgeon by profession

The same house has issued an edition of *Cicero's Select Orations*, with Notes, by Professor E. A. JOHNSON, in which liberal use has been made of the most recent views of eminent German philologists. The volume is highly creditable to the industry and critical acumen of the Editor, and will prove a valuable aid to the student of the classics.

Lady Willoughby's Diary is reprinted by A. S. Barnes and Co., New York—the first American edition of a volume unrivaled for its sweetness and genuine pathos.

The Young Woman's Book of Health, by Dr. WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, published by Tappan,

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Whittemore, and Co., Boston, is an original summary of excellent physiological precepts, expressed with the simplicity and distinctness for which the author is celebrated.

Songs of Labor and Other Poems is the title of a new volume by JOHN G. WHITTIER, published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, containing the spirited lyrics which have already gained a large share of favor in the public journals.

Poems of the Heart, by GEORGE W. NICHOLSON, (G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia), is the "last production of the author's boyhood," and exhibits the most decided marks of its origin.

The Mariner's Vision is the title of a Poem by T. L. DONNELLY, Philadelphia, evidently written with little preparation, but showing some traces of poetic talent, which may ripen into excellence at a future day.

A beautiful reprint of *Æsop's Fables*, edited by Rev. THOMAS GARNES, with more than Fifty Illustrations from TENNIAL'S designs has been issued by Robert B. Collins, New York, in a style of superb typography, which can not fail to command the admiration of the amateur.

The volume before us awakens recollections of "by-gone days," in the Publishers of this Magazine, upon which we love to dwell. Æsop's Fables was among the first books which passed through our press. Some thirty years since, we printed an edition of it for the late EVERT DUYCKINCK, Esq. (father of the present accomplished editors of the *Literary World*), one of the leading booksellers and publishers of his day, and, in every sense, "a good man and true," as well as one of our earliest and best friends. His memory to us is precious—his early kindness will ever live in our recollection.

The name of COLLINS (publisher of the present edition), has been so long and closely associated with the book trade in this country, that we apprehend the public may feel some interest in a short sketch of the rise and progress of this most respectable publishing firm. ISAAC COLLINS, a member of the Society of Friends, was the founder of the house. He originally came from Virginia, and commenced the printing and bookselling business in the city of Trenton, New Jersey, about the close of the Revolutionary War, where he printed the first quarto Bible published in America. This Bible was so highly esteemed for its correctness, that the American Bible Society was at some pains to obtain a copy, from which to print their excellent editions of the Scriptures. It would take too much space to follow the various changes in the firm, under the names of Isaac Collins, Isaac Collins & Son, Collins, Perkins & Co., Collins & Co., down to the establishment of the house of Collins & Hannay, about the close of the last war. This concern was composed of BENJAMIN S. COLLINS (the son of Isaac), and SAMUEL HANNAY, who had been educated for the business by the old house of Collins & Co. The enterprise, liberality, and industry of this firm soon placed them at the head of the book trade in the city of New York, where they are still remembered with respect and esteem by the thousands of customers scattered all over our immense country, and with affection and gratitude by many whose fortunes were aided, and whose credit was established, by their generous confidence and timely aid. Mr. BENJAMIN S. COLLINS is now living in dignified retirement, on his farm in Westchester County. Several other members of the family, formerly connected with the bookselling business, have also retired with a competency, and are now usefully devoting their time and attention to the promotion of the various charitable institutions of the country. Mr. HANNAY died about a year since—and here we may be permitted to record our grateful memory of one of the best men, and one of the most enterprising booksellers ever known in our country. His exceeding modesty prevented his marked and excellent qualities from being much known out of the small circle of his immediate friends—but by them he is remembered with feelings of love and veneration. The house of Collins & Hannay became subsequently B. & S. Collins; Collins, Keese, & Co.; Collins, Brother, & Co.; and Collins & Brother; now at last ROBERT B. COLLINS, the publisher of the work under notice. We trust he may pursue the path to fortune with the same honorable purposes, by the same honorable means, and with the same gratifying result, which signalized the efforts of his worthy predecessors. Nor are the names of the printer and stereotyper of the present volume without a fraternal interest. The printer, Mr. VAN NORDEN, one of our early and highly esteemed associates, may now be termed a typographer of the old school. The quality of his work is good evidence that he is entitled to the reputation, which has been long accorded to him, of being one of the best printers in the country. The stereotyper of this work, our old friend SMITH, is by no means a novice in his department. We are glad to see that he, too, so ably maintains his long-established reputation. May the publisher, the printer, and the stereotyper of this edition of Æsop, ever rejoice in the sunshine of prosperity, and may their shadows never be less!

Geo. P. Putnam has published a work entitled *New Elements of Geometry*, by SEBA SMITH, which can not fail to attract the notice of the curious reader, on account of the good faith and evident ability with which it sustains what must be regarded by all orthodox science as a system of enormous mathematical paradoxes. The treatise is divided into three parts, namely, The Philosophy of Geometry, Demonstrations in Geometry, and Harmonies of Geometry. In opposition to the ancient geometers, by whom the definitions and axioms of the science were fixed, Mr. SMITH contends that the usual division of magnitudes into lines, surfaces, and solids is without foundation, that every mathematical line has a breadth, as definite, as measurable, and as clearly demonstrable as its length, and that every mathematical surface has a thickness, as definite, as measurable, and as clearly demon-

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le as its length or breadth. The neglect is fact has hitherto prevented a perfect unanding of the true relation between num- magnitudes, and forms. Hence, the barss of modern analytical speculation, which been complained of by high authorities, the ematical sciences having run into a luxuriant th of foliage, with comparatively small tities of fruit. This evil Mr. SMITH sup- will be avoided by adopting the principle, as the measurement of extension is the t of geometry, lines without breadth, and ces without thickness, are imaginary things, hich this rigid and exact science can take ognizance. Every thing which comes n the reach of geometry must have exn, must have magnitude, must occupy tion of space, and accordingly must have sion in every direction from its centre. e, as there is but one kind of quan- geometry, lines, surfaces, and solids must identically the same unit of comparison, must be always perfect measures of each . The unit may be infinitely varied in -it being the name or representative of ssumed magnitude to which it is applied— always represents a magnitude of a defiorm, and hence a magnitude which has an sion in every direction from its centre, consequently represents not only one in h, but also one in breadth, and one in ness. One inch, for example, in pure etry, is always one cubic inch, but when to measure a line, or extension in one ion, we take only one dimension of the namely, the linear edge of the cube, and the operation not demanding either the th or the thickness of the unit, geometers fallen into the error of supposing that a s length without any breadth. These are eading principles on which Mr. SMITH pts the audacious task of rearing a new of geometrical science, without regard to isdom of antiquity or the universal traditions schools. To us outside barbarians in the ries of mathematics, we confess that the has the air of an ingenious paradox; but ust leave it to the professors to decide its claims to be a substitute for Euclid, ir, and Legendre. Every one who has a ss for dipping into these recondite subjects erceive in Mr. SMITH's volume the marks found research, of acute and subtle powers soning, and of genuine scientific enthusiasm, ned with a noble freedom of thought, and intellectual honesty. For these qualities, certainly entitled to a respectful mention g the curiosities of literature, whatever t may be pronounced on the scientific s of the author by a jury of his peers.

tle and Brown, Boston, have issued an inter- work by the Nestor of the New England JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, entitled *Speci- of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Me- Anecdotes and Reminiscences*, which comes a peculiar propriety from his veteran pen. The personal experience of the author, in connection with the press, extends over a period of more than fifty years, during a very considerable portion of which time he has been at the head of a leading journal in Boston, and in the enjoyment of a wide reputation, both as a bold and vigorous thinker, and a pointed, epigrammatic, and highly effective writer. In this last respect, indeed, few men in any department of literature can boast of a more familiar acquaintance with the idiomatic niceties of our language, or a more skillful mastery of its various resources, than the author of the present volumes. His influence has been sensibly felt, even among the purists of the American Athens, and under the very droppings of the Muses' sanctuary at Cambridge, in preserving the "wells of English undefiled" from the corruptions of rash innovators on the wholesome, recognized canons of language. His sarcastic pen has always been a terror to evil doers in this region of crime. In the work before us, we should have been glad of a larger proportion from the author himself, instead of the copious extracts from the newspapers of old times, which, to be sure, have a curious, antiquarian interest, but which are of too remote a date to command the attention of this "fast" generation. The sketches which are given of several New England celebrities of a past age are so natural and spicy, as to make us wish that we had more of them. Materials for a third volume, embracing matters of a more recent date, we are told by the author, are not wanting; we sincerely hope that he will permit them to see the light; and especially that the call for this publication may not be defeated by an event, as he intimates, "to which all are subject—an event which may happen to-morrow, and must happen soon."

A new edition of EDWARD EVERETT's *Orations and Speeches*, in two large and elegant octavos, has been published by Little and Brown, including in the first volume the contents of the former edition, and in the second volume, the addresses delivered on various occasions, since the year 1836. In an admirably-written Preface to the present edition, Mr. Everett gives a slight, autobiographical description of the circumstances in which his earlier compositions had their origin, and in almost too deprecatory a tone, apologizes for the exuberance of style and excess of national feeling with which they have sometimes been charged. In our opinion, this appeal is uncalled for, as we can nowhere find productions of this class more distinguished for a virginal purity of expression, and grave dignity of thought. As a graceful, polished, and impressive rhetorician, it would be difficult to name the superior of Mr. Everett, and had he not been too much trammeled by the scruples of a fastidious taste, with his singular powers of fascination, he would have filled a still broader sphere than that which he has nobly won in the literature of his country. We gratefully welcome the announcement with which the preface concludes, and trust that it will be carried into

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effect at an early date. "It is still my purpose, should my health permit, to offer to the public indulgence a selection from a large number of articles contributed by me to the North American Review, and from the speeches, reports, and official correspondence, prepared in the discharge of the several official stations which I have had the honor to fill at home and abroad. Nor am I wholly without hope that I shall be able to execute the more arduous project to which I have devoted a good deal of time for many years, and toward which I have collected ample materials—that of a systematic treatise on the modern law of nations, more especially in reference to those questions which have been discussed between the governments of the United States and Europe since the peace of 1783."

Echoes of the Universe is the title of a work by HENRY CHRISTMAS, reprinted by A. Hart, Philadelphia, containing a curious store of speculation and research in regard to the more mystical aspects of religion, with a strong tendency to pass the line which divides the sphere of legends and fictions from the field of well-established truth. The author is a man of learning and various accomplishments; he writes in a style of unusual sweetness and simplicity; his pages are pervaded with reverence for the wonders of creation; and with a singular freedom from the skeptical, destructive spirit of the day, he is startled by no mystery of revelation, however difficult of comprehension by the understanding. The substance of this volume was originally delivered in the form of letters to an Episcopal Missionary Society in England. It is now published in a greatly enlarged shape, with the intention of presenting the truths of religion in an interesting aspect to minds that are imbued with the spirit of modern cultivation. Among the Echoes that proceed from the world of matter, the author includes those that are uttered by the solar system, the starry heavens, the laws of imponderable fluids, the discoveries of geology, and the natural history of Scripture. To these, he supposes, that parallel Echoes may be found from the world of Spirit, such as the appearance of a Divine Person, recorded in Sacred History, the visitations of angels and spirits of an order now higher than man, the apparitions of the departed spirits of saints, the cases recorded of demoniacal possession, and the manner in which these narratives are supported and explained by reason and experience. The seen and the unseen, the physical and the immaterial, according to the author, will thus be shown to coincide, and the Unity of the Voice proved by the Unity of the Echo. This is the lofty problem of the volume, and if it is not solved to the satisfaction of every reader, it will not be for the want of a genial enthusiasm and an adamantine faith on the part of the author.

The same house has published a neat edition of Miss BENGER'S popular *Memoir of Anne Boleyn*.

A new work by W. GILMORE SIMMS, entitled *The Lily and Totem*, (Baker and Scribner, New York) consists of the romantic legends connected with the establishment of the Huguenots in Florida, embroidered upon a substantial fabric of historical truth, with great ingenuity and artistic effect. The basis of the work is laid in authentic history; facts are not superseded by the romance; all the vital details of the events in question are embodied in the narrative but when the original record is found to be deficient in interest, the author has introduced such creations of his own as he judged in keeping with the subject, and adapted to picturesque impression. It was his first intention to have made the experiment of Coligny in the colonization of Florida, the subject of a poem; but dreading the want of sympathy in the mass of readers, he decided on the present form, as more adapted to the popular taste, though perhaps less in accordance with the character of the theme. With his power of graphic description, and the mild poetical coloring which he has thrown around the whole narrative, Mr. SIMMS will delight the imaginative reader, while his faithful adherence to the spirit of the history renders him an instructive guide through the dusky and faded memorials of the past. One of the longest stories in the volume is the "Legend of Guernache," a record of love and sorrow, scarcely surpassed in sweetness and beauty by any thing in the romance of Indian history.

Reminiscences of Congress, by CHARLES W. MARCH, (Baker and Scribner, New York), is principally devoted to the personal and political history of DANIEL WEBSTER, of whom it relates a variety of piquant anecdotes, and at the same time giving an analysis of his most important speeches on the floor of Congress. The leading statesmen of the United States, without reference to party, are made to sit for their portraits, and are certainly sketched with great boldness of delineation, though, in some cases, the free touches of the artist might be accused of caricature. Among the distinguished public men who are introduced into this gallery are John Q. Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Jackson, and Van Buren, whose features can not fail to be recognized at sight, however twisted, in some respects, they may be supposed to be by their respective admirers. Mr. MARCH has had ample opportunities for gaining a familiar acquaintance with the subjects he treats; his observing powers are nimble and acute; without any remarkable habits of reflection, he usually rises to the level of his theme; and with a command of fluent and often graceful language, his style, for the most part, is not only readable but eminently attractive.

A new and greatly enlarged edition of *Mental Hygeine*, by WILLIAM SWEETSER, has been published by Geo. P. Putnam—a volume which discusses the reciprocal influence of the mental and physical conditions, with clearness, animation, and good sense. It is well adapted for popular reading, no less than for professional use.

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Autumn Fashions.



Fig. 1.—Evening Costume.

Fig. 1. EVENING DRESSES. White is generally adopted for the evening toilet. Muslin, *tulle*, and *barège* form elegant and very beautiful textures for this description of ess. They are decorated with festooned flounces, cut in deep square vandykes; the muslins e richly embroidered. A *barège*, trimmed with narrow *rûches* of white silk ribbon, placed upon the edge, has the appearance of being pinked at the edge. Those of white *barège* covered with bouquets of flowers, are extremely elegant, trimmed with three deep flounces, finished at the edge with a *chicorée* of green ribbon forming a wave; the same description of *chicorée* may be placed upon the top of the flounces. Corsage *à la* Louis XV., trimmed with *rûches* to match. For dresses of *tulle*, those with double skirts are most in vogue. Those composed of Brussels *tulle* with five skirts, each skirt being finished with a broad hem, through which passes a pink ribbon, are extremely pretty. The skirts are all raised at the sides with a large moss rose encircled with its buds, the roses diminishing in size toward the upper part. These skirts are worn over a petticoat of a lively pink silk, so that the color shows through the upper fifth skirt. As to the corsage, they all resemble each other; the Louis XV. and Pompadour being those only at present in fashion.



Fig. 2.—Morning Costume

A very beautiful evening dress is represented by fig. 1, which shows a front and back view. It is a pale lavender dress of striped satin; the body plaited diagonally, both back and front, the plaits meeting

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in the centre. It has a small *jacquette*, pointed at the back as well as the front; plain sleeve reaching nearly to the elbow, finished by a lace ruffle, or frill of the same. The skirt is long and full, and has a rich lace flounce at the bottom. The breadths of satin are put together so that the stripes meet in points at the seams. Head dress, with lace lappets.



FIG. 3.—PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2 represents an elegant style of body, worn over a skirt of light lavender silk, with three flounces, each edged with a double *rûche*, trimmed with narrow ribbon. The body is of embroidered muslin. the small skirt of which is trimmed with two rows of lace; the sleeves are wide; they are three-quarter length and are trimmed with three rows of lace and rosettes of pink satin ribbon. This is for a morning costume.

Another elegant style of morning home dress, is composed of Valenciennes cambric; the corsage plaited or fulled, so as to form a series of crossway fullings, which entirely cover the back and front of the bust, the centre of which is ornamented with a *petit décolletté* in the shape of a lengthened heart; the same description of centre-piece is placed at the back, where it is closed by means of buttons and strings, ingeniously hidden by the fullings. The lower part of the body forms but a slight point, and is round and stiffened, from which descends a *châtelaine*, formed by a wreath of *plumetis*, descending to the edge of the dress, and bordered on each side with a large inlet, gradually widening toward the lower part of the skirt.

FIG. 3 represents an elegant promenade costume. The dress is a rich changeable brocade without flounces, trimmed in front with pinked ribbon, made in double knots. The body is high and the sleeves quarter length. *Manteau* of green satin or velvet, trimmed with black lace and rich silk *guimpe*. Bonnet of pink crape trimmed with satin; the form open; the *bavolet*, or curtain, very deep.

Pardessus and ***Mantelets***, of the Pompadour style, are now in great request. Those intended for young women are principally composed of white, pink, English green, pearl-gray, and *écru* silk. They are covered with embroideries formed by silk cord, representing gothic patterns, Pompadours, and *arabesques*.

FASHIONABLE COLORS. It is almost impossible to state which colors most prevail, all are so beautifully blended and intermixed; those, however, which seem most in demand are maroon, sea-green, blue, *pensée*, &c.

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. VI.—NOVEMBER, 1850.—Vol. I.

GRIMAGE TO THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

VITH PEN AND PENCIL.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.*

suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
hwart the earth! in crown of living fire
mes the day! As if they conscious quaff'd
unny flood, hill, forest, city spire
in the waking light."

RICHARD H. DANA.



T was a glorious October morning, mild and brilliant, when I left Boston to visit Concord and Lexington. A gentle land-breeze during the night had borne the clouds back to their ocean birth-place, and not a trace of the storm was left except in the saturated earth. Health returned with the clear sky, and I felt a rejuvenescence in every vein and muscle when, at dawn, I strolled over the natural glory of Boston, its broad and beautiful Common. I breakfasted at six, half-past seven left the station of the rg rail-way for Concord, seventeen miles est of Boston. The country through he road passed is rough and broken, but settled. I arrived at the Concord station, alf a mile from the centre of the village, ine o'clock, and procuring a conveyance, intelligent young man for a guide, pro- at once to visit the localities of interest vicinity. We rode to the residence of James Barrett, a surviving grandson of Barrett, about two miles north of the and near the residence of his venerated r. Major Barrett was eighty-seven years when I visited him; and his wife, with he had lived nearly sixty years, was

Like most of the few survivors of the tion, they were remarkable for their and bodily vigor. Both, I believe, still he old lady—a small, well-formed woman as sprightly as a girl of twenty, and moved about the house with the nimbleness of foot of a matron in the prime of life. I was charmed with her vivacity, and the sunny radiance which it seemed to shed throughout her household; and the half hour that I passed with that venerable couple is a green spot in the memory.

Major Barrett was a lad of fourteen when the British incursion into Concord took place. He was too young to bear a musket, but, with every lad and woman in the vicinity, he labored in concealing the stores and in making cartridges for those who went out to fight. With oxen and a cart, himself, and others about his age, removed the stores deposited at the house of his grandfather, into the woods, and concealed them, a cart-load in a place, under pine boughs. In such haste were they obliged to act on the approach of the British from Lexington, that, when the cart was loaded, lads would march on each side of the oxen and goad them into a trot. Thus all the stores were effectually concealed, except some carriage-wheels. Perceiving the enemy near, these were cut up and burned; so that Parsons found nothing of value to destroy or carry away.

From Major Barrett's we rode to the monument erected at the site of the old North Bridge,



MONUMENT AT CONCORD.

where the skirmish took place. The road crosses the Concord River a little above the site of the North Bridge. The monument stands a few rods westward of the road leading to the village, and not far from the house of the Rev-

sketch of Revolutionary scenes and incidents in
it Boston, is part of an unpublished chapter from
's "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," now
e of publication by Harper and Brothers.

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erend Dr. Ripley, who gave the ground for the purpose. The monument is constructed of granite from Carlisle, and has an inscription upon a marble tablet inserted in the eastern face of the pedestal.* The view is from the green shaded lane which leads from the highway to the monument, looking westward. The two trees standing, one upon each side, without the iron railing, were saplings at the time of the battle; between them was the entrance to the bridge. The monument is reared upon a mound of earth a few yards from the left bank of the river. A little to the left, two rough, uninscribed stones from the field mark the graves of the two British soldiers who were killed and buried upon the spot.

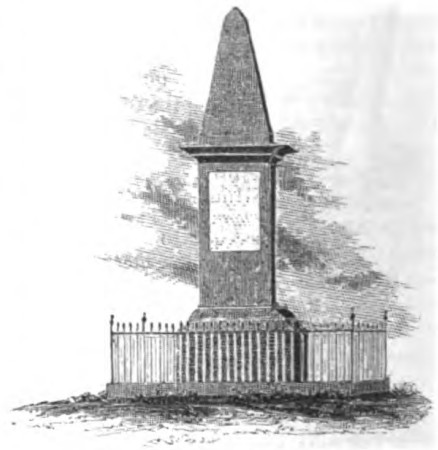
We returned to the village at about noon, and started immediately for Lexington, six miles eastward.

Concord is a pleasant little village, including within its borders about one hundred dwellings. It lies upon the Concord River, one of the chief tributaries of the Merrimac, near the junction of the Assabeth and Sudbury Rivers. Its Indian name was Musketaquid. On account of the peaceable manner in which it was obtained, by purchase, of the aborigines, in 1635, it was named Concord. At the north end of the broad street, or common, is the house of Col. Daniel Shattuck, a part of which, built in 1774, was used as one of the depositories of stores when the British invasion took place. It has been so much altered, that a view of it would have but little interest as representing a relic of the past.

The road between Concord and Lexington passes through a hilly but fertile country. It is easy for the traveler to conceive how terribly a retreating army might be galled by the fire of a concealed enemy. Hills and hillocks, some wooded, some bare, rise up every where, and formed natural breast-works of protection to the skirmishers that hung upon the flank and rear of Colonel Smith's troops. The road enters Lexington at the green whereon the old meeting-house stood when the battle occurred. The town is upon a fine rolling plain, and is becoming almost a suburban residence for citizens of Boston. Workmen were inclosing the Green, and laying out the grounds in handsome plats around the monument, which stands a few yards from the street. It is upon a spacious mound; its material is granite, and it has a marble tablet on the south front of the pedestal, with a long inscription.* The design of the monument is not at all graceful, and, being surrounded by



MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON.†



NEAR VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

* The following is a copy of the inscription:

HERE,
On the 19th of April, 1775,
was made the first forcible resistance to
BRITISH AGGRESSION.
On the opposite bank stood the American
militia, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell
in the WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,
which gave Independence to these United States.
In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom,
This Monument was erected,
A.D. 1836.

* The following is a copy of the inscription:

"Sacred to the Liberty and the Rights of Mankind!!! The Freedom and Independence of America—sealed and defended with the blood of her sons—This Monument is erected by the Inhabitants of Lexington, under the patronage and at the expense of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the memory of their Fellow-citizens, Ensign Robert Monroe, Messrs. Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, jun., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington, and John Brown, of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who fell on this Field, the first victims of the Sword of British Tyranny and Oppression, on the morning of the ever-memorable Nineteenth of April, An. Dom. 1775. The Die was Cast!!! The blood of these Martyrs in the Cause of God and their Country was the Cement of the Union of these States, then Colonies, and gave the Spring to the Spirit, Firmness, and Resolution of their Fellow-citizens. They rose as one man to revenge their Brethren's blood, and at the point of the Sword to assert and defend their native Rights. They nobly dared to be Free!!! The contest was long, bloody, and affecting. Righteous Heaven approved the Solemn Appeal; Victory crowned their Arms, and the Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the United States of America was their glorious Reward. Built in the year 1799."

† This view is from the Concord Road, looking eastward, and shows a portion of the inclosure of the Green.

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by tall trees, it has a very "dumpy" appearance. The people are dissatisfied with it, and doubtless, ere long, a more noble structure will mark the spot where the curtain of the revolutionary drama was first lifted.

After making the drawings here given, I visited and made the sketch of "Clark's House." There I found a remarkably intelligent old lady, Mrs. Margaret Chandler, aged eighty-three years. She has been an occupant of the house, I believe, ever since the Revolution, and has a perfect recollection of the events of the period. Her version of the escape of Hancock and Adams is a little different from the published accounts. She says that on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, some British officers, who had been informed where these patriots were, came to Lexington, and inquired of a woman whom they met, for "Mr. Clark's house." She pointed to the parsonage; but in a moment, suspecting their design, she called to them and inquired if it was Clark's *tavern* that they were in search of. Uninformed whether it was a *tavern* or a *parsonage* where their intended victims were staying, and supposing the former to be the most likely place, the officers replied, "Yes, Clark's tavern." "Oh," she said, "Clark's tavern is in that direction," pointing toward East Lexington. As soon as they departed, the woman hastened to inform the patriots of their danger, and they immediately arose and fled to Woburn. Dorothy Quincy, the intended wife of Hancock, who was at Mr. Clark's, accompanied them in their flight.

I next called upon the venerable Abijah Harrington, who was living in the village. He was a lad of fourteen at the time of the engagement. Two of his brothers were among the minute men, but escaped unhurt. Jonathan and Caleb Harrington, near relatives, were killed. The former was shot in front of his own house, while his wife stood at the window in an agony of alarm. She saw her husband fall, and then start up, the blood gushing from his breast. He stretched out his arms toward her, and then fell again. Upon his hands and knees he crawled toward his dwelling, and expired just as his wife reached him. Caleb Harrington was shot while running from the meeting-house. My informant saw almost the whole of the battle, having been sent by his mother to go near enough, and be safe, to obtain and convey to her information respecting her other sons, who were with the minute men. His relation of the incidents of the morning was substantially such as history has recorded.

The distant building seen on the right is the old "Buckman Tavern." It now belongs to Mrs. Merriam, and exhibits many scars made by the bullets on the morning of the skirmish.

He dwelt upon the subject with apparent delight, for his memory of the scenes of his early years, around which cluster so much of patriotism and glory, was clear and full. I would gladly have listened until twilight to the voice of such experience, but time was precious, and I hastened to East Lexington, to visit his cousin, Jonathan Harrington, an old man of ninety,



Jon^a Harrington
aged 90 the 5th July 1840

who played the fife when the minute men were marshaled on the Green upon that memorable April morning. He was splitting fire-wood in his yard with a vigorous hand when I rode up; and as he sat in his rocking-chair, while I sketched his placid features, he appeared no older than a man of seventy. His brother, aged eighty-eight, came in before my sketch was finished, and I could not but gaze with wonder upon these strong old men, children of one mother, who were almost grown to manhood when the first battle of our Revolution occurred! Frugality and temperance, co-operating with industry, a cheerful temper, and a good constitution, have lengthened their days, and made their protracted years hopeful and happy.* The aged fifer apologized for the

* The seventy-fifth anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord was celebrated at the latter place on the 19th of April, 1850. In the procession was a carriage containing these venerable brothers, aged, respectively, nearly ninety-one and ninety-three; Amos Baker, of Lincoln, aged ninety-four; Thomas Hill, of Danvers,

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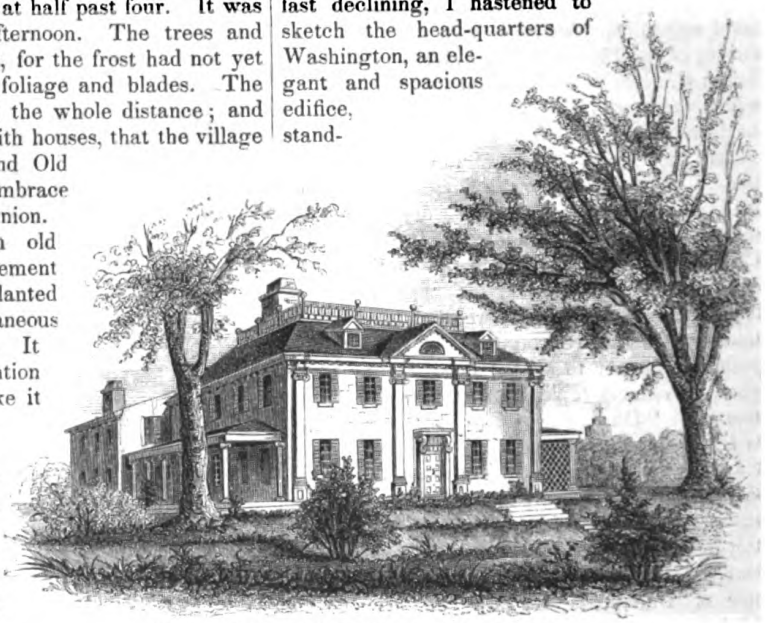
rough appearance of his signature, which he kindly wrote for me, and charged the tremulous motion of his hand to his labor with the ax. How tenaciously we cling even to the appearance of vigor, when the whole frame is tottering to its fall! Mr. Harrington opened the ball of the Revolution with the shrill war-notes of the fife, and then retired from the arena. He was not a soldier in the war, nor has his life, passed in the quietude of rural pursuits, been distinguished except by the glorious acts which constitute the sum of the achievements of a GOOD CITIZEN.

I left Lexington at about three o'clock, and arrived at Cambridge at half past four. It was a lovely autumnal afternoon. The trees and fields were still green, for the frost had not yet been busy with their foliage and blades. The road is Macadamized the whole distance; and so thickly is it lined with houses, that the village of East Lexington and Old Cambridge seem to embrace each other in close union.

Cambridge is an old town, the first settlement there having been planted in 1631, contemporaneous with that of Boston. It was the original intention of the settlers to make it the metropolis of Massachusetts, and Governor Winthrop commenced the erection of his dwelling there. It was called New Town, and in 1632 was palisaded. The Reverend Mr. Hooker, one of the earliest settlers of Connecticut, was the first minister in Cambridge. In 1636, the General Court provided for the erection of a public school in New Town, and appropriated two thousand dollars for that purpose. In 1638, the Reverend John Harvard, of Charlestown, endowed the school with about four thousand dollars. This endowment enabled them to exalt the academy into a college, and it was called Harvard University in honor of its principal benefactor.

Cambridge has the distinction of being the place where the first printing-press in America was established. Its proprietor was named Day, and the capital that purchased the materials was furnished by the Rev. Mr. Glover. The first thing printed was the "Freeman's Oath," in 1636; the next was an almanac; and the next the Psalms, in metre.* Old Cambridge (West Cambridge, or Metonomy, of the Revolution), the seat of the University, is three miles from West Boston Bridge, which connects Cambridge with Boston. Cambridgeport is about half way between Old Cambridge and the bridge, and East Cambridge occupies Lechmere's Point, a promontory fortified during the siege of Boston in 1775.

Arrived at Old Cambridge, I parted company with the vehicle and driver that conveyed me from Concord to Lexington, and hither; and, as the day was fast declining, I hastened to sketch the head-quarters of Washington, an elegant and spacious edifice, standing in the midst of shrubbery and stately elms, a little distance from the street, once the highway from Harvard University to Waltham. At this mansion, and at Winter Hill, Washington passed most of his time, after taking command of the Continental army, until the evacuation of Boston in the following spring. Its present owner is HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Professor of Oriental languages in Harvard University, and widely known in the world of literature as one of the most gifted men of the age. It is a spot worthy of the residence of an American bard so endowed, for the associations which hallow it are linked with the noblest themes that ever awakened the inspiration of a child of song.



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

"When the hours of Day are number'd
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall,"

then to the thoughtful dweller must come the spirit of the place and hour to weave a gor-

aged ninety-two; and Dr. Preston, of Billerica, aged eighty-eight. The Honorable Edward Everett, among others, made a speech on the occasion, in which he very happily remarked, that "it pleased his heart to see those venerable men beside him; and he was very much pleased to assist Mr. Jonathan Harrington to put on his top coat a few minutes ago. In doing so, he was ready to say, with the eminent man of old, 'Very pleasant art thou to me, my brother Jonathan!'"

* Records of Harvard College.

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geous tapestry, rich with pictures, illustrative of the heroic age of our young republic. My tarry was brief and busy, for the sun was rapidly descending—it even touched the forest tops before I finished the drawing—but the cordial reception and polite attentions which I received from the proprietor, and his warm approval of, and expressed interest for the success of my labors, occupy a space in memory like that of a long, bright summer day.

This mansion stands upon the upper of two terraces, which are ascended each by five stone steps. At each front corner of the house is a lofty elm — mere saplings when Washington beheld them, but now stately and patriarchal in appearance. Other elms, with flowers and shrubbery, beautify the grounds around it; while within, iconoclastic innovation has not been allowed to enter with its mallet and trowel, to mar the work of the ancient builder, and to cover with the vulgar stucco of modern art the carved cornices and paneled wainscots that first enriched it. I might give a long list of eminent persons whose former presence in those spacious rooms adds interest to retrospection, but they are elsewhere identified with scenes more personal and important. I can not refrain, however, from noticing the visit of one, who, though a dark child of Africa and a bond-woman, received the most polite attention from the commander-in-chief. This was PHILLIS,* a slave of Mr. Wheatley, of Boston. She was brought from Africa when between seven and eight years old. She seemed to acquire knowledge intuitively; became a poet of considerable merit, and corresponded with such eminent persons as the Countess of Huntingdon, Earl of Dartmouth, Reverend George Whitefield, and others. Washington invited her to visit him at Cambridge, which she did a few days before the British evacuated Boston; her master among others, having left the city by permission, and retired, with his family, to Chelsea. She passed half an hour with the commander-in-chief, from whom and his officers she received marked attention.*

A few rods above the residence of Professor Longfellow is the house in which the Brunswick general, the Baron Riedesel, and his family were quartered, during the stay of the captive army of Burgoyne in the vicinity of Boston. I was not aware when I visited Cambridge, that the old mansion was still in existence; but, through the kindness of Mr. Longfellow, I am able to present the features of its southern front, with a description. In style it is very much like that of Washington's head-quarters, and the general appearance of the grounds around is similar. It is shaded by noble linden-trees, and adorned with shrubbery, presenting to the eye all the attractions noticed by the Baroness of Riedesel in her charming letters.†



THE RIEDESEL HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.*

* Phillis wrote a letter to General Washington in October, 1775, in which she inclosed a poem eulogistic of his character. In February following the general answered it. I give a copy of his letter, in illustration of the excellence of the mind and heart of that great man, always so kind and courteous to the most humble, even when pressed with arduous public duties.

"Cambridge, February 28, 1776.

"MISS PHILLIS—Your favor of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences, continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you inclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it a place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near head-quarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant, GEO. WASHINGTON."

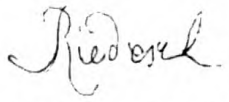
* This is from a pencil sketch by Mr. Longfellow. I am also indebted to him for the fac-simile of the autograph of the Baroness of Riedesel. It will be perceived that the *i* is placed before the *e* in spelling the name. It is generally given with the *e* first, which is according to the orthography in Burgoyne's *State of the Expedition*, &c., wherein I supposed it was spelled correctly. This autograph shows it to be erroneous.

† She thus writes respecting her removal from a peasant's house on Winter Hill to Cambridge, and her residence there:

"We passed three weeks in this place, and were then transferred to Cambridge, where we were lodged in one of the best houses of the place, which belonged to Royalists. Seven families, who were connected by relationship, or lived in great intimacy, had here farms, gardens, and splendid mansions, and not far off, orchards, and the buildings were at a quarter of a mile distant from each other. The owners had been in the habit of assembling every afternoon in one or another of these houses, and of diverting themselves with music or dancing, and lived in affluence, in good humor, and without care, until this unfortunate war at once dispersed them, and transformed all their houses into solitary abodes, except two, the proprietors of which were also soon obliged to make their escape. . . . . .

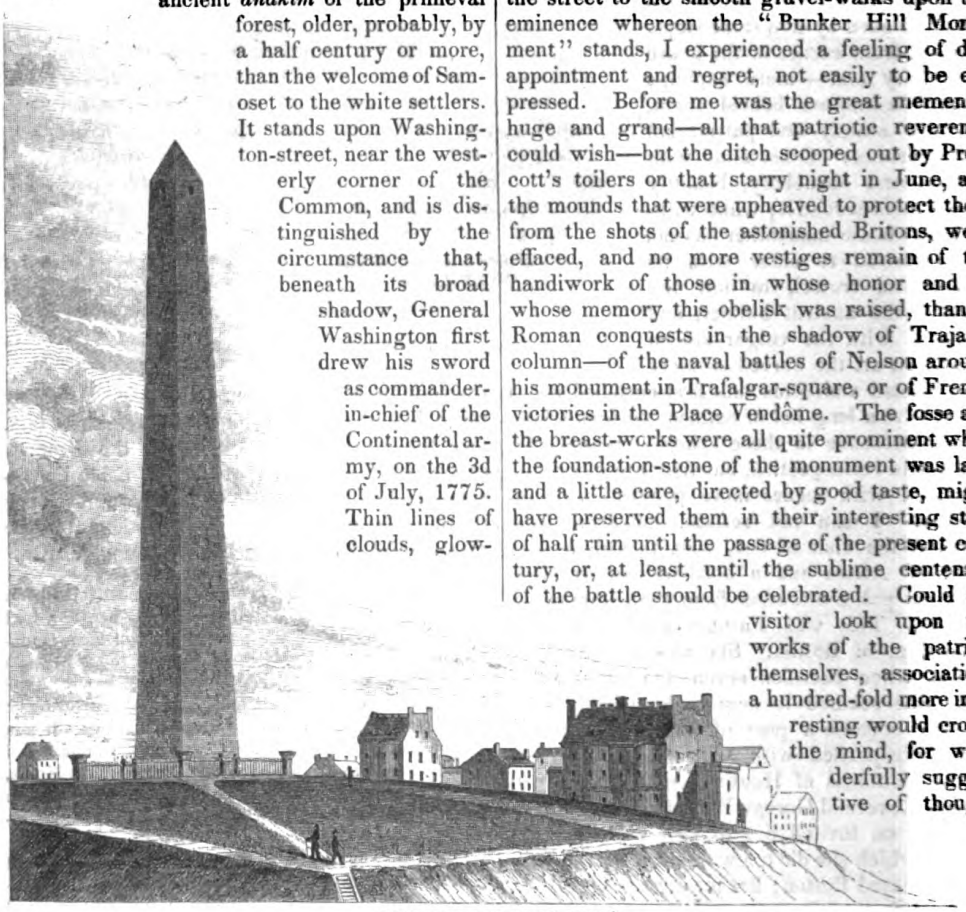
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Upon a window-pane on the north side of the house may be seen the undoubted autograph of that accomplished woman, inscribed with a diamond point. It is an interesting memento, and is preserved with great care. The annexed is a fac-simile of it.



During the first moments of the soft evening twilight I sketched the "Washington elm," one of the ancient *anakim* of the primeval forest, older, probably, by a half century or more, than the welcome of Samoset to the white settlers. It stands upon Washington-street, near the westerly corner of the Common, and is distinguished by the circumstance that, beneath its broad shadow, General Washington first drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the Continental army, on the 3d of July, 1775. Thin lines of clouds, glowing in the light of the setting sun like bars of gold, streaked the western sky, and so prolonged the twilight by reflection, that I had ample time to finish my drawing before the night shadows dimmed the paper.

Early on the following morning I procured a chaise to visit Charlestown and Dorchester Heights. I rode first to the former place, and climbed to the summit of the great obelisk that stands upon the site of the redoubt upon Breed's Hill. As I ascended the steps which lead from the street to the smooth gravel-walks upon the eminence whereon the "Bunker Hill Monument" stands, I experienced a feeling of disappointment and regret, not easily to be expressed. Before me was the great memento, huge and grand—all that patriotic reverence could wish—but the ditch scooped out by Prescott's toilers on that starry night in June, and the mounds that were upheaved to protect them from the shots of the astonished Britons, were effaced, and no more vestiges remain of the handiwork of those in whose honor and to whose memory this obelisk was raised, than of Roman conquests in the shadow of Trajan's column—of the naval battles of Nelson around his monument in Trafalgar-square, or of French victories in the Place Vendôme. The fosse and the breast-works were all quite prominent when the foundation-stone of the monument was laid, and a little care, directed by good taste, might have preserved them in their interesting state of half ruin until the passage of the present century, or, at least, until the sublime centenary of the battle should be celebrated. Could the visitor look upon the works of the patriots themselves, associations a hundred-fold more interesting would crowd the mind, for wonderfully suggestive of thought



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.*

"On the 3d of June, 1778, I gave a ball and supper, in celebration of my husband's birthday. I had invited all our generals and officers and Mr. and Mrs. Carter. General Burgoyne sent us an apology, after he had made us wait for him till eight o'clock. He had always some excuse for not visiting us, until he was about departing for England, when he came and made me many apologies, to which I made no other reply than that I should be extremely sorry if he had put himself to any inconvenience for our sake. The dance lasted long, and we had an excellent supper, to which more than eighty persons sat down. Our yard and garden were illuminated. The king's birth-day falling on the next day, it was resolved that the company should not separate before his Majesty's health was drank; which was done, with feelings of the liveliest attachment to his person and interests. Never, I believe, was 'God Save the King' sung with more enthusiasm, or with feelings more sincere. Our two eldest girls were brought into the room to see the illumination. We were all deeply moved, and proud to have the courage to display such sentiments in the midst of our enemies. Even Mr. Carter could not forbear participating in our enthusiasm." Mr. Carter was the son-in-law of General Schuyler. Remembering the kindness which she had received from that gentleman while in Albany, the baroness sought out Mr. and Mrs. Carter (who were living in Boston), on her arrival at Cambridge. "Mrs. Carter," she says, "resembled her parents in mildness and goodness of heart, but her husband was revengeful and false." The patriotic zeal of Mr. Carter had given rise to foolish stories respecting him. "They seemed to feel much friendship for us," says Madame De Riedesel; "though, at the same time, this wicked Mr. Carter, in consequence of General Howe's having burned several villages and small towns, suggested to his countrymen to cut off our generals' heads, to pickle them, and to put them in small barrels, and, as often as the English should again burn a village, to send them one of these barrels; but that cruelty was not adopted."—*Letters and Memoirs relating to the War of American Independence, by Madame De Riedesel.*

* This monument stands in the centre of the grounds

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are the slightest relics of the past when linked with noble deeds. A soft green sward, as even as the rind of a fair apple, and cut by eight straight gravel-walks, diverging from the monument, is substituted by art for the venerated irregularities made by the old mattock and spade. The spot is beautiful to the eye untrained by appreciating affection for hallowed things; nevertheless, there is palpable desecration that may hardly be forgiven.

The view from the top of the monument, for extent, variety, and beauty, is certainly one of the finest in the world. A "York shilling" is charged for the privilege of ascending the monument. The view from its summit is "a shilling show" worth a thousand miles of travel to see. Boston, its harbor, and the beautiful country around, mottled with villages, are spread out like a vast painting, and on every side the eye may rest upon localities of great historical interest, Cambridge, Roxbury, Chelsea, Quincy, Medford, Marblehead, Dorchester, and other places, where

"The old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,
Falter'd not,"

and the numerous sites of small fortifications which the student of history can readily call to mind. In the far distance, on the northwest, rise the higher peaks of the White Mountains of New Hampshire; and on the northeast, the peninsula of Nahant, and the more remote Cape Anne may be seen. Wonders which present science and enterprise are developing and forming are there exhibited in profusion. At one glance from this lofty observatory may be seen seven railroads,* and many other avennes connecting the city with the country; and ships from almost every region of the globe dot the waters of the harbor. Could a tenant of the old grave-yard on Copp's Hill, who lived a hundred years ago, when the village upon Tri-mountain was fitting out its little armed flotillas against the French in Acadia, or sending forth its few vessels of trade along the neighboring coasts, or occasionally to cross the Atlantic, come forth and stand beside us a moment, what a new and wonderful world would be presented to his vision! A hundred years ago!

"Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who fill'd the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?"

included within the breast-works of the old redoubt on Breed's Hill. Its sides are precisely parallel with those of the redoubt. It is built of Quincy granite, and is two hundred and twenty-one feet in height. The foundation is composed of six courses of stone, and extends twelve feet below the surface of the ground and base of the shaft. The four sides of the foundation extend about fifty feet horizontally. There are in the whole pile ninety courses of stone, six of them below the surface of the ground, and eighty-four above. The foundation is laid in lime mortar; the other parts of the structure in lime mortar mixed with cinders, iron filings, and Springfield hydraulic cement. The base of the obelisk is thirty feet square; at the spring of the apex, fifteen feet. Inside of the shaft is a round, hollow cone, the outside diameter of which, at the bottom, is ten feet, and at the top, six feet. Around this inner shaft winds a spiral flight of stone steps, two hundred and ninety-five in number. In both the cone and shaft are numerous little apertures for the purposes of ventilation and light. The observatory or chamber at the top of the monument is seventeen feet in height and eleven feet in diameter. It has four windows, one on each side, which are provided with iron shutters. The cap-piece of the apex is a single stone, three feet six inches in thickness and four feet square at its base. It weighs two and a half tons.

Almost fifty years had elapsed from the time of the battle before a movement was made to erect a commemorative monument on Breed's Hill. An association for the purpose was founded in 1824; and to give eclat to the transaction, and to excite enthusiasm in favor of the work, General La Fayette, then "the nation's guest," was invited to lay the corner-stone. Accordingly, on the 17th of June, 1825, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, that revered patriot performed the interesting ceremony, and the Honorable Daniel Webster pronounced an oration on the occasion, in the midst of an immense concourse of people. Forty survivors of the battle were present; and on no occasion did La Fayette meet so many of his fellow-soldiers in our Revolution as at that time. The *plan* of the monument was not then decided upon; but one by Solomon Willard, of Boston, having been approved, the present structure was commenced, in 1827, by James Savage, of the same city. In the course of a little more than a year, the work was suspended on account of a want of funds, about fifty-six thousand dollars having then been collected and expended. The work was resumed in 1834, and again suspended, within a year, for the same cause, about twenty thousand dollars more having been expended. In 1840, the ladies moved in the matter. A fair was announced to be held in Boston, and every female in the United States was invited to contribute some production of her own hands to the exhibition. The fair was held at Faneuil Hall in September, 1840. The proceeds amounted to sufficient, in connection with some private donations, to complete the structure, and within a few weeks subsequently, a contract was made with Mr. Savage to finish it for forty-three thousand dollars. The last stone of the apex was raised at about six o'clock on the morning of the 23d of July, 1842. Edward Carnes, Jr., of Charlestown, accompanied its ascent, waving the American flag as he went up, while the interesting event was announced to the surrounding country by the roar of cannon. On the 17th of June, 1843, the monument was dedicated, on which occasion the Honorable Daniel Webster was again the orator, and vast was the audience of citizens and military assembled there. The President of the United States (Mr. Tyler), and his whole cabinet, were present.

In the top of the monument are two cannons, named, respectively, "Hancock" and "Adams," which formerly belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. The "Adams" was burst by them in firing a salute. The following is the inscription upon the two guns:

"SACRED TO LIBERTY.

"This is one of four cannons which constituted the whole train of field artillery possessed by the British colonies of North America at the commencement of the war, on the 19th of April, 1775. This cannon and its fellow, belonging to a number of citizens of Boston, were used in many engagements during the war. The other two, the property of the government of Massachusetts, were taken by the enemy.

"By order of the United States in Congress assembled, May 19th, 1788."

* When I visited Boston, in 1848, it was estimated that two hundred and thirty trains of cars went daily over the roads to and from Boston, and that more than six millions of passengers were conveyed in them during the preceding year.

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They were men wise in their generation, but ignorant in practical knowledge when compared with the present. In their wildest dreams, incited by tales of wonder that spiced the literature of their times, they never fancied any thing half so wonderful as our mighty dray-horse,

> "The black steam-engine! steed of iron power—
> The wond'rous steed of the Arabian tale,
> Lanch'd on its course by pressure of a touch—
> The war-horse of the Bible, with its neck
> Grim, clothed with thunder, swallowing the way
> In fierceness of its speed, and shouting out,
> 'Ha! ha!'* A little water, and a grasp
> Of wood, sufficient for its nerves of steel,
> Shooting away, 'Ha! ha!' it shouts, as on
> It gallops, dragging in its tireless path
> Its load of fire."

I lingered in the chamber of the Bunker Hill monument as long as time would allow, and descending, rode back to the city, crossed to South Boston, and rambled for an hour among the remains of the fortifications upon the heights of the peninsula of Dorchester. The present prominent remains of fortifications are those of intrenchments cast up during the war of 1812, and have no other connection with our subject than the circumstance that they occupy the site of the works constructed there by order of Washington. These were greatly reduced in altitude when the engineers began the erection of the forts now in ruins, which are properly preserved with a great deal of care. They occupy the summits of two hills, which command Boston Neck on the left, the city of Boston in front, and the harbor on the right. Southeast from the heights, pleasantly situated among gentle hills, is the village of Dorchester, so called in memory of a place in England of the same name, whence many of its earliest settlers came. The stirring events which rendered Dorchester Heights famous are universally known.



WASHINGTON.†

I returned to Boston at about one o'clock, and passed the remainder of the day in visiting places of interest within the city—the old South meeting-house, Faneuil Hall, the Province House, and the Hancock House. I am indebted to John Hancock, Esq., nephew of the patriot, and present proprietor and occupant of the "Hancock House," on Beacon-street, for polite attentions while visiting his interesting mansion, and for information concerning matters that have passed under the eye of his experience of threescore years. He has many mementoes of his eminent kinsman, and among them a beautifully-executed miniature of him, painted in London, in 1761, while he was there at the coronation of George III.

Near Mr. Hancock's residence is the State House, a noble structure upon Beacon Hill, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1795, by Governor Samuel Adams, assisted by Paul Revere, master of the Masonic grand lodge. There I sketched the annexed picture of the colossal statue of Washington, by Chantrey, which stands in the open centre of the first story; also the group of trophies from Bennington, that hang over the door of the Senate chamber. Under these trophies, in a gilt frame, is a copy of the reply of the Massachusetts Assembly to General Stark's letter, that accompanied the presentation of the trophies. It was written fifty years ago.

After enjoying the view from the top of the State House a while, I walked to Copp's Hill, a little east of Charlestown Bridge, at the north end of the town, where I tarried until sunset in the ancient burying-ground. The earliest name of this eminence was Snow Hill. It was subsequently named after its owner, William Copp.* It came into the possession of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company by mortgage; and when, in 1775, they were forbidden by Gage to parade on the Common, they went to this, their own ground, and drilled in defiance of his threats. The fort, or battery, that was built there by the British, just before the battle of Bunker Hill, stood near its southeast brow, adjoining the burying-ground. The remains of many eminent men repose in that little cemetery. Close by the entrance is the vault of the Mather family.



MATHER'S VAULT.

It is covered by a plain, oblong structure of brick, three feet high and about six feet long, upon which is laid a heavy brown stone slab, with a tablet of slate, bearing the names of the principal tenants below.†

* Job, xxxix. 24, 25.

† This is a picture of Chantrey's statue, which is made of Italian marble, and cost fifteen thousand dollars.

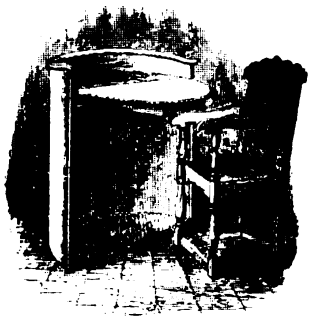
* On some old maps of Boston it is called *Corpse Hill*, the name supposed to have been derived from the circumstance of a burying-ground being there.

† The following is the inscription upon the slate tablet: "The Reverend Doctors Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather were interred in this vault.

INCREASE died August 27, 1723, Æ. 84.
COTTON " Feb. 13, 1727, " 65.
SAMUEL " Jan. 27, 1785, " 79.

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I passed the forenoon of the next day in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where every facility was afforded me by Mr. Felt, the librarian, for examining the assemblage of things curious collected there.* The printed books and manuscripts, relating principally to American history, are numerous, rare, and valuable.



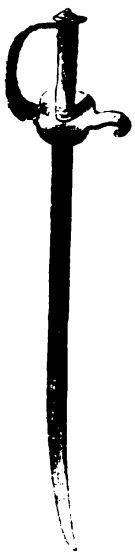
SPEAKER'S DESK AND WINTHROP'S CHAIR.

There is also a rich depository of the autographs of the Pilgrim fathers and their immediate descendants. There are no less than twenty-five large folio volumes of valuable manuscript letters and other documents; besides which are six thick quarto manuscript volumes—a commentary on the Holy Scriptures--in the handwriting of Cotton Mather. From an autograph letter of that singular man the annexed fac-simile of his writing and signature is given.



PHILIP'S SAMP-PAN.

Among the portraits in the cabinet of the society are those of Governor Winslow, supposed to have been painted by Vandyke, Increase Mather, and Peter Faneuil, the founder of Faneuil Hall.



CHURCH'S SWORD.

I had the pleasure of meeting, at the rooms of the society, that indefatigable antiquary, Dr. Webb, widely known as the American correspondent of the "Danish Society of Northern Antiquarians" at Copenhagen. He was sitting in the chair that once belonged to Governor Winthrop, writing upon the desk of the speaker of the Colonial Assembly of Massachusetts, around which the warm debates were carried on concerning American liberty, from the time when James Otis denounced the Writs of Assistance, until Governor Gage adjourned the Assembly to Salem, in 1774. Hallowed by such associations, the desk is an interesting relic. Dr. Webb's familiarity with the collections of the society, and his kind attentions, greatly facilitated my search among the six thousand articles for things curious connected with my subject and made my brief visit far more profitable to myself than it would otherwise have been. Among the relics preserved are the chair that belonged to Governor Carver; the sword of Miles Standish; the huge key of Port Royal gate; a *samp-pan*, that belonged to Metacomet, or King Philip; and the sword reputed to have been used by Captain Church when he cut off that unfortunate sachem's head. The dish is about twelve inches in diameter, wrought out of an elm knot with great skill. The sword is very rude, and was doubtless made by a blacksmith of the colony. The handle is a roughly-wrought piece of ash, and the guard is made of a wrought-iron plate.

While I was preaching at a private fast (kept for a possessed young woman,)— on Mark 9. 28, 29. - yt Devil in yt Damsel flew upon me, & tore yt Leaf, as it is now torn, over against yt Text; Nov. 29. 1692.

Cotton Mather.

MATHER'S WRITING.

* This society was incorporated in February, 1794. The avowed object of its organization is to collect, preserve, and communicate materials for a complete history of this country, and an account of all valuable efforts of human industry and ingenuity from the beginning of its settlement. Between twenty and thirty octavo volumes of its "Collections" have been published.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

FATE DAYS AND OTHER POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IT is a difficult puzzle to reconcile the existence of certain superstitions that continue to have wide influence with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. When we have read glowing paragraphs about the wonderful progress accomplished by the present generation; when we have regarded the giant machinery in operation for the culture of the people—moved, in great part, by the collective power of individual charity; when we have examined the stupendous results of human genius and ingenuity which are now laid bare to the lowliest in the realm; we turn back, it must be confessed, with a mournful despondency, to mark the debasing influence of the old superstitions which have survived to the present time.

The superstitions of the ancients formed part of their religion. They consulted oracles as now men pray. The stars were the arbiters of their fortunes. Natural phenomena, as lightning and hurricanes, were, to them, awful expressions of the anger of their particular deities. They had their *dies atri* and *dies albi;* the former were marked down in their calendars with a black character to denote ill-luck, and the latter were painted in white characters to signify bright and propitious days. They followed the finger posts of their teachers. Faith

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gave dignity to the tenets of the star-gazer and fire-worshiper.

The priests of old taught their disciples to regard six particular days in the year as days fraught with unusual danger to mankind. Men were enjoined not to let blood on these black days, nor to imbibe any liquid. It was devoutly believed that he who ate goose on one of those black days would surely die within forty more; and that any little stranger who made his appearance on one of the *dies atri* would surely die a sinful and violent death. Men were further enjoined to let blood from the right arm on the seventh or fourteenth of March; from the left arm on the eleventh of April; and from either arm on the third or sixth of May, that they might avoid pestilential diseases. These barbaric observances, when brought before people in illustration of the mental darkness of the ancients, are considered at once to be proof positive of their abject condition. We thereupon congratulated ourselves upon living in the nineteenth century; when such foolish superstitions are laughed at; and perhaps our vanity is not a little flattered by the contrast which presents itself, between our own highly cultivated condition, and the wretched state of our ancestors.

Yet Mrs. Flimmins will not undertake a sea-voyage on a Friday; nor would she on any account allow her daughter Mary to be married on that day of the week. She has great pity for the poor Red Indians who will not do certain things while the moon presents a certain appearance, and who attach all kinds of powers to poor dumb brutes; yet if her cat purrs more than usual, she accepts the warning, and abandons the trip she had promised herself on the morrow.

Miss Nippers subscribes largely to the fund for eradicating superstitions from the minds of the wretched inhabitants of Kamschatka; and while she is calculating the advantages to be derived from a mission to the South Sea Islands, to do away with the fearful superstitious reverence in which these poor dear islanders hold their native flea: a coal pops from her fire, and she at once augurs from its shape an abundance of money, that will enable her to set her pious undertaking in operation; but on no account will she commence collecting subscriptions for the anti-drinking-slave-grown-sugar-in-tea society, because she has always remarked that Monday is her unlucky day. On a Monday her poodle died, and on a Monday she caught that severe cold at Brighton, from the effects of which she is afraid she will never recover.

Mrs. Carmine is a very strong-minded woman. Her unlucky day is Wednesday. On a Wednesday she first caught that flush which she has never been able to chase from her cheeks, and on one of these fatal days her Maria took the scarlet fever. Therefore, she will not go to a pic-nic on a Wednesday, because she feels convinced that the day will turn out wet, or that the wheel will come off the carriage. Yet the other morning, when a gipsy was caught telling her eldest daughter her fortune, Mrs. Carmine very properly reproached the first-born for her weakness, in giving any heed to the silly mumblings of the old woman. Mrs. Carmine is considered to be a woman of uncommon acuteness. She attaches no importance whatever to the star under which a child is born—does not think there is a pin to choose between Jupiter and Neptune; and she has a positive contempt for ghosts; but she believes in nothing that is begun, continued, or ended on a Wednesday.

Miss Crumple, on the contrary, has seen many ghosts, in fact, is by this time quite intimate with one or two of the mysterious brotherhood; but at the same time she is at a loss to understand how any woman in her senses, can believe Thursday to be a more fortunate day than Wednesday, or why Monday is to be black-balled from the Mrs. Jones's calendar. She can state on her oath, that the ghost of her old schoolfellow, Eliza Artichoke, appeared at her bedside on a certain night, and she distinctly saw the mole on its left cheek, which poor Eliza, during her brief career, had vainly endeavored to eradicate, with all sorts of poisonous things. The ghost, moreover, lisped—so did Eliza! This was all clear enough to Miss Crumple, and she considered it a personal insult for any body to suggest that her vivid apparitions existed only in her over-wrought imagination. She had an affection for her ghostly visitors, and would not hear a word to their disparagement.

The unearthly warnings which Mrs. Piptoss had received had well-nigh spoiled all her furniture. When a relative dies, the fact is not announced to her in the commonplace form of a letter; no, an invisible sledge-hammer falls upon her Broadwood, an invisible power upsets her loo-table, all the doors of her house unanimously blow open, or a coffin flies out of the fire into her lap.

Mrs. Grumple, who is a very economical housewife, looks forward to the day when the moon re-appears, on which occasion she turns her money, taking care not to look at the pale lady through glass. This observance, she devoutly believes, will bring her good fortune. When Miss Caroline has a knot in her lace, she looks for a present; and when Miss Amelia snuffs the candle out, it is her faith that the act defers her marriage a twelvemonth. Any young lady who dreams the same dream two consecutive Fridays, will tell you that her visions will "come true."

Yet these are exactly the ladies, who most deplore the "gross state of superstition" in which many "benighted savages" live, and willingly subscribe their money for its eradication. The superstition so generally connected with Friday, may easily be traced to its source. It undoubtedly and confessedly has its origin in scriptural history: it is the day on which the Saviour suffered. The superstition is the more

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revolting from this circumstance; and it is painful to find that it exists among persons of education. There is no branch of the public service, for instance, in which so much sound mathematical knowledge is to be found, as in the Navy. Yet who are more superstitious than sailors, from the admiral down to the cabin boy? Friday fatality is still strong among them. Some years ago, in order to lessen this folly, it was determined that a ship should be laid down on a Friday, and launched on a Friday; that she should be called "Friday," and that she should commence her first voyage on a Friday. After much difficulty a captain was found who owned to the name of Friday; and after a great deal more difficulty men were obtained, so little superstitious, as to form a crew. Unhappily, this experiment had the effect of confirming the superstition it was meant to abolish. The "Friday" was lost—was never, in fact, heard of from the day she set sail.

Day-fatality, as Miss Nippers interprets it, is simply the expression of an undisciplined and extremely weak mind; for, if any person will stoop to reason with her on her aversion to Mondays, he may ask her whether the death of the poodle, or the catching of her cold, are the two greatest calamities of her life; and, if so, whether it is her opinion that Monday is set apart, in the scheme of Nature, so far as it concerns her, in a black character. Whether for her insignificant self there is a special day accursed! Mrs. Carmine is such a strong-minded woman, that we approach her with no small degree of trepidation. Wednesday is her *dies ater*, because, in the first place, on a Wednesday she imprudently exposed herself, and is suffering from the consequences; and, in the second place, on a Wednesday her Maria took the scarlet fever. So she has marked Wednesday down in her calendar with a black character; yet her contempt for stars and ghosts is prodigious. Now there is a consideration to be extended to the friends of ghosts, which Day-fatalists can not claim. Whether or not deceased friends take a more airy and flimsy form, and adopt the invariable costume of a sheet to visit the objects of their earthly affections, is a question which the shrewdest thinkers and the profoundest logicians have debated very keenly, but without ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

The strongest argument against the positive existence of ghosts, is, that they appear only to people of a certain temperament, and under certain exciting circumstances. The obtuse, matter-of-fact man, never sees a ghost; and we may take it as a natural law, that none of these airy visitants ever appeared to an attorney. But the attorney, Mr. Fee Simple, we are assured, holds Saturday to be an unlucky day. It was on a Saturday that his extortionate bill in poor Mr. G.'s case, was cut down by the taxing master; and it was on a Saturday that a certain heavy bill was duly honored, upon which he had hoped to reap a large sum in the shape of costs. Therefore Mr. Fee Simple believes that the destinies have put a black mark against Saturday, so far as he is concerned.

The Jew who thought that the thunder-storm was the consequence of his having eaten a slice of bacon, did not present a more ludicrous picture, than Mr. Fee Simple presents with his condemned Saturday.

We have an esteem for ghost-inspectors, which it is utterly impossible to extend to Day-fatalists. Mrs. Piptoss, too, may be pitied; but Mog, turning her money when the moon makes her re-appearance, is an object of ridicule. We shall neither be astonished, nor express condolence, if the present, which Miss Caroline anticipates from the knot in her lace, be not forthcoming; and as for Miss Amelia, who has extinguished the candle, and to the best of her belief lost her husband for a twelvemonth, we can only wish for her, that when she is married, her lord and master will shake her faith in the prophetic power of snuffers. But of all the superstitions that have survived to the present time, and are to be found in force among people of education and a thoughtful habit, Day-fatalism is the most general, as it is the most unfounded and preposterous. It is a superstition, however, in which many great and powerful thinkers have shared, and by which they have been guided; it owes much of its present influence to this fact; but reason, Christianity, and all we have comprehended of the great scheme of which we form part, alike tend to demonstrate its absurdity, and utter want of all foundation.

"BATTLE WITH LIFE!"

BEAR thee up bravely,
Strong heart and true!
Meet thy woes gravely,
Strive with them too!
Let them not win from thee
Tear of regret.
Such were a sin from thee,
Hope for good yet!

Rouse thee from drooping,
Care-laden soul;
Mournfully stooping
'Neath grief's control!
Far o'er the gloom that lies,
Shrouding the earth,
Light from eternal skies
Shows us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger,
Resolute mind!
Let care no longer
Heavily bind.
Rise on thy eagle wings
Gloriously free!
Till from material things
Pure thou shalt be!

Bear ye up bravely,
Soul and mind too!
Droop not so gravely,
Bold heart and true!
Clear rays of streaming light
Shine through the gloom,
God's love is beaming bright
E'en round the tomb!

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MADAME ROLAND.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.*

THE Girondists were led from their dungeons in the Conciergerie to their execution on the 31st of October, 1793. Upon that very day Madame Roland was conveyed from the prison of St. Pélagié to the same gloomy cells vacated by the death of her friends. She was cast into a bare and miserable dungeon, in that subterranean receptacle of woe, where there was not even a bed. Another prisoner, moved with compassion, drew his own pallet into her cell, that she might not be compelled to throw herself for repose upon the cold, wet stones. The chill air of winter had now come, and yet no covering was allowed her. Through the long night she shivered with the cold.

The prison of the Conciergerie consists of a series of dark and damp subterranean vaults, situated beneath the floor of the Palace of Justice. Imagination can conceive of nothing more dismal than these sombre caverns, with long and winding galleries opening into cells as dark as the tomb. You descend by a flight of massive stone steps into this sepulchral abode, and, passing through double doors, whose iron strength time has deformed but not weakened, you enter upon the vast labyrinthine prison, where the imagination wanders affrighted through intricate mazes of halls, and arches, and vaults, and dungeons, rendered only more appalling by the dim light which struggles through those grated orifices which pierced the massive walls. The Seine flows by upon one side, separated only by the high way of the quays. The bed of the Seine is above the floor of the prison. The surrounding earth was consequently saturated with water, and the oozing moisture diffused over the walls and the floors the humidity of the sepulchre. The plash of the river; the rumbling of carts upon the pavements overhead; the heavy tramp of countless footfalls, as the multitude poured into and out of the halls of justice, mingled with the moaning of the prisoners in those solitary cells. There were one or two narrow courts scattered in this vast structure, where the prisoners could look up the precipitous walls, as of a well, towering high above them, and see a few square yards of sky. The gigantic quadrangular tower, reared above these firm foundations, was formerly the imperial palace from which issued all power and law. Here the French kings reveled in voluptuousness, with their prisoners groaning beneath their feet. This strong-hold of feudalism had now become the tomb of the monarchy. In one of the most loathsome of these cells, Maria Antoinette, the daughter of the Cæsars, had languished in misery as profound as mortals can suffer, till, in the endurance of every conceivable insult, she was dragged to the guillotine.

It was into a cell adjoining that which the hapless queen had occupied that Madame Roland was cast. Here the proud daughter of the emperors of Austria and the humble child of the artisan, each, after a career of unexampled vicissitudes, found their paths to meet but a few steps from the scaffold. The victim of the monarchy and the victim of the Revolution were conducted to the same dungeons and perished on the same block. They met as antagonists in the stormy arena of the French Revolution. They were nearly of equal age. The one possessed the prestige of wealth, and rank, and ancestral power; the other, the energy of vigorous and cultivated mind. Both were endowed with unusual attractions of person, spirits invigorated by enthusiasm, and the loftiest heroism. From the antagonism of life they met in death.

The day after Madame Roland was placed in the Conciergerie, she was visited by one of the notorious officers of the revolutionary party, and very closely questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondists. She frankly avowed the elevated affection and esteem with which she cherished their memory, but she declared that she and they were the cordial friends of republican liberty; that they wished to preserve, not to destroy, the Constitution. The examination was vexatious and intolerant in the extreme. It lasted for three hours, and consisted in an incessant torrent of criminations, to which she was hardly permitted to offer one word in reply. This examination taught her the nature of the accusations which would be brought against her. She sat down in her cell that very night, and, with a rapid pen, sketched that defense which has been pronounced one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution.

Having concluded it, she retired to rest, and

* From ABBOTT'S "History of Madame Roland," soon to be issued from the press of Harper & Brothers.

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slept with the serenity of a child. She was called upon several times by committees sent from the revolutionary tribunal for examination. They were resolved to take her life, but were anxious to do it, if possible, under the forms of law. She passed through all their examinations with the most perfect composure, and the most dignified self-possession. Her enemies could not withhold their expressions of admiration as they saw her in her sepulchral cell of stone and of iron, cheerful, fascinating, and perfectly at ease. She knew that she was to be led from that cell to a violent death, and yet no faltering of soul could be detected. Her spirit had apparently achieved a perfect victory over all earthly ills.

The upper part of the door of her cell was an iron grating. The surrounding cells were filled with the most illustrious ladies and gentlemen of France. As the hour of death drew near, her courage and animation seemed to increase. Her features glowed with enthusiasm; her thoughts and expressions were refulgent with sublimity, and her whole aspect assumed the impress of one appointed to fill some great and lofty destiny. She remained but a few days in the Conciergerie before she was led to the scaffold. During those few days, by her example and her encouraging words, she spread among the numerous prisoners there an enthusiasm and a spirit of heroism which elevated, above the fear of the scaffold, even the most timid and depressed. This glow of feeling and exhilaration gave a new impress of sweetness and fascination to her beauty. The length of her captivity, the calmness with which she contemplated the certain approach of death, gave to her voice that depth of tone and slight tremulousness of utterance which sent her eloquent words home with thrilling power to every heart. Those who were walking in the corridor, or who were the occupants of adjoining cells, often called for her to speak to them words of encouragement and consolation.

Standing upon a stool at the door of her own cell, she grasped with her hands the iron grating which separated her from her audience. This was her tribune. The melodious accents of her voice floated along the labyrinthine avenues of those dismal dungeons, penetrating cell after cell, and arousing energy in hearts which had been abandoned to despair. It was, indeed, a strange scene which was thus witnessed in these sepulchral caverns. The silence, as of the grave, reigned there, while the clear and musical tones of Madame Roland, as of an angel of consolation, vibrated through the rusty bars, and along the dark, damp cloisters. One who was at that time an inmate of the prison, and survived those dreadful scenes, has described, in glowing terms, the almost miraculous effects of her soul-moving eloquence. She was already past the prime of life, but she was still fascinating. Combined with the most wonderful power of expression, she possessed a voice so exquisitely musical, that, long after her lips were silenced in death, its tones vibrated in lingering strains in the souls of those by whom they had ever been heard. The prisoners listened with the most profound attention to her glowing words, and regarded her almost as a celestial spirit, who had come to animate them to heroic deeds. She often spoke of the Girondists who had already perished upon the guillotine. With perfect fearlessness she avowed her friendship for them, and ever spoke of them as *our friends*. She, however, was careful never to utter a word which would bring tears into the eye. She wished to avoid herself all the weakness of tender emotions, and to lure the thoughts of her companions away from every contemplation which could enervate their energies.

Occasionally, in the solitude of her cell, as the image of her husband and of her child rose before her, and her imagination dwelt upon her desolated home and her blighted hopes—her husband denounced and pursued by lawless violence, and her child soon to be an orphan—woman's tenderness would triumph over the heroine's stoicism. Burying, for a moment, her face in her hands, she would burst into a flood of tears. Immediately struggling to regain composure, she would brush her tears away, and dress her countenance in its accustomed smiles. She remained in the Conciergerie but one week, and during that time so endeared herself to all as to become the prominent object of attention and love. Her case is one of the most extraordinary the history of the world has presented, in which the very highest degree of heroism is combined with the most resistless charms of feminine loveliness. An unfeminine woman can never be *loved* by men. She may be respected for her talents, she may be honored for her philanthropy, but she can not win the warmer emotions of the heart. But Madame Roland, with an energy of will, an inflexibility of purpose, a firmness of stoical endurance which no mortal man has ever exceeded, combined that gentleness, and tenderness, and affection—that instinctive sense of the proprieties of her sex—which gathered around her a love as pure and as enthusiastic as woman ever excited. And while her friends, many of whom were the most illustrious men in France, had enthroned her as an idol in their hearts, the breath of slander never ventured to intimate that she was guilty even of an impropriety.

The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau de la Garde, visited her to consult respecting her defense. She, well aware that no one could speak a word in her favor but at the peril of his own life, and also fully conscious that her doom was already sealed, drew a ring from her finger, and said to him,

"To-morrow, I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance can not avail aught for me, and would but endanger you. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard."

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The next day she was led to her trial. She attired herself in a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, and her long dark hair fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders. She emerged from her dungeon the vision of unusual loveliness. The prisoners who were walking in the corridors gathered around her, and with smiles and words of encouragement she infused energy into their hearts. Calm and invincible she met her judges. She was accused of the crimes of being the wife of M. Roland and the friend of his friends. Proudly she acknowledged herself guilty of both those charges. Whenever she attempted to utter a word in her defense, she was brow-beaten by the judges, and silenced by the clamors of the mob which filled the tribunal. The mob now ruled with undisputed sway in both legislative and executive halls. The serenity of her eye was untroubled, and the composure of her disciplined spirit unmoved, save by the exaltation of enthusiasm, as she noted the progress of the trial, which was bearing her rapidly and resistlessly to the scaffold. It was, however, difficult to bring any accusation against her by which, under the form of law, she could be condemned. France, even in its darkest hour, was rather ashamed to behead a woman, upon whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed, simply for being the *wife of her husband and the friend of his friends.* At last the president demanded of her that she should reveal her husband's asylum. She proudly replied,

"I do not know of any law by which I can be obliged to violate the strongest feelings of nature."

This was sufficient, and she was immediately condemned. Her sentence was thus expressed:

"The public accuser has drawn up the present indictment against Jane Mary Phlippon, the wife of Roland, late Minister of the Interior, for having wickedly and designedly aided and assisted in the conspiracy which existed against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, against the liberty and safety of the French people, by assembling at her house, in secret council, the principal chiefs of that conspiracy, and by keeping up a correspondence tending to facilitate their treasonable designs. The tribunal having heard the public accuser deliver his reasons concerning the application of the law, condemns Jane Mary Phlippon, wife of Roland, to the punishment of death."

She listened calmly to her sentence, and then rising, bowed with dignity to her judges, and, smiling, said,

"I thank you, gentlemen, for thinking me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavor to imitate their firmness on the scaffold."

With the buoyant step of a child, and with a rapidity which almost betokened joy, she passed beneath the narrow portal, and descended to her cell, from which she was to be led, with the morning light, to a bloody death. The prisoners had assembled to greet her on her return, and anxiously gathered around her. She looked upon them with a smile of perfect tranquillity, and, drawing her hand across her neck, made a sign expressive of her doom. But a few hours elapsed between her sentence and her execution. She retired to her cell, wrote a few words of parting to her friends, played upon a harp, which had found its way into the prison, her requiem, in tones so wild and mournful, that, floating in the dark hours of the night, through these sepulchral caverns, they fell like unearthly music upon the despairing souls there incarcerated.

The morning of the 10th of November, 1793, dawned gloomily upon Paris. It was one of the darkest days of that reign of terror which, for so long a period enveloped France in its sombre shades. The ponderous gates of the court-yard of the Conciergerie opened that morning to a long procession of carts loaded with victims for the guillotine. Madame Roland had contemplated her fate too long, and had disciplined her spirit too severely, to fail of fortitude in this last hour of trial. She came from her cell scrupulously attired for the bridal of death. A serene smile was upon her cheek, and the glow of joyous animation lighted up her features as she waved an adieu to the weeping prisoners who gathered around her. The last cart was assigned to Madame Roland. She entered it with a step as light and elastic as if it were a carriage for a pleasant morning's drive. By her side stood an infirm old man, M. La Marche. He was pale and trembling, and his fainting heart, in view of the approaching terror, almost ceased to beat. She sustained him by her arm, and addressed to him words of consolation and encouragement, in cheerful accents and with a benignant smile. The poor old man felt that God had sent an angel to strengthen him in the dark hour of death. As the cart heavily rumbled along the pavement, drawing nearer and nearer to the guillotine, two or three times, by her cheerful words, she even caused a smile faintly to play upon his pallid lips.

The guillotine was now the principal instrument of amusement for the populace of Paris. It was so elevated that all could have a good view of the spectacle it presented. To witness the conduct of nobles and of ladies, of boys and of girls, while passing through the horrors of a sanguinary death, was far more exciting than the unreal and bombastic tragedies of the theatre, or the conflicts of the cock-pit and the bear garden. A countless throng flooded the streets; men, women, and children, shouting, laughing, execrating. The celebrity of Madame Roland, her extraordinary grace and beauty, and her aspect, not only of heroic fearlessness, but of joyous exhilaration, made her the prominent object of the public gaze. A white robe gracefully enveloped her perfect form, and her black and glossy hair, which for some reason the executioners had neglected to cut, fell in rich profusion to her waist. A keen November blast

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swept the streets, under the influence of which, and the excitement of the scene, her animated countenance glowed with all the ruddy bloom of youth. She stood firmly in the cart, looking with a serene eye upon the crowds which lined the streets, and listening with unruffled serenity to the clamor which filled the air. A large crowd surrounded the cart in which Madame Roland stood, shouting, "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" She looked kindly upon them, and, bending over the railing of the cart, said to them, in tones as placid as if she were addressing her own child, "My friends, I *am* going to the guillotine. In a few moments I shall be there. They who send me thither will ere long follow me. I go innocent. They will come stained with blood. You who now applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal."

Madame Roland had continued writing her memoirs until the hour in which she left her cell for the scaffold. When the cart had almost arrived at the foot of the guillotine, her spirit was so deeply moved by the tragic scene—such emotions came rushing in upon her soul from departing time and opening eternity, that she could not repress the desire to pen down her glowing thoughts. She entreated an officer to furnish her for a moment with pen and paper. The request was refused. It is much to be regretted that we are thus deprived of that unwritten chapter of her life. It can not be doubted that the words she would then have written would have long vibrated upon the ear of a listening world. Soul-utterances will force their way over mountains, and valleys, and oceans. Despotism can not arrest them. Time can not enfeeble them.

The long procession arrived at the guillotine, and the bloody work commenced. The victims were dragged from the carts, and the ax rose and fell with unceasing rapidity. Head after head fell into the basket, and the pile of bleeding trunks rapidly increased in size. The executioners approached the cart where Madame Roland stood by the side of her fainting companion. With an animated countenance and a cheerful smile, she was all engrossed in endeavoring to infuse fortitude into his soul. The executioner grasped her by the arm. "Stay," said she, slightly resisting his grasp; "I have one favor to ask, and that is not for myself. I beseech you grant it me." Then turning to the old man, she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold. To see my blood flow would make you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my execution." The stern officer gave a surly refusal, replying, "My orders are to take you first." With that winning smile and that fascinating grace which were almost resistless, she rejoined, "You can not, surely, refuse a woman her last request." The hard-hearted executor of the law was brought within the influence of her enchantment. He paused, looked at her for a moment in slight bewilderment, and yielded. The poor old man, more dead than alive, was conducted upon the scaffold and placed beneath the fatal ax. Madame Roland, without the slightest change of color, or the apparent tremor of a nerve, saw the ponderous instrument, with its glittering edge, glide upon its deadly mission, and the decapitated trunk of her friend was thrown aside to give place for her. With a placid countenance and a buoyant step, she ascended the platform. The guillotine was erected upon the vacant spot between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Elysian Fields, then known as the Place de la Revolution. This spot is now called the Place de la Concorde. It is unsurpassed by any other place in Europe. Two marble fountains now embellish the spot. The blood-stained guillotine, from which crimson rivulets were ever flowing, then occupied the space upon which one of these fountains has been erected; and a clay statue to Liberty reared its hypocritical front where the Egyptian obelisk now rises. Madame Roland stood for a moment upon the elevated platform, looked calmly around upon the vast concourse, and then bowing before the colossal statue, exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name." She surrendered herself to the executioner, and was bound to the plank. The plank fell to its horizontal position, bringing her head under the fatal ax. The glittering steel glided through the groove, and the head of Madame Roland was severed from her body.

Thus died Madame Roland, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her death oppressed all who had known her with the deepest grief. Her intimate friend Buzot, who was then a fugitive, on hearing the tidings, was thrown into a state of perfect delirium, from which he did not recover for many days. Her faithful female servant was so overwhelmed with grief, that she presented herself before the tribunal, and implored them to let her die upon the same scaffold where her beloved mistress had perished. The tribunal, amazed at such transports of attachment, declared that she was mad, and ordered her to be removed from their presence. A man-servant made the same application, and was sent to the guillotine.

The grief of M. Roland, when apprized of the event, was unbounded. For a time he entirely lost his senses. Life to him was no longer endurable. He knew not of any consolations of religion. Philosophy could only nerve him to stoicism. Privately he left, by night, the kind friends who had hospitably concealed him for six months, and wandered to such a distance from his asylum as to secure his protectors from any danger on his account. Through the long hours of the winter's night he continued his dreary walk, till the first gray of the morning appeared in the east. Drawing a long stilletto from the inside of his walking-stick, he placed the head of it against the trunk of a tree, and threw himself upon the sharp weapon. The point pierced his heart, and he fell lifeless upon

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the frozen ground. Some peasants passing by discovered his body. A piece of paper was pinned to the breast of his coat, upon which there were written these words: "Whoever thou art that findest these remains, respect them as those of a virtuous man. After hearing of my wife's death, I would not stay another day in a world so stained with crime."

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

CHEMICAL CONTRADICTIONS.

SCIENCE, whose aim and end is to prove the harmony and "eternal fitness of things," also proves that we live in a world of paradoxes; and that existence itself is a whirl of contradictions. Light and darkness, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, the negative and positive poles of galvanic or magnetic mysteries, are evidences of all-pervading antitheses, which, acting like the good and evil genii of Persian Mythology, neutralize each other's powers when they come into collision. It is the office of science to solve these mysteries. The appropriate symbol of the lecture-room is a Sphinx; for a scientific lecturer is but a better sort of unraveler of riddles.

Who would suppose, for instance, that water —which every body knows, extinguishes fire— may, under certain circumstances, add fuel to flame, so that the "coming man," who is to "set the Thames on fire," may not be far off. If we take some mystical gray-looking globules of potassium (which is the metallic basis of common pearl-ash) and lay them upon water, the water will instantly appear to ignite. The globules will swim about in flames, reminding us of the "death-fires" described by the Ancient Mariner, burning "like witches' oil" on the surface of the stagnant sea. Sometimes even, without any chemical ingredient being added, fire will appear to spring spontaneously from water; which is not a simple element, as Thales imagined, when he speculated upon the origin of the Creation, but two invisible gases—oxygen and hydrogen, chemically combined. During the electrical changes of the atmosphere in a thunder-storm, these gases frequently combine with explosive violence, and it is this combination which takes place when "the big rain comes dancing to the earth." These fire-and-water phenomena are thus accounted for; certain substances have peculiar affinities or attractions for one another; the potassium has so inordinate a desire for oxygen, that the moment it touches, it decomposes the water, abstracts all the oxygen, and sets free the hydrogen or inflammable gas. The potassium, when combined with the oxygen, forms that corrosive substance known as caustic potash, and the heat, disengaged during this process, ignites the hydrogen. Here the mystery ends; and the contradictions are solved; Oxygen and hydrogen when combined, become water; when separated the hydrogen gas burns with a pale, lambent flame. Many of Nature's most delicate deceptions are accounted for by a knowledge of these laws.

Your analytical chemist sadly annihilates, with his scientific machinations, all poetry. He bottles up at pleasure the Nine Muses, and proves them—as the fisherman in the Arabian Nights did the Afrite—to be all smoke. Even the Will-o'-the-Wisp can not flit across its own morass without being pursued, overtaken, and burnt out by this scientific detective policeman. He claps an extinguisher upon Jack-o'-Lantern thus: He says that a certain combination of phosphorus and hydrogen, which rises from watery marshes, produces a gas called phosphureted hydrogen, which ignites spontaneously the moment it bubbles up to the surface of the water and meets with atmospheric air. Here again the Ithuriel wand of science dispels all delusion, pointing out to us, that in such places animal and vegetable substances are undergoing constant decomposition; and as phosphorus exists under a variety of forms in these bodies, as phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, phosphate of magnesia, &c., and as furthermore the decomposition of water itself is the initiatory process in these changes, so we find that phosphorus and hydrogen are supplied from these sources; and we may therefore easily conceive the consequent formation of phosphureted hydrogen. This gas rises in a thin stream from its watery bed, and the moment it comes in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it bursts into a flame so buoyant, that it flickers with every breath of air, and realizes the description of Goethe's Mephistopheles, that the course of Jack-o'-Lantern is generally "zig-zag."

Who would suppose that absolute darkness may be derived from two rays of light! Yet such is the fact. If two rays proceed from two luminous points very close to each other, and are so directed as to cross at a given point on a sheet of white paper in a dark room, their united light will be twice as bright as either ray singly would produce. But if the difference in the distance of the two points be diminished only one-half, the one light will extinguish the other, and produce absolute darkness. The same curious result may be produced by viewing the flame of a candle through two very fine slits near to each other in a card. So, likewise, strange as it may appear, if two musical strings be so made to vibrate, in a certain succession of degrees, as for the one to gain half a vibration on the other, the two resulting sounds will antagonize each other and produce an interval of perfect silence. How are these mysteries to be explained? The Delphic Oracle of science must again be consulted, and among the high priests who officiate at the shrine, no one possesses more recondite knowledge, or can recall it more instructively than Sir David Brewster. "The explanation which philosophers have given," he observes, "of these remarkable phenomena, is very satisfactory, and may easily be understood. When a wave is made on the surface of a still pool of water by plunging a stone into it, the wave advances along the surface, while the water itself is never carried forward.

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but merely rises into a height and falls into a hollow, each portion of the surface experiencing an elevation and a depression in its turn. If we suppose two waves equal and similar, to be produced by two separate stones, and if they reach the same spot at the same time, that is, if the two elevations should exactly coincide, they would unite their effects, and produce a wave twice the size of either; but if the one wave should be put so far before the other, that the hollow of the one coincided with the elevation of the other, and the elevation of the one with the hollow of the other, the two waves would obliterate or destroy one another; the elevation, as it were, of the one filling up half the hollow of the other, and the hollow of the one taking away half the elevation of the other, so as to reduce the surface to a level. These effects may be exhibited by throwing two equal stones into a pool of water; and also may be observed in the Port of Batsha, where the two waves arriving by channels of different lengths actually obliterate each other. Now, as light is supposed to be produced by waves or undulations of an ethereal medium filling all nature, and occupying the pores of the transparent bodies; and as sound is produced by undulations or waves in the air: so the successive production of light and darkness by two bright lights, and the production of sound and silence by two loud sounds, may be explained in the very same manner as we have explained the increase and obliteration of waves formed on the surface of water."

The apparent contradictions in chemistry are, indeed, best exhibited in the lecture-room, where they may be rendered visible and tangible, and brought home to the general comprehension. The Professor of Analytical Chemistry, J. H. Pepper, who demonstrates these things in the Royal Polytechnic Institution, is an expert manipulator in such mysteries; and, taking a leaf out of his own magic-book, we shall conjure him up before us, standing behind his own laboratory, surrounded with all the implements of his art. At our recent visit to this exhibition we witnessed him perform, with much address, the following experiments: He placed before us a pair of tall glass vessels, each filled, apparently, with water; he then took two hen's eggs, one of these he dropped into one of the glass vessels, and, as might have been expected, it immediately sank to the bottom. He then took the other egg, and dropped it into the other vessel of water, but, instead of sinking as the other had done, it descended only half way, and there remained suspended in the midst of the transparent fluid. This, indeed, looked like magic—one of Houdin's sleight-of-hand performances—for what could interrupt its progress? The water surrounding it appeared as pure below as around and above the egg, yet there it still hung like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, contrary to all the well-established laws of gravity. The problem, however, was easily solved. Our modern Cagliostro had dissolved in one half of the water in this vessel as much common salt as it would take up, whereby the density of the fluid was so much augmented that it opposed a resistance to the descent of the egg after it had passed through the unadulterated water, which he had carefully poured upon the briny solution, the transparency of which, remaining unimpaired, did not for a moment suggest the suspicion of any such impregnation. The good housewife, upon the same principle, uses an egg to test the strength of her brine for pickling.

Every one has heard of the power which bleaching gas (chlorine) possesses in taking away color, so that a red rose held over its fumes will become white. The lecturer, referring to this fact, exhibited two pieces of paper; upon one was inscribed, in large letters, the word "PROTEUS;" upon the other no writing was visible; although he assured us the same word was there inscribed. He now dipped both pieces of paper in a solution of bleaching-powder, when the word "Proteus" disappeared from the paper upon which it was before visible; while the same word instantly came out, sharp and distinct, upon the paper which was previously a blank. Here there appeared another contradiction: the chlorine in the one case obliterating, and in the other reviving the written word; and how was this mystery explained? Easily enough! Our ingenious philosopher, it seems, had used indigo in penning the one word which had disappeared; and had inscribed the other with a solution of a chemical substance, iodide of potassium and starch; and the action which took place was simply this: the chlorine of the bleaching solution set free the iodine from the potassium, which immediately combined with the starch, and gave color to the letters which were before invisible. Again—a sheet of white paper was exhibited, which displayed a broad and brilliant stripe of scarlet—(produced by a compound called the bin-iodide of mercury)—when exposed to a slight heat the color changed immediately to a bright yellow, and, when this yellow stripe was crushed by smartly rubbing the paper, the scarlet color was restored, with all its former brilliancy. This change of color was effected entirely by the alteration which the heat, in the one case, and the friction, in the other, produced in the particles which reflected these different colors; and, upon the same principle, we may understand the change of the color in the lobster-shell, which turns from black to red in boiling; because the action of the heat produces a new arrangement in the particles which compose the shell.

With the assistance of water and fire, which have befriended the magicians of every age, contradictions of a more marvelous character may be exhibited, and even the secret art revealed of handling red-hot metals, and passing through the fiery ordeal. If we take a platinum ladle, and hold it over a furnace until it becomes of a bright red heat, and then project cold water into its bowl, we shall find that the water will remain

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quiescent and give no sign of ebullition—not so much as a single "fizz;" but, the moment the ladle begins to cool, it will boil up and quickly evaporate. So also, if a mass of metal, heated to whiteness, be plunged in a vessel of cold water, the surrounding fluid will remain tranquil so long as the glowing white heat continues; but, the moment the temperature falls, the water will boil briskly. Again—if water be poured upon an iron sieve, the wires of which are made red hot, it will not run through; but, on the sieve cooling, it will run through rapidly. These contradictory effects are easily accounted for. The repelling power of intense heat keeps the water from immediate contact with the heated metal, and the particles of the water, collectively, retain their globular form; but, when the vessel cools, the repulsive power diminishes, and the water coming into closer contact with the heated surface its particles can no longer retain their globular form, and eventually expand into a state of vapor. This globular condition of the particles of water will account for many very important phenomena; perhaps it is best exhibited in the dew-drop, and so long as these globules retain their form, water will retain its fluid properties. An agglomeration of these globules will carry with them, under certain circumstances, so much force that it is hardly a contradiction to call water itself a solid. The water-hammer, as it is termed, illustrates this apparent contradiction. If we introduce a certain quantity of water into a long glass tube, when it is shaken, we shall hear the ordinary splashing noise as in a bottle; but, if we exhaust the air, and again shake the tube, we shall hear a loud ringing sound, as if the bottom of the tube were struck by some hard substance—like metal or wood—which may fearfully remind us of the blows which a ship's side will receive from the waves during a storm at sea, which will often carry away her bulwarks.

It is now time to turn to something stronger than water for more instances of chemical contradictions. The chemical action of certain poisons (the most powerful of all agents), upon the human frame, has plunged the faculty into a maze of paradoxes; indeed, there is actually a system of medicine, advancing in reputation, which is founded on the principle of contraries. The famous Dr. Hahnemann, who was born at Massieu in Saxony, was the founder of it, and, strange to say, medical men, who are notorious for entertaining contrary opinions, have not yet agreed among themselves whether he was a very great quack or a very great philosopher. Be this as it may, the founder of this system, which is called HOMŒOPATHY, when translating an article upon bark in Dr. Cullen's Materia Medica, took some of this medicine, which had for many years been justly celebrated for the cure of ague. He had not long taken it, when he found himself attacked with aguish symptoms, and a light now dawned upon his mind, and led him to the inference that medicines which give rise to the symptoms of a disease, are those which will specifically cure it, and however curious it may appear, several illustrations in confirmation of this principle were speedily found. If a limb be frost-bitten, we are directed to rub it with snow; if the constitution of a man be impaired by the abuse of spirituous liquors, and he be reduced to that miserable state of enervation when the limbs tremble and totter, and the mind itself sinks into a state of low muttering delirium, the physician to cure him must go again to the bottle and administer stimulants and opiates.

It was an old Hippocratic aphorism that two diseases can not co-exist in the same body, wherefore, gout has actually been cured by the afflicted person going into a fenny country and catching the ague. The fatality of consumption is also said to be retarded by a common catarrh; and upon this very principle depends the truth of the old saying, that rickety doors hang long on rusty hinges. In other words, the strength of the constitution being impaired by one disease has less power to support the morbid action of another.

We thus live in a world of apparent contradictions; they abound in every department of science, and beset us even in the sanctuary of domestic life. The progress of discovery has reconciled and explained the nature of some of them; but many baffle our ingenuity, and still remain involved in mystery. This much, however, is certain, that the most opposed and conflicting elements so combine together as to produce results, which are strictly in unison with the order and harmony of the universe.

DESCENT INTO THE CRATER OF A VOLCANO.*

BY REV. H. T. CHEEVER.

A descent into the Crater of the Volcano of Kilauea in the Sandwich Islands, may be accomplished with tolerable ease by the north-eastern cliff of the crater, where the side has fallen in and slidden downward, leaving a number of huge, outjutting rocks, like giants' stepping-stones, or the courses of the pyramid of Ghizeh.

By hanging to these, and the mere aid of a pole, you may descend the first precipice to where the avalanche brought up and was stayed—a wild region, broken into abrupt hills and deep glens, thickly set with shrubs and old ohias, and producing in great abundance the Hawaiian whortleberry (formerly sacred to the goddess of the volcano), and a beautiful lustrous blackberry that grows on a branching vine close to the ground. Thousands of birds find there a safe and warm retreat; and they will continue, I suppose, the innocent warblers, to pair and sing there, till the fires from beneath, having once more eaten through its foundations, the entire tract, with all its miniature mountains and woody glens, shall slide off suddenly into

* From "*The Island World*," a new work soon to be issued from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

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the abyss below to feed the hunger of all-devouring fire.

No one who passes over it, and looks back upon the tall, jagged cliffs at the rear and side, can doubt that it was severed and shattered by one such ruin into its present forms. And the bottomless pits and yawning caverns, in some places ejecting hot steam, with which it is traversed, prove that the raging element which once sapped its foundations is still busy beneath.

The path that winds over and down through this tract, crossing some of these unsightly seams by a natural bridge of only a foot's breadth, is safe enough by daylight, if one will keep in it. But be careful that you do not diverge far on either side, or let the shades of night overtake you there, lest a single mis-step in the grass and ferns, concealing some horrible hole, or an accidental stumble, shall plunge you beyond the reach of sunlight into a covered penstock of mineral fire, or into the heart of some deep, sunken cavern.

One can hardly wander through that place alone, even in the daytime (as I was in coming up from the crater at evening), without having his fancy swarm with forms of evil. In spite of himself, there will

"Throng thick into his mind the busy shapes
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! of precipices huge—
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death."

The way through this tract descends not abruptly for about half a mile, to a steep bank of partially decomposed lava, somewhat furrowed by water-courses, by which you go down some hundreds of feet more to what every body calls the Black Ledge.

This is an immense rampart or gallery of grisly black scoria and lava, about half a mile wide, running all round the pit, slightly sloping inward, and not unfrequently overflowed in eruptions. By it you learn the dimensions of the great lake to which this is now the shore. It may be compared to the wide beach of an ocean, seldom flooded all over except in very high tides; or to a great field of thick shore ice, from under which the tide has retired, leaving it cracked and rent, but not so as to break up the general evenness of its surface.

The upper crust is generally glossy, cellular, and cinder-like, brittle and crackling under the feet; but directly underneath the superficies, hard and compact, as proved by inspecting the great seams and fissures, from some of which flickering currents of hot air, and from others scalding steam and smoke are continually issuing. Pound on it, and you will hear deep, hollow reverberations, and sometimes your pole will break through a place like the rotten trap-door of some old ruin, and open upon you a hideous black hole without bottom.

Over this great volcanic mole or offset, we proceeded to make our way toward the caldron in the southeast, pounding before us with our pole, like men crossing a river to find whether the ice ahead will bear them. We stopped every now and then to examine and get up on to some great cone or oven, which had been formed after the congelation of the crust, by pent up gas blowing out from beneath the cooling lava, raising it as in great bubbles, and letting its black, viscous vomit dribble from the top, and flow down sluggishly and congeal before it had found a level, like ice in very cold weather over a waterfall. Thus it would flow over the Black Ledge, hardening sometimes in round streams like a cable, or in serpentine forms like a great anaconda; and again it would spread out from the foot of the cone a little way, in forms like a bronze lion's foot.

The surface was frequently broken, or ready to break, with the weight of one's body, from the fiery liquid having subsided after the petrifaction of the crust. Generally, too, the hardened lava seemed to have been flowed over, like ice near the shore when the tide rises and goes down, with a thin scum of lava that became shelly and crepitated under the foot like shelly ice.

Then, as we went further into the bed of the crater, gradually going down, we would come to places where, like as in frozen mill-ponds, whence the water has been drawn off, the congealed lava had broken in to the depth sometimes of fifty and one hundred feet. Every where, too, there were great fissures and cracks, as in fields of river ice, now and then a large air-hole, and here and there great bulges and breaks, and places from which a thin flame would be curling, or over which you would see a glimmer like that which trembles over a body of fresh coals or a recently-burned lime-kiln. Touch your stick there, and it would immediately kindle.

There were also deep, wide ditches, through which a stream of liquid lava had flowed since the petrifaction of the main body through which it passed. Cascades of fire are said to be often seen in the course of these canals or rivers as they leap some precipice, presenting in the night a scene of unequaled splendor and sublimity. In some places the banks or dikes of these rivers are excavated and fallen in with hideous crash and ruin; and often you may go up, if you dare, to the edge on one side and look over into the gulf, and away under the opposite overhanging bank, where the igneous fluid has worn away and scooped it out till the cliff hangs on air, and seems to topple and lean, like the tower of Pisa, just ready to fall.

It would be no very comfortable reflection, if a man were not too curiously eager and bold, and intent upon the novelties he is drinking in by the senses, to have much reflection or fear at such a time, to think how easily an earthquake might tumble down the bank on which he is standing, undermined in like manner with that which you are looking at right opposite.

On our left, as we passed on to the Great Caldron, we explored, as far as was possible between the heat and vapor, the great bank, or,

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more properly, mountain-side of sulphur and sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris), and obtained some specimens of no little beauty. There are cliffs of sulphur through which scalding hot vapor is escaping as high up above you as eight hundred feet; and lower down there are seams from which lambent and flickering flames are darting, and jets of hot air will sometimes whirl by you, involving no little danger by their inhalation. Around these fissures are yellow and green incrustations of sulphur, which afford a new variety of specimens.

When we had got to the leeward of the caldron, we found large quantities of the finest threads of metallic vitrified lava, like the spears and filaments of sealing-wax, called Pele's hair. The wind has caught them from the jets and bubbling springs of gory lava, and carried them away on its wings till they have lodged in nests and crevices, where they may be collected like shed wool about the time of sheep-shearing. Sometimes this is found twenty miles to the leeward of the volcano.

The heat and sulphur gas, irritating the throat and lungs, are so great on that side, that we had to sheer away off from the brim of the caldron, and could not observe close at hand the part where there was the most gushing and bubbling of the ignifluous mineral fluid. But we passed round to the windward, and were thus enabled to get up to the brim so as to look over for a minute in the molten lake, burning incessantly with brimstone and fire—

> "A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
> O'erboiling with a mad, sulphureous tide."

But the lava which forms your precarious foothold, melted, perhaps, a hundred times, can not be handled or trusted, and the heat even there is so great as to burn the skin of one's face, although the heated air, as it rises, is instantly swept off to the leeward by the wind. It is always hazardous, not to say fool-hardy, to stand there for a moment, lest your uncertain foothold, crumbling and crispy by the action of fire, shall suddenly give way and throw you instantly into the fiery embrace of death.

At times, too, the caldron is so furiously boiling, and splashing, and spitting its fires, and casting up its salient, angry jets of melted lava and spume, that all approach to it is forbidden. We slumped several times near it, as a man will in the spring who is walking over a river of which the ice is beginning to thaw, and the upper stratum, made of frozen snow, is dissolved and rotten. A wary native who accompanied us wondered at our daring, and would not be kept once from pulling me back, as with the eager and bold curiosity of a discoverer, all absorbed in the view of such exciting wonders, I was getting too near.

At the time we viewed it, the brim all round was covered with splashes and spray to the width of ten or twelve feet. The surface of the lake was about a mile in its longest diameter, at a depth of thirty or forty feet from its brim, and agitated more or less all over, in some places throwing up great jets and spouts of fiery red lava, in other places spitting it out like steam from an escape-pipe when the valves are half lifted, and again squirting the molten rock as from a pop-gun.

The surface was like a river or lake when the ice is *going out* and broken up into cakes, over which you will sometimes see the water running, and sometimes it will be quite hidden. In the same manner in this lake of fire, while its surface was generally covered with a crust of half-congealed, dusky lava, and raised into elevations, or sunk into depressions, you would now and then see the live coal-red stream running along. Two cakes of lava, also, would meet like cakes of ice, and their edges crushing, would pile up and fall over, precisely like the phenomena of moving fields of ice; there was, too, the same rustling, grinding noise.

Sometimes, I am told, the roar of the fiery surges is like the heavy beating of surf. Once, when Mr. Coan visited it, this caldron was heaped up in the middle, higher above its brim than his head, so that he ran up and thrust in a pyrometer, while streams were running off on different sides. At another time when he saw it, it had sunk four or five hundred feet below its brim, and he had to look down a dreadful gulf to see its fires.

Again, when Mr. Bingham was there, it was full, and concentric waves were flowing out and around from its centre. Having carefully observed its movements a while, he threw a stick of wood upon the thin crust of a moving wave where he thought it would bear him, even if it should bend a little, and then stood upon it a few moments. In that position, thrusting his cane down through the cooling tough crust, about half an inch thick, and immediately withdrawing it, forthwith there gushed up, like ooze in a marsh or melted tar under a plank, enough of the viscid lava to form a globular mass, which afterward, as it cooled, he broke off and bore away.

It is not easy for one that has not himself been in a similar position, to sympathize with and pardon the traveler at such a point, for he is unwilling to forbear and leave it till fairly surfeited and seared with heat and admiration, or driven off by some sudden spout and roar, or spalsh of the caldron. You gaze, and gaze, and gaze in amazement, without conscious thought, like a man in a trance, reluctant to go away, and you want to spend at least a day and night, viewing close at hand its ever-varying phenomena.

Had we only brought with us wrappers, I believe we should have been the first to have slept on the Black Ledge. Now that the edge of curiosity is a little blunted and the judgment cool, we can see that there would be a degree of hazard and temerity in it which is not felt under the excitement of novelty, and in the full tide of discovery. Forced by startling admonitions, of instant danger, I had to quit suddenly the precarious footing I had gained on the

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caldron's edge, like a hungry man hurried from his repast ere he has snatched a mouthful. But the look I caught there, and the impression of horror, awfulness, and sublimity thence obtained, live and will live in my conscious being forever and ever; and it is this shall help me utter what many have experienced, and have wished to say before the poet said it for them:

"One compact hour of crowded life
Is worth an age without a name."

A moment of being under such circumstances is an epoch in the history of one's mind; and he, perhaps, may be deemed the most highly favored of mortals who has the most of such epochs in remembrance, provided only that the incommunicable thoughts and emotions which, in the moment of that experience, seemed to permeate the very substance of the mind, have given it a moral tone and impulse running through all its subsequent life. It is thus that thoughts are waked "to perish never," being instamped ineffaceably upon the spiritual frame-work and foundation stones of the soul, dignifying and consecrating them to noble uses.

It was not, I trust, without some valuable additions to our stock of impressions in this line, that we reluctantly left that spot. Departing thence, we passed over a tract between the level of the brim of the caldron and the Black Ledge, in order to gain again the latter, most strangely rugged and wild, as if convulsion after convulsion had upheaved, and sunk, and rent, and piled the vast mineral and rocky masses; forming here great hills like the ruins of a hundred towers, and there deep indentations, while every block lay upon its fellow, ready to be dislodged, edgewise, crosswise, endwise, sidewise, angle-wise, and every-wise, in the wildest confusion and variety possible, as if Typhœan giants had been hurling them at each other in war; or as when the warring angels

"From their foundations loosening to and fro,
Uptore the seated hills, with all their load,
And sent them thundering upon their adversaries.
Then hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire:
Horrid confusion heap'd upon confusion rose."

Rocks, too, in earthquake commotions, have been started from the perpendicular sides of the crater in this part, and have rolled down eight hundred or a thousand feet with a force, one might think, that would almost shake the world.

When we had thus encompassed the crater, and had returned to the point where we first came down upon the Black Ledge, it was getting toward night, and I found myself so excessively heated and feverish, and throbbing with the headache, which most persons there suffer from, as to be unable to go for the castellated and Gothic specimens into some ovens that are found in the sides near by.

Leaving, therefore, my companion and the natives to hunt for them, I proceeded slowly back, and toiled up, with difficulty, the steep side of this stupendous crater, which may be set down at a moderate calculation as not less than twelve miles in circumference, and one thousand feet deep. In the centre of this vast sunken amphitheatre of volcanic fire,

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flaming."

a man looks up to heaven, and to the seared walls of this great prison, and feels like a pigmy, or the veriest insect, in contrast with so mighty and terrible a work of the Lord God Almighty.

The person who can go down into it, and come up safe from it, with a light mind, unthankful and unawed, is as wanting in some of the best attributes of mental manhood as of piety; and, let me say with Cowper,

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,"

the man who should prove himself so brutishly insensible to the sublime vestiges of Divine power, and to the providential care of Divine goodness.

We spent the night by the volcano. I slept a little at intervals, just raising myself at every awakening to look at Pele's fires, which spouted and played like fountains, and leaped suddenly with a flash from place to place, like electricity on wire in the experiments of the lecture-room

Once when I arose at midnight and went out a little beyond the range of our screen, to enjoy in silence the august and grand spectacle, the violence of the wind was such as to take off my unguarded hat, and carry it clear over the brink of the crater, where it lodged for the night, but was recovered with little injury in the morning by one of our courageous natives.

One of the early visitors there said that, on coming near the rim, he fell upon his hands and knees awe-struck, and crept cautiously to the rocky brink, unwilling at once to walk up to the giddy verge and look down as from a mast-head upon the fiery gulf at his feet. In a little time, however, like a landsman after a while at sea, he was able to stand very near and gaze unalarmed upon this wonder of the world.

I have myself known seamen that had faced unfearingly all the perils of the deep, and had rushed boldly into battle with its mammoth monsters, to stand appalled on the brink of Kilauea, and depart without daring to try its abyss. Gazing upon it, then, at midnight, so near its brink as we were, was rather venturing upon the edge of safety, as I found to my cost. But woe to the man that should have a fit of somnambulism on the spot where our tent was pitched that last night. Baron Munchausen's seven-leagued boots could hardly save him from a warm bath in flowing lava cherry-red.

Morning broke again upon our open encampment, clear and bracing as upon the Green Mountains of Vermont. With fingers burned and bleeding from the climbing and crystal-digging of yesterday, we made all the dispatch possible in collecting and packing specimens, but it was one o'clock before we were ready to leave. Having at length got off the natives

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with their burdens, two for Hilo and two for Kau, we kneeled for the last time by that wonderful old furnace, where the hand of God works the bellows and keeps up his vast laboratory of elemental fire. Then we mounted our horses and bade a final good-by, the one for Hilo, and the other for his happy Hawaiian home.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE EVERY-DAY YOUNG LADY.

THE every-day young lady is neither tall nor short, neither fat nor lean. Her complexion is not fair, but clear, and her color not bright, but healthy. She is not vulgarly well, but has not the least illness in the world. Her face is oval, and her hair, moderate in quantity, is usually of a soft brown. Her features are small and unobtrusive: her nose being what the French passports call *moyen*—that is, neither one thing nor t'other—and her eyes as gray as glass, but clear and gentle. It is not the eyes that give her any little character she has; although, if you have nothing else to do, and happen to look at them for a minute or so, they win upon you. They are not varnished eyes, in which you can see nothing but the brightness; and not deep eyes, into which your soul plunges as into a gulf: they are mere common skylights, winning into them a little bit of heaven, and giving you an inkling of good temper and feminine gentleness. Neither is it her air, nor manner, nor dress, that stamps her individuality, if she has any, for these belong to the class of society in which she moves; but altogether she gives you an idea of young-womanish refinement and amiableness, and you would think of her again when alone, if there were not so many of her friends about her as to divide and dilute, as it were, your impressions.

The every-day young lady is usually dependent upon somebody or other, but sometimes she has a small independence, which is much worse. In the former case she clings like ivy, adorning, by her truth and gentleness, the support she is proud of; while in the other she gives her £30 a year to a relation as an inadequate compensation for her board and clothing, and lives in a state of unheard-of bondage and awful gratitude. Her life is diversified by friendships, in which her own feelings last the longest; by enmities, in which she suffers and forgives; and by loves —though almost always at second-hand. She is a confidant, a go-between, a bridemaid; but if she finds herself on the brink of a serious flirtation, she shrinks into her own foolish little heart in surprise and timidity, and the affair never becomes any thing but a mystery, which she carries with her through life, and which makes her shake her head on occasions, and look conscious and experienced, so as to give people the idea that this young lady has a history. If the affair does go on, it is a public wonder how she came to get actually married. Many persons consider that she must have been playing a part all along for this very purpose; that her timidity and bashfulness were assumed, and her self-denial a *ruse;* and that, in point of fact, she was not by any means what she gave herself out to be—an every-day young lady.

For our part we have known many such young ladies in our day—and so have you, and you, and you: the world of society is full of them. We have a notion of our own, indeed, that they are *the sex;* or, in other words, that they are the class from which are drawn our conventional notions of womankind, and that the rest—that is those women who have what is called character—are counterfeit women. The feminine virtues are all of a retiring kind, which does not mean that they are invisible even to strangers, but that they are seen through a half-transparent vail of feminine timidity and self-postponement. In like manner, the *physique* of women, truly so called, is not remarkable or obtrusive: their eyes do not flash at you like a pistol, nor their voices arrest suddenly your attention, as if they said "Stand and deliver!" That men in general admire the exceptions rather than the rule, may be true, but that is owing to bad taste, coarseness of mind, or the mere hurry of society, which prevents them from observing more than its salient points. For our part we have always liked every-day young ladies, and sometimes we felt inclined to love a few of them; but somehow it never went beyond inclination. This may have been owing in part to the headlong life one leads in the world, but in part likewise—if we may venture the surmise—to our own sensitiveness preventing us from poking ourselves upon the sensitiveness of other people.

A great many every-day young ladies have been represented in the character of heroines of romance; but there they are called by other names, and made to run about, and get into predicaments, so that one does not know what to make of them. The Countess Isabelle of Croye is an extremely every-day young lady; but look how she runs away, and how she sees a bishop murdered at supper, and how she is going to be married to a Wild Boar, and how at last, after running away again, she gives her hand and immense possessions to a young Scotsman as poor as a church mouse! Who can tell, in such a hurry-skurry, what she is in her individuality, or what she would turn out to be if let alone, or if the author had a turn for bringing out every-day characters? Then we have every-day young ladies set up for heroines without doing any thing for it at all, and who look in the emergencies of life just as if they were eating bread and butter, or crying over a novel at home. Of such is Evelina, who has a sweet look for every person, and every thing, in every possible situation, and who is expected, on the strength of that sole endowment, to pass for a heroine of every-day life. This is obviously improper; for an every-day young lady has a principle of development within her like every body else. If you expose her to circumstances, these circumstances must act upon her in one

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way or another; they must bring her out; and she must win a husband for herself, not get him by accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of marrying—a necessity which has no alternative in the case of a heroine but the grave.

Such blunders, however, are now at an end; for a real every-day young lady has come out into public life, and an illumination has been thrown upon the class, which must proceed either from one of themselves or from inspiration.* But we are not going to criticise the book; for that would bring us to loggerheads with the critics, not one of whom has the least notion of the nature of the charm they all confess. This charm consists in its painting an every-day young lady to the life, and for the first time; and it by no means consists, as it is said to do, in the plot, which is but indifferently concocted, or in the incidents, that are sometimes destitute both of social and artistical truth. Anne Dysart herself, however, is a masterly portrait. Its living eyes are upon us from first to last, following us like the eyes of those awful pictures in the dining-room of long ago, which we could not escape from in any corner of the room. But Anne's eyes are not awful: they are sweet, calm, gentle. The whole figure is associated with the quieter and better parts of our nature. It comes to us, with its shy looks and half-withdrawn hands, like somebody we knew all our lives, and still know; somebody who walks with us, mellowing, but not interrupting our thoughts; somebody who sits by us when we are writing or reading, and throws a creamy hue upon the paper; somebody whose breath warms us when it is cold, and whose shadow stands be tween us and the scorching sun; somebody, in short, who gives us assurance, we know not how, of an every-day young lady.

To paint a character which has no salient points demands a first-rate artist; but to see the inner life of a quiet, timid, retiring mind, is the exclusive privilege of a poet. To suppose that there is no inner life in such minds, or none worth observing, is a grand mistake. The crested wave may be a picturesque or striking object in itself; but under the calm, smooth surface of the passionless sea there are beautiful things to behold—painted shells, and corals, and yellow sands, and sea-plants stretching their long waving arms up to the light. How many of us sail on without giving a glance to such things, our eyes fixed on the frowning or inviting headland, or peopling the desert air with phantoms! Just so do we turn away from what seems to us the void of every-day life to grapple with the excitements of the world.

Anne Dysart is not Miss Douglas's Anne Dysart: she is yours, ours, everybody's. She is the very every-day young lady. The author did not invent her: she found her where the Highlandman found the tongs—by the fireside. And that is her true position, where alone she is at home. When she goes into society, unless it be among associates, she is always under some sort of alarm. She is told that there is company in the drawing-room, strangers come to visit—young ladies celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments—and she treads the stairs with a beating heart, feeling awkward and ignorant, and enters with a desperate calmness. The visitors, however, like her, she is so modest and unobtrusive; and the every-day young lady is charmed and even affected by their patronizing kindness. She is reputed by these persons as a "nice girl, rather amiable-looking, but not in the least like the heroine of a novel." When she visits them in return, she is at first oppressed with a feeling of shyness, but at length still more overpowered by the kindness with which she is received, and she walks to the window to conceal her emotion. In this position our Anne—for we deny that Miss Douglas has any special property in her—comes out strong: "As Anne now stood, dressed in deep mourning, the blackness of her garments only relieved by a small white collar and a pair of cuffs, the expression of her countenance very pensive, her eyes shining mildly in the sunlight which was reflected from the crimson curtain upon her at present somewhat pale cheek, Mrs. Grey, as she whispered to Charlotte, 'Really, poor thing, she does look very interesting!' felt the influence of her peculiar charm, without, however, comprehending its source."

Anne attracts the attention of one of the company, a harsh-featured, ungraceful person, under forty, with a large mouth, determined lips, deep-set, thoughtful eyes, and a confused mass of dark hair hanging over a large and full forehead. Whereupon she instantly feels uncomfortable and frightened. But for all that, it is settled that the *bête noir* walks home with her; and resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, onward they go, these two fated individuals, in solemn silence. The conversation which at length begins consists of unpolite questions on the gentleman's part, and constrained answers on that of the lady; but at length she is saved from replying to a specially disagreeable and impertinent interrogatory by stumbling over a stone.

"*Did you fall on purpose?*" said he. The every-day young lady is both frightened and displeased, and being further urged, feels something actually resembling indignation. When they part, it is with a feeling on her part of inexpressible relief, and she thinks to herself that she had never before met so singular or so disagreeable a man.

This is unpromising: but it is correct. The every-day young lady *thinks* of the rough, odd man; and he is struck now and then by a word or a look in her which piques his curiosity or interests his feelings. He at length learns to look into her calm, soft eyes, and sees through the passionless surface of her character some

* Anne Dysart, a Tale of Every-day Life. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

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precious things gleaming in its depths. The following quotation will show at what length he arrives: "Anne pondered for a few minutes. She had a rather slow though a sound understanding. There was some truth in what Mr. Bolton said, but so great a want of charity, that she felt from the first as if, some way or other, he could not be quite right. It was some time, however, ere she discovered how he was wrong, and even then perhaps could not have defined it." She answered gravely and modestly, but with less timidity than usual.

"But still, Mr. Bolton, it is possible to be both agreeable and sincere. I know it is possible, because I have seen it; and I think that though there is some truth in what you say, yet, as far as my very limited experience justifies me in forming an opinion, I should say that truth, united with kindness, *is* appreciated; indeed I am sure some people have been liked who never flattered: I knew one person at least whom every body loved, who would not have told a falsehood for the world, and who *was* all he *seemed*."

"I suppose you mean your father? Well, without exactly sharing in your filial enthusiasm, I am inclined to believe that he was a superior man."

"Are you indeed? Why, may I ask?" said Anne very timidly, and venturing for the first time to put a question in her turn.

"Why?" he repeated, with a momentary return of the wonderful smile. "Because his daughter has rather more simplicity of mind, rather more purity of heart, rather more intelligence, rather less frivolity, rather less artifice, rather fewer coquettish tricks to flatter the vanity, and entrap the admiration, of silly men—in short, rather more *sincerity* than one meets every day; I guess she must have had a father somewhat above the average." Mr. Bolton spoke in a low tone, and there was in his voice a depth and a softness that struck his listener's ear as being altogether different from its wont. Whatever this difference might be, however, it was not lasting, for when, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, it was with an exaggeration even of his ordinary harshness both of voice and manner: "But you need not fancy I am paying you a compliment. You are no angel; and even during our short acquaintance, I have discovered in you some faults and follies, and doubtless there are others behind. In some respects you are very childish, or perhaps it would be as correct to say *womanish*." With this rude speech, Mr. Bolton concluded, drawing back with an air of having nothing more to say, and assuming a look which seemed to forbid any one to speak to him.

But this wild man chooses her for a wife, proposes for her hand—and is refused. Why so? Because she was an every-day young lady. He was rich; he had good points—nay, great ones, in his character: but he was an uncomfortable man. She could not love him, and she could not think of marrying a man she could not love. Had it been the young clergyman, the case would have been different. A nice young man was he; and, like all other young ladies of her class, Anne had her dreams of gentle happiness, and congeniality of temper, and poetry, and flowers, and sunsets, and a genteel cottage. But the young clergyman could not afford to think of an almost penniless girl for a wife; and so poor Anne's episode was ended before it was well begun; and the affair would have assumed in her solitary heart the enduring form of a Mystery, if exigencies had not arisen to call forth feelings and resolves that brook no such unsubstantial companions.

This every-day young lady had a brother in Edinburgh, and the brother fell into folly, and misery, and sickness, and desperate poverty. He wanted a friend, a nurse, a servant, and she knew that his bedside was her natural post. The difficulty was to get so far with her poor little funds; but this is accomplished, and instead of the outside of the mail on a wintry night, she has even had the good-fortune to enjoy an inside seat, some gentleman being seized with the caprice of encountering the frost and snow. This gentleman, she discovers afterward, is her discarded lover; and he—how many discoveries does he make! The every-day young lady, thrown into the battle of circumstances, rises with the strife. She who had been accustomed to sit silent, seeming to agree with others in what was untrue, merely from want of courage, now endures without flinching the extremities even of actual want. Now come out, one by one, obvious to the sight, the thousand beautiful things in the depths of her quiet mind; and the eyes of the odd gentleman are dimmed with emotion as he looks at them. Already had she begun to wonder at this man, to call his austerity melancholy, to grieve that he was unhappy, to think what he could be thinking about; and now, when she and her darling brother are saved, protected, held up by his strong hand, the hold he takes of her imagination communicates itself insensibly to her heart. His features lose their harshness; his deep-set eyes become soft; his lips relax; and finally, he cuts his hair. What more needs be said?

But we take leave to disagree with this individual in his idea that Anne Dysart has more simplicity, purity, and quiet intelligence than other every-day young ladies. She is, on the contrary, nothing more than a type of the class; and the fact is proved by the resemblance in her portrait being at once recognized. We do not stand upon the color of her hair, or eyes, or other physical characteristics, for these are mere averages, and may be very different in our Anne and yours; but her shyness, hesitation, and cowardice—her modesty, gentleness, and truth—these are stereotyped traits, and are the same in all. But when such qualities rise, or become metamorphosed, to meet the exigencies of life, how do we recognize them? By intuition. We acknowledge in others the prin-

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ciple of development we feel in ourselves. Our fault is, that we pass over as worthy of no remark, no careful tending, no holy reverence, the slumbering germs of all that is good and beautiful in the female character, and suffer our attention to be engrossed by its affectations and monstrosities. Let us correct this fever of the taste. Let us learn to enjoy the still waters and quiet pastures. When we see an every-day young lady flitting about our rooms, or crossing our paths, or wandering by our side, let us regard her no more as if she were a shadow, or a part of the common atmosphere, necessary, though unheeded; let us look upon her with fondness and respect, and if we would be blessed ourselves, let us say—God bless her!

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

HISTORY AND ANECDOTES OF BANK NOTE FORGERIES.

VIOTTI'S division of violin-playing into two great classes—good playing and bad playing—is applicable to Bank note making. The processes employed in manufacturing good Bank notes have been often described; we shall now cover a few pages with a faint outline of the various arts, stratagems, and contrivances employed in concocting bad Bank notes. The picture can not be drawn with very distinct or strong markings. The tableaux from which it is copied are so intertwisted and complicated with clever, slippery, ingenious scoundrelism, that a finished chart of it would be worse than morally displeasing: it would be tedious.

All arts require time and experience for their development. When any thing great is to be done, first attempts are nearly always failures. The first Bank note forgery was no exception to this rule, and its story has a spice of romance in it. The affair has never been circumstantially told; but some research enables us to detail it:

In the month of August, 1757, a gentleman living in the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, named Bliss, advertised for a clerk. There were, as was usual even at that time, many applicants; but the successful one was a young man of twenty-six, named Richard William Vaughan. His manners were so winning, and his demeanor so much that of a gentleman (he belonged indeed to a good county family in Staffordshire, and had been a student at Pembroke Hall, Oxford), that Mr. Bliss at once engaged him. Nor had he occasion, during the time the new clerk served him, to repent the step. Vaughan was so diligent, intelligent, and steady, that not even when it transpired that he was, commercially speaking, "under a cloud," did his master lessen confidence in him. Some inquiry into his antecedents showed that he had, while at College, been extravagant; that his friends had removed him thence; set him up in Stafford as a wholesale linen-draper, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate-street, London; that he had failed, and that there was some difficulty about his certificate. But so well did he excuse his early failings, and account for his misfortunes, that his employer did not check the regard he felt growing toward him. Their intercourse was not merely that of master and servant. Vaughan was a frequent guest at Bliss's table; by-and-by a daily visitor to his wife, and—to his ward.

Miss Bliss was a young lady of some attractions, not the smallest of which was a handsome fortune. Young Vaughan made the most of his opportunities. He was well-looking, well-informed, dressed well, and evidently made love well, for he won the young lady's heart. The guardian was not flinty-hearted, and acted like a sensible man of the world. "It was not," he said on a subsequent and painful occasion, "till I learned from the servants, and observed by the girl's behavior, that she greatly approved Richard Vaughan, that I consented; but on condition that he should make it appear that he could maintain her. I had no doubt of his character as a servant, and I knew his family were respectable. His brother is an eminent attorney." Vaughan boasted that his mother (his father was dead) was willing to re-instate him in business with a thousand pounds; five hundred of which was to be settled upon Miss Bliss for her separate use.

So far all went on prosperously. Providing Richard Vaughan could attain a position satisfactory to the Blisses, the marriage was to take place on the Easter Monday following, which, the Calendar tells us, happened early in April, 1758. With this understanding, he left Mr. Bliss's service, to push his fortune.

Months passed on, and Vaughan appears to have made no way in the world. He had not even obtained his bankrupt's certificate. His visits to his affianced were frequent, and his protestations passionate; but he had effected nothing substantial toward a happy union. Miss Bliss's guardian grew impatient; and, although there is no evidence to prove that the young lady's affection for Vaughan was otherwise than deep and sincere, yet even she began to lose confidence in him. His excuses were evidently evasive, and not always true. The time fixed for the wedding was fast approaching; and Vaughan saw that something must be done to restore the young lady's confidence.

About three weeks before the appointed Easter Tuesday, Vaughan went to his mistress in high spirits. All was right: his certificate was to be granted in a day or two; his family had come forward with the money, and he was to continue the Aldersgate business he had previously carried on as a branch of the Stafford trade. The capital he had waited so long for, was at length forthcoming. In fact, here were two hundred and forty pounds of the five hundred he was to settle on his beloved. Vaughan then produced twelve twenty-pound notes; Miss Bliss could scarcely believe her eyes. She examined them. The paper she remarked

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seemed rather thicker than usual. "Oh," said Bliss, "all Bank bills are not alike." The girl was naturally much pleased. She would hasten to apprize Mistress Bliss of the good news.

Not for the world! So far from letting any living soul know he had placed so much money in her hands, Vaughan exacted an oath of secresy from her, and sealed the notes up in a parcel with his own seal; making her swear that she would on no account open it till after their marriage.

Some days after, that is, "on the twenty-second of March," (1758)—we are describing the scene in Mr. Bliss's own words—"I was sitting with my wife by the fireside. The prisoner and the girl were sitting in the same room—which was a small one—and, although they whispered, I could distinguish that Vaughan was very urgent to have something returned which he had previously given to her. She refused, and Vaughan went away in an angry mood. I then studied the girl's face, and saw that it expressed much dissatisfaction. Presently a tear broke out. I then spoke, and insisted on knowing the dispute. She refused to tell, and I told her that, until she did, I would not see her. The next day I asked the same question of Vaughan; he hesitated. 'Oh!' I said, 'I dare say it is some ten or twelve pound matter—something to buy a wedding bauble with.' He answered that it was much more than that—it was near three hundred pounds! "But why all this secresy?" I said; and he answered it was not proper for people to know he had so much money till his certificate was signed. I then asked him to what intent he had left the notes with the young lady? He said, as I had of late suspected him, he designed to give her a proof of his affection and truth. I said, 'You have demanded them in such a way that it must be construed as an abatement of your affection toward her.'" Vaughan was again exceedingly urgent in asking back the packet; but Bliss, remembering his many evasions, and supposing that this was a trick, declined advising his niece to restore the parcel without proper consideration. The very next day it was discovered that the notes were counterfeit.

This occasioned stricter inquiries into Vaughan's previous career. It turned out that he bore the character in his native place of a dissipated, and not very scrupulous person. The intention of his mother to assist him was an entire fabrication, and he had given Miss Bliss the forged notes solely for the purpose of deceiving her on that matter. Meanwhile the forgeries became known to the authorities, and he was arrested. By what means, does not clearly appear. The "Annual Register" says that one of the engravers gave information; but we find nothing in the newspapers of the time to support that statement; neither was it corroborated at Vaughan's trial.

When Vaughan was arrested he thrust a piece of paper into his mouth, and began to chew it violently. It was, however, rescued, and proved to be one of the forged notes; fourteen of them were found on his person, and when his lodgings were searched twenty more were discovered.

Vaughan was tried at the Old Bailey, on the seventh of April, before Lord Mansfield. The manner of the forgery was detailed minutely at the trial: On the first of March (about a week before he gave the twelve notes to the young lady), Vaughan called on Mr. John Corbould, an engraver, and gave an order for a promissory note to be engraved with these words:

"No. ——.

"I promise to pay to ——, or Bearer, ——, London ——."

There was to be a Britannia in the corner. When it was done, Mr. Sneed (for that was the *alias* Vaughan adopted), came again, but objected to the execution of the work. The Britannia was not good, and the words "I promise" were too near the edge of the plate. Another was in consequence engraved, and on the fourth of March, Vaughan took it away. He immediately repaired to a printer, and had forty-eight impressions taken on thin paper, provided by himself. Meanwhile, he had ordered, on the same morning, of Mr. Charles Fourdrinier, another engraver, a second plate, with what he called "a direction," in the words, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England." This was done, and about a week later he brought some paper, each sheet "folded up," said the witness, "very curiously, so that I could not see what was in them. I was going to take the papers from him, but he said he must go up-stairs with me, and see them worked off himself. I took him up-stairs; he would not let me have them out of his hands. I took a sponge and wetted them, and put them one by one on the plate in order for printing them. After my boy had done two or three of them, I went down-stairs, and my boy worked the rest off, and the prisoner came down and paid me."

Here the court pertinently asked, "What imagination had you when a man thus came to you to print on secret paper, 'the Governor and Company of the Bank of England?'"

The engraver's reply was: "I then did not suspect any thing. But I shall take care for the future." As this was the first Bank of England note forgery that was ever perpetrated, the engraver was held excused.

It may be mentioned as an evidence of the delicacy of the reporters, that, in their account of the trial, Miss Bliss's name is not mentioned. Her designation is "a young lady." We subjoin the notes of her evidence:

"A young lady (sworn). The prisoner delivered me some bills; these are the same (producing twelve counterfeit bank notes sealed up in a cover, for twenty pounds each), said that they were Bank bills. I said they were thicker paper—he said all bills are not alike. I was to

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keep them till after we were married. He put them into my hands to show he put confidence in me, and desired me not to show them to any body; sealed them up with his own seal, and obliged me by an oath not to discover them to any body. And I did not till he had discovered them himself. He was to settle so much in stock on me."

Vaughan urged in his defense, that his sole object was to deceive his affianced, and that he intended to destroy all the notes after his marriage. But it had been proved that the prisoner had asked one John Ballingar to change first one, and then twenty of the notes; but which that person was unable to do. Besides, had his sole object been to dazzle Miss Bliss with his fictitious wealth, he would, most probably, have intrusted more, if not all the notes, to her keeping.

He was found guilty, and passed the day that had been fixed for his wedding, as a condemned criminal.

On the 11th of May, 1758, Richard William Vaughan was executed at Tyburn. By his side, on the same gallows, there was another forger: William Boodgere, a military officer, who had forged a draught on an army agent named Calcroft, and expiated the offense with the first forger of Bank of England notes.

The gallows may seem hard measure to have meted out to Vaughan, when it is considered that none of his notes were negotiated, and no person suffered by his fraud. Not one of the forty-eight notes, except the twelve delivered to Miss Bliss, had been out of his possession; indeed, the imitation must have been very clumsily executed, and detection would have instantly followed any attempt to pass the counterfeits. There was no endeavor to copy the style of engraving on a real bank note. That was left to the engraver; and as each sheet passed through the press twice, the words added at the second printing, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England," could have fallen into their proper place on any one of the sheets, only by a miracle. But what would have made the forgery clear to even a superficial observer, was the singular omission of the second "n" in the word England.*

The criticism on Vaughan's note of a bank clerk examined on the trial was: "There is some resemblance, to be sure; but this note" (that upon which the prisoner was tried) "is numbered thirteen thousand eight hundred and forty, and we never reach so high a number." Besides there was no water-mark in the paper. The note of which a fac-simile appeared in our eighteenth number, and dated so early as 1699, has a regular design in the texture of the paper; showing that the water-mark is as old as the bank notes themselves.

Vaughan was greatly commiserated. But despite the unskillfulness of the forgery, and the insignificant consequences which followed it, the crime was considered of too dangerous a character not to be marked, from its very novelty, with exemplary punishment. Hanging created at that time no remorse in the public mind, and it was thought necessary to set up Vaughan as a warning to all future bank-note forgers. The crime was too dangerous not to be marked with the severest penalties. Forgery differs from other crimes not less in the magnitude of the spoil it may obtain, and of the injury it inflicts, than in the facilities attending its accomplishment. The common thief finds a limit to his depredations in the bulkiness of his booty, which is generally confined to such property as he can carry about his person; the swindler raises insuperable and defeating obstacles to his frauds if the amount he seeks to obtain is so considerable as to awaken close vigilance or inquiry. To carry their projects to any very profitable extent, these criminals are reduced to the hazardous necessity of acting in concert, and thus infinitely increasing the risks of detection. But the forger need have no accomplice; he is burdened with no bulky and suspicious property; he needs no receiver to assist his contrivances. The skill of his own individual right hand can command thousands; often with the certainty of not being detected, and oftener with such rapidity as to enable him to baffle the pursuit of justice.

It was a long time before Vaughan's rude attempt was improved upon: but in the same year (1758), another department of the crime was commenced with perfect success; namely, an ingenious alteration, for fraudulent purposes, of real bank notes. A few months after Vaughan's execution, one of the northern mails was stopped and robbed by a highwayman; several bank notes were comprised in the spoil, and the robber, setting up with these as a gentleman, went boldly to the Hatfield Post-office, ordered a chaise and four, rattled away down the road, and changed a note at every change of horses. The robbery was, of course, soon made known, and the numbers and dates of the stolen notes were advertised as having been stopped at the bank. To the genius of a highwayman this offered but a small obstacle, and the gentleman-thief changed all the figures "1" he could find into "4's." These notes passed currently enough; but, on reaching the bank, the alteration was detected, and the last holder was refused payment. As that person had given a valuable consideration for the note, he brought an action for the recovery of the amount; and at the trial it was ruled by the Lord Chief Justice, that "any person paying a valuable consideration for a bank note, payable to bearer, in a fair course of business, has an understood right to receive the money of the bank."

It took a quarter of a century to bring the art of forging bank notes to perfection. In 1779, this was nearly attained by an ingenious gentleman, named Mathison, a watchmaker,

* Bad orthography was by no means uncommon in the most important documents at that period; the days of the week, in the day-books of the Bank of England itself, are spelled in a variety of ways.

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from the matrimonial village of Gretna Green. Having learned the arts of engraving and of simulating signatures, he tried his hand at the notes of the Darlington Bank; but, with the confidence of skill, was not cautious in passing them, was suspected, and absconded to Edinburgh. Scorning to let his talent be wasted, he favored the Scottish public with many spurious Royal Bank of Scotland notes, and regularly forged his way by their aid to London. At the end of February he took handsome lodgings in the Strand, opposite Arundel-street. His industry was remarkable: for, by the 12th of March, he had planed and polished rough pieces of copper, engraved them, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several impressions. His plan was to travel and to purchase articles in shops. He bought a pair of shoe-buckles at Coventry with a forged note, which was eventually detected at the Bank of England. He had got so bold that he paid such frequent visits in Threadneedle-street, that the bank clerks became familiar with his person. He was continually changing notes of one, for another denomination. These were his originals, which he procured to make spurious copies of. One day seven thousand pounds came in from the Stamp Office. There was a dispute about one of the notes. Mathison, who was present, though at some distance, declared, oracularly, that the note was a good one. How could he know so well? A dawn of suspicion arose in the minds of the clerks; one trail led into another, and Mathison was finally apprehended. So well were his notes forged that, on the trial, an experienced bank clerk declared, he could not tell whether the note handed him to examine was forged or not. Mathison offered to reveal his secret of forging the water-mark, if mercy were shown to him; this was refused, and he suffered the penalty of his crime.

Mathison was a genius in his criminal way, but a greater than he appeared in 1786. In that year perfection seemed to have been reached. So considerable was the circulation of spurious paper-money, that it appeared as if some unknown power had set up a bank of its own. Notes were issued from it, and readily passed current, in hundreds and thousands. They were not to be distinguished from the genuine paper of Threadneedle-street. Indeed, when one was presented there, in due course, so complete were all its parts; so masterly the engraving; so correct the signatures; so skillful the water-mark, that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. From that period forged paper continued to be presented, especially at the time of lottery drawing. Consultations were held with the police. Plans were laid to help detection. Every effort was made to trace the forger. Clarke, the best detective of his day, went, like a sluth-hound, on the track; for in those days the expressive word "blood-money" was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but, beyond that, consummate art defied the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came, the train of discovery always paused at the lottery-offices. Advertisements offering large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection.

While this base paper was in full currency, there appeared an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser for a servant. The successful applicant was a young man, in the employment of a musical-instrument maker; who, some time after, was called upon by a coachman, and informed that the advertiser was waiting in a coach to see him. The young man was desired to enter the conveyance, where he beheld a person with something of the appearance of a foreigner, sixty or seventy years old, apparently troubled with the gout. A camlet surtout was buttoned round his mouth; a large patch was placed over his left eye; and nearly every part of his face was concealed. He affected much infirmity. He had a faint hectic cough; and invariably presented the patched side to the view of the servant. After some conversation—in the course of which he represented himself as guardian to a young nobleman of great fortune—the interview concluded with the engagement of the applicant; and the new servant was directed to call on Mr. Brank, at 29, Titchfield-street, Oxford-street. At this interview, Brank inveighed against his whimsical ward for his love of speculating in lottery tickets; and told the servant that his principal duty would be to purchase them. After one or two meetings, at each of which Brank kept his face muffled, he handed a forty and twenty pound bank note; told the servant to be very careful not to lose them; and directed him to buy lottery-tickets at separate offices. The young man fulfilled his instructions, and at the moment he was returning, was suddenly called by his employer from the other side of the street, congratulated on his rapidity, and then told to go to various other offices in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange, and to purchase more shares. Four hundred pounds in Bank of England notes were handed him, and the wishes of the mysterious Mr. Brank were satisfactorily effected. These scenes were continually enacted. Notes to a large amount were thus circulated; lottery-tickets purchased; and Mr. Brank—always in a coach, with his face studiously concealed—was ever ready on the spot to receive them. The surprise of the servant was somewhat excited; but had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer—that surprise would have been greatly increased.* Again and again were these extra-

* Francis's History of the Bank of England.

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ordinary scenes rehearsed. At last the Bank obtained a clew, and the servant was taken into custody. The directors imagined that they had secured the actor of so many parts; that the flood of forged notes which had inundated that establishment would at length be dammed up at its source. Their hopes proved fallacious, and it was found that "Old Patch" (as the mysterious forger was, from the servant's description, nick-named) had been sufficiently clever to baffle the Bank directors. The house in Titchfield-street was searched; but Mr. Brank had deserted it, and not a trace of a single implement of forgery was to be seen.

All that could be obtained was some little knowledge of "Old Patch's" proceedings. It appeared that he carried on his paper coining entirely by himself. His only confidant was his mistress. He was his own engraver. He even made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers, completely. But these discoveries had no effect; for it became evident that Mr. Patch had set up a press elsewhere. Although his secret continued as impenetrable, his notes became as plentiful as ever. Five years of unbounded prosperity ought to have satisfied him; but it did not. Success seemed to pall him. His genius was of that insatiable order which demands new excitements, and a constant succession of new flights. The following paragraph from a newspaper of 1786 relates to the same individual:

"On the 17th of December, ten pounds were paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a Bank note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier, instead of which the bearer took it home, and curiously added an 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that but two others were discovered to have been obtained in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received, upon the whole, nearly one thousand pounds."

To that princely felony, Old Patch, as will be seen in the sequel, added smaller misdemeanors which one would think were far beneath his notice; except to convince himself and his mistress of the unbounded facility of his genius for fraud.

At that period, the affluent public were saddled with a tax on plate; and many experiments were made to evade it. Among others, one was invented by a Mr. Charles Price, a stock-jobber and lottery-office keeper, which, for a time, puzzled the tax-gatherer. Mr. Charles Price lived in great style, gave splendid dinners, and did every thing on the grandest scale. Yet Mr. Charles Price had no plate! The authorities could not find so much as a silver tooth-pick on his magnificent premises. In truth, what he was too cunning to possess, he borrowed. For one of his sumptuous entertainments, he hired the plate of a silversmith in Cornhill, and left the value in bank notes as security for its safe return. One of these notes having proved a forgery, was traced to Mr. Charles Price; and Mr. Charles Price was not to be found at that particular juncture. Although this excited no surprise—for he was often an absentee from his office for short periods—yet in due course, and as a formal matter of business, an officer was set to find him, and to ask his explanation regarding the false note. After tracing a man, who he had a strong notion was Mr. Charles Price, through countless lodgings and innumerable disguises, the officer (to use his own expression) "nabbed" Mr. Charles Price. But, as Mr. Clarke observed, his prisoner and his prisoner's lady were even then "too many" for him; for, although he lost not a moment in trying to secure the forging implements, after he had discovered that Mr. Charles Price, and Mr. Brank, and Old Patch, were all concentrated in the person of his prisoner, he found the lady had destroyed every trace of evidence. Not a vestige of the forging factory was left. Not the point of a graver, nor a single spot of ink, nor a shred of silver paper, nor a scrap of any body's handwriting, was to be met with. Despite, however, this paucity of evidence to convict him, Mr. Charles Price had not the courage to face a jury, and eventually he saved the judicature and the Tyburn executive much trouble and expense, by hanging himself in Bridewell.

The success of Mr. Charles Price has never been surpassed; and even after the darkest era in the history of Bank forgeries—which dates from the suspension of cash payments, in February, 1797—"Old Patch" was still remembered as the Cæsar of Forgers.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF THE PLACE DE GREVE.

THE Police Courts of London have often displayed many a curious character, many a strange scene, many an exquisite bit of dialogue; so have the Police Courts in Ireland, especially at the Petty Sessions in Kilrush; but we are not so well aware of how often a scene of rich and peculiar humor occurs in the Police *tribunaux* of Paris. We will proceed to give the reader a "taste of their quality."

An extremely old woman, all in rags, was continually found begging in the streets, and the Police having good-naturedly let her off several times, were at last obliged to take her in charge, and bring her into the court. Several magistrates were sitting. The following dialogue took place between the President and the old woman.

President.—Now, my good woman, what have you to say for yourself? You have been

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frequently warned by the Police, but you have persisted in troubling people with begging.

Old Woman (*in a humble, quavering tone*).—Ah, Monsieur le President, it is not so much trouble to other people as it is to me. I am a very old woman.

Pres.—Come, come, you must leave off begging, or I shall be obliged to punish you.

Old W.—But, Monsieur le President, I can not live without—I must beg—pardon me, Monsieur—I am obliged to beg.

Pres.—But I say you must not. Can you do no work?

Old W.—Ah, no, Monsieur; I am too old.

Pres.—Can't you sell something—little cakes—bonbons?

Old W.—No, Monsieur, I can't get any little stock to begin with; and, if I could, I should be robbed by the *gamins*, or the little girls, for I'm not very quick, and can't see well.

Pres.—Your relations must support you, then. You can not be allowed to beg. Have you no son—no daughter—no grandchildren?

Old W.—No, Monsieur; none—none—all my relations are dead.

Pres.—Well then, your friends must give you assistance.

Old W.—Ah, Monsieur, I have no friends; and, indeed, I never had but one, in my life; but he too is gone.

Pres.—And who was he?

Old W.—Monsieur de Robespierre—*le pauvre cher homme!* (The poor, dear man!)

Pres.—Robespierre!—why what did you know of him?

Old W.—Oh, Monsieur, my mother was one of the *tricoteurs* (knitting-women) who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine, and I always stood beside her. When Monsieur de Robespierre was passing by, in attending his duties, he used to touch my cheek, and call me (here the old woman shed tears) *la belle Marguerite: le pauvre, cher homme!*

We must here pause to remind the reader that these women, the *tricoteurs*, who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine on the mornings when it was at its hideous work, were sometimes called the "Furies;" but only as a grim jest. It is well known, that, although there were occasionally some sanguinary hags among them, yet, for the most part, they were merely idle, gossiping women, who came there dressed in neat white caps, and with their knitting materials, out of sheer love of excitement, and to enjoy the *spectacle*.

Pres.—Well, Goody; finish your history.

Old W.—I was married soon after this, and then I used to take my seat as a *tricoteur* among the others; and on the days when Monsieur de Robespierre passed, he used always to notice me—*le pauvre, cher homme*. I used then to be called *la belle tricoteuse*, but now—now, I am called *la vielle radoteuse* (the old dotardess). Ah, Monsieur le President, it is what we must all come to!

The old woman accompanied this reflection with an inimitable look at the President, which completely involved him in the *we*, thus presenting him with the prospect of becoming an old dotardess; not in the least meant offensively, but said in the innocence of her aged heart.

Pres.—Ahem!—silence! You seem to have a very tender recollection of Monsieur Robespierre. I suppose you had reason to be grateful to him?

Old W.—No, Monsieur, no reason in particular; for he guillotined my husband.

Pres.—Certainly this ought to be no reason for loving his memory.

Old W.—Ah, Monsieur, but it happened quite by accident. Monsieur de Robespierre did not intend to guillotine my husband—he had him executed by mistake for somebody else—*le pauvre, cher homme!*

Thus leaving it an exquisite matter of doubt, as to whether the "poor dear man" referred to her husband, or to Monsieur de Robespierre; or whether the tender epithet was equally divided between them.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

STORY OF A KITE.

THE setting sun beamed in golden light over the country; long shadows lay on the cool grass; the birds, which had been silent through the sultry heat of the day, sang their joyous evening hymn: the merry voices of the village children sounded through the clear air, while their fathers loitered about enjoying the luxury of rest after labor. A sun-burned traveler, with dusty shoes, walked sturdily along the high road: he was young and strong, and his ruddy cheeks glowed in the warm light: he carried his baggage on a stick over his shoulder, and looked straight on toward the cottages of the village; and you might see, by the expression of his face, that his eye was earnestly watching for the first glimpse of the home that lay among them, to which he was returning.

The same setting sun threw his golden beams over the great metropolis: they lighted up streets, and squares, and parks, whence crowds were retiring from business or pleasure to their various places of abode or gay parties: they pierced even through the smoke of the city, and gilded its great central dome; but when they reached the labyrinth of lanes and courts which it incloses, their radiance was gone, for noxious vapors rose there after the heat of the day, and quenched them. The summer sun is dreaded in those places.

The dusky light found its way with difficulty through a small and dim window into an upper room of a house in one of these lanes, and any one entering it would at first have thought it was void of any living inhabitant, had not the restless tossing and oppressed breathing that proceeded from a bed in one corner borne witness to the contrary. A weak sickly boy lay there, his eye fixed on the door. It opened and he started up in bed; but at the sight of

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another boy, a few years older than himself, who came in alone, he sunk back again, crying in a plaintive voice, "Don't you see her coming yet?"

"No, she is not in sight: I ran to the corner of the lane, and could see nothing of her," replied the elder boy, who, as he spoke, knelt down before the grate, and began to arrange some sticks in it.

Every thing in the room bespoke poverty; yet there was an appearance of order, and as much cleanliness as can be attained in such an abode. Among the scanty articles of furniture there was one object that was remarkable as being singularly out of place, and apparently very useless there: it was a large paper kite, that hung from a nail on the wall, and nearly reached from the low ceiling to the floor.

"There's eight o'clock just struck, John," said the little boy in bed. "Go and look once more if mother's not coming yet."

"It's no use looking, Jem. It won't make her come any faster; but I'll go to please you."

"I hear some one on the stairs."

"It's only Mrs. Willis going into the back-room."

"Oh dear, dear, what *shall* I do?"

"Don't cry, Jem. Look, now I've put the wood all ready to boil the kettle the minute mother comes, and she'll bring you some tea: she said she would. Now I'm going to sweep up the dust, and make it all tidy."

Jem was quieted for a few minutes by looking at his brother's busy operations, carried on in a bustling, rattling way, to afford all the amusement possible; but the feverish restlessness soon returned.

"Take me up, do take me up," he cried; "and hold me near the broken pane, please, John;" and he stretched out his white, wasted hands.

John kindly lifted out the poor little fellow, and dragging a chair to the window, sat down with him on his knee, and held his face close to the broken pane, through which, however, no air seemed to come, and he soon began to cry again.

"What is it, Jem?—what's the matter?" said a kind voice at the door, where a woman stood, holding by the hand a pale child.

"I want mother," sobbed Jem.

"Mother's out at work, Mrs. Willis," said John; "and she thought she should be home at half-past seven; but she's kept later sometimes."

"Don't cry," said Mrs. Willis's little girl, coming forward. "Here's my orange for you."

Jem took it, and put it to his mouth; but he stopped, and asked John to cut it in two; gave back half to the little girl, made John taste the portion he kept, and then began to suck the cooling fruit with great pleasure, only pausing to say, with a smile, "Thank you, Mary."

"Now lie down again, and try to go to sleep; there's a good boy," said Mrs. Willis; "and mother will soon be here. I must go now."

Jem was laid in bed once more; but he tossed about restlessly, and the sad wail began again.

"I'll tell you what," said John, "if you will stop crying, I'll take down poor Harry's kite, and show you how he used to fly it."

"But mother don't like us to touch it."

"No; but she will not mind when I tell her why I did it this once. Look at the pretty blue and red figures on it. Harry made it, and painted it all himself; and look at the long tail!"

"But how did he fly it? Can't you show me how poor Harry used to fly it?"

John mounted on a chest, and holding the kite at arm's length, began to wave it about, and to make the tail shake, while Jem sat up admiring.

"This was the way he used to hold it up. Then he took the string that was fastened here—mother has got it in the chest—and he held the string in his hand, and when the wind came, and sent the kite up, he let the string run through his hand, and up it went over the trees, up—up—and he ran along in the fields, and it flew along under the blue sky."

John waved the kite more energetically as he described, and both the boys were so engrossed by it, that they did not observe that the mother, so longed for, had come in, and had sunk down on a chair near the door, her face bent and nearly hidden by the rusty crape on her widow's bonnet, while the tears fell fast on her faded black gown.

"Oh mother, mother!" cried Jem, who saw her first, "come and take me—come and comfort me!"

The poor woman rose quickly, wiped her eyes, and hastened to her sick child, who was soon nestled in her arms, and seemed to have there forgotten all his woes.

The kind, good-natured John had meanwhile hung up the kite in its place, and was looking rather anxiously at his mother, for he well understood the cause of the grief that had overcome her at the sight of his occupation, when she first came in; but she stroked his hair, looked kindly at him, and bade him make the kettle boil, and get the things out of her basket. All that was wanted for their simple supper was in it, and it was not long before little Jem was again laid down after the refreshment of tea; then a mattress was put in a corner for John, who was soon asleep; and the mother, tired with her day's hard work, took her place in the bed by the side of her child.

But the tears that had rolled fast down her cheeks as her lips moved in prayer before sleep came upon her, still made their way beneath the closed eyelids, and Jem awoke her by saying, as he stroked her face with his hot hand, "Don't cry, mother; we won't touch it again!"

"It's not that, my child; no, no: it's the thought of my own Harry. I think I see his

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pleasant face, and his curly hair, and his merry eyes looking up after his kite." It was not often she spoke out her griefs; but now, in the silent night, it seemed to comfort her.

"Tell me about him, mother, and about his going away? I like to hear you tell about him."

"He worked with father, you know, and a clever workman he learned to be."

"But he was much older than me. Shall I ever be a good workman, mother?"

The question made her heart ache with a fresh anguish, and she could not answer it; but replied to his first words, "Yes, he was much older. We laid three of our children in the grave between him and John. Harry was seventeen when his uncle took him to serve out his time in a merchant-ship. Uncle Ben, that was ship's carpenter, it was that took him.—The voyage was to last a year and a half, for they were to go to all manner of countries far, far away. One letter I had. It came on a sad day: the day after poor father died, Jem. And then I had to leave our cottage in our own village, and bring you two to London, to find work to keep you; but I have always taken care to leave word where I was to be found, and have often gone to ask after letters. Not one has ever come again; and it's six months past the time when they looked for the ship, and they don't know what to think. But I know what I think: the sea has rolled over my dear boy, and I shall never see him again—never, never in this weary world."

"Don't cry so, mother dear; I'll try to go to sleep, and not make you talk."

"Yes—try; and if you can only get better, that will comfort me most."

Both closed their eyes, and sleep came upon them once more.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the little boy awoke, and then he was alone; but to that he was accustomed. His mother was again gone to work, and John was out cleaning knives and shoes in the neighborhood. The table, with a small piece of bread and a cup of blue milk and water on it, stood beside him. He drank a little, but could not eat, and then lay down again with his eyes fixed on Harry's kite.

"Could he fly it," or rather, "could he see John fly it—really out of doors and in the air?" That was of all things what he most longed to do. He wondered where the fields were, and if he could ever go there and see the kite fly under the blue sky. Then he wondered if John could fly it in the lane. He crept out of bed, and tottered to the window.

The lane was very wet and slushy, and a nasty black gutter ran down it, and oozed out among the broken stones. There had been a heavy thunder-shower in the night, and as there was no foot pavement, and what stones there were, were very uneven and scattered, the black pools lodged among them, and altogether it seemed impossible for a boy to fly a kite there; for "how could he run along holding the string? he would tumble among the dirty pools. There were only four children to be seen in it now, out of all the numbers that lived in the houses, though it was a warm summer morning, and they were dabbling with naked feet in the mud, and their ragged clothes were all draggled. Mother would never let him and John do like that."

Still he stood, first examining the window, then looking at the kite; then putting his hand out through the broken pane, and pondered over a scheme that had entered his mind.

"John," he cried, as the door opened, "don't you think we could fly Harry's kite out of the broken pane?"

At first this idea seemed to John perfectly chimerical; but after some consultation and explanation a plan was devised between the two boys, to complete which they only waited for their mother's return. They expected her at one, for this was only half a day's work.

Jem was dressed when she returned, and his excitement made him appear better; but she saw with grief that he could not touch his dinner; and her anxiety about him made her, less unwillingly than she otherwise would have done, consent to the petition he made, that "only for this once she would let him and John fly the kite outside the window." She stifled her sigh as she sat down to needlework, lest she should cast a gloom over the busy preparations that immediately commenced.

The difficulty had been how to get the kite out, because the window would not open. To surmount this, John was to go down to the lane, taking the kite with him, while Jem lowered the string out of the broken pane.

"When you get hold of the string, you know, John, you can fasten it, and then stand on that large stone opposite, just by where that gentleman is, and hold up the kite, and then I will pull."

All was done accordingly. John did his part well. Jem pulled; the kite rose to the window, and fluttered about, for the thunder had been followed by a high wind, which was felt a little even in this close place, and the boys gazed at it with great pleasure. As it dangled loosely by the window in this manner, the tail became entangled, and John was obliged to run up to help to put it right.

"Let it down to me again when I have run out," said he, as he tried to disentangle it; "and I will stand on the stone, and hold it up, and you can pull again. There's the gentleman still, and now there's a young man besides. The gentleman has made him look up at the kite."

"Come and look, mother," said Jem: but she did not hear. "The young man has such a brown face, and such curly hair."

"And he's like — mother, he is crossing over!" cried John. "He has come into the house!"

The mother heard now. A wild hope rushed

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through her heart; she started up; a quick step was heard on the stairs; the door flew open, and the next moment she was clasped in her son's arms!

The joy nearly took away her senses. Broken words mingled with tears, thanksgivings, and blessings, were all that were uttered for some time between them. Harry had Jem on his knee, and John pressed close to his side, and was holding his mother tight by the hand, and looking up in her face, when at last they began to believe and understand that they once more saw each other. And then he had to explain how the ship had been disabled by a storm in the South Seas; and how they got her into one of the beautiful islands there, and refitted her, and after six months' delay, brought her back safe and sound, cargo and all; and how he and Uncle Ben were both strong and hearty.

"How well you look, my dear boy!" said the happy mother. "How tall, and stout, and handsome you are!"

"And he's got his curly hair and bright eyes still," said poor wan little Jem, speaking for the first time.

"But you, mother, and all of you, how pale you are, and how thin! I know—yes, don't say it—I know who's gone. I went home last night, mother. I walked all the way to the village, and found the poor cottage empty, and heard how he died."

"Home! You went there?"

"Yes, and the neighbors told me you were gone to London. But I slept all night in the kitchen, on some straw. There I lay, and thought of you, and of him we have lost, and prayed that I might be a comfort to you yet."

Joy and sorrow seemed struggling for the mastery in the widow's heart; but the present happiness proved the stronger, and she was soon smiling, and listening to Harry.

"I had a hard matter to find you," he said. "You had left the lodging they directed me to at first."

"But I left word where I had come to."

"Ay, so you had; and an old woman there told me you were at No. 10 Paradise Row."

"What could she be thinking of?"

"No one had heard of you in that place. However, as I was going along back again to get better information, keeping a sharp look-out in hopes I might meet you, I passed the end of this lane, and saw it was called Eden-lane, so I thought perhaps the old lady had fancied Paradise and Eden were all the same; and sure enough, they are both as like one as the other, for they are wretched, miserable places as ever I saw. I turned in here, and then No. 10 proved wrong too; and as I was standing looking about, and wondering what I had better do next, a gentleman touched my arm, and pointing first at the black pools in the broken pavement, and then up at this window, he said—I remember his very words, they struck me so—'Do not the very stones rise up in judgment against us! Look at these poor little fellows trying to fly their kite out of a broken pane!' Hearing him say so, I looked up, and saw my old kite—by it I found you at last."

They all turned gratefully toward it, and saw that it still swung outside, held there safely by its entangled tail. The talk, therefore, went on uninterruptedly. Many questions were asked and answered, and many subjects discussed; the sad state of poor little Jem being the most pressing. At the end of an hour a great bustle was going on in the room: they were packing up all their small stock of goods, for Harry had succeeded, after some argument, in persuading his mother to leave her unhealthy lodging that very evening, and not to risk even one more night for poor Jem in that poisonous air. He smoothed every difficulty. Mrs. Willis gladly undertook to do the work she had engaged to do; and with her he deposited money for the rent, and the key of the room. He declared he had another place ready to take his mother to; and to her anxious look he replied, "I did good service in the ship, and the owners have been generous to us all. I've got forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!" If he had said, "I have got possession of a gold district in California," he would not have created a greater sensation. It seemed an inexhaustible amount of wealth.

A light cart was soon hired and packed, and easily held not only the goods (not forgetting the kite), but the living possessors of them; and they set forth on their way.

The evening sun again beamed over the country; and the tall trees, as they threw their shadow across the grass, waved a blessing on the family that passed beneath, from whose hearts a silent thanksgiving went up that harmonized with the joyous hymn of the birds. The sun-burnt traveler, as he walked at the horse's head, holding his elder brother's hand, no longer looked anxiously onward, for he knew where he was going, and saw by him his younger brother already beginning to revive in the fresh air, and rejoiced in his mother's expression of content and happiness. She had divined for some time to what home she was going.

"But how did you contrive to get it fixed so quickly, my kind, good boy?" she said.

"I went to the landlord, and he agreed at once: and do not be afraid, I can earn plenty for us all."

"But must you go to sea again?"

"If I must, do not fear. Did you not always teach me that His hand would keep me, and hold me, even in the uttermost parts of the sea?"

And she felt that there was no room for fear

A week after this time, the evening sun again lighted up a happy party. Harry and John were busied in preparing the kite for flying in a green field behind their cottage. Under the hedge, on an old tree trunk, sat their mother, no longer in faded black and rusty crape, but neatly dressed in a fresh, clean gown and cap, and with a face bright with hope and pleasure.

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By her was Jem, with cheeks already filling out, a tinge of color in them, and eyes full of delight. On her other side was little Mary Willis. She had just arrived, and was telling them how, the very day after they left, some workmen came and put down a nice pavement on each side of the lane, and laid a pipe underground instead of the gutter; and that now it was as dry and clean as could be; and all the children could play there, and there were such numbers of games going on; and they all said it was the best thing they had done for them for many a day; and so did their mothers too, for now the children were not all crowded into their rooms all day long, but could play out of doors.

"Depend upon it," said Harry, "it is that gentleman's doing that spoke to me of it the day I came first. This good old kite has done good service, and now it shall be rewarded by sailing up to a splendid height."

As he spoke, he held it up, the light breeze caught it, and it soared away over their heads under the blue sky; while the happy faces that watched it bore witness to the truth of his words—that "the good old kite had done good service."

[From Sharp's Magazine.]

THE STATE OF THE WORLD BEFORE ADAM'S TIME.

AMONG the millions of human beings that dwell on the earth, how few are those who think of inquiring into its past history. The annals of Greece and Rome are imparted to our children as a necessary and important branch of education, while the history of the world itself is neglected, or at the most is confined to those who are destined for a scientific profession; even adults are content to receive on hearsay a vague idea that the globe was in being for some undefined period preceding the era of human history, but few seek to know in what state it existed, or what appearance it presented.

This is owing, partly, to the hard names and scientific language in which geologists have clothed their science, and partly to ignorance of the beauty and attractive nature of the study; we dread the long, abstruse-sounding titles of Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus, and are repelled by the dry disquisitions on mineralogy into which professors of the science are apt to stray. The truth is, however, that geology properly is divided into two distinct branches; one of these consists of the less attractive, though equally useful, investigation of the chemical constituents of the strata, and the classification of the fossil flora and fauna which belong to the various formations; this, which may be styled geology proper, is the department which belongs almost exclusively to men of science, and, inasmuch as it involves the necessity of acquaintance with the sister sciences of chemistry mineralogy, zoology, and botany, is least adapted to the understanding of the uninitiated. The other branch, which may be called the history of geology, presents none of these difficulties; it is as easy of comprehension, and as suitable to the popular mind, as any other historical account; while it presents a variety of interest, and a revolution of events, before which the puny annals of modern history sink into insignificance.

Such of our readers as are unacquainted with the science, will probably be inclined to doubt the possibility of our being aware of events which took place ages before Adam was created; here, however, nature herself steps in, and becoming her own historian, writes "in the living rock" the chronicles of past ages, and so accurately and circumstantially, that we can say positively, "Here existed the sea at such a period, and here the tide ebbed and flowed for centuries;" nay, she shows us the footmarks of extinct animals, and tells us the size, nature, habits, and food of creatures which have for unnumbered ages been buried in the grave of time. She informs us that here the ocean was calm, and that there a river flowed into it; here forests grew and flourished, and there volcanoes vomited forth lava, while mighty earthquakes heaved up mountains with convulsive throes. Such are the events that mark the world's history, and we now purpose giving a short sketch of the various eras in its existence.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, the earth, now so busy and full of life, rolled on its ceaseless course, a vast, desolate, and sterile globe. Day and night succeeded one another, and season followed season, while yet no living form existed, and still the sun rose upon arid, verdureless continents, and hot, caldron-like seas, on which the steaming vapor and heavy fogs sat like an incubus. This is the earliest period of which we glean any positive record, and it is probable that previous to this era the universe was in a state of incandescence, or intense heat, and that by the gradual cooling of the globe, the external surface became hard, and formed a firm crust, in the same manner that molten lead, when exposed to the cold air, hardens on the surface. The vapors which previously floated around this heated mass, in like manner became partially condensed, and gradually accumulating in the hollows, formed the boiling seas which in after ages were destined to be vast receptacles teeming with life.

How long such a period continued it is impossible to say, and were we even able to number its years, we should in all probability obtain a total of such magnitude as would render us unable to form any accurate idea of its extent Our ideas of time, like those of space, are comparative, and so immense was this single period in geological history, that any interval taken from human records would fail to present an adequate idea of it.

As might be expected, this era was marked by vast and violent convulsions; volcanoes raged and threw up molten granite, earthquakes heaved

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and uplifted continents, seas were displaced and inundated the land, and still the earth was enveloped in vapor and mist, arising from the high temperature, and the light most probably penetrated only sufficiently to produce a sickly twilight, while the sun shot lurid rays through the dense and foggy atmosphere. Such a world must have been incompatible with either animal or vegetable life, and we accordingly find no remains of either in the rocks which belong to this early period; their principal characteristic is a highly crystalline appearance, giving strong presumptive evidence of the presence of great heat.

After this era of desolation and gloom, we enter upon what is technically termed the "Transition period," and here we begin to mark the gradual preparation of the globe for the reception of its destined inhabitants. The change is, however, at first very slight, and there is evidence of frequent convulsions and of a high degree of temperature; but the action of fire appears to have declined in force, and aqueous agencies are exerting themselves. The earlier portion of this formation is rendered peculiarly interesting by the fact, that during it the most ancient forms of life sprang into existence. It is true that merely a few species of shell-fish, with some corals, inhabited the depths of the ocean, while the dry land still remained untenanted; nevertheless, humble and scanty as they were, we can not fail to look with interest on the earliest types of that existence, which has subsequently reached such perfection in ourselves.

The presence of corals shows, that although the transition seas had lost their high temperature, yet they retained a sufficient degree of heat to encourage the development of animals requiring warmth. These minute animals possess the remarkable property of extracting from the elementary bodies held in solution in the waters, the materials for forming new rocks. To the coral animalcule or polype we owe much of the vast limestone beds which are found in every part of the world, and many a vessel laden with the riches and productions of the earth finds a grave on the sunken reefs that are the fruit of its labors.

As ages elapsed, and the universe became better adapted for the reception of life, the waters swarmed with zoophytes and corals, and in the silurian strata we find organic remains abundant; shell-fish are numerous and distinct in form, and in some instances display a very interesting anatomical construction. As an instance we may mention the Trilobite, an animal of the crustacean order; the front part of its body formed a large crescent-shaped shield, while the hinder portion consisted of a broad triangular tail, composed of segments folding over each other like the tail of a lobster; its most peculiar organ, however, was the eye, which was composed of four hundred minute spherical lenses placed in separate compartments, and so situated, that in the animal's usual place at the bottom of the ocean it could see every thing around. This kind of eye is also common to the existing butterfly and dragon-fly, the former of which has 35,000, and the latter 14,000 lenses.

Continuing to trace the history of this ancient period, we reach what is called among geologists the Old Red Sandstone age. The corals, and the shell-fish, and the crustacea of the former period have passed away, and in their place we find *fishes;* thus presenting to us the earliest trace of the highest order of the animal kingdom —vertebrata. The plants in this system are few, and it would seem as if the condition of the world was ill-adapted for their growth. Another peculiar characteristic of this era is the state of calm repose in which the ocean appears to have remained; in many rocks the *ripple mark* left by the tide on the shores of the ancient seas is clearly visible; nevertheless considerable volcanic action must have taken place, if we are to believe geologists, who find themselves unable to account otherwise for the preponderance of mineral matter which seems to have been held in solution by the waters.

We now pass on to the Carboniferous period, and a marked change at once strikes us as having taken place. In the previous era few plants appear to have existed; now they flourished with unrivaled luxuriance. Ferns, cacti, gigantic equisetums, and many plants of which there are no existing types, grew, and lived, and died in vast impenetrable forests; while the bulrush and the cane, or genera nearly allied to them, occupied the swamps and lowlands. This is the period when the great coal beds and strata of ironstone were deposited, which supply us with fuel for our fires, and materials for our machinery. The interminable forests that grew and died in the lapse of centuries were gradually borne down by the rivers and torrents to the ocean, at whose bottom they ultimately found a resting place. A considerable portion of the land also seems to have been slowly submerged, as in some cases fossil trees and plants are found in an upright position, as they originally grew.

There is no period in geological history so justly deserving of examination as this. To the coal beds then deposited Great Britain in a great measures owes national and mercantile greatness. Dr. Buckland, in speaking of this remote age, remarks in his Bridgewater Treatise, that "the important uses of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, give to every individual among us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which but few are conscious, in the geological events of these very distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connection with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth before one half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they have been nourished; but treasured up in subterranean store-houses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these latter ages have been to man the sources of heat.

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and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas derived from coal, that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which we construct by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved upon the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron, those two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral production of the earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind."

This may justly be styled the golden age of the pre-adamite world; the globe having now cooled to a sufficient temperature to promote the growth of plants without being injurious to them, is for the first time clothed in all the rich verdure of a tropical climate. Doubtless the earth would have presented a lovely aspect, had it been possible to have beheld it; the mighty forests unawakened by a sound save that of the sighing of the wind; the silent seas, in which the new-born denizens of the deep roamed at will; the vast inland lakes for ages unruffled but by the fitful breeze; all present to the mind's eye a picture of surpassing, solitary grandeur.

The creatures that existed, though differing from those of the previous age, were still confined to the waters; as yet the dry land remained untenanted. The fishes give evidence of a higher organization, and many of them appear to have been of gigantic dimensions. Some teeth which have been found of one kind, the Megalichthys, equal in size those of the largest living crocodiles.

There is one peculiarity respecting fossil fishes which is worthy of remark. It is that, in the lapse of time from one era to another, their character does not change *insensibly*, as in the case of many zoophytes and testacea; on the contrary, species seem to succeed species *abruptly*, and at certain definite intervals. A celebrated geologist* has observed, that not a single species of fossil fish has yet been found that is common to any two great geological formations, or that is living in our own seas.

Continuing our investigation, we next find the fruitful coal era passing away; scarcely a trace of vegetation remains; a few species of zoophytes, shells, and fishes are to be found, and we observe the impression of footsteps, technically called *ichnites*, from the Greek *ichnon*, a footmark. These marks present a highly interesting memento of past ages. Persons living near the sea-shore must have frequently observed the distinctness with which the track of birds and other animals is imprinted in the sand. If this sand were to be hardened by remaining exposed to the action of the sun and air, it would form a perfect mould of the foot; this is exactly what occurred in these early ages, and the hollow becoming subsequently filled by the deposition of new sediment, the lower stone retained the impressiom, while the upper one presented a cast in relief. Many fossil footmarks have been found in the rocks belonging to this period.

It is evident from the fact of footmarks being found, that creatures capable of existing on dry land were formed about this time, and we accordingly find the remains of a new order—Reptiles. These animals, which now constitute but a small family among existing quadrupeds, then flourished in great size and numbers. Crocodiles and lizards of various forms and gigantic stature roamed through the earth. Some of the most remarkable are those which belong to the genus Ichthyosaurus, or fish-lizard, so called from the resemblance of their vertebræ to those of fishes. This saurian Dr. Buckland describes as something similar in form to the modern porpoise; it had four broad feet, and a long and powerful tail; its jaws were so prodigious that it could probably expand them to a width of five or six feet, and its powers of destruction must have been enormous. The length of some of these reptiles exceeded thirty feet.

Another animal which lived at this period was the Plesiosaurus. It lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and would seem, from its organs of respiration, to have required frequent supplies of fresh air. Mr. Conybeare describes it as "swimming upon, or near the surface, arching its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach."

This reptile, which was smaller than the Ichthyosaurus, has been found as long as from twelve to fifteen feet. Its appearance and habits differed from the latter materially. The Ichthyosaurus, with its short neck, powerful jaws, and lizard-like body, seems admirably suited to range through the deep waters, unrivaled in size or strength, and monarch of the then existing world; the Plesiosaurus, smaller in size and inferior in strength, shunned its powerful antagonist, and, lurking in shallows and sheltered bays, remained secure from the assaults of its dangerous foe, its long neck and small head being well adapted to enable it to dart on its prey, as it lay concealed amid the tangled sea-weed.

This has been called by geologists the "age of reptiles;" their remains are found in great numbers in the lias, oolite, and wealden strata. These creatures seem to form a connecting link

* Dr. Buckland.

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between the fishes of the previous era, and the mammalia of the Tertiary age; the Ichthyosaurus differed little from a fish in shape, and its paddles or feet are not unlike fins, the Plesiosaurus, on the contrary, as its name denotes, partook more of the quadruped form. Dr. Buckland in describing it, says: "To the head of a lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a cameleon, and the paddles of a whale." Besides these animals we find the Pterodactyle, half bird and half reptile; the Megalosaurus, or gigantic lizard; the Hylæosaurus, or forest lizard; the Geosaurus, or land lizard, and many others, all partaking more or less of affinity to both the piscatory and saurian tribes.

Passing on now to the period when the great chalk rocks which prevail so much in the south-eastern counties of Great Britain were deposited, we find the land in many places submerged; the fossil remains are eminently marine in character, and the earth must literally have presented a "world of waters" to the view. Sponges, corals, star-fish, and marine reptiles inhabited the globe, and plants, chiefly of marine types, grew on its surface. Although, however, a great portion of the earth was under water, it must not therefore be supposed that it was returning to its ancient desolation and solitude. The author whom we last quoted, in speaking of this subject, says: "The sterility and solitude which have sometimes been attributed to the depths of the ocean, exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The great mass of water that covers nearly three-fourths of the globe is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land."

This era seems to have been one of peculiar tranquillity, for the most part undisturbed by earthquakes or other igneous forces. The prevailing characteristic of the scenery was flatness, and low continents were surrounded by shallow seas. The earth is now approaching the state when it will be fit for the reception of man, and in the next age we find some of the existing species of animals.

It is worthy of observation, that at the different periods when the world had attained a state suitable for their existence, the various orders of animal and vegetable life were created. In the "dark ages" of geological history, when the globe had comparatively lately subsided from a state of fusion,* it was barren, sterile, and uninhabited; next, the waters having become cool enough, some of the lowest orders of shell-fish and zoophytes peopled them; subsequently, fishes were formed, and for ages constituted the highest order of animal life; after this we enter on the age of reptiles, when gigantic crocodiles and lizard-like forms dwelt in fenny marshes, or reposed on the black mud of slow moving rivers, as they crept along toward the ocean betwixt their oozy banks; and we now reach the period when the noblest order of animal life, the class to which man himself belongs, Mammalia, began to people the earth.

The world now probably presented an appearance nearly similar to what it does at present. The land, which in the chalk formation was under water, has again emerged, and swarms with life; vast savannahs rich in verdure, and decked in a luxuriant garb with trees, plants, grasses, and shrubs, and inland lakes, to which the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, with many extinct races of animals, came to slake their thirst, form the principal characteristics of this period.

There is something peculiarly interesting in looking back to this early age, while Adam was yet dust. We picture to the mind's eye the gigantic Deinotherium, the largest creature of terrestrial life, raking and grubbing with its huge tusks the aquatic plants that grew in the pools and shallow lakes, or, as Dr. Buckland describes it, sleeping with its head hooked on to the bank, and its nostrils sustained above water so as merely to breathe, while the body remained floating at ease beneath the surface. We see its twin-brother in greatness, the Megatherium, as it comes slowly stalking through the thick underwood, its foot, of a yard in length, crushing where it treads, and its impenetrable hide defying the attacks of rhinoceros or crocodile. In the waters we behold the mighty whale, monarch of the deep, sporting in the pre-adamite seas as he now does amid the icebergs of the Arctic ocean; the walrus and the seal, now denizens of the colder climes, mingling with the tropical manati; while in the forests the owl, the buzzard, and the woodcock, dwelt undisturbed, and the squirrel and monkey leaped from bough to bough.

Arrived at the close of the pre-adamite history, after having traced it from the earliest ages of which we possess any evidence, down to the eve of human existence, the reflection that naturally presents itself to the mind is the strangeness of the fact, that myriads of creatures should have existed, and that generation after generation should have lived and died and passed away, ere yet man saw the light. We are so accustomed to view all creatures as created solely for human use, rather than for the pleasure of the Divine Creator, that we can at first scarcely credit the history, though written by the hand of nature herself; and the human race sinks into insignificance when it is shown to be but the last link in a long chain of creations. Nevertheless, that such, however humbling it may be, is the fact, we possess indubitable evidence: and when we consider, as Mr. Bakewell observes, "that more than three-fifths of the earth's present surface are covered

* The theory of the original incandescence of the earth has been much debated, but we believe it is gaining ground among geologists.

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by the ocean, and that if from the remainder we deduct the space occupied by polar ice and eternal snows, by sandy deserts, sterile mountains, marshes, rivers, and lakes, that the habitable portion will scarcely exceed one-fifth of the whole globe; that the remaining four-fifths, though untenanted by mankind, are, for the most part, abundantly stocked with animated beings, that exult in the pleasure of existence, independent of human control, and in no way subservient to the necessities or caprices of men; that such is and has been, for several thousand years, the actual condition of our planet; we may feel less reluctance in admitting the prolonged ages of creation, and the numerous tribes that lived and flourished, and left their remains imbedded in the strata which compose the outer crust of the earth."

THE MANIA FOR TULIPS IN HOLLAND.

THE inordinate passion, which at one time prevailed for Tulips, amounted to actual madness, and well deserved the name of Tulipomania, by which it is distinguished. The Tulip was introduced into Europe from Constantinople in the year 1559, according to Gesner. After it became known to the Dutch merchants and nobility at Vienna, it became a most important branch of trade in Holland, and they sent frequently to Constantinople for roots and seeds of the flower. In the year 1634, and for three years after, little else was thought of in Holland but this traffic; all embarked in it, from the nobleman to the common laborer, and so successful were many that they rose rapidly from abject poverty to affluence; and those who had been barely able to procure the most scanty means of subsistence were enabled to set up their carriages, and enjoy every convenience and luxury of life; indeed, when we read of the enormous sums paid for a single root, we can feel no surprise at the immense and rapid fortunes which were made. It is on record, that one wealthy merchant gave his daughter no other portion to secure an eligible match than a single root. The plant to this day bears the name of the "marriage portion." We find that 2 hogsheads of wine, 4 tuns of beer, 2 lasts of wheat, 4 lasts of rye, 2 tons of butter, 1000 pounds of cheese, 4 fat oxen, 8 fat swine, and 12 fat sheep, a complete bed, a suit of clothes, a silver beckess, valued at 2500 florins, were given in exchange for a single root of the tulip called the Viceroy. This mode of barter, being attended with inconvenience, could not be general, and gave place to sale by weight, by which immense sums were made. Single roots have sold for 4400 florins; 2000 florins was a common price for a root of the Semper Augustus; and it happened that once, when only two roots of this species could be procured, the one at Amsterdam, and the other at Haarlem, 4600 florins, a new carriage, and a pair of horses, with complete harness, were given for one; and for the other an exchange made of 12 acres of land: indeed, land was frequently parted with when cash could not be advanced for the purchase of a desired root; and houses, cattle, furniture, and even clothes, were all sacrificed to the Tulipomania. In the course of four months, a person has been known to realize 60,000 florins. These curious bargains took place in taverns, where notaries and clerks were regularly paid for attending; and after the contracts were completed, the traders of all ranks sat down together to a splendid entertainment. At these sales, the usual price of a root of the Viceroy was £250; a root of the Admiral Liefkuns, £440; a root of the Admiral Von Eyk, £160; a root of the Grebbu, £148; a root of the Schilder, £160; a root of the Semper Augustus, £550. A collection of Tulips of Wouter Brockholsminster was disposed of by his executors for £9000; but they sold a root of the Semper Augustus separately, for which they got £300, and a very fine Spanish cabinet, valued at £1000. The Semper Augustus was, indeed, in great request. A gentleman received £3000 for three roots which he sold; he had also the offer of £1500 a year for his plant for seven years, with an engagement that it should be given up as found, the increase alone having been retained during the period. One gentleman made £6000 in the space of six months. It was ascertained that the trade in Tulips in one city alone, in Holland, amounted to £1,000,000 sterling. To such an extent was this extraordinary traffic carried on, that a system of stock-jobbing was introduced; and Tulips, which were bought and sold for much more than their weight in gold, were nominally purchased without changing hands at all. Beekmann, in describing this curious traffic, for which all other merchandise and pursuit was neglected, mentions that engagements were entered into, which were to be fulfilled in six months, and not to be affected by any change in the value of the root during that time. Thus, a bargain might be made with a merchant for a root at the price of 1000 florins. At the time specified for its delivery, its value may have risen to 1500 florins, the purchaser being a gainer of 500 florins. Should it, on the contrary, have fallen to 800 florins, the purchaser was then a loser to the amount of 200 florins. If there had been no fluctuation in the market, the bargain terminated without an exchange of the money for the root, so that it became a species of gambling, at which immense sums were lost and won. The decline of the trade was as unexpected as its rise had been surprising. When settling day came, there were many defaulters; some from inability to meet their engagements, and many from dishonesty. Persons began to speculate more cautiously, and the more respectable to feel that the system of gambling, in which they were engaged, was by no means creditable. The Tulip-holders then wished to dispose of their merchandise really, and not *nominally*, but found, to their disappointment, that the demand had decreased. Prices fell—contracts were violated—appeals were

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made to the magistrates in vain; and, after violent contentions, in which the venders claimed, and the purchasers resisted payment, the state interposed, and issued an order invalidating the contracts, which put an end at once to the stock-jobbing; and the roots, which had been valued at £500 each, were now to be had for £5: and thus ended the most strange commerce in which Europe had been ever engaged.

Some curious anecdotes connected with the mania may be found. Among them is one of burgomaster, who had made interest for a friend, and succeeded in obtaining a very lucrative situation for him. The friend, anxious to testify his gratitude, entreated of the burgomaster to allow him to show it by some substantial proof. His generous benefactor would accept no favor in return; all he asked was the gratification of seeing his flower-garden, which was readily granted. The friends did not meet again for two years. At the end of that time, the gentleman went to visit the burgomaster. On going into his garden, the first thing that attracted his observation was a fine Tulip of great value, which he instantly knew must have been purloined from his garden, when his treacherous friend had been admitted into it, two years before. He gave vent to the most frantic passion—immediately resigned his place of £1000 per annum—returned to his house merely to tear up his flower-garden—and, having completed the work of destruction, left it, never to return.

We have read of a sailor, who had brought a heavy load to the warehouse of a merchant, and only gave him a herring as payment and nourishment. This was very inadequate to satisfy the man's hunger, but perceiving, as he thought, some onions lying before him, he snatched up one, and bit it. It happened to be a Tulip-root, worth a king's ransom; so we may conceive the consternation of the merchant, which is said to have nearly deprived him of his sense.

It has been said that John Barclay, the author of the romance of "Angenis," was a victim to Tulipomania. Nothing could induce him to quit the house to which his flower-garden was attached, though the situation was so unwholesome that he ran the risk of having his plants destroyed. He kept two fierce mastiffs to guard the flowers, which he determined never to abandon.

The passion for Tulips was at its height in and toward the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth century. The tulip is a native of the Levant, and of many of the eastern countries. Though common in Persia, it is highly esteemed, and considered an emblem of love. Chardin tells us that when a young Persian wishes to make sentiments known to his mistress, he presents her with one of these flowers, which, of course, is the flame-colored one, with black anthers, often seen in our gardens; as, Chardin says, He thus gives her to understand, that he is all on fire with her beauty, and his heart is burned to a coal." The flower is still highly esteemed by florists, and has its place among the few named florists' flowers. Many suppose it to be "the Lily of the Field," mentioned in the Sermon on the Mount, from its growing in wild profusion in Syria, and from the extreme delicacy of the texture of its petals, and from the wonderful variety and dazzling beauty of its colors. It may be so; and the flower acquires from this an interest which nothing else could give.

THE SALT MINES OF EUROPE.

THE salt-mines of Cheshire, and the brine-pits of Worcestershire, according to the best authority, not only supply salt sufficient for the consumption of nearly the whole of England, but also upward of half a million of tons for exportation. Rock-salt is by no means confined to England, it is found in many countries, especially where strata of more recent date than those of the coal measures abound. Though in some instances the mineral is pure and sparkling in its native state, it is generally dull and dirty, owing to the matter with which it is associated. The ordinary shade is a dull red, from being in contact with marls of that color. But notwithstanding, it possesses many interesting features. When the extensive subterranean halls have been lighted up with innumerable candles, the appearance is most interesting, and the visitor, enchanted with the scene, feels himself richly repaid for the trouble he may have incurred in visiting the excavations.

The Cheshire mines are from 50 to 150 yards below the surface. The number of salt-beds is five; the thinnest of them being only about six inches, while the thickest is nearly forty feet. Besides these vast masses, there is a large quantity of salt mixed up with the marl beds that intervene. The method of working the rock-salt is like that adopted for the excavation of coal; but it is much more safe and pleasant to visit these than the other, owing to the roof of the excavations being much more secure, and the absence of all noxious gases, with the exception of carbonic acid gas. In the thinner coal-seams, the roof, or rock lying above the coal, is supported by wooden pillars as the mineral is withdrawn; while, in the thicker seams, pillars of coal are left at intervals to support the superincumbent mass. The latter is the plan adopted in the salt-mines. Large pillars of various dimensions are left to support the roof at irregular intervals; but these bear a small proportion to the mass of mineral excavated. The effect is most picturesque; in the deep gloom of the excavation, the pillars present tangible objects on which the eye can rest, while the intervening spaces stretch away into night. The mineral is loosened from the rock by blasting, and the effect of the explosions, heard from time to time re-echoing through the wide spaces, and from the distant walls of rock,

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gives a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness to the scene. The great charm, indeed, on the occasion of a visit to these mines, even when they are illuminated by thousands of lights, is chiefly owing to the gloomy and cavernous appearance, the dim endless perspective, broken by the numerous pillars, and the lights half disclosing and half concealing the deep recesses which are formed and terminated by these monstrous and solid projections. The pillars, owing to the great height of the roof, are very massive. For twenty feet of rock they are about fifteen feet thick. The descent to the mines is by a shaft —a perpendicular opening of six, eight, or ten feet square; this opening is used for the general purposes of ventilation, drainage, lifting the mineral, as well as the miners. It varies in dimensions according to the extent of the excavations. In some of the English mines the part of the bed of rock-salt excavated amounts to several acres; but in some parts of Europe the workings are even more extensive. The Wilton mine, one of the largest in England, is worked 330 feet below the surface, and from it, and one or two adjacent mines, upward of 60,000 tons of salt are annually obtained, two-thirds of which are immediately exported, and the rest is dissolved in water, and afterward reduced to a crystaline state by evaporating the solution. It is not yet two hundred years since the Cheshire mines were discovered. In the year 1670, before men were guided by science in their investigations, an attempt was made to find coal in the district. The sinking was unsuccessful relative to the one mineral, but the disappointment and loss were amply met by the discovery of the other. From that time till the present, the rock-salt has been dug, and, as we have seen, most extensively used in England, while the surplus supply has become an article of exportation. Previous to this discovery the consumption was chiefly supplied from the brine-pits of Worcestershire.

There is a remarkable deposit of salt in the valley of Cardona, in the Pyrenees. Two thick masses of rock-salt, says Ansted, apparently united at their bases, make their appearance on one of the slopes of the hill of Cardona. One of the beds, or rather masses, has been worked, and measures about 130 yards by 250; but its depth has not been determined. It consists of salt in a laminated condition, and with confused crystalization. That part which is exposed is composed of eight beds, nearly horizontal, having a total thickness of fifteen feet; but the beds are separated from one another by red and variegated marls and gypsum. The second mass, not worked, appears to be unstratified, but in other respects resembles the former; and this portion, where it has been exposed to the action of the weather, is steeply scarped, and bristles with needle-like points, so that its appearance has been compared to that of a glacier. There is also an extensive salt-mine at Wieliczka, in Poland, and the manner of working it was accurately described some years since. The manner of descending into the mine was by means of a large cord wound round a wheel and worked by a horse. The visitor, seated on a small piece of wood placed in the loop of the cord, and grasping the cord with both hands, was let down two hundred feet, the depth of the first galleries, through a shaft about eight feet square, sunk through beds of sand, alternating with limestone, gypsum, variegated marls, and calcareous schists. Below the stage, the descent was by wooden staircases, nine or ten feet wide. In the first gallery was a chapel, measuring thirty feet in length by twenty-four in breadth, and eighteen in height; every part of it, the floor, the roof, the columns which sustained the roof, the altar, the crucifix, and several statues, were all cut out of the solid salt; the chapel was for the use of the miners. It had always been said that the salt in this mine had the qualities which produced magic appearances to an uncommon degree; but it is now ascertained that its scenery is not more enchanting than that of the mines in Cheshire. Gunpowder is now used in the Polish as in the English mines; but the manner of obtaining the salt at the time of the visit we are recording was peculiar, and too ingenious to be passed over, even though it be now superseded by the more modern and more successful mode of blasting. "In the first place, the overman, or head miner, marked the length, breadth, and thickness of a block he wished to be detached, the size of which was generally the same, namely, about eight feet long, four feet wide, and two feet thick. A certain number of blocks being marked, the workman began by boring a succession of holes on one side from top to bottom of the block, the holes being three inches deep, and six inches apart. A horizontal groove was then cut, half an inch deep, both above and below, and, having put into each of the holes an iron wedge, all the wedges were struck with moderate blows, to drive them into the mass; the blows were continued until two cracks appeared, one in the direction of the line of the holes, and the other along the upper horizontal line. The block was now loosened and ready to fall, and the workman introduced into the crack produced by the driving of the wedges a wooden ruler, two or three inches broad, and, moving it backward and forward on the crack, a tearing sound was soon heard, which announced the completion of the work. If proper care had been taken, the block fell unbroken, and was then divided into three or four parts, which were shaped into cylinders for the greater convenience of transport. Each workman was able to work out four such blocks every day, and the whole number of persons employed in the mine, varied from twelve hundred to about two thousand." The mine was worked in galleries; and, at the time of this visit, these galleries extended to at least eight English miles. Since then the excavations have become much more extensive.

The method of preparing rock-salt is very simple, and differs little from that employed in

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manufacturing salt from springs. The first step in the process is, to obtain a proper strength of brine, by saturating fresh water with the salt brought from the mine. The brine obtained in a clear state is put into evaporating pans, and brought as quickly as possible to a boiling heat, when a skin is formed on the surface, consisting chiefly of impurities. This skin is taken off, so also are the first crystals that are formed, and either thrown aside as useless, or used for agricultural purposes. The heat is kept at the boiling point for eight hours, during which period evaporation is going on—the liquid becoming gradually reduced, and the salt meanwhile is being deposited. When this part of the process is finished, the salt is raked out, put into moulds, and placed in a drying stove, where it is dried perfectly, and made ready for the market.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(*Continued from page* 673.)

CHAPTER X.

In my next chapter I shall present Squire Hazeldean in patriarchal state — not exactly under the fig tree he has planted, but before the stocks he has reconstructed. Squire Hazeldean and his family on the village green! The canvas is all ready for the colors.

But in this chapter I must so far afford a glimpse into antecedents as to let the reader know that there is one member of the family whom he is not likely to meet at present, if ever, on the village green at Hazeldean.

Our squire lost his father two years after his birth; his mother was very handsome—and so was her jointure; she married again at the expiration of her year of mourning—the object of her second choice was Colonel Egerton.

In every generation of Englishmen (at least since the lively reign of Charles II.) there are a few whom some elegant Genius skims off from the milk of human nature, and reserves for the cream of society. Colonel Egerton was one of these *terque, quaterque beati*, and dwelt apart on a top shelf in that delicate porcelain dish—not bestowed upon vulgar buttermilk—which persons of fashion call The Great World. Mighty was the marvel of Pall Mall, and profound was the pity of Park-lane, when this supereminent personage condescended to lower himself into a husband. But Colonel Egerton was not a mere gaudy butterfly; he had the provident instincts ascribed to the bee. Youth had passed from him —and carried off much solid property in its flight; he saw that a time was fast coming when a home, with a partner who could help to maintain it, would be conducive to his comforts, and an occasional humdrum evening by the fire-side beneficial to his health. In the midst of one season at Brighton, to which gay place he had accompanied the Prince of Wales, he saw a widow who, though in the weeds of mourning, did not appear inconsolable. Her person pleased his taste—the accounts of her jointure satisfied his understanding; he contrived an introduction, and brought a brief wooing to a happy close. The late Mr. Hazeldean had so far anticipated the chance of the young widow's second espousals, that, in case of that event, he transferred, by his testamentary dispositions, the guardianship of his infant heir from the mother to two squires whom he had named his executors. This circumstance combined with her new ties somewhat to alienate Mrs. Hazeldean from the pledge of her former loves; and when she had borne a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections gradually concentrated.

William Hazeldean was sent by his guardians to a large provincial academy, at which his forefathers had received their education time out of mind. At first he spent his holidays with Mrs. Egerton; but as she now resided either in London, or followed her lord to Brighton to partake of the gayeties at the Pavilion—so, as he grew older, William, who had a hearty affection for country life, and of whose bluff manners and rural breeding Mrs. Egerton (having grown exceedingly refined) was openly ashamed, asked and obtained permission to spend his vacations either with his guardians or at the old Hall. He went late to a small college at Cambridge, endowed in the fifteenth century by some ancestral Hazeldean; and left it, on coming of age, without taking a degree. A few years afterward he married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half-brother, Audley Egerton, may be said to have begun his initiation into the *beau monde* before he had well cast aside his coral and bells; he had been fondled in the lap of duchesses, and galloped across the room astride on the canes of embassadors and princes. For Colonel Egerton was not only very highly connected—not only one of the *Dii majores* of fashion —but he had the still rarer good fortune to be an exceedingly popular man with all who knew him; so popular, that even the fine ladies whom he had adored and abandoned forgave him for marrying out of "the set," and continued to be as friendly as if he had not married at all. People who were commonly called heartless, were never weary of doing kind things to the Egertons. When the time came for Audley to leave the preparatory school, at which his infancy budded forth among the stateliest of the little lilies of the field, and go to Eton, half the fifth and sixth forms had been canvassed to be exceedingly civil to young Egerton. The boy soon showed that he inherited his father's talent for acquiring popularity, and that to this talent he added those which put popularity to use. Without achieving any scholastic distinction, he yet contrived to establish at Eton the most desirable reputation which a boy can obtain—namely, that among his own contemporaries—the reputation of a boy who was sure to do something when he grew to be a man. As a gentleman commoner at Christ

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Church, Oxford, he continued to sustain this high expectation, though he won no prizes and took but an ordinary degree; and at Oxford the future "something" became more defined—it was "something in public life" that this young man was to do.

While he was yet at the university, both his parents died—within a few months of each other. And when Audley Egerton came of age, he succeeded to a paternal property which was supposed to be large, and, indeed, had once been so; but Colonel Egerton had been too lavish a man to enrich his heir, and about £1500 a year was all that sales and mortgages left of an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand pounds.

Still, Audley was considered to be opulent, and he did not dispel that favorable notion by any imprudent exhibition of parsimony. On entering the world of London, the Clubs flew open to receive him; and he woke one morning to find himself, not indeed famous—but the fashion. To this fashion he at once gave a certain gravity and value—he associated as much as possible with public men and political ladies—he succeeded in confirming the notion that he was "born to ruin or to rule the State."

Now, his dearest and most intimate friend was Lord L'Estrange, from whom he had been inseparable at Eton; and who now, if Audley Egerton was the fashion, was absolutely the rage in London.

Harley Lord L'Estrange was the only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a nobleman of considerable wealth, and allied by intermarriages to the loftiest and most powerful families in England. Lord Lansmere, nevertheless, was but little known in the circles of London. He lived chiefly on his estates, occupying himself with the various duties of a great proprietor, and rarely came to the metropolis; so that he could afford to give his son a very ample allowance, when Harley, at the age of sixteen (having already attained to the sixth form at Eton), left school for one of the regiments of the Guards.

Few knew what to make of Harley L'Estrange—and that was, perhaps, the reason why he was so much thought of. He had been by far the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton—not only the boast of the cricket-ground, but the marvel of the school-room—yet so full of whims and oddities, and seeming to achieve his triumphs with so little aid from steadfast application, that he had not left behind him the same expectations of solid eminence which his friend and senior, Audley Egerton, had excited. His eccentricities—his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way actions, became as notable in the great world as they had been in the small one of public school. That he was very clever there was no doubt, and that the cleverness was of a high order might be surmised not only from the originality but the independence of his character. He dazzled the world, without seeming to care for its praise or its censure—dazzled it, as it were, because he could not help shining. He had some strange notions, whether political or social, which rather frightened his father. According to Southey, "A man should be no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been young." Youth and extravagant opinions naturally go together. I don't know whether Harley L'Estrange was a republican at the age of eighteen; but there was no young man in London who seemed to care less for being heir to an illustrious name and some forty or fifty thousand pounds a year. It was a vulgar fashion in that day to play the exclusive, and cut persons who wore bad neckcloths and called themselves Smith or Johnson. Lord L'Estrange never cut any one, and it was quite enough to slight some worthy man because of his neckcloth or his birth, to insure to the offender the pointed civilities of this eccentric successor to the Dorimonts and the Wildairs.

It was the wish of his father that Harley, as soon as he came of age, should represent the borough of Lansmere (which said borough was the single plague of the Earl's life). But this wish was never realized. Suddenly, when the young idol of London still wanted some two or three years of his majority, a new whim appeared to seize him. He withdrew entirely from society—he left unanswered the most pressing three-cornered notes of inquiry and invitation that ever strewed the table of a young Guardsman; he was rarely seen anywhere in his former haunts—when seen, was either alone or with Egerton; and his gay spirits seemed wholly to have left him. A profound melancholy was written in his countenance, and breathed in the listless tones of his voice. At this time the Guards were achieving in the Peninsula their imperishable renown; but the battalion to which Harley belonged was detained at home; and whether chafed by inaction or emulous of glory, the young Lord suddenly exchanged into a cavalry regiment, from which a recent memorable conflict had swept one half the officers. Just before he joined, a vacancy happening to occur for the representation of Lansmere, he made it his special request to his father that the family interest might be given to his friend Egerton—went down to the Park, which adjoined the borough, to take leave of his parents—and Egerton followed, to be introduced to the electors. This visit made a notable epoch in the history of many personages who figure in my narrative, but at present I content myself with saying, that circumstances arose which, just as the canvass for the new election commenced, caused both L'Estrange and Audley to absent themselves from the scene of action, and that the last even wrote to Lord Lansmere expressing his intention of declining to contest the borough.

Fortunately for the parliamentary career of Audley Egerton, the election had become to Lord Lansmere not only a matter of public importance, but of personal feeling. He resolved that the battle should be fought out, even in the

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absence of the candidate, and at his own expense. Hitherto the contest for this distinguished borough had been, to use the language of Lord Lansmere, "conducted in the spirit of gentlemen"—that is to say, the only opponents to the Lansmere interest had been found in one or the other of two rival families in the same county; and as the Earl was a hospitable, courteous man, much respected and liked by the neighboring gentry, so the hostile candidate had always interlarded his speeches with profuse compliments to his Lordship's high character, and civil expressions as to his Lordship's candidate. But, thanks to successive elections, one of these two families had come to an end, and its actual representative was now residing within the Rules of the Bench; the head of the other family was the sitting member, and, by an amicable agreement with the Lansmere interest, he remained as neutral as it is in the power of any sitting member to be amidst the passions of an intractable committee. Accordingly, it had been hoped that Egerton would come in without opposition, when, the very day on which he had abruptly left the place, a handbill, signed "Haverill Dashmore, Captain R.N., Baker-street, Portman-square," announced, in very spirited language, the intention of that gentleman to emancipate the borough from the unconstitutional domination of an oligarchical faction, not with a view to his own political aggrandizement—indeed, at great personal inconvenience—but actuated solely by abhorrence to tyranny, and patriotic passion for the purity of election.

This announcement was followed, within two hours, by the arrival of Captain Dashmore himself, in a carriage-and-four covered with yellow favors, and filled, inside and out, with harum-scarum looking friends who had come down with him to aid the canvass and share the fun.

Captain Dashmore was a thorough sailor, who had, however, taken a disgust to the profession from the date in which a Minister's nephew had been appointed to the command of a ship to which the Captain considered himself unquestionably entitled. It is just to the Minister to add, that Captain Dashmore had shown as little regard for orders from a distance, as had immortalized Nelson himself; but then the disobedience had not achieved the same redeeming success as that of Nelson, and Captain Dashmore ought to have thought himself fortunate in escaping a severer treatment than the loss of promotion. But no man knows when he is well off; and retiring on half-pay, just as he came into unexpected possession of some forty or fifty thousand pounds bequeathed by a distant relation, Captain Dashmore was seized with a vindictive desire to enter parliament, and inflict oratorical chastisement on the Administration.

A very few hours sufficed to show the sea-captain to be a most capital electioneerer for a small and not very enlightened borough. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical Radical and moralizing Democrat hollow. Moreover he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip; he threw open all the public-houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and, chucking his purse up in the air, declared "he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker." Till then, there had been but little political difference between the candidate supported by Lord Lansmere's interest and the opposing parties—for country gentlemen, in those days, were pretty much of the same way of thinking, and the question had been really local—viz., whether the Lansmere interest should or should not prevail over that of the two squirearchical families who had alone, hitherto, ventured to oppose it. But though Captain Dashmore was really a very loyal man, and much too old a sailor to think that the State (which, according to established metaphor, is a vessel, *par excellence*), should admit Jack upon quarter-deck, yet, what with talking against lords and aristocracy, jobs and abuses, and searching through no very refined vocabulary for the strongest epithets to apply to those irritating nouns-substantive, his bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence. Thus, though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his Lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman by the title of "Old Pompous;" and the Mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the Solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint sobriquet of "Tops and Bottoms!" Hence the election had now become, as I said before, a personal matter with my Lord, and, indeed, with the great heads of the Lansmere interest. The Earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. "The man from Baker-street," with his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment, as with superstitious terror: he felt as felt the dignified Montezuma, when that ruffianly Cortez, with his handful of Spanish rapscallions, bearded him in his own capital, and in the midst of his Mexican splendor—"The gods were menaced if man could be so insolent!" wherefore said my Lord, tremulously, "The Constitution is gone if the Man from Baker-street comes in for Lansmere!"

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But, in the absence of Audley Egerton, the election looked extremely ugly, and Captain Dashmore gained ground hourly, when the Lansmere Solicitor happily bethought him of a notable proxy for the missing candidate. The Squire of Hazeldean, with his young wife, had been invited by the Earl in honor of Audley; and in the Squire the Solicitor beheld the only mortal who could cope with the sea-captain—a man with a voice as burly, and a face as bold—a man who, if permitted for the nonce by Mrs. Hazeldean, would kiss all the women no less heartily than the Captain kissed them; and who was, moreover, a taller, and a handsomer, and a younger man—all three, great recommendations in the kissing department of a contested election. Yes, to canvass the borough, and to speak from the window, Squire Hazeldean would be even more popularly presentable than the London-bred and accomplished Audley Egerton himself.

The Squire, applied to and urged on all sides, at first said bluntly, "that he would do any thing in reason to serve his brother, but that he did not like, for his own part, appearing, even in proxy, as a Lord's nominee; and, moreover, if he was to be sponsor for his brother, why, he must promise and vow, in his name, to be stanch and true to the land they lived by; and how could he tell that Audley, when once he got into the House, would not forget the land, and then he, William Hazeldean, would be made a liar, and look like a turncoat!"

But these scruples being overruled by the arguments of the gentlemen and the entreaties of the ladies, who took in the election that intense interest which those gentle creatures usually do take in all matters of strife and contest, the Squire at length consented to confront the Man from Baker-street, and went, accordingly, into the thing with that good heart and old English spirit with which he went into every thing whereon he had once made up his mind.

The expectations formed of the Squire's capacities for popular electioneering were fully realized. He talked quite as much nonsense as Captain Dashmore on every subject except the landed interest; there he was great, for he knew the subject well—knew it by the instinct that comes with practice, and compared to which all your showy theories are mere cobwebs and moonshine.

The agricultural outvoters—many of whom, not living under Lord Lansmere, but being small yeomen, had hitherto prided themselves on their independence, and gone against my Lord—could not in their hearts go against one who was every inch the farmer's friend. They began to share in the Earl's personal interest against the Man from Baker-street; and big fellows, with legs bigger round than Captain Dashmore's tight little body, and huge whips in their hands, were soon seen entering the shops, "intimidating the electors," as Captain Dashmore indignantly declared.

These new recruits made a great difference in the muster-roll of the Lansmere books; and, when the day for polling arrived, the result was a fair question for even betting. At the last hour, after a neck-and-neck contest, Mr. Audley Egerton beat the Captain by two votes. And the names of these voters were John Avenal, resident freeman, and his son-in-law, Mark Fairfield, an outvoter, who, though a Lansmere freeman, had settled in Hazeldean, where he had obtained the situation of head carpenter on the Squire's estate.

These votes were unexpected; for, though Mark Fairfield had come to Lansmere on purpose to support the Squire's brother, and though the Avenals had been always stanch supporters of the Lansmere Blue interest, yet a severe affliction (as to the nature of which, not desiring to sadden the opening of my story, I am considerately silent) had befallen both these persons, and they had left the town on the very day after Lord L'Estrange and Mr. Egerton had quitted Lansmere Park.

Whatever might have been the gratification of the Squire, as a canvasser and a brother, at Mr. Egerton's triumph, it was much damped when, on leaving the dinner given in honor of the victory, at the Lansmere Arms, and about, with no steady step, to enter the carriage which was to convey him to his Lordship's house, a letter was put into his hands by one of the gentleman who had accompanied the Captain to the scene of action; and the perusal of that letter, and a few whispered words from the bearer thereof, sent the Squire back to Mrs. Hazeldean a much soberer man than she had ventured to hope for. The fact was, that on the day of nomination, the Captain having honored Mr. Hazeldean with many poetical and figurative appellations—such as "Prize Ox," "Tony Lumpkin," "Blood-sucking Vampyre," and "Brotherly Warming-Pan," the Squire had retorted by a joke upon "Salt Water Jack;" and the Captain, who, like all satirists, was extremely susceptible and thin-skinned, could not consent to be called "Salt Water Jack" by a "Prize Ox" and a "Blood-sucking Vampyre." The letter, therefore, now conveyed to Mr. Hazeldean by a gentleman, who, being from the Sister Country, was deemed the most fitting accomplice in the honorable destruction of a brother mortal, contained nothing more nor less than an invitation to single combat; and the bearer thereof, with the suave politeness enjoined by etiquette on such well-bred homicidal occasions, suggested the expediency of appointing the place of meeting in the neighborhood of London, in order to prevent interference from the suspicious authorities of Lansmere.

The natives of some countries—the warlike French in particular—think little of that formal operation which goes by the name of Duelling. Indeed, they seem rather to like it than otherwise. But there is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—con-

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iders with more repugnance and aversion, than hat same cold-blooded ceremonial. It is not vithin the range of an Englishman's ordinary abits of thinking. He prefers going to law—much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, e will fight. He says "it is very foolish;" he sure "it is most unchristian-like;" he agrees ith all that Philosopher, Preacher, and Press ive laid down on the subject; but he makes s will, says his prayers, and goes out, like a ather!

It never, therefore, occurred to the Squire to ow the white feather upon this unpleasant asion. The next day, feigning excuse to at- d the sale of a hunting stud at Tattersall's, ruefully went up to London, after taking a uliarly affectionate leave of his wife. In- d, the Squire felt convinced that he should er return home except in a coffin. "It stands eason," said he, to himself, "that a man, has been actually paid by the King's Gov- nent for shooting people ever since he was ttle boy in a midshipman's jacket, must be ad hand at the job. I should not mind if it with double-barreled Mantons and small ; but ball and pistol! they arn't human nor smanlike!" However, the Squire, after ng his worldly affairs, and hunting up an College friend, who undertook to be his d, proceeded to a sequestered corner of bledon Common, and planted himself, not ays, as one ought to do in such encounters which posture the Squire swore was an nly way of shirking), but full front to the of his adversary's pistol, with such sturdy sure, that Captain Dashmore, who, though cellent shot, was at bottom as good-na- a fellow as ever lived, testified his admir- by letting off his gallant opponent with a the fleshy part of his shoulder; after he declared himself perfectly satisfied. rties then shook hands, mutual apologies xchanged, and the Squire, much to his ment to find himself still alive, was con- to Limmer's Hotel, where, after a con- le amount of anguish, the ball was ex- and the wound healed. Now it was all e Squire felt very much raised in his nceit; and, when he was in a humor an ordinarily fierce, that perilous event a favorite allusion with him.

onsidered, moreover, that his brother rred at his hand the most lasting obli- and that, having procured Audley's Parliament, and defended his interests sk of his own life, he had an absolute dictate to that gentleman how to vote ll matters at least connected with the terest. And when, not very long after ook his seat in Parliament (which he for some months), he thought proper ote and to speak in a manner wholly he promises the Squire had made on f, Mr. Hazeldean wrote him such a

trimmer, that it could not but produce an unconciliatory reply. Shortly afterward, the Squire's exasperation reached the culminating point, for, having to pass through Lansmere on a market-day, he was hooted by the very farmers whom he had induced to vote for his brother; and, justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the land mentioned, without a heightened color and an indignant expletive. Monsieur de Ruqueville—who was the greatest wit of his day—had, like the Squire, a half-brother, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and of whom he always spoke as his "*frère de loin*." Audley Egerton was thus Squire Hazeldean's "*distant brother!*"—Enough of these explanatory antecedents—let us return to the Stocks.

CHAPTER XI.

The Squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the parish stocks Then came the painter and colored them, a beautiful dark blue, with a white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gay est public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian genius, of the Hazeldeans: to wit, the alms-house, the school, and the parish pump.

A more elegant, enticing, coquettish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The Squire's family (omiting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs. Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Master Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs. Hazeldean was every inch the lady—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline nose that commanded respect. Mrs. Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked heaven for it There was about her speech and manner something of that shortness and bluntness which often characterizes royalty; and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of the parish. Mrs. Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these, when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons; while at her waist was seen no fiddle-daddle *chatelaine*, with *breloques* and trump-

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ery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers, for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs. Hazeldean could, however, lay by her more sumptuous and imperial raiment for a stout riding-habit of blue Saxony, and canter by her husband's side to see the hounds throw off. Nay, on the days on which Mr. Hazeldean drove his famous fast-trotting cob to the market town, it was rarely that you did not see his wife on the left side of the gig. She cared as little as her lord did for wind and weather, and, in the midst of some pelting shower, her pleasant face peeped over the collar and capes of a stout dreadnought, expanding into smiles and bloom as some frank rose, that opens from its petals, and rejoices in the dews. It was easy to see that the worthy couple had married for love; they were as little apart as they could help it. And still, on the first of September, if the house was not full of company which demanded her cares, Mrs. Hazeldean "stepped out" over the stubbles by her husband's side, with as light a tread and as blithe an eye as when in the first bridal year she had enchanted the Squire by her genial sympathy with his sports.

So there now stands Harriet Hazeldean, one hand leaning on the Squire's broad shoulder, the other thrust into her apron, and trying her best to share her husband's enthusiasm for his own public-spirited patriotism, in the renovation of the parish stocks. A little behind, with two fingers leaning on the thin arm of Captain Barnabas, stood Miss Jemima, the orphan daughter of the Squire's uncle, by a runaway imprudent marriage with a young lady who belonged to a family which had been at war with the Hazeldeans since the reign of Charles I., respecting a right of way to a small wood (or rather spring) of about an acre, through a piece of furze land, which was let to a brick-maker at twelve shillings a year. The wood belonged to the Hazeldeans, the furze land to the Sticktorights (an old Saxon family, if ever there was one). Every twelfth year, when the fagots and timber were felled, this feud broke out afresh; for the Sticktorights refused to the Hazeldeans the right to cart off the said fagots and timber, through the only way by which a cart could possibly pass. It is just to the Hazeldeans to say that they had offered to buy the land at ten times its value. But the Sticktorights, with equal magnanimity, had declared that they would not "alienate the family property for the convenience of the best squire that ever stood upon shoe leather." Therefore, every twelfth year, there was always a great breach of the peace on the part of both Hazeldeans and Sticktorights, magistrates, and deputy-lieutenants though they were. The question was fairly fought out by their respective dependents, and followed by various actions for assault and trespass. As the legal question of right was extremely obscure, it never had been properly decided: and, indeed, neither party wished it to be decided, each at heart having some doubt of the propriety of its own claim. A marriage between the younger son of the Hazeldeans, and a younger daughter of the Sticktorights, was viewed with equal indignation by both families; and the consequence had been that the runaway couple, unblessed and unforgiven, had scrambled through life as they could, upon the scanty pay of the husband, who was in a marching regiment, and the interest of £1000, which was the wife's fortune, independent of her parents. They died, and left an only daughter, upon whom the maternal £1000 had been settled, about the time that the Squire came of age and into possession of his estates. And though he inherited all the ancestral hostility toward the Sticktorights, it was not in his nature to be unkind to a poor orphan who was, after all, the child of a Hazeldean. Therefore, he had educated and fostered Jemima with as much tenderness as if she had been his sister; put out her £1000 at nurse, and devoted, from the ready money which had accrued from the rents during his minority, as much as made her fortune (with her own accumulated at compound interest) no less than £4000, the ordinary marriage portion of the daughters of Hazeldean. On her coming of age, he transferred this sum to her absolute disposal, in order that she might feel herself independent, see a little more of the world than she could at Hazeldean, have candidates to choose from if she deigned to marry; or enough to live upon if she chose to remain single. Miss Jemima had somewhat availed herself of this liberty, by occasional visits to Cheltenham and other watering-places. But her grateful affection to the Squire was such, that she could never bear to be long away from the Hall. And this was the more praise to her heart, inasmuch as she was far from taking kindly to the prospect of being an old maid. And there were so few bachelors in the neighborhood of Hazeldean, that she could not but have that prospect before her eyes whenever she looked out of the Hall windows. Miss Jemima was indeed one of the most kindly and affectionate of beings feminine—and if she disliked the thought of single blessedness, it really was from those innocent and womanly instincts toward the tender charities of hearth and home, without which a lady, however otherwise estimable, is little better than a Minerva in bronze. But whether or not, despite her fortune and her face, which last, though not strictly handsome, was pleasing—and would have been positively pretty if she had laughed more often (for when she laughed there appeared three charming dimples, invisible when she was grave)—whether or not, I say, it was the fault of our insensibility or her own fastidiousness, Miss Jemima approached her thirtieth year, and was still Miss Jemima. Now, therefore, that beautifying laugh of hers was very rarely heard, and she had of late become confirmed in two opinions, not at all conducive to laughter. One was

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a conviction of the general and progressive wickedness of the male sex, and the other was a decided and lugubrious belief that the world was coming to an end. Miss Jemima was now accompanied by a small canine favorite, true Blenheim, with a snub nose. It was advanced in life, and somewhat obese. It sate on its haunches with its tongue out of its mouth, except when it snapped at the flies. There was a strong Platonic friendship between Miss Jemima and Captain Barnabas Higginbotham; for he too was unmarried, and he had the same ill opinion of your sex, my dear madam, that Miss Jemima had of ours. The captain was a man of a slim and elegant figure—the less said about the face the better—a truth of which the Captain himself was sensible, for it was a favorite maxim of his, "that in a man, every thing is a slight, gentlemanlike figure." Captain Barnabas did not absolutely deny that the world was coming to an end, only he thought it would last his time.

Quite apart from the rest, with the nonchalant survey of virgin dandyism, Francis Hazeldean looked over one of the high starched neck-cloths which were then the fashion—a handsome lad, fresh from Eton for the summer holidays, but at that ambiguous age, when one disdains the sports of the boy, and has not yet arrived at the resources of the man.

"I should be glad, Frank," said the Squire, suddenly turning round to his son, "to see you take a little more interest in duties which, one day or other you may be called upon to discharge. I can't bear to think that the property should fall into the hands of a fine gentleman, who will let things go to rack and ruin, instead of keeping them up as I do."

And the Squire pointed to the stocks.

Master Frank's eye followed the direction of the cane, as well as his cravat would permit; and he said, dryly,

"Yes, sir; but how came the stocks to be so long out of repair?"

"Because one can't see to every thing at once," retorted the Squire, tartly. "When a man has got eight thousand acres to look after, he must do a bit at a time."

"Yes," said Captain Barnabas. "I know that by experience."

"The deuce you do!" cried the Squire, bluntly. "Experience in eight thousand acres!"

"No; in my apartments in the Albany. Number 3 A. I have had them ten years, and it was only last Christmas that I bought my Japan cat."

"Dear me!" said Miss Jemima; "a Japan cat! that must be very curious! What sort of a creature is it?"

"Don't you know? Bless me, a thing with three legs, and holds toast! I never thought of it, I assure you, till my friend Cosey said to me, one morning, when he was breakfasting at my rooms, 'Higginbotham, how is it, that you, who like to have things comfortable about you, don't have a cat?' 'Upon my life,' said I, 'one can't think of every thing at a time;' just like you, Squire."

"Pshaw," said Mr. Hazeldean, gruffly; "not at all like me. And I'll thank you another time, Cousin Higginbotham, not to put me out when I am speaking on matters of importance; poking your cat into my stocks! They look something like now, don't they, Harry? I declare that the whole village seems more respectable. It is astonishing how much a little improvement adds to the—to the—"

"Charm of a landscape," put in Miss Jemima, sentimentally.

The Squire neither accepted nor rejected the suggested termination; but leaving his sentence uncompleted, broke suddenly off with,

"And if I had listened to Parson Dale—"

"You would have done a very wise thing," said a voice behind, as the Parson presented himself in the rear.

"Wise thing! Why surely, Mr. Dale," said Mrs. Hazeldean, with spirit, for she always resented the least contradiction to her lord and master; perhaps as an interference with her own special right and prerogative: "why, surely if it is necessary to have stocks, it is necessary to repair them."

"That's right, go it, Harry!" cried the Squire, chuckling, and rubbing his hands, as if he had been setting his terrier at the Parson "St—St—at him! Well, Master Dale, what do you say to that?"

"My dear ma'am," said the Parson, replying in preference to the lady; "there are many institutions in the country which are very old, look very decayed, and don't seem of much use; but I would not pull them down for all that."

"You would reform them, then," said Mrs Hazeldean, doubtfully, and with a look at her husband, as much as to say, "He is on politics now; that's your business."

"No, I would not, ma'am," said the Parson, stoutly.

"What on earth would you do, then?" quoth the Squire.

"Just let 'em alone," said the Parson. "Master Frank, there's a Latin maxim which was often in the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole, and which they ought to put in the Eton grammar—'*Quieta non movere.*' If things are quiet, let them be quiet! I would not destroy the stocks, because that might seem to the ill-disposed like a license to offend, and I would not repair the stocks, because that puts it into people's heads to get into them."

The Squire was a stanch politician of the old school, and he did not like to think that in repairing the stocks, he had perhaps been conniving at revolutionary principles.

"This constant desire of innovation," said Miss Jemima, suddenly mounting the more funereal of her two favorite hobbies, "is one of the great symptoms of the approaching crash. We are altering, and mending, and reforming, when in twenty years at the utmost the world

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itself may be destroyed!" The fair speaker paused, and—

Captain Barnabas said, thoughtfully, "Twenty years!—the insurance offices rarely compute the best life at more than fourteen." He struck his hand on the stocks as he spoke, and added, with his usual consolatory conclusion—"The odds are, that it will last our time, Squire."

But whether Captain Barnabas meant the stocks or the world, he did not clearly explain, and no one took the trouble to inquire.

"Sir," said Master Frank to his father, with that furtive spirit of quizzing, which he had acquired among other polite accomplishments at Eton; "sir, it is no use now considering whether the stocks should or should not have been repaired. The only question is, whom you will get to put into them."

"True," said the Squire, with much gravity.

"Yes, there it is!" said the Parson, mournfully. "If you would but learn '*quieta non movere!*'"

"Don't spout your Latin at me, Parson!" cried the Squire, angrily; "I can give you as good as you bring, any day—

> 'Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas—
> As in presenti, perfectum format in avi.'

There," added the Squire, turning triumphantly toward his Harry, who looked with great admiration at this unprecedented burst of learning on the part of Mr. Hazeldean; "there, two can play at that game! And now that we have all seen the stocks, we may as well go home, and drink tea. Will you come up and play a rubber, Dale? No! hang it, man, I've not offended you—you know my ways."

"That I do, and they are among the things I would not have altered," cried the Parson, holding out his hand cheerfully. The Squire gave it a hearty shake, and Mrs. Hazeldean hastened to do the same. "Do come; I am afraid we've been very rude; we are sad blunt folks. Do come; that's a dear good man; and of course poor Mrs. Dale too." Mrs. Hazeldean's favorite epithet for Mrs. Dale was *poor*, and that for reasons to be explained hereafter.

"I fear my wife has got one of her bad headaches, but I will give her your kind message, and at all events you may depend upon me."

"That's right," cried the Squire, "in half-an-hour, eh? How d'ye do, my little man?" as Lenny Fairfield, on his way home from some errand in the village, drew aside and pulled off his hat with both hands. "Stop—you see those stocks—eh? Tell all the bad little boys in the parish to take care how they get into them—a sad disgrace—you'll never be in such a quandary!"

"That at least I will answer for," said the Parson.

"And I too," added Mrs. Hazeldean, patting the boy's curly head. "Tell your mother I shall come and have a good chat with her tomorrow evening."

And so the party passed on, and Lenny stood still on the road, staring hard at the stocks, which stared back at him from its four great eyes.

But Lenny did not remain long alone. As soon as the great folks had fairly disappeared, a large number of small folks emerged timorously from the neighboring cottages, and approached the site of the stocks with much marvel, fear, and curiosity.

In fact, the renovated appearance of this monster—*à propos des bottes*, as one may say—had already excited considerable sensation among the population of Hazeldean. And even as when an unexpected owl makes his appearance in broad daylight, all the little birds rise from tree and hedge-row, and cluster round their ominous enemy, so now gathered all the much excited villagers round the intrusive and portentous Phenomenon.

"D'ye know what the diggins the Squire did it for, Gaffer Solomons?" asked one many-childed matron, with a baby in arms, an urchin of three years old clinging fast to her petticoat, and her hand maternally holding back a more adventurous hero of six, who had a great desire to thrust his head into one of the grisly apertures. All eyes turned to a sage old man, the oracle of the village, who, leaning both hands on his crutch, shook his head bodingly.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some of the boys ha' been robbing the orchards."

"Orchards," cried a big lad, who seemed to think himself personally appealed to, "why the bud's scarce off the trees yet!"

"No more it isn't!" said the dame with many children, and she breathed more freely.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some o' ye has been setting snares."

"What for?" said a stout sullen-looking young fellow, whom conscience possibly pricked to reply. "What for, when it beant the season? And if a poor man did find a hear in his pocket i' the hay time, I should like to know if ever a squire in the world would let un off wi' the stocks—eh?"

That last question seemed a settler, and the wisdom of Gaffer Solomons went down fifty per cent. in the public opinion of Hazeldean.

"Maw be," said the Gaffer, this time with a thrilling effect, which restored his reputation, "Maw be some o' ye ha' been getting drunk, and making beestises o' yourseis!"

There was a dead pause, for this suggestion applied too generally to be met with a solitary response. At last one of the women said, with a meaning glance at her husband, "God bless the Squire; he'll make some on us happy women, if that's all!"

There then arose an almost unanimous murmur of approbation among the female part of the audience; and the men looked at each other, and then at the Phenomenon, with a very hang-dog expression of countenance.

"Or, maw be," resumed Gaffer Solomons, en-

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couraged to a fourth suggestion by the success of its predecessor, "Maw be some o' the Misseses ha' been making a rumpus, and scolding their goodmen. I heard say in my granfeythir's time, that arter old Mother Bang nigh died o' the ducking-stool, them 'ere stocks were first made for the women, out o' compassion like! And every one knows the Squire is a koind-hearted man, God bless un!"

"God bless un!" cried the men heartily; and they gathered lovingly round the Phenomenon, like heathens of old round a tutelary temple. But then rose one shrill clamor among the females, as they retreated with involuntary steps toward the verge of the green, whence they glared at Solomons and the Phenomenon with eyes so sparkling, and pointed at both with gestures so menacing, that Heaven only knows if a morsel of either would have remained much longer to offend the eyes of the justly enraged matronage of Hazeldean, if fortunately Master Stirn, the Squire's right-hand man, had not come up in the nick of time.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the Squire himself—as, indeed, a squire's right-hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks, of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the steward, yet he did much of what ought to be the steward's work; he was not the farm-bailiff, for the Square called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr. Hazeldean sowed and plowed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr. Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a large landed proprietor devolved by custom and choice upon Mr. Stirn. If a laborer was to be discharged, or a rent enforced, and the Squire knew that he should be talked over, and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr. Stirn was sure to be the avenging ἄγγελος or messenger, to pronounce the words of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean like the Poet's *Sæva Necessitas*, a vague incarnation of remorseless power, armed with whips, nails, and wedges. The very brute creation stood in awe of Mr. Stirn. The calves knew that it was he who singled out which should be sold to the butcher, and huddled up into a corner with beating hearts at his grim footstep; the sow grunted, the duck quacked, the hen bristled her feathers and called to her chicks when Mr. Stirn drew near. Nature had set her stamp upon him. Indeed it may be questioned whether the great M. de Chambray himself, surnamed the Brave, had an aspect so awe-inspiring as that of Mr. Stirn; albeit the face of that hero was so terrible, that a man who had been his lackey, seeing his portrait after he had been dead twenty years, fell a-trembling all over like a leaf!

"And what the plague are you all doing here?" said Mr. Stirn, as he waved and smacked a great cart-whip which he held in his hand, "making such a hullabaloo, you women, you! that I suspect the Squire will be sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye? High time indeed to have the stocks ready, when you get squalling and conspiring under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French Revolutioners did afore they cut off their King's head; my hair stands on end to look at ye." But already, before half this address was delivered, the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together, and the men sneaking off toward the ale-house. Such was the beneficent effect of the fatal stocks on the first day of their resuscitation!

However, in the break up of every crowd there must be always some one who gets off the last; and it so happened that our friend Lenny Fairfield, who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of sight behind the trunk of the elm tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr. Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart whip, when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"Hallo, you sir—what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your willainous little fist, there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Lenny, opening his palm

"Nothing—um!" said Mr. Stirn, much dissatisfied; and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognizing the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow; for Mr. Stirn, who valued himself much on his learning—and who, indeed, by dint of more knowledge as well as more wit than his neighbors, had attained his present eminent station in life—was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish,

"The Gods dispersed in empty air."

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the Parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr. Stirn was naturally, and almost justifiably ill-disposed toward Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr. Stirn had designed for his son

"Um!" said the right-hand man, glowering on Lenny malignantly, "you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your care—and you'll keep off the other boys from sitting on 'em, and picking off the paint, and playing three holes and chuck farthing, as I declare they've been a-doing, just in front of the elewation. Now you knows your sponsibilities, little boy—

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and a great honor they are too, for the like o' you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d'ye understand? and that's what the Squire says to me; so you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!"

With that Mr. Stirn gave a loud crack of the cart-whip, by way of military honors, over the head of the vicegerent he had thus created, and strode off to pay a visit to two young unsuspecting pups, whose ears and tails he had graciously promised their proprietor to crop that evening. Nor, albeit few charges could be more obnoxious than that of deputy governor or *chargé d'affaires extraordinaire* to the Parish Stocks, nor one more likely to render Lenny Fairfield odious to his contemporaries, ought he to have been insensible to the signal advantage of his condition over that of the two sufferers, against whose ears and tails Mr. Stirn had no especial motives of resentment. To every bad there is a worse—and fortunately for little boys, and even for grown men, whom the Stirns of the world regard malignly, the majesty of law protects their ears, and the merciful forethought of nature deprived their remote ancestors of the privilege of entailing tails upon them. Had it been otherwise—considering what handles tails would have given to the oppressor, how many traps envy would have laid for them, how often they must have been scratched and mutilated by the briars of life, how many good excuses would have been found for lopping, docking, and trimming them—I fear that only the lap-dogs of fortune would have gone to the grave tail-whole.

CHAPTER XII.

The card-table was set out in the drawing-room at Hazeldean Hall; though the little party were still lingering in the deep recess of the large bay window—which (in itself of dimensions that would have swallowed up a moderate-sized London parlor) held the great round tea-table with all appliances and means to boot—for the beautiful summer moon shed on the sward so silvery a lustre, and the trees cast so quiet a shadow, and the flowers and new-mown hay sent up so grateful a perfume, that, to close the windows, draw the curtains, and call for other lights than those of heaven, would have been an abuse of the prose of life which even Captain Barnabas, who regarded whist as the business of town and the holiday of the country, shrank from suggesting. Without, the scene, beheld by the clear moonlight, had the beauty peculiar to the garden ground round those old-fashioned country residences which, though a little modernized, still preserve their original character: the velvet lawn, studded with large plots of flowers, shaded and scented here, to the left, by lilacs, laburnums, and rich seringas—there, to the right, giving glimpses, over low-clipped yews, of a green bowling alley, with the white columns of a summer house built after the Dutch taste, in the reign of William III.; and in front—stealing away under covert of those still cedars, into the wilder landscape of the well-wooded, undulating park. Within, viewed by the placid glimmer of the moon, the scene was no less characteristic of the abodes of that race which has no parallel in other lands, and which, alas, is somewhat losing its native idiosyncracies in this—the stout country gentleman, not the fine gentleman of the country—the country gentleman somewhat softened and civilized from the mere sportsman or farmer, but still plain and homely, relinquishing the old hall for the drawing-room, and with books not three months' old on his table, instead of *Fox's Martyrs and Baker's Chronicle*—yet still retaining many a sacred old prejudice, that, like the knots in his native oak, rather adds to the ornament of the grain than takes from the strength of the tree. Opposite to the window, the high chimney-piece rose to the heavy cornice of the ceiling, with dark pannels glistening against the moonlight. The broad and rather clumsy chintz sofas and settees of the reign of George III., contrasted at intervals with the tall backed chairs of a far more distant generation, when ladies in farthingales, and gentlemen in trunk-hose, seemed never to have indulged in horizontal positions. The walls, of shining wainscot, were thickly covered, chiefly with family pictures; though now and then some Dutch fair, or battle-piece, showed that a former proprietor had been less exclusive in his taste for the arts. The piano-forte stood open near the fire-place; a long dwarf bookcase at the far end, added its sober smile to the room. That bookcase contained what was called "The Lady's Library," a collection commenced by the Squire's grandmother, of pious memory, and completed by his mother, who had more taste for the lighter letters, with but little addition from the bibliomaniac tenderness of the present Mrs. Hazeldean—who, being no great reader, contented herself with subscribing to the Book Club. In this feminine Bodleian, the sermons collected by Mrs. Hazeldean, the grandmother, stood cheek-by-jowl beside the novels purchased by Mrs. Hazeldean, the mother.

"Mixtaque ridenti fundet colocasia acantho!"

But, to be sure, the novels, in spite of very inflammatory titles, such as "Fatal Sensibility," "Errors of the Heart," &c., were so harmless that I doubt if the sermons could have had much to say against their next-door neighbors—and that is all that can be expected by the rest of us.

A parrot dozing on his perch—some gold fish fast asleep in their glass bowl—two or three dogs on the rug, and Flimsey, Miss Jemima's spaniel, curled into a ball on the softest sofa—Mrs. Hazeldean's work-table, rather in disorder, as if it had been lately used—the *St. James's Chronicle* dangling down from a little tripod near the Squire's arm-chair—a high screen of gilt and stamped leather fencing off the card-table; all these, dispersed about a room large enough to hold them all and not seem crowded,

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offered many a pleasant resting-place for the eye, when it turned from the world of nature to the home of man.

But see, Captain Barnabas, fortified by his fourth cup of tea, has at length summoned courage to whisper to Mrs. Hazeldean, "don't you think the Parson will be impatient for his rubber?" Mrs. Hazeldean glanced at the Parson, and smiled; but she gave the signal to the Captain, and the bell was rung, lights were brought in, the curtains let down; in a few moments more the group had collected round the cardables. The best of us are but human—that is not a new truth, I confess, but yet people forget it every day of their lives—and I dare say there are many who are charitably thinking at this very moment, that my Parson ought not to be playing at whist. All I can say to these rigid disciplinarians is, "Every man has his favorite sin: whist was Parson Dale's!—ladies and gentlemen, what is yours?" In truth, I must not set up my poor parson, nowadays, as a pattern parson—it is enough to have one pattern in a village no bigger than Hazeldean, and we all know that Lenny Fairfield has bespoken that place—and got the patronage of the stocks for its emoluments! Parson Dale was ordained, it indeed so very long ago, but still at a time when churchmen took it a great deal more easily than they do now. The elderly parson that day played his rubber as a matter of course, the middle-aged parson was sometimes seen riding to cover (I knew a schoolmaster, a rector of divinity, and an excellent man, whose pupils were chiefly taken from the highest families in England, who hunted regularly three times a week during the season), and the young parson would often sing a capital song—not supposed by David—and join in those rotary dances, which certainly David never danced before the ark.

Does it need so long a prolegomenon to excuse me, poor Parson Dale, for turning up that ace of spades with so triumphant a smile at thy partner? I must own that nothing that well could be to the Parson's offense was wanting. In the first place he did not play charitably, and solely to oblige other people. He delighted in the game—he rejoiced in the game—his whole heart was in the game—neither was he indifferent to the mammon of the thing, as a Christian parson or ought to have been. He looked very sad when he took his shillings out of his purse, and exceedingly pleased when he put the shillings he had just before belonged to other people into his own. Finally, by one of those arrangements common with married people, who play at the same game, Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean were invariably partners, and no two people could play worse; while Captain Barnabas, who had played at Grace with honor and profit, necessarily became a foe to Parson Dale, who himself played a very steady parsonic game. So that, in strict justice, it was hardly fair play—it was almost a swindling—the combination of those two great powers against that innocent married couple! Mr. Dale, it is true, was aware of this disproportion of force, and had often proposed either to change partners or to give odds, propositions always scornfully scouted by the Squire and his lady; so that the Parson was obliged to pocket his conscience together with the ten points which made his average winnings.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best tempered people in the world grow snappish at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the Hall and the Rectory. The Squire who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best humored fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of these incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honors in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a "Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!" or a "Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks, and you had the ace in your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!"

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good humor, always echoed both the Squire's ho—ho—ho! and Mrs. Hazeldean's ha—ha—ha!

Not so the Parson. He had so keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversaries' mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean. While these four were thus engaged, Mrs. Dale, who had come with her husband despite her headache, sate on the sofa beside Miss Jemima, or rather beside Miss Jemima's Flimsey, which had already secured the centre of the sofa, and snarled at the very idea of being disturbed. And Master Frank—at a table by himself—was employed sometimes in looking at his pumps, and sometimes at Gilray's Caricatures, with which his mother had provided him for his intellectual requirements. Mrs. Dale, in her heart, liked Miss Jemima better than Mrs. Hazeldean, of whom she was rather in awe, notwithstanding they had been little girls together, and occasionally still called each other Harry and Carry. But those tender diminutives belonged to the "Dear" genus, and were rarely employed by the ladies, except at those times when—had they been little girls still, and the governess out of the way—they would have slapped and pinched each other

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Mrs. Dale was still a very pretty woman, as Mrs. Hazeldean was still a very fine woman. Mrs. Dale painted in water colors and sang, and made card-racks and pen-holders, and was called an "elegant, accomplished woman." Mrs. Hazeldean cast up the Squire's accounts, wrote the best part of his letters, kept a large establishment in excellent order, and was called "a clever, sensible woman." Mrs. Dale had headaches and nerves, Mrs. Hazeldean had neither nerves nor headaches. Mrs. Dale said, "Harry had no real harm in her, but was certainly very masculine." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Carry would be a good creature, but for her airs and graces." Mrs. Dale said, "Mrs. Hazeldean was just made to be a country squire's lady." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Mrs. Dale was the last person in the world who ought to have been a parson's wife." Carry, when she spoke of Harry to a third person, said, "Dear Mrs. Hazeldean." Harry, when she referred incidentally to Carry, said, "Poor Mrs. Dale." And now the reader knows why Mrs. Hazeldean called Mrs. Dale "poor," at least as well as I do. For, after all, the word belonged to that class in the female vocabulary which may be called "obscure significants," resembling the Knox Ompax, which hath so puzzled the inquirers into the Eleusinian Mysteries; the application is rather to be illustrated than the meaning to be exactly explained.

"That's really a sweet little dog of yours, Jemima," said Mrs. Dale, who was embroidering the word CAROLINE on the border of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, but edging a little farther off, as she added, "he'll not bite, will he?"

"Dear me, no!" said Miss Jemima; but (she added, in a confidential whisper), "don't say *he* —'tis a lady dog." "Oh," said Mrs. Dale, edging off still farther, as if that confession of the creature's sex did not serve to allay her apprehensions—"oh, then, you carry your aversion to the gentlemen even to lap-dogs—that is being consistent indeed, Jemima!"

MISS JEMIMA.—"I had a gentleman dog once —a pug!—they are getting very scarce now. I thought he was so fond of me—he snapped at every one else; the battles I fought for him! Well, will you believe, I had been staying with my friend Miss Smilecox at Cheltenham. Knowing that William is so hasty, and his boots are so thick, I trembled to think what a kick might do. So, on coming here, I left Buff—that was his name—with Miss Smilecox." (A pause.)

MRS. DALE, looking up languidly.—"Well, my love."

MISS JEMIMA.—"Will you believe it, I say, when I returned to Cheltenham, only three months afterward, Miss Smilecox had seduced his affections from me, and the ungrateful creature did not even know me again. A pug, too —yet people *say* pugs are faithful!!! I am sure they ought to be, nasty things. I have never had a gentleman dog since—they are all alike, believe me—heartless, selfish creatures."

MRS DALE.—"Pugs? I dare say they are!"

MISS JEMIMA, with spirit.—"MEN!—I told you it was a gentleman dog!"

MRS. DALE, apologetically.—"True, my love, but the whole thing was so mixed up!"

MISS JEMIMA.—"You saw that cold-blooded case of Breach of Promise of Marriage in the papers—an old wretch, too, of sixty-four. No age makes them a bit better. And when one thinks that the end of all flesh is approaching, and that—"

MRS. DALE, quickly, for she prefers Miss Jemima's other hobby to that black one upon which she is preparing to precede the bier of the universe—"Yes, my love, we'll avoid that subject, if you please. Mr. Dale has his own opinions, and it becomes me, you know, as a parson's wife," (said smilingly; Mrs. Dale has as pretty a dimple as any of Miss Jemima's, and makes more of that one than Miss Jemima of three), "to agree with him—that is, in theology.

MISS JEMIMA, earnestly.—"But the thing is so clear, if you would but look into—"

MRS. DALE, putting her hand on Miss Jemima's lips playfully.—"Not a word more. Pray, what do you think of the Squire's tenant at the Casino, Signor Riccabocca? An interesting creature, is not he?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Interesting! Not to me. Interesting! Why is he interesting?"

Mrs. Dale is silent, and turns her handkerchief in her pretty little white hands, appearing to contemplate the R. in Caroline.

MISS JEMIMA, half pettishly, half coaxingly. —"Why is he interesting? I scarcely ever looked at him; they say he smokes, and never eats. Ugly, too!"

MRS. DALE.—"Ugly—no. A fine head—very like Dante's—but what is beauty?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Very true; what is it indeed? Yes, as you say, I think there *is* something interesting about him; he looks melancholy, but that may be because he is poor."

MRS. DALE.—"It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves. Charles and I were very poor once—before the Squire—." Mrs. Dale paused, looked toward the Squire, and murmured a blessing, the warmth of which brought tears into her eyes. "Yes," she added, after a pause, "we were very poor, but we were happy even then, more thanks to Charles than to me," and tears from a new source again dimmed those quick, lively eyes, as the little woman gazed fondly on her husband, whose brows were knit into a black frown over a bad hand.

MISS JEMIMA.—"It is only those horrid men who think of money as a source of happiness. I should be the last person to esteem a gentleman less because he was poor."

MRS. DALE.—"I wonder the Squire does not ask Signor Riccabocca here more often. Such an acquisition *we* find him!"

The Squire's voice from the card table.—"Whom ought I to ask more often, Mrs. Dale?"

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Parson's voice impatiently.—"Come—come—come, Squire; play to my queen of diamonds—do!"

Squire.—"There, I trump it—pick up the trick, Mrs. H."

Parson.—"Stop! stop! trump my diamond?"

The Captain, solemnly.—"Trick turned—play on, Squire."

Squire.—"The king of diamonds."

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"Lord! Hazeldean—why, that's the most barefaced revoke—ha—ha—ha! trump the queen of diamonds and play out the king! well I never—ha—ha—ha!"

Captain Barnabas, in tenor.—"Ha. ha, ha!"

Squire.—"And so I have, bless my soul—ho, ho, ho!"

Captain Barnabas, in bass.—"Ho—ho—ho."

Parson's voice raised, but drowned by the laughter of his adversaries and the firm clear tone of Captain Barnabas: "Three to our score! —game!"

Squire, wiping his eyes.—"No help for it, Harry—deal for me! Whom ought I to ask, Mrs. Dale? (waxing angry). First time I ever heard the hospitality of Hazeldean called in question!"

Mrs. Dale.—"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons, but listeners—you know the proverb."

Squire, growling like a bear.—"I hear nothing but proverbs ever since we have had that Mounseer among us. Please to speak plainly, marm."

Mrs. Dale, sliding into a little temper at being thus roughly accosted.—"It was of Mounseer, as you call him, that I spoke, Mr. Hazeldean."

Squire.—"What! Rickeybockey?"

Mrs. Dale, attempting the pure Italian accentuation—"Signor Riccabocca."

Parson, slapping his cards on the table in despair: "Are we playing at whist, or are we not?"

The Squire, who is fourth player drops the king to Captain Higgingbotham's lead of the ace of hearts. Now the Captain has left queen, knave, and two other hearts—four trumps to the queen and nothing to win a trick with in the two other suits. This hand is therefore precisely one of those in which, especially after the fall of that king of hearts in the adversary's hand, it becomes a matter of reasonable doubt whether to lead trumps or not. The Captain hesitates, and not liking to play out his good hearts with the certainty of their being trumped by the Squire, nor, on the other hand, liking to open the other suits in which he has not a card that can assist his partner, resolves, as becomes a military man, in such a dilemma, to make a bold push and lead out trumps, in the chance of finding his partner strong, and so bringing in his long suit.

Squire, taking advantage of the much meditating pause made by the Captain—"Mrs. Dale, it is not my fault. I have asked Rickeybockey—time out of mind. But I suppose I am not fine enough for those foreign chaps—he won't come—that's all I know!"

Parson, aghast at seeing the Captain play out trumps, of which he, Mr. Dale, has only two, wherewith he expects to ruff the suit of spades of which he has only one (the cards all falling in suits) while he has not a single other chance of a trick in his hand: "Really, Squire, we had better give up playing if you put out my partner in this extraordinary way—jabber—jabber—jabber!"

Squire.—"Well, we must be good children, Harry. What!—trumps, Barney? Thank ye for that!" And the Squire might well be grateful, for the unfortunate adversary has led up to ace, king, knave—with two other trumps. Squire takes the Parson's ten with his knave, and plays out ace, king; then, having cleared all the trumps except the Captain's queen and his own remaining two, leads off tierce major in that very suit of spades of which the Parson has only one—and the Captain, indeed, but two—forces out the Captain's queen, and wins the game in a canter.

Parson, with a look at the Captain which might have become the awful brows of Jove, when about to thunder: "That, I suppose, is the new fashioned London play! In my time the rule was 'First save the game, then try to win it.'"

Captain.—"Could not save it, sir."

Parson, exploding.—"Not save it!—two ruffs in my own hand—two tricks certain till you took them out! Monstrous! The rashest trump."—Seizes the cards—spreads them on the table, lip quivering, hands trembling—tries to show how five tricks could have been gained—(N.B. it is *short* whist, which Captain Barnabas had introduced at the Hall) can't make out more than four—Captain smiles triumphantly—Parson in a passion, and not at all convinced, mixes all the cards together again, and falling back in his chair, groans, with tears in his voice: "The cruelest trump! the most wanton cruelty!"

The Hazledeans in chorus. "Ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!"

The Captain, who does not laugh this time, and whose turn it is to deal, shuffles the cards for the conquering game of the rubber with as much caution and prolixity as Fabius might have employed in posting his men. The Squire gets up to stretch his legs, and the insinuation against his hospitality recurring to his thoughts, calls out to his wife—"Write to Rickeybockey to-morrow yourself, Harry, and ask him to come and spend two or three days here. There, Mrs. Dale, you hear me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dale, putting her hands to her ears in implied rebuke at the loudness of the Squire's tone. "My dear sir, do remember that I'm a sad nervous creature."

"Beg pardon," muttered Mr. Hazeldean,

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turning to his son, who, having got tired of the caricatures, had fished out for himself the great folio County History, which was the only book in the library that the Squire much valued, and which he usually kept under lock and key, in his study, together with the field-books and steward's accounts, but which he had reluctantly taken into the drawing-room that day, in order to oblige Captain Higginbotham. For the Higginbothams—an old Saxon family, as the name evidently denotes—had once possessed lands in that very county. And the Captain—during his visits to Hazeldean Hall—was regularly in the habit of asking to look into the County History, for the purpose of refreshing his eyes, and renovating his sense of ancestral dignity with the following paragraph therein: "To the left of the village of Dunder, and pleasantly situated in a hollow, lies Botham Hall, the residence of the ancient family of Higginbotham, as it is now commonly called. Yet it appears by the county rolls, and sundry old deeds, that the family formerly styled itself Higges, till, the Manor House lying in Botham, they gradually assumed the appellation of Higges-in-botham, and in process of time, yielding to the corruptions of the vulgar, Higginbotham."

"What, Frank! my County History!" cried the Squire. "Mrs. H., he has got my County History!"

"Well, Hazeldean, it is time he should know something about the County."

"Ay, and History too," said Mrs. Dale, malevolently—for the little temper was by no means blown over.

FRANK.—"I'll not hurt it, I assure you, sir. But I'm very much interested just at present."

The CAPTAIN, putting down the cards to cut:—"You've got hold of that passage about Botham Hall, page 706, eh?"

FRANK.—"No; I was trying to make out how far it is to Mr. Leslie's place, Rood Hall. Do you know, mother?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"I can't say I do. The Leslies don't mix with the county; and Rood lies very much out of the way."

FRANK.—"Why don't they mix with the county?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"I believe they are poor, and therefore I suppose they are proud: they are an old family."

PARSON, thrumming on the table with great impatience: "Old fiddledee!—talking of old families when the cards have been shuffled this half hour."

CAPTAIN BARNABAS.—"Will you cut for your partner, ma'am?"

SQUIRE, who has been listening to Frank's inquiries with a musing air: "Why do you want to know the distance to Rood Hall?"

FRANK, rather hesitatingly.—"Because Randal Leslie is there for the holidays, sir."

PARSON.—"Your wife has cut for you, Mr. Hazeldean. I don't think it was quite fair; and my partner has turned up a deuce—deuce of hearts. Please to come and play, if you *mean* to play."

The Squire returns to the table, and in a few minutes the game is decided, by a dexterous finesse of the Captain, against the Hazeldeans. The clock strikes ten: the servants enter with a tray; the Squire counts up his and his wife's losings; and the Captain and Parson divide sixteen shillings between them.

SQUIRE.—"There, Parson, I hope now you'll be in a better humor. You win enough out of us to set up a coach and four."

"Tut," muttered the parson; "at the end of the year, I'm not a penny the richer for it all."

And, indeed, monstrous as that assertion seemed, it was perfectly true, for the Parson portioned out his gains into three divisions. One-third he gave to Mrs. Dale, for her own special pocket-money; what became of the second third he never owned, even to his better half—but certain it was, that every time the Parson won seven-and-sixpence, half-a-crown which nobody could account for found its way to the poor-box; while the remaining third, the Parson, it is true, openly and avowedly retained: but I have no manner of doubt that, at the year's end, it got to the poor quite as safely as if it had been put into the box.

The party had now gathered round the tray, and were helping themselves to wine and water, or wine without water—except Frank, who still remained poring over the map in the County History, with his head leaning on his hands, and his fingers plunged in his hair.

"Frank," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "I never saw you so studious before."

Frank started up, and colored, as if ashamed of being accused of too much study in any thing.

The SQUIRE, with a little embarrassment in his voice: "Pray, Frank, what do you know of Randal Leslie?"

"Why, sir, he is at Eton."

"What sort of a boy is he?" asked Mrs. Hazeldean.

Frank hesitated, as if reflecting, and then answered: "They say he is the cleverest boy in the school. But then he saps."

"In other words," said Mr. Dale with proper parsonic gravity, "he understands that he was sent to school to learn his lessons, and he learns them. You call that sapping—I call it doing his duty. But pray, who and what is this Randal Leslie, that you look so discomposed, Squire?"

"Who and what is he?" repeated the Squire, in a low growl. "Why, you know, Mr. Audley Egerton married Miss Leslie the great heiress, and this boy is a relation of hers. I may say," added the Squire, "that he is as near a relation of mine, for his grandmother was a Hazeldean. But all I know about the Leslies is, that Mr. Egerton, as I am told, having no children of his own, took up young Randal, (when his wife died, poor woman), pays for his schooling, and has, I suppose, adopted the boy as his heir. Quite

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welcome. Frank and I want nothing from Mr. Audley Egerton, thank heaven."

"I can well believe in your brother's generosity to his wife's kindred," said the Parson, sturdily, "for I am sure Mr. Egerton is a man of strong feeling."

"What the deuce do you know about Mr. Egerton? I don't suppose you could ever have even spoken to him."

"Yes," said the Parson, coloring up and looking confused, "I had some conversation with him once;" and observing the Squire's surprise, he added—"when I was curate at Lansmere—and about a painful business connected with the family of one of my parishioners."

"Oh! one of your parishioners at Lansmere—one of the constituents Mr. Audley Egerton threw over, after all the pains I had taken to give him his seat. Rather odd you should never have mentioned this before, Mr. Dale!"

"My dear sir," said the Parson, sinking his voice, and in a mild tone of conciliatory expostulation, "you are so irritable whenever Mr. Egerton's name is mentioned at all."

"Irritable!" exclaimed the Squire, whose wrath had been long simmering, and now fairly boiled over. "Irritable, sir! I should think so; a man for whom I stood godfather at the hustings, Mr. Dale! a man for whose sake I was called a 'prize ox,' Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was hissed in a market-place, Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was shot at, in cold blood, by an officer in his Majesty's service, who lodged a ball in my right shoulder, Mr. Dale! a man who had the ingratitude, after all this, to turn his back on the landed interest—to deny that there was any agricultural distress in a year which broke three of the best farmers I ever had, Mr. Dale!—a man, sir, who made a speech on the Currency which was complimented by Ricardo, a Jew! Good heavens! a pretty parson you are, to stand up for a fellow complimented by a Jew! Nice ideas you must have of Christianity. Irritable, sir!" now fairly roared the Squire, adding to the thunder of his voice the cloud of a brow, which evinced a menacing ferocity that might have done honor to Bussy D'Amboise or Fighting Fitzgerald. "Sir, if that man had not been my own half-brother, I'd have called him out. I have stood my ground before now. I have had a ball in my right shoulder. Sir, I'd have called him out."

"Mr. Hazeldean! Mr. Hazeldean! I'm shocked at you," cried the Parson; and, putting his lips close to the Squire's ear, he went on in a whisper: "What an example to your son! You'll have him fighting duels one of these days, and nobody to blame but yourself."

This warning cooled Mr. Hazeldean; and muttering, "Why the deuce did you set me off?" he fell back into his chair, and began to fan himself with his pocket-handkerchief.

The Parson skillfully and remorselessly pursued the advantage he had gained. "And now, that you may have it in your power, to show civility and kindness to a boy whom Mr. Egerton has taken up, out of respect to his wife's memory—a kinsman you say of your own—and who has never offended you—a boy whose diligence in his studies proves him to be an excellent companion to your son. Frank," (here the Parson raised his voice), "I suppose you wanted to call on young Leslie, as you were studying the county map so attentively?"

"Why, yes," answered Frank, rather timidly. "If my father did not object to it. Leslie has been very kind to me, though he is in the sixth form, and, indeed, almost the head of the school."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "one studious boy has a fellow-feeling for another; and though you enjoy your holidays, Frank, I am sure you read hard at school."

Mrs. Dale opened her eyes very wide, and stared in astonishment.

Mrs. Hazeldean retorted that look with great animation. "Yes, Carry," said she, tossing her head, "though *you* may not think Frank clever, his master finds him so. He got a prize last half. That beautiful book, Frank—hold up your head, my love—what did you get it for?"

Frank, reluctantly.—"Verses, ma'am."

Mrs. Hazeldean, with triumph.—"Verses!—there, Carry, verses!"

Frank, in a hurried tone.—"Yes, but Leslie wrote them for me."

Mrs. Hazeldean, recoiling.—"O Frank! a prize for what another did for you—that was mean."

Frank, ingenuously.—"You can't be more ashamed, mother, than I was when they gave me the prize."

Mrs. Dale, though previously provoked at being snubbed by Harry, now showing the triumph of generosity over temper: "I beg your pardon, Frank. Your mother must be as proud of that shame as she was of the prize."

Mrs. Hazeldean puts her arm round Frank's neck, smiles beamingly on Mrs. Dale, and converses with her son in a low tone about Randal Leslie. Miss Jemima now approached Carry, and said in an "aside,"—"But we are forgeting poor Mr. Riccabocca. Mrs. Hazeldean, though the dearest creature in the world, has such a blunt way of inviting people—don't you think if you were to say a word to him, Carry?"

Mrs. Dale kindly, as she wraps her shawl round her: "Suppose you write the note yourself. Meanwhile I shall see him, no doubt."

Parson, putting his hand on the Squire's shoulder: "You forgive my impertinence, my kind friend. We parsons, you know, are apt to take strange liberties, when we honor and love folks, as I do you."

"Pish!" said the Squire, but his hearty smile came to his lips in spite of himself: "You always get your own way, and I suppose Frank must ride over and see this pet of my—"

"*Brother's*," quoth the Parson, concluding the sentence in a tone which gave to the sweet

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word so sweet a sound that the Squire would not correct the Parson, as he had been about to correct himself.

Mr. Dale moved on; but as he passed Captain Barnabas, the benignant character of his countenance changed sadly.

"The cruelest trump, Captain Higginbotham!" said he sternly, and stalked by—majestic.

The night was so fine that the Parson and his wife, as they walked home, made a little *detour* through the shrubbery.

Mrs. Dale.—"I think I have done a good piece of work to-night."

Parson, rousing himself from a reverie.—"Have you, Carry?—it will be a very pretty handkerchief."

Mrs. Dale.—"Handkerchief—nonsense, dear. Don't you think it would be a very happy thing for both, if Jemima and Signor Riccabocca could be brought together?"

Parson.—"Brought together!"

Mrs. Dale.—"You do snap one up so, my dear—I mean if I could make a match of it."

Parson.—"I think Riccabocca is a match already, not only for Jemima, but yourself into the bargain."

Mrs. Dale, smiling loftily.—"Well, we shall see. Was not Jemima's fortune about £4000?"

Parson dreamily, for he is relapsing fast into his interrupted reverie: "Ay—ay—I daresay."

Mrs. Dale.—"And she must have saved! I dare say it is nearly £6000 by this time; eh! Charles dear, you really are so—good gracious, what's that!"

As Mrs. Dale made this exclamation they had just emerged from the shrubbery, into the village green.

Parson.—"What's what?"

Mrs. Dale, pinching her husband's arm very nippingly.—"That thing—there—there."

Parson.—"Only the new stocks, Carry; I don't wonder they frighten you, for you are a very sensible woman. I only wish they would frighten the Squire."

CHAPTER XIII.

Supposed to be a Letter from Mrs. Hazeldean to —— Riccabocca, Esq., The Casino; but edited, and indeed composed, by Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

"Dear Sir—To a feeling heart it must always be painful to give pain to another, and (though I am sure unconsciously) you have given the *greatest* pain to poor Mr. Hazeldean and myself, indeed to *all* our little circle, in so cruelly refusing our attempts to become better acquainted with a gentleman we so highly esteem. Do, pray, dear sir, make us the *amende honorable*, and give us the *pleasure* of your company for a few days at the Hall! May we expect you Saturday next?—our dinner-hour is six o'clock.

"With the best compliments of Mr. and Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

"Believe me, my dear sir, yours truly,

"H. H

"*Hazeldean Hall.*"

Miss Jemima having carefully sealed this note, which Mrs. Hazeldean had very willingly deputed her to write, took it herself into the stable-yard, in order to give the groom proper instructions to wait for an answer. But while she was speaking to the man, Frank, equipped for riding with more than his usual dandyism, came also into the yard, calling for his pony in a loud voice, and singling out the very groom whom Miss Jemima was addressing—for, indeed, he was the smartest of all in the Squire's stables—told him to saddle the gray pad, and accompany the pony.

"No, Frank," said Miss Jemima, "you can't have George; your father wants him to go on a message—you can take Mat."

"Mat, indeed!" said Frank, grumbling with some reason; for Mat was a surly old fellow, who tied a most indefensible neckcloth, and always contrived to have a great patch in his boots; besides, he called Frank "Master," and obstinately refused to trot down hill; "Mat, indeed!—let Mat take the message, and George go with me."

But Miss Jemima had also her reasons for rejecting Mat. Mat's foible was not servility, and he always showed true English independence in all houses where he was not invited to take his ale in the servants' hall. Mat might offend Signor Riccabocca, and spoil all. An animated altercation ensued, in the midst of which the Squire and his wife entered the yard, with the intention of driving in the conjugal gig to the market town. The matter was referred to the natural umpire by both the contending parties.

The Squire looked with great contempt on his son. "And what do you want a groom at all for? Are you afraid of tumbling off the pony?"

Frank.—"No, sir; but I like to go as a gentleman, when I pay a visit to a gentleman!"

"Squire, in high wrath.—"You precious puppy! I think I'm as good a gentleman as you, any day, and I should like to know when you ever saw me ride to call on a neighbor, with a fellow jingling at my heels, like that upstart Ned Spankie, whose father kept a cotton-mill. First time I ever heard of a Hazeldean thinking a livery-coat was necessary to prove his gentility!"

Mrs. Hazeldean, observing Frank coloring, and about to reply.—"Hush, Frank, never answer your father—and you are going to call on Mr. Leslie?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to my father for letting me," said Frank, taking the Squire's hand.

"Well, but, Frank," continued Mrs. Hazeldean, "I think you heard that the Leslies were very poor."

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FRANK.—"Eh, mother?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"And would you run the chance of wounding the pride of a gentleman, as well born as yourself, by affecting any show of being richer than he is?"

SQUIRE, with great admiration.—"Harry, I'd give £10 to have said that!"

FRANK, leaving the Squire's hand to take his mother's.—"You're quite right, mother—nothing could be more *snobbish!*"

SQUIRE.—"Give us your fist too, sir; you'll be a chip of the old block, after all."

Frank smiled, and walked off to his pony.

MRS. HAZELDEAN to Miss Jemima.—"Is that the note you were to write for me?"

Miss JEMIMA.—"Yes, I supposed you did not care about seeing it, so I have sealed it and given it to George."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"But Frank will pass close by the Casino on his way to the Leslies'. It may be more civil if he leaves the note himself."

Miss JEMIMA, hesitatingly.—"Do you think so?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"Yes, certainly. Frank—Frank—as you pass by the Casino, call on Mr. Riccabocca, give this note, and say we shall be heartily glad if he will come."

Frank nods.

"Stop a bit," cried the Squire. "If Rickey-bockey's at home, 'tis ten to one if he don't ask you to take a glass of wine! If he does, mind, 'tis worse than asking you to take a turn on the rack. Faugh! you remember, Harry?—I thought it was all up with me."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Hazeldean, "for Heaven's sake, not a drop! Wine indeed!"

"Don't talk of it," cried the Squire, making a wry face.

"I'll take care, sir!" said Frank, laughing as he disappeared within the stable, followed by Miss Jemima, who now coaxingly makes it up with him, and does not leave off her admonitions to be extremely polite to the poor foreign gentleman, till Frank gets his foot into the stirrup; and the pony, who knows who he has got to deal with, gives a preparatory plunge or two and then darts out of the yard.

To be continued.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE EVERY-DAY MARRIED LADY.

IT might be supposed that the every-day married lady was formerly the every-day young lady, and has now merely changed her condition. But this is not the case, for nothing is more common than to see the most holiday spinsters settle down into the most working-day matrons. The married lady, in fact, of the species we would describe, has no descent in particular. If you can imagine a pupa coming into the world of itself without any connection with the larva, or an imago unconscious of the pupa, that is the every-day married lady. She is born at the altar, conjured into life by the ceremonial, and having utterly lost her individual existence, becomes from that moment a noun of multitude. People may say, "Oh, this is our old acquaintance, Miss Smith!" but that is only calling names, for the identity is gone. If she is any thing at all but what appertains to the present, she is the late Miss Smith, who has survived herself, and changed into a family.

We would insist upon this peculiarity of the every-day married lady—that her existence is collective. Her very language is in the plural number—such as we, ours, and us. She respects the rights of paternity so much, as never to permit herself to talk of her children as peculiarly her own. Her individuality being merged in her husband and their actual or possible offspring, she has no private thoughts, no wishes, no hopes, no fears but for the concern. And this is all the better for her tranquillity: for although a part of her husband, she does not quite fancy that he is a part of her. She leaves at least the business to his management, and if she does advise and suggest on occasions, she thinks that somehow things will come out very well. She feels that she is only a passenger; and although, as such, she may recommend the skipper to shorten sail when weathering a critical point, or, for the sake of safety, to come to anchor in the middle of the sea, she has still a certain faith in his skill or luck, and sleeps quietly in the storm. For this reason the every day married lady is comfortable in the figure, and has usually good round features of her own. The Miss Smith she has survived had a slender waist and small delicate hands; but this lady is a very tolerable armful, and the wedding-ring makes such a hollow on her finger, that one might think it would be difficult to get off.

The every-day married lady is commonly reported to be selfish; but this is a mistake. At least her selfishness embraces the whole family circle: it has no personality. When the wife of a poor man, she will sit up half the night sewing and darning, but not a stitch for herself: that can be done at any time; but the boys must go comfortably to school, and the girls look genteel on the street, and the husband—to think of Mr. Brown wanting a button on his shirt! She looks selfish, because her eye is always on her own, and because she talks of what she is always thinking about; but how can one be selfish who is perpetually postponing herself, who dresses the plainest, eats the coarsest, and sleeps the least of the family? She never puts herself forward in company unless her young ladies want backing; but yet she never feels herself overlooked, for every word, every glance bestowed upon them, is communicated electrically to her. She is, indeed, in such perfect *rapport* with the concern, that it is no uncommon thing for her to go home chuckling with amusement, overpowered with delight, from a party at which she had not once opened her lips. This is the party which she pronounces to have "gone off" well. Half-observant people fancy that the calculation is

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made on the score of the jellies and ice, and singing and dancing, and so on, and influenced by a secret comparison with her own achievements; but she has more depth than they imagine, and finer sympathies—they don't understand her.

Not that the every-day married lady is unsocial—not at all: all comfortable people are social; but she is partial to her own class, and does not care to carry her confidences out of it. She has several intimate friends whom she is fond of meeting; but besides that, she is a sort of freemason in her way, and finds out every-day people by the word and sign. Rank has very little to do with this society, as you will find if you observed her sitting at a cottage door, where, in purchasing a draught of milk, she has recognized a sister. If these two every-day married women had been rocked in the same cradle, they could not talk more intimately; and, indeed, they have heavy matters to talk about, for of all the babies that ever came into this breathing world, theirs were the most extraordinary babies. The miracle is, that any of them are extant after such outrageous measles, and scarlet fevers, and chicken-poxes—prophesied of, so to speak, even before their birth, by memorabilia that might have alarmed Dr. Simson. The interlocutors part very well pleased with each other: the cottager proud to find that she has so much in common with a real lady, and the lady pronouncing the reflection of herself she had met with to be a most sensible individual.

Although careless in this instance of the circumstance of rank, the every-day married lady has but little sympathy with the class of domestic servants. She looks upon her servants, in fact, as in some sort her natural enemies, and her life may therefore be said to be passed at the best in a state of armed neutrality. She commonly proceeds on the allowance system; and this is the best way, as it prevents so many sickening apprehensions touching that leg of mutton. Indeed the appetite of servants is a constant puzzle to her: she can not make it out. She has a sharp eye, too, upon the policeman, and wonders what on earth he always looks down her area for. As for followers, that is quite out of the question. Servants stay long enough upon their errands to talk to all the men and women in the parish; and the idea of having an acquaintance now and then besides—more especially of the male sex—tramping into the kitchen to see them, is wildly unnatural. She tells of a sailor whom she once detected sitting in the coolest possible manner by the fireside. When she appeared, the man rose up and bowed—and then sat down again. Think of that! The artful girl said he was her brother!—and here all the every-day married ladies in the company laugh bitterly. Since that time she has been haunted by a sailor, and smells tar in all sorts of places.

If she ever has a passable servant, whom she is able to keep for a reasonable number of years, she gets gradually attached to her, and pets and coddles her. Betty is a standing testimony to her nice discrimination, and a perpetual premium on her successful rearing of servants. But alas! the end of it all is, that the respectable creature gets married to the green grocer, and leaves her indulgent mistress: a striking proof of the heartlessness and ingratitude of the whole tribe! If it is not marriage, however, that calls her away, but bad health; if she goes home unwell, or is carried to the infirmary—what then? Why, then, we are sorry to say, she passes utterly away from the observation and memory of the every-day married lady. This may be reckoned a bad trait in her character; and yet it is in some degree allied to the great virtue of her life. Servants are the evil principle in her household, which it is her business to combat and hold in obedience. A very large proportion of her time is spent in this virtuous warfare; and success on her part ought to be considered deserving of the gratitude of the vanquished, without imposing burdens upon the victor.

The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted either in their houses or languages This thing is Comfort. The word can not well be defined, the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand, however, what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source of the enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; while a married man—provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully: it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says, "This is comfort!" it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner: it was not she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains, and it never occurs to him to think that all these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her spiriting, and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola. We have suggested, on a former occasion, that our conventional notions of the sex, in its gentle, modest, and retiring characteristics, are derived from the every-day young lady; and in like manner we venture to opine that the every-day married lady is *the* English wife of foreigners and moralists. Thus she is a national character, and a personage of history; and yet there she sits all the while in that corner, knitting something or other, and thinking to herself that she had surely smelt a puff of tar as she was passing the pantry.

The curious thing is, that the dispenser of

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comfort can do with a very small share of it herself. When her husband does not dine at home, it is surprising what odds and ends are sufficient to make up the dinner. Perhaps the best part of it is a large slice of bread-and-butter; for it is wasting the servants' time to make them cook when there is *nobody* to be at the table. But she makes up for this at tea: that *is* a comfortable meal for the every-day married lady. The husband, a matter-of-fact, impassive fellow, swallows down his two or three cups in utter unconsciousness of the poetry of the occasion; while the wife pauses on every sip, drinks in the aroma as well as the infusion, fills slowly and lingeringly out, and creams and sugars as if her hands dallied over a labor of love. With her daughters, in the mean time, grown up, or even half-grown up, she exchanges words and looks of motherly and masonic intelligence: she is moulding them to comfort, initiating them in every-dayism; and as their heads bend companionably toward each other, you see at a glance that the girls will do honor to their breeding. The husband calls this "dawdling," and already begins to fret. Let him: he knows nothing about it.

It is surprising the affection of the daughters for their every-day mother. Not that the sentiment is steady and uniform in its expression, for sometimes one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only as a daily necessary not requiring any special notice. But wait till a grief comes, and mark to what bosom the panting girl flies for refuge and comfort; and with what *abandon* she flings her arms round that maternal neck, and with what a passionate first the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. This is something more than habit, something more than filial trust. There are more senses than five in human nature—or seven either: there is a fine and subtle link between these two beings—a common atmosphere of thought and feeling, impalpable and imperceptible, yet necessary to the souls of both. If you doubt it if you doubt that there is a moral attraction the every-day married lady, irrespective of blood-affinity, carry your view forward to another generation, and interrogate those witnesses who are never mistaken in character, and who never give false testimony—little children. They see on their every-day grandmamma. Their glances, not yet seared and hardened by the world, understand hers; and with something of the fresh perfume of Eden about them still, they recognize instinctively those blessed souls whom God has given to love little children.

This is farther shown when the every-day married lady dies. What is there in the character we have drawn to account for the shock the whole family receives? The husband feels as if a thunder-cloud had fallen, and gathered, and blackened upon his heart, through which he could never again see the sun. The grown-up children, especially the females, are distracted; "their purposes are broken off;" they desire to have nothing more to do with the world: they lament as those who will not be comforted. Even common acquaintances look round them, when they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety—

> "We miss her when the morning calls,
> As one that mingled in our mirth:
> We miss her when the evening falls—
> A trifle wanted on the earth!
>
> "Some fancy small, or subtle thought,
> Is checked ere to its blossom grown;
> Some chain is broken that we wrought,
> Now—she hath flown!"

And so she passes away—this every-day married lady—leaving memorials of her commonplace existence every where throughout the circle in which she lived, moved, and had her being, and after having stamped herself permanently upon the constitution, both moral and physical, of her descendants.

ANECDOTE OF A SINGER.

SIGNORA GRASSINI, the great Italian singer, died a few months since at Milan. She was distinguished not only for her musical talents, but also for her beauty and powers of theatrical expression. One evening in 1810, she and Signor Crescentini performed together at the Tuileries, and sang in "Romeo and Juliet." At the admirable scene in the third act, the Emperor Napoleon applauded vociferously, and Talma, the great tragedian, who was among the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance was ended, the Emperor conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was writen, "Good for 20,000 livres. —NAPOLEON."

"Twenty thousand francs!" said one of her friends—"the sum is a large one."

"It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces," replied Grassini quietly.

Indeed few persons were ever more generous, tender, and considerate toward their family than this great singer.

Many years afterward, when the Empire had crumbled into dust, carrying with it in its fall, among other things, the rich pension of Signora Grassini, she happened to be at Bologna. There another of her nieces was for the first time presented to her, with a request that she would do something for her young relative. The little girl was extremely pretty, but not, her friends thought, fitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Her aunt asked her to sing; and when the timid voice had sounded a few notes. "Dear child," said Grassini, embracing her, "you will not want *me* to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, and work hard, my love: your throat will win a shower of gold." The young girl did not disappoint her aunt's prediction. She still lives, and her name is Giulia Grisi

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[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

I ONCE knew a little boy, a little child of three years old; one of those bright creatures whose fair loveliness seems more of heaven than of earth—even at a passing glimpse stirring our hearts, and filling them with purer and holier thought. But this, the little Francie, was more of a cherub than an angel—as we picture them—with his gladsome hazel eyes, his dazzling fairness, his clustering golden hair, and his almost winged step. Such he was, at least, until sickness laid its heavy hand on him; then, indeed, when, after days of burning, wasting fever—hours of weary restlessness—the little hand at last lay motionless outside the scarcely whiter coverlet of his tiny bed, the fair, still head, pressed down upon the pillow, and the pale face gazing with the silent wonder of returning consciousness on the anxious ones around it; then, indeed, a bright yet pitying look would flit across it, or dwell in the earnest eyes—a look such as we assign to angels in our dreams, when some fond fancy seems to bring them near us, weeping for mortal griefs beyond their remedy.

It was a strange sickness for one so young—the struggle of typhus fever with a baby frame; but life and youth obtained the victory; and quicker even than hope could venture to expect, the pulses rallied, the cheeks grew round and rosy, and the little wasted limbs filled up again. Health was restored—health, but not strength: we thought this for a while. We did not wonder that the weakened limbs refused their office, and still we waited on in hope, until days, and even weeks, passed by: then it was found that the complaint had left its bitter sting, and little Francie could not walk a step, or even stand.

Many and tedious and painful were the remedies resorted to; yet the brave little heart bore stoutly up, with that wonderful fortitude, almost heroism, which all who have watched by suffering childhood, when the tractable spirit bends to its early discipline, must at some time or other have remarked. Francie's fortitude might have afforded an example to many; but a dearer lesson was given in the hopeful spirit with which the little fellow himself noted the effect of each distressing remedy, marking each stage of progress, and showing off with eager gladness every step attained, from the first creeping on the hands and knees, to the tiptoe journey round the room, holding on by chairs and tables; then to the clinging to some loving hand; and then, at last, the graceful balancing of his light body, until he stood quite erect alone, and so moved slowly on.

It was in autumn this illness seized on the little one, just when the leaves were turning, and the orchard fruits becoming ripe. His nurse attributed it all to his sitting on a grassy bank at play on one of those uncertain autumn days; but he, in his childish way, always maintained "It was Francie himself—eating red berries in the holly bower." However this may have been, the season and the time seemed indelibly impressed upon his mind. In all his long confinement to the house, his thoughts continually turned to outward objects, to the external face of nature and the season's change, and evermore his little word of hope was this, "When the *summer* comes!"

He kept it up throughout the long winter, and the bleak cold spring. A fairy little carriage had been provided for him, in which, well wrapped up from the cold, and resting on soft cushions, he was lightly drawn along by a servant, to his own great delight, and the admiration of many a young beholder. But when any one—attempting to reconcile him the better to his position—expatiated on the beauty or comfort of his new acquisition, his eager look and word would show how far he went beyond it, as, quickly interrupting, he would exclaim, "Wait till the summer comes—then Francie will walk again!"

During the winter there was a fearful storm. it shook the windows, moaned in the old trees, and howled down the chimneys with a most menacing voice. Older hearts than Francie's quailed that night, and he, unable to sleep, lay listening to it all—quiet, but asking many a question, as his excited fancy formed similitudes to the sounds. One time it was poor little children cruelly turned out, and wailing; then something trilling, with its last hoarse cry; then wolves and bears, from far-off other lands. But all the while Francie knew he was snug and safe himself: no fears disturbed him, whatever the noise may have done. Throughout the whole of it he carried his one steadfast hope, and, in the morning telling of it all, with all his marvelous thoughts, he finished his relation with the never-failing word of comfort, "Ah! there shall be no loud wind, no waking nights, when once the summer comes!"

The summer came with its glad birds and flowers, its balmy air; and who can paint the exquisite delight of the suffering child that had waited for it so long? Living almost continually in the open air he seemed to expect fresh health and strength from each reviving breath he drew, and every day would deem himself capable of some greater effort, as if to prove that his expectation had not been in vain.

One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in a group amusing themselves in part of the garden, when some friends passed through. Francie, longing to show how much he could do, entreated hard to be taken with them "along the walk, just to the holly bower." His request was granted, and on he did walk; quick at first, then slowly slower: but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the fitful color went and came, and the pauses grew more and more frequent. No, with a heavy sigh he admitted, "'Tis a very, very long walk *now;* but Francie must not be tired: sure the summer is come." And so,

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determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright proofs around him, he succeeded in accomplishing his little task at last.

Thus the summer passed away, and again came the changing autumn, acting on poor little Francie to a degree he had never reckoned on, and with its chill, damp airs, nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effort even than before, he had again tried the walk to the holly bower, the scene of his self-accusing misdemeanor as the cause of all his sufferings. He sat down to rest; above his head, as the autumnal breeze swept through them, "the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play;" and as little Francie looked upward toward them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over his heart. He nestled in closer to his mother's side; and still looking up, but with more thoughtful eyes, he said, "Mamma, is the summer *quite* gone?"

"Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the little birds?"

"Quite gone, mamma, and Francie not quite well?"

His mother looked away; she could not bear her child to see the tell-tale tears his mournful little words called up, or know the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's silence, only broken by the blackbird's song; and then she felt a soft, a little kiss, upon her hand, and looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was an angel's—gazing upward to her, brightly flaming, brighter than ever; and his rosy lips first parted with their own sweet smile again, he exclaimed in joyous tones, "Mamma, the summer will come again!"

Precious was that heaven-born word of childfaith to the careworn mother, to cheer her on, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after-experiment and anxious watch, until, at last, she reaped her rich reward in the complete realization of her bright one's hope. Precious to more than her such words may be, if bravely stemming our present trouble, whatsoe'er it be—bravely enduring, persevering, encouraging others and ourselves, even as that little child—we hold the light, that as the revolving year brings round different seasons, as day succeeds to night—even as surely as we look for this, and know so to the trusting heart there comes a time may be soon or late, it may be now, or it be *then*—when this grief or grievance will be passed away; and so 'twill all seem nothing—when the summer comes!

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

VILLAINY OUTWITTED—FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

One respectable agent of a rather eminent French house arrived one morning in great apparent distress at Scotland Yard, and informed the superintendent that he had just sustained a great, almost ruinous loss, in notes of the Bank of England, and commercial bills of exchange, besides a considerable sum in gold. He had, it appeared, been absent in Paris about ten days, and on his return but a few hours previously, discovered that his iron chest had been completely rifled during his absence. False keys must have been used, as the empty chest was found locked, and no sign of violence could be observed. He handed in full written details of the property carried off, the numbers of the notes, and every other essential particular. The first step taken was to ascertain if any of the notes had been tendered at the bank. Not one had been presented; payment was of course stopped, and advertisements descriptive of the bills of exchange, as well as of the notes, were inserted in the evening and following morning papers. A day or two afterward, a considerable reward was offered for such information as might lead to the apprehension of the offenders No result followed; and spite of the active exertions of the officers employed, not the slightest clew could be obtained to the perpetrators of the robbery. The junior partner in the firm, M. Bellebon, in the mean time arrived in England, to assist in the investigation, and was naturally extremely urgent in his inquiries; but the mystery which enveloped the affair remained impenetrable. At last a letter, bearing the St. Martin-le-Grand post-mark, was received by the agent, M. Alexandre le Breton, which contained an offer to surrender the whole of the plunder, with the exception of the gold, for the sum of one thousand pounds. The property which had been abstracted was more than ten times that sum, and had been destined by the French house to meet some heavy liabilities falling due in London very shortly. Le Breton had been ordered to pay the whole amount into Hoare's to the account of the firm, and had indeed been severely blamed for not having done so as he received the different notes and bills; and it was on going to the chest immediately on his return from Paris, for the purpose of fulfilling the peremptory instructions he had received, that M. le Breton discovered the robbery.

The letter went on to state that should the offer be acceded to, a mystically-worded advertisement—of which a copy was inclosed—was to be inserted in the "Times," and then a mode would be suggested for safely—in the interest of the thieves of course—carrying the agreement into effect. M. Bellebon was half-inclined to close with this proposal, in order to save the credit of the house, which would be destroyed unless its acceptances, now due in about fourteen days, could be met; and without the stolen moneys and bills of exchange, this was, he feared, impossible. The superintendent, to whom M. Bellebon showed the letter, would not hear of compliance with such a demand, and threatened a prosecution for composition of felony if M. Bellebon persisted in doing so. The advertisement was, however, inserted,

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and an immediate reply directed that Le Breton, the agent, should present himself at the Old Manor-House, Green Lanes, Newington, unattended, at four o'clock on the following afternoon, bringing with him of course the stipulated sum *in gold*. It was added, that to prevent any possible treason (*trahison*, the letter was written in French), Le Breton would find a note for him at the tavern, informing him of the spot—a solitary one, and far away from any place where an ambush could be concealed—where the business would be concluded, and to which he must proceed unaccompanied, and on foot! This proposal was certainly quite as ingenious as it was cool, and the chance of outwitting such cunning rascals seemed exceedingly doubtful. A very tolerable scheme was, however, hit upon, and M. le Breton proceeded at the appointed hour to the Old Manor-House. No letter or message had been left for him, and nobody obnoxious to the slightest suspicion could be seen near or about the tavern. On the following day another missive arrived, which stated that the writer was quite aware of the trick which the police had intended playing him, and he assured M. Bellebon that such a line of conduct was as unwise as it would be fruitless, inasmuch as if "good faith" was not observed, the securities and notes would be inexorably destroyed or otherwise disposed of, and the house of Bellebon and Company be consequently exposed to the shame and ruin of bankruptcy.

Just at this crisis of the affair I arrived in town from an unsuccessful hunt after some fugitives who had slipped through my fingers at Plymouth. The superintendent laughed heartily, not so much at the trick by which I had been duped, as at the angry mortification I did not affect to conceal. He presently added, "I have been wishing for your return, in order to intrust you with a tangled affair, in which success will amply compensate for such a disappointment. You know French too, which is fortunate; for the gentleman who has been plundered understands little or no English." He then related the foregoing particulars, with other apparently slight circumstances; and after a long conversation with him, I retired to think the matter over, and decide upon the likeliest mode of action. After much cogitation, I determined to see M. Bellebon *alone;* and for this purpose I dispatched the waiter of a tavern adjacent to his lodgings, with a note expressive of my wish to see him instantly on pressing business. He was at home, and immediately acceded to my request. I easily introduced myself; and after about a quarter of an hour's conference, said carelessly—for I saw he was too heedless of speech, too quick and frank, to be intrusted with the dim suspicions which certain trifling indices had suggested to me—"Is Monsieur le Breton at the office where the robbery was committed?"

"No: he is gone to Greenwich on business, and will not return till late in the evening. But if you wish to re-examine the place, I can of course enable you to do so."

"It will, I think, be advisable; and you will, if you please," I added, as we emerged into the street, "permit me to take you by the arm, in order that the *official* character of my visit may not be suspected by any one there."

He laughingly complied, and we arrived at the house arm-in-arm. We were admitted by an elderly woman; and there was a young man—a mustached clerk—seated at a desk in an inner room writing. He eyed me for a moment, somewhat askance, I thought, but I gave him no opportunity for a distinct view of my features; and I presently handed M. Bellebon a card, on which I had contrived to write, unobserved, "send away the clerk." This was more naturally done than I anticipated; and in answer to M. Bellebon's glance of inquiry, I merely said, "that as I did not wish to be known there as a police-officer, it was essential that the minute search I was about to make should be without witnesses." He agreed; and the woman was also sent away upon a distant errand. Every conceivable place did I ransack; every scrap of paper that had writing on it I eagerly perused. At length the search was over, apparently without result.

"You are quite sure, Monsieur Bellebon, as you informed the superintendent, that Monsieur le Breton has no female relations or acquaintances in this country?"

"Positive," he replied. "I have made the most explicit inquiries on the subject both of the clerk Dubarle, and of the woman-servant."

Just then the clerk returned, out of breath with haste, I noticed, and I took my leave without even now affording the young gentleman so clear a view of my face as he was evidently anxious to obtain.

"No female acquaintance!" thought I, as I re-entered the private room of the tavern I had left an hour before. "From whom came, then, these scraps of perfumed note-paper I have found in his desk, I wonder?" I sat down and endeavored to piece them out, but after considerable trouble, satisfied myself that they were parts of different notes, and so small, unfortunately, as to contain nothing which separately afforded any information except that they were all written by one hand, and that a female one.

About two hours after this I was sauntering along in the direction of Stoke-Newington, where I was desirous of making some inquiries as to another matter, and had passed the Kingslaw Gate a few hundred yards, when a small discolored printed handbill, lying in a haberdasher's shop window, arrested my attention. It ran thus: "Two guineas reward.—Lost, an Italian greyhound. The tip of its tail has been chopped off, and it answers to the name of Fidèle." Underneath, the reader was told in writing to "inquire within."

"Fidèle!" I mentally exclaimed. "Any relation to M. le Breton's fair correspondent Fidèle, I wonder?" In a twinkling my pocket-

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book was out, and I reperused by the gas-light on one of the perfumed scraps of paper the following portion of a sentence, "*ma pauvre Fidèle est per*—" The bill, I observed, was dated nearly three weeks previously. I forthwith entered the shop, and pointing to the bill, said I knew a person who had found such a dog as was there advertised for. The woman at the counter said she was glad to hear it, as the lady, formerly a customer of theirs, was much grieved at the animal's loss.

"What is the lady's name?" I asked.

"I can't rightly pronounce the name," was the reply. "It is French, I believe; but here it is, with the address, in the day-book, written by herself."

I eagerly read—"Madame Levasseur, Oak Cottage; about one mile on the road from Edmonton to Southgate." The handwriting greatly resembled that on the scraps I had taken from M. le Breton's desk; and the writer was French too! Here were indications of a trail which might lead to unhoped-for success, and I determined to follow it up vigorously. After one or two other questions, I left the shop, promising to send the dog to the lady the next day. My business at Stoke-Newington was soon accomplished. I then hastened westward to the establishment of a well-known dog-fancier, and procured the loan, at a reasonable price, of an ugly Italian hound: the requisite loss of the tip of its tail was very speedily accomplished, and so quickly healed, that the newness of the excision could not be suspected. I arrived at the lady's residence about twelve o'clock on the following day, so thoroughly disguised as a vagabond Cockney dog-stealer, that my own wife, when I entered the breakfast parlor just previous to starting, screamed with alarm and surprise. The mistress of Oak Cottage was at home, but indisposed, and the servant said she would take the dog to her, though, if I would take it out of the basket, she herself could tell me if it was Fidèle or not. I replied that I would only show the dog to the lady, and would not trust it out of my hands. This message was carried up-stairs, and after waiting some time outside—for the woman, with natural precaution, considering my appearance, for the safety of the portable articles lying about, had closed the street-door in my face—I was re-admitted, desired to wipe my shoes carefully, and walk up. Madame Levasseur, a showy-looking woman, though not over-refined in speech or manners, was seated on a sofa, in vehement expectation of embracing her dear Fidèle; but my vagabond appearance so startled her, that she screamed loudly for her husband, M. Levasseur. This gentleman, a fine, tall, whiskered, mustached person, hastened into the apartment half-shaved, and with his razor in his hand.

"Qu'est ce qu'il y a donc?" he demanded.

"Mais voyez cette horreur là," replied the lady, meaning me, not the dog, which I was slowly emancipating from the basket-kennel. The gentleman laughed; and reassured by the presence of her husband, Madame Levasseur's anxieties concentrated themselves upon the expected Fidèle."

"Mais, mon Dieu!" she exclaimed again as I displayed the aged beauty I had brought for her inspection, "why, that is not Fidèle!"

"Not, marm?" I answered, with quite innocent surprise. "Vy, ere is her wery tail;" and I held up the mutilated extremity for her closer inspection. The lady was not, however, to be convinced even by that evidence; and as the gentleman soon became impatient of my persistence, and hinted very intelligibly that he had a mind to hasten my passage down stairs with the toe of his boot, I, having made the best possible use of my eyes during the short interview, scrambled up the dog and basket, and departed.

"No female relative or acquaintance hasn't he?" was my exulting thought as I gained the road. "And yet if that is not M. le Breton's picture between those of the husband and wife, I am a booby, and a blind one." I no longer in the least doubted that I had struck a brilliant trail; and I could have shouted with exultation, so eager was I not only to retrieve my, as I fancied, somewhat tarnished reputation for activity and skill, but to extricate the plundered firm from their terrible difficulties; the more especially as young M. Bellebon, with the frankness of his age and nation, had hinted to me—and the suddenly-tremulous light of his fine expressive eyes testified to the acuteness of his apprehensions—that his marriage with a long-loved and amiable girl depended upon his success in saving the credit of his house.

That same evening, about nine o'clock, M. Levasseur, expensively, but withal snobbishly attired, left Oak Cottage, walked to Edmonton, hailed a cab, and drove off rapidly toward town, followed by an English swell as stylishly and snobbishly dressed, wigged, whiskered, and mustached as himself: this English swell being no other than myself, as prettily metamorphosed and made up for the part I intended playing as heart could wish.

M. Levasseur descended at the end of the Quadrant, Regent-street, and took his way to Vine-street, leading out of that celebrated thoroughfare. I followed; and observing him enter a public-house, unhesitatingly did the same. It was a house of call and general rendezvous for foreign servants out of place. Valets, couriers, cooks, of many varieties of shade, nation, and respectability, were assembled there, smoking, drinking, and playing at an insufferably noisy game, unknown, I believe, to Englishmen, and which must, I think, have been invented in sheer despair of cards, dice, or other implements of gambling. The sole instruments of play were the gamesters' fingers, of which the two persons playing suddenly and simultaneously uplifted as many, or as few as they pleased, each player alternately calling a number; and if he named precisely how many fingers were held up by himself and opponent, he marked a point. The hubbub of cries—"cinq,"

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"neuf," "dix," &c.—was deafening. The players—almost every body in the large room—were too much occupied to notice our entrance; and M. Levasseur and myself seated ourselves, and called for something to drink, without, I was glad to see, exciting the slightest observation. M. Levasseur, I soon perceived, was an intimate acquaintance of many there; and somewhat to my surprise, for he spoke French very well, I found that he was a Swiss. His name was, I therefore concluded, assumed. Nothing positive rewarded my watchfulness that evening; but I felt quite sure Levasseur had come there with the expectation of meeting some one, as he did not play, and went away about half-past eleven o'clock with an obviously discontented air. The following night it was the same; but the next, who should peer into the room about half-past ten, and look cautiously round, but M. Alexandre le Breton! The instant the eyes of the friends met, Levasseur rose and went out. I hesitated to follow, lest such a movement might excite suspicion; and it was well I did not, as they both presently returned, and seated themselves close by my side. The anxious, haggard countenance of Le Breton—who had, I should have before stated, been privately pointed out to me by one of the force early on the morning I visited Oak Cottage—struck me forcibly, especially in contrast with that of Levasseur, which wore only an expression of malignant and ferocious triumph, slightly dashed by temporary disappointment. Le Breton staid but a short time; and the only whispered words I caught were—"He has, I fear, some suspicion."

The anxiety and impatience of M. Bellebon while this was going on became extreme, and he sent me note after note—the only mode of communication I would permit—expressive of his consternation at the near approach of the time when the engagements of his house would arrive at maturity, without any thing having in the meantime been accomplished. I pitied him greatly, and after some thought and hesitation, resolved upon a new and bolder game. By affecting to drink a great deal, occasionally playing, and in other ways exhibiting a reckless, devil-may-care demeanor, I had striven to insinuate myself into the confidence and companionship of Levasseur, but hitherto without much effect; and although once I could see, startled by a casual hint I dropped to another person—one of ours—just sufficiently loud for him to hear—that I knew a sure and safe market for stopped Bank of England notes, the cautious scoundrel quickly subsided into his usual guarded reserve. He evidently doubted me, and it was imperatively necessary to remove those doubts. This was at last effectually, and, as I am vain enough to think, cleverly done. One evening a rakish-looking man, who ostentatiously and repeatedly declared himself to be Mr. Trelawney, of Conduit-street, and who was evidently three parts intoxicated, seated himself directly in front of us, and with much braggart impudence boasted of his money, at the same time displaying a pocket-book, which seemed pretty full of Bank of England notes. There were only a few persons present in the room besides us, and they were at the other end of the room. Levasseur I saw noticed with considerable interest the look of greed and covetousness which I fixed on that same pocket-book. At length the stranger rose to depart I also hurried up and slipped after him, and was quietly and slyly followed by Levasseur. After proceeding about a dozen paces, I looked furtively about, but *not* behind; robbed Mr. Trelawney of his pocket-book, which he had placed in one of the tails of his coat; crossed over the street, and walked hurriedly away, still, I could hear, followed by Levasseur. I entered another public-house, strode into an empty back-room, and was just in the act of examining my prize, when in stepped Levasseur. He looked triumphant as Lucifer, as he clapped me on the shoulder, and said in a low exulting voice, "I saw that pretty trick, Williams, and can, if I like, transport you!"

My consternation was naturally extreme, and Levasseur laughed immensely at the terror he excited. "*Soyez tranquille*," he said at last, at the same time ringing the bell, "I shall not hurt you." He ordered some wine, and after the waiter had fulfilled the order, and left the room, said, "Those notes of Mr. Trelawney's will of course be stopped in the morning, but I think I once heard you say you knew of a market for such articles?"

"I hesitated, coyly unwilling to further commit myself. "Come, come," resumed Levasseur, in a still low but menacing tone, "no nonsense. I have you now; you are, in fact, entirely in my power: but be candid, and you are safe. Who is your friend?"

"He is not in town now," I stammered.

"Stuff—humbug! I have myself some notes to change. There, now we understand each other. What does he give, and how does he dispose of them?"

"He gives about a third generally, and gets rid of them abroad. They reach the Bank through *bonâ-fide* and innocent holders, and in that case the Bank is of course bound to pay."

"Is that the law also with respect to bills of exchange?"

"Yes, to be sure it is."

"And is *amount* of any consequence to your friend?"

"None, I believe, whatever."

"Well, then, you must introduce me to him."

"No, that I can't," I hurriedly answered "He won't deal with strangers."

"You *must*, I tell you, or I will call an officer." Terrified by this threat, I muttered that his name was Levi Samuel.

"And where does Levi Samuel live?"

"That," I replied, "I *can not* tell; but I know how to communicate with him."

Finally, it was settled by Levasseur that I should dine at Oak Cottage the next day but

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one, and that I should arrange with Samuel to meet us there immediately afterward. The notes and bills he had to dispose of, I was to inform Samuel, amounted to nearly twelve thousand pounds, and I was promised £500 for effecting the bargain.

"Five hundred pounds, remember, Williams," said Levasseur, as we parted; "or, if you deceive me, transportation. You can prove nothing regarding *me*, whereas, I could settle *you* offhand."

The superintendent and I had a long and rather anxious conference the next day. We agreed that, situate as Oak Cottage was, in an open space away from any other building, it would not be advisable that any officer except myself and the pretended Samuel should approach the place. We also agreed as to the probability of such clever rogues having so placed the notes and bills that they could be consumed or otherwise destroyed on the slightest alarm, and that the open arrest of Levasseur, and a search of Oak Cottage, would in all likelihood prove fruitless. "There will be only two of them," I said, in reply to a remark of the superintendent as to the somewhat dangerous game I was risking with powerful and desperate men, "even should Le Breton be there; and surely Jackson and I, aided by the surprise and our pistols, will be too many for them." Little more was said, the superintendent wished us luck, and I sought out and instructed Jackson.

I will confess that, on setting out the next day to keep my appointment, I felt considerable anxiety. Levasseur *might* have discovered my vocation, and set this trap for my destruction. Yet that was hardly possible. At all events, whatever the danger, it was necessary to face it; and having cleaned and loaded my pistols with unusual care, and bade my wife a more than usually earnest farewell, which, by the way, rather startled her, I set off, determined, as we used to say in Yorkshire, "to win the horse or lose the saddle."

I arrived in good time at Oak Cottage, and found my host in the highest possible spirits. Dinner was ready, he said, but it would be necessary to wait a few minutes for the two friends he expected.

"*Two* friends!" I exclaimed, really startled. "You told me last evening there was to be only one, a Monsieur le Breton."

"True," rejoined Levasseur carelessly; "but I had forgotten that another party as much interested as ourselves would like to be present, and invite himself if I did not. But there will be enough for us all, never fear, he added, with a coarse laugh, "especially as Madame Levasseur does not dine with us."

At this moment a loud knock was heard. "Here they are!" exclaimed Levasseur, and hastened out to meet them. I peeped through the blind, and to my great alarm saw that Le Breton was accompanied by the clerk Dubarle! My first impulse was to seize my pistols and rush out of the house; but calmer thoughts soon succeeded, and the improbability that a plan had been laid to entrap me recurred forcibly. Still, should the clerk recognize me? The situation was undoubtedly a critical one; but I was in for it, and must therefore brave the matter out in the best way I could.

Presently a conversation, carried on in a loud, menacing tone in the next room between Levasseur and the new-comers, arrested my attention, and I softly approached the door to listen. Le Breton, I soon found was but half a villain, and was extremely anxious that the property should not be disposed of till at least another effort had been made at negotiation. The others, now that a market for the notes and securities had been obtained, were determined to avail themselves of it, and immediately leave the country. The almost agonizing entreaties of Le Breton that they would not utterly ruin the house he had betrayed, were treated with scornful contempt, and he was at length silenced by their brutal menaces. Le Breton, I further learned, was a cousin of Madame Levasseur, whose husband had first pillaged him at play, and then suggested the crime which had been committed as the sole means of concealing the defalcations of which he, Levasseur, had been the occasion and promoter.

After a brief delay, all three entered the dining-room, and a slight but significant start which the clerk Dubarle gave, as Levasseur, with mock ceremony, introduced me, made my heart, as folk say, leap into my mouth. His half-formed suspicions seemed, however, to be dissipated for the moment by the humorous account Levasseur gave him of the robbery of Mr. Trelawney, and we sat down to a very handsome dinner.

A more uncomfortable one, albeit, I never assisted at. The furtive looks of Dubarle, who had been only partially reassured, grew more and more inquisitive and earnest. Fortunately Levasseur was in rollicking spirits and humor, and did not heed the unquiet glances of the young man; and as for Le Breton, he took little notice of any body. At last this terrible dinner was over, and the wine was pushed briskly round. I drank much more freely than usual, partly with a view to calm my nerves, and partly to avoid remark. It was nearly the time for the Jew's appearance, when Dubarle, after a scrutinizing and somewhat imperious look at my face, said abruptly, "I think, Monsieur Williams, I have seen you somewhere before?"

"Very likely," I replied, with as much indifference as I could assume. "Many persons have seen me before—some of them once or twice too often."

"True!" exclaimed Levasseur, with a shout "Trelawney, for instance!"

"I should like to see monsieur with his wig off!" said the clerk, with increasing insolence.

"Nonsense, Dubarle; you are a fool," exclaimed Levasseur; "and I will not have my good friend Williams insulted."

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Dubarle did not persist, but it was plain enough that some dim remembrance of my features continued to haunt and perplex him.

At length, and the relief was unspeakable, a knock at the outer door announced Jackson—Levi Samuel I mean. We all jumped up and ran to the window. It was the Jew sure enough, and admirably he had dressed and now looked the part. Levasseur went out, and in a minute or two returned, introducing him. Jackson could not suppress a start as he caught sight of the tall, mustached addition to the expected company; and, although he turned it off very well, it drove the Jewish dialect in which he had been practicing, completely out of his thoughts and speech, as he said, "You have more company than my friend Williams led me to expect?"

"A friend—one friend extra, Mr. Samuel," said Levasseur; "that is all. Come, sit down, let me help you to a glass of wine. You are an English Jew I perceive?"

"Yes."

A silence of a minute or two succeeded, and then Levasseur said, "You are, of course, prepared for business?"

"Yes—that is, if you are reasonable."

"Reasonable! the most reasonable men in the world," rejoined Levasseur, with a loud laugh. "But pray, where is the gold you mean to pay us with?"

"If we agree, I will fetch it in half an hour. I do not carry bags of sovereigns about with me into *all* companies," replied Jackson, with much readiness.

"Well, that's right enough: and how much discount do you charge?"

"I will tell you when I see the securities."

Levasseur arose without another word, and left the apartment. He was gone about ten minutes, and on his return, deliberately counted out the stolen Bank-of-England notes, and bills of exchange. Jackson got up from his chair, peered close to them, and began noting down the amounts in his pocket-book. I also rose, and pretended to be looking at a picture by the fire-place. The moment was a nervous one, as the signal had been agreed upon, and could not now be changed or deferred. The clerk Dubarle also hastily rose, and eyed Jackson with flaming but indecisive looks. The examination of the securities was at length terminated, and Jackson began counting the Bank-of-England notes aloud, "One—two—three—four—FIVE!" As the signal word passed his lips, he threw himself upon Le Breton, who sat next to him; and at the same moment I passed one of my feet between Dubarle's, and, with a dexterous twist hurled him violently on the floor; another instant and my grasp was on the throat of Levasseur, and my pistol at his ear. "Furra!" we both shouted, with eager excitement; and, before either of the villains could recover from his surprise, or indeed perfectly comprehend what had happened, Levasseur and Le Breton were handcuffed, and resistance was out of the question. Young Dubarle was next easily secured.

Levasseur, the instant he recovered the use of his faculties, which the completeness and suddenness of the surprise and attack had paralyzed, yelled like a madman with rage and anger, and but for us, would, I verily believe, have dashed his brains out against the walls of the room. The other two were calmer, and having at last thoroughly pinioned and secured them, and carefully gathered up the recovered plunder, we left Oak Cottage in triumph, letting ourselves out, for the woman-servant had gone off, doubtless to acquaint her mistress with the disastrous turn affairs had taken. No inquiry was made after either of them.

An hour afterward the prisoners were securely locked up, and I hurried to acquaint M. Bellebon with the fortunate issue of our enterprise. His exultation, it will be readily believed, was unbounded; and I left him busy with letters to the firm, and doubtless one to "cette chère et aimable Louise," announcing the joyful news.

The prisoners, after a brief trial, were convicted of felonious conspiracy, and were all sentenced to ten years' transportation. Le Breton's sentence, the judge told him, would have been for life, but for the contrition he had exhibited shortly before his apprehension.

As Levasseur passed me on leaving the dock, he exclaimed in French, and in a desperately savage tone, "I will repay you for this when I return, and that infernal Trelawney too." I am too much accustomed to threats of this kind to be in any way moved by them, and I therefore contented myself by smiling, and a civil "Au revoir—allons!"

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

ATLANTIC WAVES.

ONE brisk March morning, in the year 1848, the brave Steam-Ship Hibernia rolled about in the most intoxicated fashion on the broad Atlantic, in north latitude fifty-one, and west longitude thirty-eight, fifty—the wind blowing a hard gale from the west-southwest. To most of the passengers the grandeur of the waters was a mockery, the fine bearing of the ship only a delusion and a snare. Every thing was made tight on deck; if any passenger had left a toothpick on one of the seats, he would assuredly have found it lashed to a near railing. Rope was coiled about every imaginable item; and water dripped from every spar of the gallant vessel. Now it seemed as though she were traveling along through a brilliant gallery, flanked on either side by glittering walls of water; now she climbed one of the crested walls, and an abyss dark and terrible as the famous Maelstrom, which can't be found any where, yawned to receive her. The snorts of the engine seemed to defy the angry waters; and occasionally when a monster wave coiled about the ship, and thundered against her, she

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staggered for a moment, only to renew the battle with fresh energy.

The cooks and stewards went placidly through their several daily avocations on board this rolling, fighting, shaking craft. If they had been Belgravian servants, or club-house waiters, they could not have performed their duties with more profound unconcern. Their coolness appeared nothing less than heroic to the poor tumbled heaps of clothes with human beings inside, who were scattered about the cabins below. An unhappy wight, who had never before been five miles from Boston, was anxiously inquiring of the chief steward the precise time in the course of that evening that the vessel might be expected to founder; while another steward, with provoking pertinacity, was asking how many would dine in the saloon at six, with the same business-like unconcern, as if the ship were gliding along on glass. So tremendous was the tossing, so extreme the apparent uncertainty of any event except a watery terminus to all expectation, that this sort of coolness appeared almost wicked.

Then there was a monster in British form actually on deck—not braving, it was said, but tempting the storm to sweep him into eternity. He astonished even the ship's officers. The cook did not hesitate to venture a strong opinion against the sanity of a man who might, if he chose, be snugly ensconced in the cabin out of harm's way, but who *would* remain upon deck, in momentary danger of being blown overboard. The cook's theory was not ill supported by the subject of it; for he was continually placing himself in all manner of odd places and grotesque postures. Sometimes he scrambled up on the cuddy-roof; then he rolled down again on the saloon deck; now he got himself blown up on the paddle-box; *that* was not high enough for him, for when the vessel sunk into a trough of the sea, he stood on tip-toe, trying to look over the nearest wave. A consultation was held in the cuddy, and a resolution was unanimously passed that the amateur of wind and water (which burst over him every minute) was either an escaped lunatic or—a College Professor.

It was resolved *nem. con.* that he was the latter; and from that moment nobody was surprised at any thing he might choose to do, even while the Hibernia was laboring in what the mate was pleased to call the most "lively" manner. The Professor, however, to the disgust of the sufferers below, who thought it was enough to *feel* the height of the waves, without going to the trouble of measuring them, pursued his observations in the face of the contempt of the official conclave above mentioned. He took up his position on the cuddy roof, which was exactly twenty-three feet three inches above the ship's line of flotation, and there watched the mighty mountains that sported with the brave vessel. He was anxious to ascertain the height of these majestic waves, but he found that the crests rose so far above the horizon from the point where he was standing, that it was utterly impossible, without gaining a greater height for observation, that he could arrive at any just estimate on the subject. His observations from the cuddy-roof proved, however, beyond a doubt, that the majority of these rolling masses of water attained a height of considerably more than twenty-four feet, measuring from the trough of the sea to the crests of the waves. But the Professor was not satisfied with this negative proof; and in the pursuit of his interesting inquiry, did not feel inclined to be baffled. It is impossible to know what the secret thoughts of the men at the wheel were, when the valiant observer announced his intention of making the best of his way from the cuddy-roof to the larboard paddle-box. Now he was to be seen tumbling about with the motion of the ship; at one moment clinging to a chain-box; at the next, throwing himself into the arms of the second mate. Now he is buried in spray, and a few minutes afterward his spare form is seen clinging to the rails which connect the paddle-boxes.

Despite the storm without, a calm mathematical process is going on within the mind of that ardent observer. The Professor knew he was standing at a height of twenty-four feet nine inches above the flotation mark of the ship: and allowing five feet six inches as the height of his eye, he found the elevation he had obtained to be altogether thirty feet three inches. He now waited till the vessel subsided fairly for a few minutes into the trough of the sea in an even and upright position, while the nearest approaching wave had its maximum altitude. Here he found also, that at least one-half part of the wave intercepted by a considerable elevation his view of the horizon. He declared that he frequently observed long ranges extending one hundred yards on one or both sides of the ship—the sea then coming right aft—which rose so high above the visible horizon, as to form an angle estimated at two to three degrees when the distance of the wave's crest, was about a hundred yards off. This distance would add about thirteen feet to the level of the eye. This immense elevation occurred about every sixth wave. Now and then, when the course of a gigantic wave was impertinently interfered with by another liquid giant, and they thundered together, their breaking crests would shoot upward at least ten or fifteen feet higher —about half the height of the monument—and then pour down a mighty flood upon the poor Professor in revenge for his attempt to measure their majesties. No quantity of salt water, however, could wash him from his post, till he had satisfactorily proved, by accurate observation, that the average wave which passed the vessel was fully equal to the height of his eye —or thirty feet three inches—and that the mean highest waves, not including the fighting or broken waves, were about forty-three feet above the level of the hollow occupied at the moment by the ship.

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Satisfied at length of the truth of his observations, the Professor, half-pickled by the salt water, and looking, it must be confessed, very cold and miserable, descended to the cabin. Throughout dinner-time a conversation was kept up between the Professor and the captain —the latter appearing to be about the only individual on board who took any interest whatever in these scientific proceedings. The ladies, one and all, vowed that the Professor was a monster, only doing "all this stuff" in mockery of their sufferings. Toward night the wind increased to a hurricane; the ship trembled like a frightened child before the terrible combat of the elements. Night, with her pall, closed in the scene: it was a wild and solemn time. Toward morning the wind abated. For thirty hours a violent northwest gale had swept over the heaving bosom of the broad Atlantic.

This reflection hastened the dressing and breakfasting operations of the Professor, who tumbled up on deck at about ten o'clock in the morning. The storm had been subdued for several hours, and there was a visible decrease in the height of the waves. He took up his old position on the cuddy-roof, and soon observed, that, even then, when the sea was comparatively quiet, ten waves overtook the vessel in succession, which all rose above the apparent horizon; consequently they must have been more than twenty-three feet—probably about twenty-six feet—from ridge to hollow. From the larboard paddle-box, to which the Professor once more scrambled, he observed that occasionally four or five waves in succession rose above the visible horizon—hence they must have been more than thirty feet waves. He also observed that the waves no longer ran in long ridges, but presented more the form of cones of moderate elongation.

Having so far satisfied himself as to the height of Atlantic waves in a gale of wind (the Professor's estimate must not be taken as the measuremont of the highest known waves, but simply as that of a rough Atlantic sea), he directed his attention to minuter and more difficult observations. He determined to measure the period of time occupied by the regular waves in overtaking the ship, their width from crest to crest, and the rate of their traveling. The first point to be known was the speed of the ship; this he ascertained to be nine knots. His next object was to note her course in reference to the direction of the waves. He found that the true course of the vessel was east, and that the waves came from the west-northwest, so that they passed under the vessel at a considerable angle. The length of the ship was stated to be two hundred and twenty feet. Provided with this information the Professor renewed his observations. He proceeded to count the seconds the crest of a wave took to travel from stern to stem of the vessel; these he ascertained to be six. He then counted the time which intervened between the moment when one crest touched the stern of the vessel, and the next touched it, and he found the average interval to be sixteen seconds and a fraction. These results gave him at once the width between crest and crest. As the crest traveled two hundred and twenty feet (or the length of the vessel) in six seconds, and sixteen seconds elapsed before the next crest touched the stern, it was clear that the wave was nearly three times the length of the vessel; to write accurately, there was a distance of six hundred and five feet from crest to crest.

The Professor did not forget that the oblique course of the ship elongated her line over the waves; this elongation he estimated at forty-five feet, reducing the probable average distance between crest and crest to five hundred and fifty-nine feet.

Being quite satisfied with the result of this experiment, the hardy Professor, still balancing himself on his giddy height, to the wonder and amusement of the sailors, found that the calculations he had already made did not give him the actual velocity of the waves. A wave-crest certainly passed from stern to stem in six seconds, but then the ship was traveling in the same direction, at the rate of nine geographical miles per hour, or 15·2 feet per second; this rate the Professor added to the former measure, which gave 790·5 feet for the actual distance traversed by the wave in 16·5 seconds, being at the rate of 32·67 English miles per hour. This computation was afterward compared with calculations made from totally different data by Mr. Scott Russell, and found to be quite correct.

With these facts the Professor scrambled from the larboard paddle-box of the Hibernia. He had also made some observations on the forms of waves. When the wind blows steadily from one point, they are generally regular; but when it is high and gusty, and shifts from point to point, the sea is broken up, and the waves take a more conical shape, and assume fantastical crests. While the sea ran high, the Professor observed now and then a ridge of waves extending from about a quarter to a third of a mile in length, forming, as it were, a rampart of water. This ridge was sometimes straight, and sometimes bent as of a cresent form, with the central mass of water higher than the rest, and not unfrequently with two or three semi-elliptical mounds in diminishing series on either side of the highest peak.

When the wind had subsided, a few of the bolder passengers crawled upon deck in the oddest imaginable costumes. They had not much to encounter, for about a third part of the greater undulations averaged only twenty-four feet, from crest to hollow, in height. These higher waves could be seen and selected from the pigmy waves about them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the ship.

The Professor had been very unpopular on board while the stormy weather lasted, and the ladies had vowed that he was a sarcastic creature, who *would* have his little joke on the gravest calamities of life; but as the waves

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decreased in bulk, and the wind lulled, and the sun shone, and the men took off their oil-skin coats, and the cabin-windows were opened, the frowns of the fair voyagers wore off. Perfect good-will was general before the ship sighted Liverpool; and even the cook, as he prepared the last dinner for the passengers, was heard to declare (in confidence to one of the stokers) that, after all, there might be something worth knowing in the Professor's observations.

When the Professor landed at Liverpool, he would, on no account, suffer the carpet-bag, containing his calculations, to be taken out of his sight. Several inquisitive persons, however, made the best use of their own eyes, to ascertain the name of the extraordinary observer, and found it to be legibly inscribed with the well-known name of Scoresby.

That his investigations may be the more readily impressed on the reader's mind, we conclude with a summary of them. It would seem from Dr. Scoresby's intrepid investigations, that the highest waves of the Atlantic average in

Altitude	43	feet
Mean Distance between each Wave	559	"
Width from Crest to Crest	600	"
Interval of Time between each wave	16	seconds
Velocity of each Wave per hour	32½	miles.

HOW TO KILL CLEVER CHILDREN.*

AT any time in life, excessive and continued mental exertion is hurtful; but in infancy and early youth, when the structure of the brain is still immature and delicate, permanent injury is more easily produced by injudicious treatment than at any subsequent period. In this respect, the analogy is complete between the brain and the other parts of the body, as is exemplified in the injurious effects of premature exercise of the bones and muscles. Scrofulous and rickety children are the most usual sufferers in this way. They are generally remarkable for large heads, great precocity of understanding, and small, delicate bodies. But in such instances, the great size of the brain, and the acuteness of the mind, are the results of morbid growth, and even with the best management, the child passes the first years of its life constantly on the brink of active disease. Instead, however, of trying to repress its mental activity, as they should, the fond parents, misled by the promise of genius, too often excite it still further by unceasing cultivation and the never-failing stimulus of praise; and finding its progress, for a time, equal to their warmest wishes, they look forward with ecstasy to the day when its talents will break forth and shed a lustre on their name. But in exact proportion as the picture becomes brighter to their fancy, the probability of its becoming realized becomes less; for the brain, worn out by premature exertion, either becomes diseased or loses its tone, leaving the mental powers feeble and depressed for the remainder of life. The expected prodigy is thus, in the end, easily outstripped in the social race by many whose dull outset promised him an easy victory.

To him who takes for his guide the necessities of the constitution, it will be obvious that the modes of treatment commonly resorted to should in such cases be reversed; and that, instead of straining to the utmost the already irritable powers of the precocious child, leaving his dull competitors to ripen at leisure, a systematic attempt ought to be made, from early infancy, to rouse to action the languid faculties of the latter, while no pains should be spared to moderate and give tone to the activity of the former. But instead of this, the prematurely intelligent child is generally sent to school, and tasked with lessons at an unusually early age, while the healthy but more backward boy, who requires to be stimulated, is kept at home in idleness merely on account of his backwardness. A double error is here committed, and the consequences to the active-minded boy are not unfrequently the permanent loss both of health and of his envied superiority of intellect.

In speaking of children of this description, Dr. Brigham, in an excellent little work on the influence of mental excitement on health, remarks as follows: "Dangerous forms of scrofulous disease among children have repeatedly fallen under my observation, for which I could not account in any other way than by supposing that the brain had been excited at the expense of the other parts of the system, and at a time in life when nature is endeavoring to perfect all the organs of the body; and after the disease commenced, I have seen, with grief, the influence of the same cause in retarding or preventing recovery. I have seen several affecting and melancholy instances of children, five or six years of age, lingering a while with diseases from which those less gifted readily recover, and at last dying, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to restore them. During their sickness they constantly manifested a passion for books and mental excitement, and were admired for the maturity of their minds. The chance for the recovery of such precocious children is, in my opinion, small when attacked by disease; and several medical men have informed me that their own observations had led them to form the same opinion, and have remarked that, in two cases of sickness, if one of the patients was a child of superior and highly-cultivated mental powers, and the other one equally sick, but whose mind had not been excited by study, they should feel less confident of the recovery of the former than of the latter. This mental precocity results from an unnatural development of one organ of the body at the expense of the constitution."

There can be little doubt but that ignorance on the part of parents and teachers, is the principal cause that leads to the too early and

* From MAYHEW's Treatise on "Popular Education," soon to be issued from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

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excessive cultivation of the minds of children, and especially of such as are precocious and delicate. Hence the necessity of imparting instruction on this subject to both parents and teachers, and to all persons who are in any way charged with the care and education of the young. This necessity becomes the more imperative from the fact that the cupidity of authors and publishers has led to the preparation of "children's books," many of which are announced as purposely prepared "for children from *two* to *three* years old!" I might instance advertisements of "Infant Manuals" of botany, geometry, and astronomy!

In not a few isolated families, but in many neighborhoods, villages, and cities, in various parts of the country, children *under three years of age* are not only required to commit to memory many verses, texts of Scripture, and stories, but are frequently sent to school for six hours a day. Few children are kept back later than the age of *four*, unless they reside a great distance from school, and some not even then. At home, too, they are induced by all sorts of excitements to learn additional tasks, or peruse juvenile books and magazines, till the nervous system becomes enfeebled, and the health broken. "I have myself," says Dr. Brigham, "seen many children who are supposed to possess almost miraculous mental powers, experiencing these effects and sinking under them. Some of them died early, when but six or eight years of age, but manifested to the last a maturity of understanding, which only increased the agony of separation. Their minds, like some of the fairest flowers were "no sooner blown than blasted;" others have grown up to manhood, but with feeble bodies and disordered nervous system, which subjected them to hypochondriasis, dyspepsy, and all the Protean forms of nervous disease; others of the class of early prodigies exhibit in manhood but small mental powers, and are the mere passive instruments of those who in early life were accounted far their inferiors."

This hot-bed system of education is not confined to the United States, but is practiced less or more in all civilized countries. Dr. Combe, of Scotland, gives an account of one of these early prodigies, whose fate he witnessed. The circumstances were exactly such as those above described. The prematurely developed intellect was admired, and constantly stimulated by injudicious praise, and by daily exhibition to every visitor who chanced to call. Entertaining books were thrown in its way, reading by the fireside encouraged, play and exercise neglected, the diet allowed to be full and heating, and the appetite pampered by every delicacy. The results were the speedy deterioration of a weak constitution, a high degree of nervous sensibility, deranged digestion, disordered bowels, defective nutrition, and, lastly, *death*, at the very time when the interest excited by the mental precocity was at its height.

Such, however, is the ignorance of the majority of parents and teachers on all physiological subjects, that when one of these infant prodigies dies from erroneous treatment, it is not unusual to publish a memoir of his life, that other parents and teachers may see by what means such transcendent qualities were called forth. Dr. Brigham refers to a memoir of this kind, in which the history of a child, aged four years and eleven months, is narrated as approved by "several judicious persons, ministers and others, all of whom united in the request that it might be published, and all agreed in the opinion that a knowledge of the manner in which the child was treated, together with the results, would be profitable to both parents and children, and a benefit to the cause of education." This infant philosopher was "taught hymns before he could speak plainly;" "reasoned with," and constantly instructed until his last illness, which, "*without any assignable cause*," put on a violent and unexpected form, and carried him off!

As a *warning to others* not to force education too soon or too fast, this case may be truly profitable to both parents and children, and a benefit to the cause of education; but *as an example to be followed*, it assuredly can not be too strongly or too loudly condemned.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

(*Continued from Page* 639.)

CHAPTER XVI.

"AN OLD GENERAL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE."

IN obedience to an order which arrived at Saumur one morning in the July of 1798, I was summoned before the commandant of the school, when the following brief colloquy ensued:

"Maurice Tiernay," said he, reading from the record of the school, "why are you called l'Irlandais?"

"I am Irish by descent, sir."

"Ha! by descent. Your father was then an Emigré?"

"No, sir—my great grandfather."

"*Parbleu!* that is going very far back. Are you aware of the causes which induced him to leave his native country?"

"They were connected with political troubles, I've heard, sir. He took part against the English, my father told me, and was obliged to make his escape to save his life."

"You then hate the English, Maurice?"

"My grandfather certainly did not love them, sir."

"Nor can you, boy, ever forgive their having exiled your family from country and home: every man of honor retains the memory of such injuries."

"I can scarcely deem that an injury, sir, which has made me a French citizen," said I, proudly.

"True, boy—you say what is perfectly true

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and just; any sacrifice of fortune or patrimony is cheap at such a price; still you have suffered a wrong—a deep and irreparable wrong—and as a Frenchman you are ready to avenge it."

Although I had no very precise notion, either as to the extent of the hardships done me, nor in what way I was to demand the reparation, I gave the assent he seemed to expect.

"You are well acquainted with the language, I believe?" continued he.

"I can read and speak English tolerably well, sir."

"But I speak of Irish, boy—of the language which is spoken by your fellow-countrymen," said he, rebukingly.

"I have always heard, sir, that this has fallen into disuse, and is little known, save among the peasantry in a few secluded districts."

He seemed impatient as I said this, and referred once more to the paper before him, from whose minutes he appeared to have been speaking.

"You must be in error, boy. I find here that the nation is devotedly attached to its traditions and its literature, and feels no injury deeper than the insulting substitution of a foreign tongue for their own noble language."

"Of myself I know nothing, sir; the little I have learned was acquired when a mere child."

"Ah, then you probably forget, or may never have heard the fact; but it is as I tell you. This, which I hold here, is the report of a highly-distinguished and most influential personage, who lays great stress upon the circumstance. I am sorry, Tiernay, very sorry, that you are unacquainted with the language."

He continued for some minutes to brood over his disappointment, and, at last, returned to the paper before him.

"The geography of the country — what knowledge have you on that subject?"

"No more, sir, than I may possess of other countries, and merely learned from maps."

"Bad again," muttered he to himself. "Madden calls these 'essentials;' but we shall see." Then addressing me, he said, "Tiernay, the object of my present interrogatory is to inform you that the Directory is about to send an expedition to Ireland to assist in the liberation of that enslaved people. It has been suggested that young officers and soldiers of Irish descent might render peculiar service to the cause, and have selected you for an opportunity which will convert those worsted epaulets into bullion."

This, at least, was intelligible news, and now began to listen with more attention.

"There is a report," said he, laying down before me a very capacious manuscript, "which you will carefully peruse. Here are the latest pamphlets setting forth the state of public opinion in Ireland; and here are various maps of the coast, the harbors, and the strongholds of the country, with all of which you may employ yourself advantageously; and if, on considering the subject, you feel disposed to volunteer—for as a volunteer only could your services be accepted—I will willingly support your request by all the influence in my power."

"I am ready to do so at once, sir," said I, eagerly; "I have no need to know any more than you have told me."

"Well said, boy; I like your ardor. Write your petition, and it shall be forwarded to-day. I will also try and obtain for you the same regimental rank you hold in the school"—I was a sergeant—"it will depend upon yourself afterward to secure a further advancement. You are now free from duty; lose no time, therefore, in storing your mind with every possible information, and be ready to set out at a moment's notice."

"Is the expedition so nearly ready, sir?" asked I, eagerly.

He nodded, and with a significant admonition as to secrecy, dismissed me, bursting with anxiety to examine the stores of knowledge before me, and prepare myself with all the details of a plan in which already I took the liveliest interest. Before the week expired, I received an answer from the minister, accepting the offer of my services. The reply found me deep in those studies, which I scarcely could bear to quit even at meal-times. Never did I experience such an all-devouring passion for a theme as on that occasion. "Ireland" never left my thoughts; her wrongs and sufferings were everlastingly before me; all the cruelties of centuries—all the hard tyranny of the penal laws—the dire injustice of caste oppression—filled me with indignation and anger; while, on the other hand, I conceived the highest admiration of a people who, undeterred by the might and power of England, resolved to strike a great blow for liberty.

The enthusiasm of the people—the ardent darings of a valor whose impetuosity was its greatest difficulty—their high romantic temperament — their devotion — their gratitude — the child-like trustfulness of their natures, were all traits, scattered through the various narratives, which invariably attracted me, and drew me more strongly to their cause—even from affection than reason.

Madyett's memoir was filled with these, and he, I concluded, must know them well, being, as it was asserted, one of the ancient nobility of the land, and who now desired nothing better than to throw rank, privilege, and title into the scale, and do battle for the liberty and equality of his countrymen. How I longed to see this great man, whom my fancy arrayed in all the attributes he so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen, for they were not only, in his description, the boldest and the bravest, but the handsomest people of Europe.

As to the success of the enterprise, whatever doubts I had at first conceived, from an estimate of the immense resources of England, were speedily solved, as I read of the enormous preparations the Irish had made for the struggle. The Roman Catholics, Madyett said,

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were three millions, the Dissenters another million, all eager for freedom and French alliance, wanting nothing but the appearance of a small armed force to give them the necessary organization and discipline. They were somewhat deficient, he acknowledged, in fire-arms —cannon they had none whatever; but the character of the country, which consisted of mountains, valleys, ravines, and gorges, reduced war to the mere chivalrous features of personal encounter. What interminable descriptions did I wade through of clubs and associations, the very names of which were a puzzle to me—the great union of all appearing to be a society called "Defenders," whose oath bound them to "fidelity to the united nations of France and Ireland."

So much for the one side. For the other, it was asserted that the English forces then in garrison in Ireland, were below contempt: the militia, being principally Irish, might be relied on for taking the popular side; and as to the Regulars, they were either "old men, or boys," incapable of active service; and several of the regiments, being Scotch, greatly disaffected to the government. Then, again, as to the navy, the sailors in the English fleet were more than two-thirds Irishmen, all Catholics, and all disaffected.

That the enterprise contained every element of success, then, who could doubt? The nation, in the proportion of ten to one, were for the movement. On their side lay not alone the wrongs to avenge, but the courage, the energy, and the daring. Their oppressors were as weak as tyrannical, their cause was a bad one, and their support of it a hollow semblance of superiority.

If I read these statements with ardor and avidity, one lurking sense of doubt alone obtruded itself on my reasonings. Why, with all these guarantees of victory, with every thing that can hallow a cause, and give it stability and strength—why did the Irish ask for aid? If they were, as they alleged, an immense majority—if theirs was all the heroism and the daring—if the struggle was to be maintained against a miserably inferior force, weakened by age, incapacity, and disaffection—what need had they of Frenchmen on their side? The answer to all such doubts, however, was "the Irish were deficient in organization."

Not only was the explanation a very sufficient one, but it served in a high degree to flatter our vanity. We were, then, to be organizers of Ireland; from us were they to take the lessons of civilization, which should prepare them for freedom—ours was the task to discipline their valor, and train their untaught intelligence. Once landed in the country, it was to our standard they were to rally; from us were to go forth the orders of every movement and measure; to us this new land was to be an *Eldorado*. Madyett significantly hinted every where at the unbounded gratitude of Irishmen; and more than hinted at the future fate of certain confiscated estates. One phrase, ostentatiously set forth in capitals, asserted that the best general of the French Republic could not be any where employed with so much reputation and profit. There was, then, every thing to stimulate the soldier in such an enterprise—honor, fame, glory, and rich rewards were all among the prizes.

It was when deep in the midst of these studies, poring over maps and reports, taxing my memory with hard names, and getting off by heart dates, distances, and numbers, that the order came for me to repair at once to Paris, where the volunteers of the expedition were to assemble. My rank of sergeant had been confirmed, and in this capacity, as "sous officier," I was ordered to report myself to General Kilmaine, the Adjutant-General of the expedition, then living in the "Rue Chantereine." I was also given the address of a certain Lestaing—Rue Tarbout—a tailor, from whom, on producing a certificate, I was to obtain my new uniform.

Full as I was of the whole theme, thinking of the expedition by day, and dreaming of it by night, I was still little prepared for the enthusiasm it was at that very moment exciting in every society of the capital. For some time previous a great number of Irish emigrants had made Paris their residence; some were men of good position and ample fortune; some were individuals of considerable ability and intelligence. All were enthusiastic, and ardent in temperament—devotedly attached to their country—hearty haters of England, and proportionately attached to all that was French. These sentiments, coupled with a certain ease of manner, and a faculty of adaptation, so peculiarly Irish, made them general favorites in society; and long before the Irish question had found any favor with the public, its national supporters had won over the hearts and good wishes of all Paris to the cause.

Well pleased, then, as I was, with my handsome uniform of green and gold, my small chapeau, with its plume of cock's feathers, and the embroidered shamrock on my collar, I was not a little struck by the excitement my first appearance in the street created. Accustomed to see a hundred strange military costumes—the greater number, I own, more singular than tasteful—the Parisians, I concluded, would scarcely notice mine in the crowd. Not so, however; the print-shops had already given the impulse to the admiration, and the "Irish Volunteer of the Guard" was to be seen in every window, in all the "glory of his bravery." The heroic character of the expedition, too, was typified by a great variety of scenes, in which the artist's imagination had all the credit. In one picture the "jeune Irlandais" was planting a national flag of very capacious dimensions on the summit of his native mountains; here he was storming "La chateau de Dublin," a most formidable fortress perched on a rock above the sea; here he was crowning the heights of "La citadelle de Cork," a very Gibraltar in strength;

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or he was haranguing the native chieftains, a highly picturesque group—a cross between a knight crusader and a south-sea islander.

My appearance, therefore, in the streets was the signal for general notice and admiration, and more than one compliment was uttered, purposely loud enough to reach me, on the elegance and style of my equipment. In the pleasant flurry of spirits excited by this flattery, I arrived at the general's quarters in the Rue Chantereine. It was considerably before the time of his usual receptions, but the glitter of my epaulets, and the air of assurance I had assumed, so far imposed upon the old servant who acted as valet, that he at once introduced me into a small saloon, and after a brief pause presented me to the general, who was reclining on a sofa at his breakfast. Although far advanced in years, and evidently broken by bad health, General Kilmaine still preserved traces of great personal advantages, while his manner exhibited all that polished ease and courtesy which was said to be peculiar to the Irish gentleman of the French court. Addressing me in English, he invited me to join his meal; and on my declining, as having already breakfasted, he said, "I perceive, from your name, we are countrymen; and as your uniform tells me the service in which you are engaged, we may speak with entire confidence. Tell me then, frankly, all that you know of the actual condition of Ireland."

Conceiving that this question applied to the result of my late studies, and was meant to elicit the amount of my information, I at once began a recital of what I had learned from the books and reports I had been reading. My statistics were perfect—they had been gotten off by heart; my sympathies were, for the same reason, most eloquent; my indignation was boundless on the wrongs I deplored, and in fact, in the fifteen minutes during which he permitted me to declaim without interruption, I had gone through the whole "cause of Ireland," from Henry II. to George III.

"You have been reading Mr. Madyett, I perceive," said he, with a smile; "but I would rather hear something of your own actual experience. Tell me, therefore, in what condition are the people at this moment, as regards poverty?"

"I have never been in Ireland, general," said I, not without some shame at the avowal coming so soon after my eloquent exhortation.

"Ah, I perceive," said he, blandly, "of Irish origin, and a relative probably of that very distinguished soldier, Count Maurice de Tiernay, who served in the Garde du Corps."

"His only son, general," said I, blushing with eagerness and pleasure at the praise of my father.

"Indeed!" said he, smiling courteously, and seeming to meditate on my words. "There was not a better nor a braver sabre in the corps than your father—a very few more of such men might have saved the monarchy—as it was, they dignified its fall. And to whose guidance and care did you owe your early training, for I see you have not been neglected?"

A few words told him the principal events of my early years, to which he listened with deep attention. At length he said, "And now you are about to devote your acquirements and energy to this new expedition?"

"All, general! Every thing that I have is too little for such a cause."

"You say truly, boy," said he, warmly; "would that so good a cause had better leaders. I mean," added he, hurriedly, "wiser ones. Men more conversant with the actual state of events, more fit to cope with the great difficulties before them, more ready to take advantage of circumstances, whose outward meaning will often prove deceptive. In fact, Irishmen of character and capacity, tried soldiers, and good patriots. Well, well, let us hope the best. In whose division are you?"

"I have not yet heard, sir. I have presented myself here to-day to receive your orders."

"There again is another instance of their incapacity," cried he, passionately. "Why, boy, I have no command, nor any function. I did accept office under General Hoche, but he is not to lead the present expedition."

"And who is, sir?"

"I can not tell you. A week ago they talked of Grouchy, then of Hardy; yesterday it was Humbert; to-day it may be Bonaparte, and to-morrow yourself! Ay, Tiernay, this great and good cause has its national fatality attached to it, and is so wrapped up in low intrigue and falsehood, that every minister becomes in turn disgusted with the treachery and mendacity he meets with, and bequeaths the question to some official underling, meet partisan for the mock patriot he treats with."

"But the expedition will sail, general?" asked I, sadly discomfited by this tone of despondency.

He made me no answer, but sat for some time absorbed in his own thoughts. At last he looked up, and said, "You ought to be in the army of Italy, boy; the great teacher of war is there."

"I know it, sir, but my whole heart is in this struggle. I feel that Ireland has a claim on all who derived even a name from her soil. Do you not believe that the expedition will sail?"

Again he was silent and thoughtful.

"Mr. Madyett would say, Yes," said he, scornfully, "though, certes, he would not volunteer to bear it company."

"Colonel Cherin, general!" said the valet, as he flung open the door for a young officer in a staff-uniform. I arose at once to withdraw, but the general motioned to me to wait in an adjoining room, as he desired to speak with me again.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when I was summoned once more before him.

"You have come at a most opportune moment, Tiernay," said he; "Colonel Cherin informs me that an expedition is ready to sail from

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Rochelle at the first favorable wind. General Humbert has the command; and if you are disposed to join him I will give you a letter of presentation."

Of course I did not hesitate in accepting the offer; and while the general drew over his desk to write the letter, I withdrew toward the window to converse with Colonel Cherin.

"You might have waited long enough," said he, laughing, "if the affair had been in other hands than Humbert's. The delays and discussions of the official people, the difficulty of any thing like agreement, the want of money, and fifty other causes, would have detained the fleet till the English got scent of the whole. But Humbert has taken the short road in the matter. He only arrived at La Rochelle five days ago, and now he is ready to weigh anchor."

"And in what way has he accomplished this?" asked I, in some curiosity.

"By a method," replied he, laughing again, "which is usually reserved for an enemy's country. Growing weary of a correspondence with the minister, which seemed to make little progress, and urged on by the enthusiastic stories of the Irish refugees, he resolved to wait no longer; and so he has called on the merchants and magistrates to advance him a sum on military requisition, together with such stores and necessaries as he stands in need of."

"And they have complied?" asked I.

"Parbleu! that have they. In the first place, they had no other choice; and in the second, they are but too happy to get rid of him and his 'Legion Noir,' as they are called, so cheaply. A thousand louis and a thousand muskets would not pay for the damage of these vagabonds each night they spent in the town."

I confess that this description did not tend to exalt the enthusiasm I had conceived for the expedition; but it was too late for hesitation—too late for even a doubt. Go forward I should, whatever might come of it. And now the general had finished his letter, which, having sealed and addressed, he gave into my hand, saying, "This will very probably obtain you promotion, if not at once, at least on the first vacancy. Good-by, my lad; there may be hard knocks going where you will be, but I'm certain you'll not disgrace the good name you bear, nor the true cause for which you are fighting. I would that I had youth and strength to stand beside you in the struggle. Good-by."

He shook me affectionately by both hands; the colonel, too, bade me adieu not less cordially; and I took my leave with a heart overflowing with gratitude and delight.

CHAPTER XVII.

LA ROCHELLE.

La Rochelle is a quiet little town at the bottom of a small bay, the mouth of which is almost closed up by two islands. There is a sleepy, peaceful air about the place—a sort of drowsy languor pervades every thing and every body about it, that tells of a town whose days of busy prosperity have long since passed by, and which is dragging out life, like some retired tradesman—too poor for splendor, but rich enough to be idle. A long avenue of lime-trees incloses the harbor; and here the merchants conduct their bargains, while their wives, seated beneath the shade, discuss the gossip of the place over their work. All is patriarchal and primitive as Holland itself; the very courtesies of life exhibiting that ponderous stateliness which insensibly reminds one of the land of dykes and broad breeches. It is the least "French" of any town I have ever seen in France; none of that light merriment, that gay volatility of voice and air which form the usual atmosphere of a French town. All is still, orderly, and sombre; and yet on the night in which—something more than fifty years back—I first entered it, a very different scene was presented to my eyes.

It was about ten o'clock; and by a moon nearly full, the diligence rattled along the covered ways of the old fortress, and crossing many a moat and draw-bridge, the scenes of a once glorious struggle, entered the narrow streets, traversed a wide place, and drew up within the ample portals of "La Poste."

Before I could remove the wide capote which I wore, the waiter ushered me into a large salòn where a party of about forty persons were seated at supper. With a few exceptions they were all military officers, and sous-officiers of the expedition, whose noisy gayety and boisterous mirth sufficiently attested that the entertainment had begun a considerable time before.

A profusion of bottles, some empty, others in the way to become so, covered the table, amidst which lay the fragments of a common table-d'hôte supper—large dishes of segars and basins of tobacco figuring beside the omelettes and the salad.

The noise, the crash, the heat, the smoke, and the confusion—the clinking of glasses, the singing, and the speech-making, made a scene of such turmoil and uproar, that I would gladly have retired to some quieter atmosphere, when suddenly an accidental glimpse of my uniform caught some eyes among the revelers, and a shout was raised of "Holloa, comrades! here's one of the 'Gardes' among us." And at once the whole assembly rose up to greet me. For full ten minutes I had to submit to a series of salutations, which led to every form, from hand-shaking and embracing to kissing; while, perfectly unconscious of any cause for my popularity, I went through the ceremonies like one in a dream.

"Where's Kilmaine?" "What of Hardy?" "Is Grouchy coming?" "Can the Brest fleet sail?" "How many line-of-battle ships have they?" "What's the artillery force?" "Have you brought any money?" This last question, the most frequent of all, was suddenly poured in upon me, and with a fortunate degree of rapidity, that I had no time for a reply, had I even the means of making one.

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"Let the lad have a seat and a glass of wine before he submits to this interrogatory," said a fine, jolly-looking old chef-d'escadron at the head of the table, while he made a place for me at his side. "Now, tell us, boy, what number of the Gardes are to be of our party?"

I looked a little blank at the question, for in truth I had not heard of the corps before, nor was I aware that it was their uniform I was then wearing.

"Come, come, be frank with us, lad," said he; "we are all comrades here. Confound secrecy, say I."

"Ay, ay!" cried the whole assembly together —"confound secrecy. We are not bandits nor highwaymen; we have no need of concealment."

"I'll be as frank as you can wish, comrades," said I; "and if I lose some importance in your eyes by owning that I am not the master of a single state secret, I prefer to tell you so, to attempting any unworthy disguise. I come here, by orders from General Kilmaine, to join your expedition; and except this letter for General Humbert, I have no claim to any consideration whatever."

The old chef took the letter from my hands and examined the seal and superscription carefully, and then passed the document down the table for the satisfaction of the rest.

While I continued to watch with anxious eyes the letter on which so much of my own fate depended, a low whispering conversation went on at my side, at the end of which the chef said:

"It's more than likely, lad, that your regiment not coming; but our general is not to be balked for that. Go he will; and let the government look to themselves if he is not supported. At all events, you had better see General Humbert at once; there's no saying what that dispatch may contain. Santerre, conduct him up stairs."

A smart young fellow arose at the bidding, and beckoned me to follow him.

It was not without difficulty that we forced our way up stairs, down which porters, and valors, and soldiers were now carrying a number of heavy trunks and packing-cases. At last we gained an ante-room, where confusion seemed at its highest, crowded as it was by soldiers, the greater number of them intoxicated, all in a state of riotous and insolent insubordination. Among these were a number of townspeople, eager to prefer complaints for pillage and robbery, but whose subdued voices were drowned amid the clamor of their oppressors.

Meanwhile, clerks were writing away receipts for stolen and pillaged articles, and each, signed with the name of the general, were grasped at with eager avidity. Even personal injuries were requited in the same prompt fashion, orders on the national treasury being freely issued for damaged noses and smashed heads, and gratefully received by the bleeding populace.

If the wind draws a little more to the southward before morning, we'll pay our debts with the top-sail sheet, and it will be somewhat shorter, and to the full as honest," said a man in a naval uniform.

"Where's the officer of the 'Regiment des Guides,'" cried a soldier from the door at the further end of the room; and before I had time to think over the designation of rank given me, I was hurried into the general's presence.

General Humbert, whose age might have been thirty-eight or forty, was a tall, well-built, but somewhat over-corpulent man; his features frank and manly, but with a dash of coarseness in their expression, particularly about the mouth; a sabre-cut, which had divided the upper lip, and whose cicatrix was then seen through his mustache, heightening the effect of his sinister look; his carriage was singularly erect and soldierlike, but all his gestures betrayed the habits of one who had risen from the ranks, and was not unwilling to revive the recollection.

He was parading the room from end to end when I entered, stopping occasionally to look out from an open window upon the bay, where by the clear moonlight might be seen the ships of the fleet at anchor. Two officers of his staff were writing busily at a table, whence the materials of a supper had not been removed. They did not look up as I came forward, nor did he notice me in any way for several minutes. Suddenly he turned toward me, and snatching the letter I held in my hand, proceeded to read it. A burst of coarse laughter broke from him as he perused the lines; and then throwing down the paper on the table, he cried out,

"So much for Kilmaine's contingent. I asked for a company of engineers and a battalion of 'les Gardes,' and they send me a boy from the cavalry-school of Saumur. I tell them that I want some fellows conversant with the language and the people, able to treat with the peasantry, and acquainted with their habits, and here I have got a raw youth whose highest acquirement, in all likelihood, is to daub a map with water-colors, or take fortifications with a pair of compasses! I wish I had some of these learned gentlemen in the trenches for a few hours. Parbleu! I think I could teach them something they'd not learn from Citizen Carnot. Well, sir," said he, turning abruptly toward me, "how many battalions of the 'Guides' are completed?"

"I can not tell, general," was my timid answer.

"Where are they stationed?"

"Of that also I am ignorant, sir."

"Peste!" cried he, stamping his foot passionately; then suddenly checking his anger, he asked, "How many are there coming to join this expedition? Is there a regiment, a battalion, a company? Can you tell me with certainty that a sergeant's guard is on the way hither?"

"I can not, sir; I know nothing whatever about the regiment in question."

"You have never seen it?" cried he, vehemently.

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"Never, sir."

"This exceeds all belief," exclaimed he, with a crash of his closed fist upon the table. "Three weeks letter-writing! Estafettes, orderlies, and special couriers to no end! And here we have an unfledged cur from a cavalry institute, when I asked for a strong reinforcement. Then what brought you here, boy?"

"To join your expedition, general."

"Have they told you it was a holiday-party that we had planned? Did they say it was a junketing we were bent upon?"

"If they had, sir, I would not have come."

"The greater fool *you*, then! that's all," cried he, laughing; "when I was your age, I'd not have hesitated twice between a merry-making and a bayonet-charge."

While he was thus speaking, he never ceased to sign his name to every paper placed before him by one or other of the secretaries.

"No, parbleu!" he went on, "La maitresse before the mitraille any day for me. But what's all this, Girard. Here I'm issuing orders upon the national treasury for hundreds of thousands without let or compunction."

The aid-de-camp whispered a word or two in a low tone.

"I know it, lad; I know it well," said the general, laughing heartily; "I only pray that all our requisitions may be as easily obtained in future. Well, Monsieur le Garde, what are we to do with you."

"Not refuse me, I hope, general," said I, diffidently.

"Not refuse you, certainly; but in what capacity to take you, lad, that's the question. If you had served—if you had even walked a campaign—"

"So I have, general—this will show you where I have been;" and I handed him the "livret" which every soldier carries of his conduct and career."

He took the book, and casting his eyes hastily over it, exclaimed,

"Why, what's this lad? You've been at Kehl, at Emenendingen, at Rorshach, at Huyningen, through all that Black Forest affair with Moreau! You *have* seen smoke, then. Ay! I see honorable mention of you besides, for readiness in the field and zeal during action. What! more brandy! Girard. Why, our Irish friends must have been exceedingly thirsty. I've given them credit for something like ten thousand 'velts' already! No matter, the poor fellows may have to put up with short rations for all this yet—and there goes my signature once more. What does that blue light mean, Girard?" said he, pointing to a bright blue star that shone from a mast of one of the ships of war.

"That is the signal, general, that the embarkation of the artillery is complete."

"Parbleu!" said he, with a laugh, "it need not have taken long; they've given in two batteries of eights, and one of them has not a gun fit for service. There goes a rocket, now. Isn't that the signal to heave short on the anchors? Yes, to be sure. And now it is answered by the other! Ha! lads, this does look like business at last!"

The door opened as he spoke, and a naval officer entered.

"The wind is drawing round to the south, general; we can weigh with the ebb if you wish it."

"Wish it!—if I wish it! Yes, with my whole heart and soul I do! I am just as sick of La Rochelle as is La Rochelle of me. The salute that announces our departure will be a 'feu-de-joie' to both of us. Ay, sir, tell your captain that I need no further notice than that *he* is ready. Girard, see to it that the marauders are sent on board in irons. The fellows must learn at once that discipline begins when we trip our anchors. As for you," said he, turning to me, "you shall act upon my staff with provisional rank as sous-lieutenant: time will show if the grade should be confirmed. And now hasten down to the quay, and put yourself under Colonel Lerrasin's orders."

Colonel Lerrasin, the second in command, was, in many respects, the very opposite of Humbert. Sharp, petulant, and irascible, he seemed quite to overlook the fact, that, in an expedition which was little better than a foray, there must necessarily be a great relaxation of the rules of discipline, and many irregularities at least winked at, which, in stricter seasons, would call for punishment. The consequence was, that a large proportion of our force went on board under arrest, and many actually in irons. The Irish were, without a single exception, all drunk; and the English soldiers, who had procured their liberation from imprisonment on condition of joining the expedition, had made sufficiently free with the brandy-bottle to forget their new alliance, and vent their hatred of France and Frenchmen in expressions whose only alleviation was, that they were nearly unintelligible.

Such a scene of uproar, discord, and insubordination never was seen. The relative conditions of guard and prisoner elicited national animosities that were scarcely even dormant, and many a bloody encounter took place between those whose instinct was too powerful to feel themselves any thing but enemies. A cry, too, was raised, that it was meant to betray the whole expedition to the English, whose fleet, it was asserted, had been seen off Oleron that morning; and although there was not even the shadow of a foundation for the belief, it served to increase the alarm and confusion. Whether orignating or not with the Irish, I can not say, but certainly they took advantage of it to avoid embarking; and now began a schism which threatened to wreck the whole expedition, even in the harbor.

The Irish, as indifferent to the call of discipline as they were ignorant of French, refused to obey orders save from officers of their own country; and, although Lerrasin ordered two companies to "load with ball and fire low,"

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the similar note for preparation from the insurgents, induced him to rescind the command and try a compromise. In this crisis I was sent by Lerrasin to fetch what was called the "Committee," the three Irish deputies who accompanied the force. They had already gone aboard of the Dedalus, little foreseeing the difficulties that were to arise on shore.

Seated in a small cabin next the wardroom, I found these three gentlemen, whose names were Tone, Teeling, and Sullivan. Their attitudes were gloomy and despondent, and their looks any thing but encouraging, as I entered. A paper on which a few words had been scrawled, and signed with their three names underneath, lay before them, and on this their eyes were bent with a sad and deep meaning. I knew not then what it meant, but I afterward learned that it was a compact formally entered into and drawn up, that if, by the chance of war, they should fall into the enemy's hands, they would anticipate their fate by suicide, but leave to the English government all the ignominy and disgrace of their death.

They seemed scarcely to notice me as I came forward, and even when I delivered my message they heard it with a half indifference.

"What do you want us to do, sir?" said Teeling, the eldest of the party. "We hold no command in the service. It was against our advice and counsel that you accepted these volunteers at all. We have no influence over them."

"Not the slightest," broke in Tone. "These fellows are bad soldiers and worse Irishmen. The expedition will do better without them."

"And *they* better without the expedition," muttered Sullivan, drily.

"But you will come, gentlemen, and speak to them," said I. "You can at least assure them that their suspicions are unfounded."

"Very true, sir," replied Sullivan, "we can do so, but with what success? No, no. If you can't maintain discipline here on your own soil, you'll make a bad hand of doing it when you have your foot on Irish ground. And, after all, I for one am not surprised at the report gaining credence."

"How so, sir," asked I, indignantly.

"Simply that when a promise of fifteen thousand men dwindles down to a force of eight hundred; when a hundred thousand stand of arms come to be represented by a couple of thousand; when an expedition, pledged by a government, has fallen down to a marauding party; when Hoche or Kleber— But never mind, I always swore that if you sent but a corporal's guard, I'd go with them."

A musket-shot here was heard, followed by a sharp volley and a cheer, and, in an agony of anxiety, I rushed to the deck. Although above half a mile from the shore, we could see the movement of troops hither and thither, and hear the loud words of command. Whatever the struggle, it was over in a moment, and now we saw the troops descending the steps to the boats. With an inconceivable speed the men fell into their places, and, urged on by the long sweeps, the heavy launches swept across the calm water of the bay.

If a cautious reserve prevented any open questioning as to the late affray, the second boat which came alongside revealed some of its terrible consequences. Seven wounded soldiers were assisted up the side by their comrades, and in total silence conveyed to their station between decks.

"A bad augury this!" muttered Sullivan, as his eye followed them. "They might as well have left that work for the English!"

A swift six-oar boat, with the tricolor flag floating from a flag-staff at her stern, now skimmed along toward us, and as she came nearer, we could recognize the uniforms of the officers of Humbert's staff, while the burly figure of the general himself was soon distinguishable in the midst of them.

As he stepped up the ladder, not a trace of displeasure could be seen on his broad bold features. Greeting the assembled officers with a smile, he asked how the wind was?

"All fair, and freshening at every moment," was the answer.

"May it continue!" cried he, fervently. "Welcome a hurricane, if it only waft us westward!"

The foresail filled out as he spoke, the heavy mass heaved over to the wind, and we began our voyage.

(To be continued.)

[From Colburn's Magazine.]

THE WAHR-WOLF; OR, THE LOVERS OF HUNDERSDORF.

THERE are few rambles that so well repay the summer wanderer who seeks for novelty, after the fatigues of a London season, as a voyage down the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna. In the days when the charming "Lady Mary" passed along the swelling waters of the dark river in one of the "wooden houses" which she found so convenient, the romantic solitudes of the majestic Böhmer-wald had never been disturbed by the hissing of steam; and swiftly as her boat glided onward between the solemn banks of the then little frequented stream, the pace of the steamer which now bears the traveler to his destination, would shame the rowers of the enterprising embassadress, and leave her far behind.

The native boats, *Weitz-zille*, are not, however, altogether banished from the watery way which they traversed alone but a few years since; and very picturesque is it to meet them as they float lazily on, urged by their two rowers, and guided by primitive-looking paddles. Many are the long, deal, raft-shaped vessels which still convey goods from one town to another; and strange do they appear with their sides painted with broad black stripes, some of them upward of a hundred feet long.

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From the deck of the narrow and elongated steamer the traveler can now with proud pity watch those relics of a simple period, and congratulate himself that his course is both swifter and surer.

A party of strangers from Ratisbon had taken their places on board the steam-packet, and were rapidly clearing the waters beneath the rock of Donaustauf, gazing with admiration on the evidence of two eras presented in the gray ruins of the formidable middle-age fortress which crowns one height, and the piled-up white marble blocks of the recently completed temple of Valhalla, which shines so gloriously on the other, fairly eclipsing its antique brother, and lording it over the spreading waters, in which the image of its snowy columns lies reflected.

There were travelers of many nations on board, and all, attracted by the sudden vision of this magnificent structure, fraternized to welcome it with exclamations of delight, uttered in various languages. Germans, French, and English were alike carried away with admiration; and those who had already beheld its wonders within became quite eloquent in describing to their neighbors the treasures with which this unapproachably splendid temple is filled to overflowing.

This incident, at the very beginning of the voyage, made most of the passengers acquainted, so that the usual coldness and reserve common to northern nations was at once swept away, and animated conversation ensued. Among the passengers were two young Englishmen, who had been pointed out to the party leaving Ratisbon, by the porter of the Goldene Kreutz—(the house in which it is said Don Juan of Austria, the famous son of Charles V., was born in secrecy)—as "milors," though their weather-worn costumes gave but little idea of the importance of their station; they had attached themselves to a stately but courteous Bohemian baron, who, with a train of servants and carriages more than commonly well-appointed, was on his way to his castle situated opposite Vilshofen on the left bank of the river.

The baron was well acquainted with every nook and corner in every valley of the winding Danube; and as he was full of good-humor, and described well, and, besides, was flattered at the interest his hearers took in his conversation, he enlivened the voyage by a continuous narration of circumstances which had fallen under his observation.

A legend seldom comes amiss to an Englishman, and enthusiasm is never wanting in his mind for magnificent scenery, such as abounds on this glorious river, which possesses much of the beauty of the Rhine, and superior grandeur and sublimity. Perhaps its waters are scarcely so abounding, or its bed so filled to the brim, as that of the Rhine throughout its course; but, at times, one is half inclined to give the palm, even in this respect, to the more majestic rival of the beautiful torrent now so familiar to tourists as to have become an unappreciated treasure of picturesque riches.

The baron directed the attention of his companions to all that was wild and striking in the scenes around them. As they passed Straubing, he told the sad tale of poor Agnes Bernauer, the Agnes de Castro of the Danube, whose fate was even more terrible. The Englishmen shuddered as they looked on the spot where the old bridge stood, from whence the fair unfortunate was cast, and felt inclined to reproach the very waves which submitted to assist the crime of the cruel wretch whose hook dragged the shrieking beauty under water, and drowned her as she struggled to reach the shore.

He told stories of the dark Bogenberg, as they now approached, now lost it in the windings of the capricious river; and related how the Emperor Charlemagne had visited a holy hermit there, whom he beheld, after cutting down a tree, hang his ax upon a sunbeam, a feat frequently performed by saints, who, in days of yore, seemed to have no other pegs for their mantles, caps, &c.

His Satanic Majesty also figured as a conspicuous actor in the baron's legends, and the evidences of his prowess are sufficiently remarkable, it must be confessed, in these regions.

For instance, it would be absurd to imagine any influence but that of the foul fiend could have been exerted to place the perpendicular rock of Natternberg in the way of the steamer, rising up suddenly, as it does, several hundred feet above the waters, and exhibiting on its rugged summit the ruins of the famous castle of Bogen, to reach which must have required help from the bad spirit himself, perched thus high out of reach. The lords of this castle were, however, such zealous worshipers of his, that doubtless he was not niggardly to them in lending a helping hand when called upon.

It was while the steamer was gliding past the village of Hundersdorf, which lies at the embouchure of the stream of Kinzach, that the baron bethought himself of a circumstance which occasioned him to smile, as he exclaimed,

"There is nothing very striking, you will say, in that little place; but a story was once told me concerning it which gives it a sort of fearful interest. But I have already tired you with too many of my legends, and will spare you this."

"By no means," said one of the Englishmen. "We can not let you off so. Of course, in a place so close to the mysterious Bogenberg, there must be something more than common."

"Oh, if you really like to hear what attracts me toward this insignificant village," replied the baron, "I am ready to tell the story as it was told to me."

His auditors, grouping themselves round him as he spoke, he accordingly continued as follows:

After a gloomy cold day the evening set in chill and dreary, and in spite of all the efforts I had made to reach Vilshofen before dark, I found myself, owing to various vexatious delays, be-

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nighted in one of the desolate passes of the majestic mountain range which borders the left bank of the Danube. The gloom became every moment deeper and deeper, and to proceed appeared almost impracticable; however, as the prospect of passing the night in the woods held out but small temptation, I urged my people forward, and accordingly we drove rapidly on, hoping at least to reach some spot more sheltered than the spectral valley where we found ourselves. Our haste was of little avail; the spirits of the mountains seemed to laugh our efforts to scorn; and to prove how much travelers are in their power, they so contrived it that the wheels of my carriage coming in contact with a heap of rugged stones, a violent overturn took place, and our further progress was altogether stopped. We had no choice now but to kindle a fire under a huge tree, dispose our cloaks and baggage so as to afford us some protection from the night air, and wait for dawn before we attempted to trust ourselves again in the shattered vehicle.

Resolving to submit with a good grace to our misfortune, we produced our stock of provisions, which hunger made particularly palatable. The fire soon blazed cheerfully; and as masters and men drew round it, we began to think our adventure less woeful than we at first considered it. It was agreed that those of our party who were the most fatigued should endeavor to procure some sleep, while the watchful should nurse the useful flame which not only warmed but might protect us from the visits of wild animals, should any be attracted toward our neighborhood. We had with us a stout Bavarian, whose lively eyes told that he had little more inclination to sleep than myself: he and I therefore seated ourselves on the knotted roots of the ancient oak, and to beguile the time I asked him some particulars of the country, new at that time to me, but with which he seemed well acquainted. We are at this moment passing the places he named; and he said he had traversed these mountains during many years, indeed, had we followed his advice at Straubing, we had not then been sitting by the fire, benighted wanderers, listening to him as you now listen to me.

"It is unlucky," said the Bavarian, "that there is no moon, for these heights look well in her broad light and shade; I could otherwise point out to you many a remarkable spot hereabouts. On the summit of the highest of these mountains stand the ruins of the famous Stammschloss of Bogenberg, once belonging to the powerful counts of that race, who lorded it over all the country they could see from their stronghold, far into Bohemia. But it is long since their revels are over, and all is silent enough in those walls, except on the festivals of the Wahrwolves, and then indeed there is such a noise and riot that one might think the old knights and their vassals were once more engaged in contest with their ancient enemies of Ortenburg."

"What mean you," asked I, "by the Wahrwolves?"

He stared with astonishment.

"Is it possible," said he, "that you have not heard of them? They are certainly more rare of late years, yet there are still too many in the country."

"Are they banditti?" said I, instinctively laying my hand on my pistol.

"Not so," he replied; "since you seem so surprised I will explain. A Wahr-wolf is a man who has entered into a compact with the Black Huntsman, which enables him to change his human shape for that of a wolf, and resume his own form at will. There are many men whom you would never suspect of such a thing who are known to be of the fraternity. They meet sometimes in bands and scour the country, doing more mischief than natural wolves, for when they get into a farm they make wild havoc, and are mighty beer-drinkers; sometimes, not content with drinking up all the beer they can find, they pile up the empty barrels in the middle of the cellar, and go off howling loud enough to scare the whole country. You smile, but I know a fact relating to one of them which many besides myself can vouch for as having occurred. A farmer from Straubing, with some of his people, was passing through these very mountains, and being overtaken by night, as we are, but not like us furnished with provisions, one of his men offered to procure some food, if they would all promise not to tell how he did it. Whereupon he went away, and in a short time they heard the howling of a wolf; presently one came in sight bearing a sheep which he had killed. They ran to hide themselves, but he quietly laid down his prey, and, turning about, ran off to the heights. Their companion returned not long after, quite out of breath and much fatigued. They proceeded to cut up and roast part of the slaughtered animal; but none of them would hold fellowship with the man afterward, because they knew him at once to be a Wahr-wolf."

"Do you really credit this?" said I; "and could you suspect a companion of so incredible a propensity?"

"When I tell you what was witnessed and recounted to me by my own father," said the Bavarian, with great gravity, "you will allow that I have reasons for my belief.

"Hundersdorf is the native place of our family, and there, when my father was quite young, lived a mother and her two daughters, Margaret and Agatha. The first was soon married to a worthy man, a farmer, who by ill-luck took into his service a young fellow named Augustin Schultes. No one, to look at him, would have thought his face boded aught but good, he was so handsome, so gay, and obliging.

"It was not long before he fell in love with the pretty Agatha, who was the general favorite of the village, though somewhat proud and shy. At first she looked down upon the servant of her brother-in-law, but by degrees was won by his insinuating behavior, for women seldom look beyond the outside. Her mother, however, would not listen to his or her entreaties, and

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nothing but weeping, scolding, and discontent was to be found in the cottage. All on a sudden every thing seemed altered; and whereas Augustin never dared to cross the threshold of their house, he was now a constant guest. By-and-by he left off service and bought a bit of land of his own and some sheep, having had, according to his own report, a legacy left him. This latter circumstance explained the change in the behavior of Agatha's mother, for a poor suitor and a rich one are widely different persons, and many who had never said a word in Augustin's favor, now came forward with offers of friendship. Heinrich Ziegler, however, an unsuccessful lover of Agatha's, was still heard on all occasions to speak slightingly of Augustin, throwing out hints that his money was not got in an honest way, so that his insinuations filled the minds of the neighbors with suspicions which they could not account for. Some thought he dealt in magic, or had found the Great Secret; but none imagined the truth, which at last came to light.

"It happened one evening that my father was returning from work, and had to pass through a small wood which leads to the village; and, as the shades began to fall, he hurried on, because there are many strange things happen in these places which no good Christian should care to look upon. Suddenly he heard voices not far off, and, as he thought he recognized them, he stopped to ascertain, when he clearly distinguished those of Heinrich and Augustin, at least so it seemed to him.

"'Augustin,' said the former, 'it is of no use; if you do not resign her I will tell the whole truth, and force you to give her up; for as soon as it is known what you are—'

"'Tush!' interrupted the other, 'what better are you yourself? Did we not take the oath together, and are not you as deeply implicated as I am. Our master provides us with all we want, and our duty is not so very hard.'

"'I tell you,' muttered Heinrich, sullenly, 'my duty is much worse than yours; the worst of yours is over, mine is but begun. Am I not obliged to scour the country in the darkest night *to bring sheep to your fold?*'

"My father shuddered, a fearful suspicion darkened his mind, which was soon confirmed by what followed. Heinrich continued:

"'You get the reward and I the pain; but I will no longer endure it; either give me up the gold you obtain through my means, or give me up Agatha.'

"They then spoke together, too low to be heard, but my father gathered enough to learn that Augustin promised to take from his comrade the hard duty he complained of being obliged to perform at night; and still muttering to each other words of import which my father could not comprehend, they passed on, and he, terrified and his hair bristling with horror, hurried through the wood and reached home he scarcely knew how.

"He resolved to watch the proceedings of the two comrades narrowly, and in a little time observed that Augustin's looks were much impaired; that he went about in the daytime fatigued and haggard, while Heinrich, who before was dull and heavy, assumed a more cheerful aspect. At length the time was fixed for the marriage of Agatha and Augustin, and as it approached he felt greatly disturbed, on considering the conversation he had overheard: he tried to persuade himself that he had mistaken the voices or the words, but he still could not divest himself of the conviction that the two men whose mysterious words he had listened to were no other than Augustin and Heinrich, and they were, beyond all possibility of doubt, Wahr-wolves!

"The day before the wedding was to take place, he directed his steps to the cottage, and there found Agatha mother's alone; she was sitting in the window, with a face of wonder and alarm, and held in her hand a small piece of paper, which, as he entered, she handed to him.

"'Read this,' said she; 'you are an old friend, advise me what to do to save my poor child.'

"On the paper was written, 'Let Agatha fly from the Wahr-wolf.'

"My father turned pale, and on the widow's earnest entreaties that he would assist her with his advice, he related all he knew. Great was her amazement and despair; the more so, as she felt certain that Agatha would never credit the fact, and must inevitably fall a sacrifice. While we were in this perplexity, we were startled by the sudden appearance of Heinrich. His face was very pale, and his eyes wild.

"'You doubtless wonder,' said he, 'to see me here, and the more so when I tell you that I come as a saviour to your daughter. I alone have the means of delivering her, and if you will confide in me, she shall escape the fate which hangs over her.'

"He then proceeded to relate that, won over by the deceitful persuasions of Augustin, he had consented to become his companion in his unhallowed proceedings; but, having repented, he now resolved to reveal the wicked practices of his late friend; and if the mother of Agatha would be guided by him, he would deliver her daughter from all harm. After much difficulty the mother, by my father's persuasions, at last agreed to trust him, as no better means offered; and accordingly, having obliged Heinrich to take a solemn oath of his sincerity, they resolved to assemble several neighbors, and to put themselves under the guidance of this new friend.

"It was night when the whole party met, not far from the gate of Augustin's cottage. Heinrich advanced first, and, at a signal from him, every man concealed himself till it was observed that Augustin came out of the house, and proceeded cautiously onward till he reached the cemetery just without the village; the watchful band still close on his track.

"He there began to undress himself, and having done so, hid his clothes under a gravestone. Scarcely had he finished this arrange-

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ment, when the hoarse cry of a raven seemed to startle him, and the sound was presently answered by a low howl, when, to the inexpressible horror of all present, a hideous wolf rushed forth, as if from the tombs, and was lost in the surrounding gloom.

"No one could stir from the spot where each stood but Heinrich, who darted toward the place where the garments were hid, and drawing them forth, wrapped them in a heap, and calling to the petrified group who looked on, bade them follow. They did so, and having returned to the village, prepared to complete the directions of Heinrich, who ordered a large fire to be made, into which all the clothes were thrown; but, to the surprise of all, among them was discovered the hood and vail of a female. They were burned with the rest, and as the last spark of the fire died away, the face of Heinrich seemed to have caught its glow, so fierce was the expression of his eyes, as he exclaimed,

"'Now the work of vengeance is complete; now the Black Huntsman has his own!'

"He told the trembling lookers-on that on the destruction of these habiliments depended the Wahr-wolf's power of resuming his human shape, which had now become quite impossible.

"After all these ceremonies, each person returned to his respective dwelling; but my father was unable to obtain a moment's rest all night, for the continual shrieking of a raven close to his window. As day dawned the annoyance ceased, and he rose the next morning hoping all he had witnessed the preceding night was a dream. However, he hastened to the house of Agatha, and there he found all in confusion and dismay. She could be nowhere found, nor any trace of her discovered. Heinrich was in more consternation than any one, and hurried up and down almost distracted.

"My father now related how his rest had been disturbed by the hoarse cries of the raven, and said that such an omen boded no good. He then proposed seeking for the unfortunate girl in the cemetery, as perhaps, her mysterious lover had murdered and buried her in one of the tombs. At the mention of this suspicion, a new light seemed to burst on the awe-struck Heinrich. He suddenly called out in a piercing voice,

"'The hood—the vail!—it is too plain, I have betrayed him, and lost her forever. I burnt her garments, and doubtless, he had taught her his infernal art, so that she can never be restored to her human form. She will remain a raven, and he a Wahr-wolf, forever!'

"So saying, he gnashed his teeth with rage, and, with a wild look, rushed from the house. No one observed where he went, but, from that hour, neither he, nor Augustin, nor Agatha, were ever beheld in the village of Hundersdorf; though often, on a wintry night, the howling of wolves is heard not far off, and the ill-boding scream of the raven is sure to echo their horrid yells."

Such was the wild tale of the Bavarian; and when he had finished, I was so impressed with the earnestness of his manner, and the firm belief he attached to this strange relation, that I was not sorry to hear the voices of my awaking companions, nor unrelieved to observe that day was breaking. We soon resumed our journey, and it was with little regret I quitted the gloomy valley where I had listened to the fearful legend of the Wahr-wolf.

The superstition is scarcely even yet done away with in these parts, in spite of the march of civilization, which has sent steam-boats on the Danube to drive away such follies. I believe, however, there are few places now, except in the Böhmer-wald, where such monstrous fables are believed. Such a belief was once current all over France, and, indeed, wherever wolves existed; but as our robber chiefs and black bands are pretty well rooted out, no one has any interest in keeping up the credit of these imaginary culprits.

"But see," exclaimed the baron, "we are arrived at Vilshofen, and I am obliged to leave off my gossip, and allow you to pursue your way toward Vienna. Yonder are the walls of my domicile, and here I must bid you farewell."

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

"DID you ever hear," said a friend once to me, "a real true ghost story, one you might depend upon?"

"There are not many such to be heard," I replied, "and I am afraid it has never been my good fortune to meet with those who were really able to give me a genuine, well-authenticated story."

"Well, you shall never have cause to say so again; and as it was an adventure that happened to myself, you can scarcely think it other than well authenticated. I know you to be no coward, or I might hesitate before I told it to you. You need not stir the fire; there is plenty of light by which you can hear it. And now to begin. I had been riding hard one day in the autumn for nearly five or six hours, through some of the most tempestuous weather to which it had ever been my ill luck to be exposed. It was just about the time of the Equinox, and perfect hurricanes swept over the hills, as if every wind in heaven had broken loose, and had gone mad, and on every hill the rain and driving sleet poured down in one unbroken shower.

"When I reached the head of Wentford valley—you know the place, a narrow ravine with rocks on one side, and those rich full woods (not that they were very full then, for the winds had shaken them till there was scarcely a leaf on their bare rustling branches) on the other, with a clear little stream winding through the hollow dell—when I came to the entrance of this valley, weather-beaten veteran as I was, I scarcely knew how to hold on my way; the wind, as it were, held in between the two high banks, rushed like a river just broken loose into

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a new course, carrying with it a perfect sheet of rain, against which my poor horse and I struggled with considerable difficulty: still I went on, for the village lay at the other end, and I had a patient to see there, who had sent a very urgent message, entreating me to come to him as soon as possible. We are slaves to a message, we poor medical men, and I urged on my poor jaded brute with a keen relish for the warm fire and good dinner that awaited me as soon as I could see my unfortunate patient, and get back to a home doubly valued on such a day as that in which I was then out. It was indeed dreary riding in such weather; and the scene altogether, through which I passed, was certainly not the most conducive toward raising a man's spirits; but I positively half wished myself out in it all again, rather than sit the hour I was obliged to spend by the sick-bed of the wretched man I had been summoned to visit. He had met with an accident the day before, and as he had been drinking up to the time, and the people had delayed sending for me, I found him in a frightful state of fever; and it was really an awful thing either to look at or to hear him. He was delirious, and perfectly furious; and his face, swelled with passion, and crimson with the fever that was burning him up, was a sight to frighten children, and not one calculated to add to the tranquillity even of full-grown men. I dare say you think me very weak, and that I ought to have been inured to such things, minding his ravings no more than the dash of the rain against the window; but, during the whole of my practice, I had never seen man or woman, in health or in fever, in so frightful a state of furious frenzy, with the impress of every bad passion stamped so broadly and fearfully upon the face; and, in the miserable hovel that then held me with his old witch-like mother standing by, the babel of the wind and rain outside added to the ravings of the wretched creature within. I began to feel neither in a happy nor an enviable frame of mind. There is nothing so frightful as where the reasonable spirit seems to abandon man's body, and leave it to a fiend instead.

"After an hour or more waiting patiently by his bedside, not liking to leave the helpless old woman alone with so dangerous a companion (for I could not answer for any thing he might do in his frenzy), I thought that the remedies by which I hoped in some measure to subdue the fever, seemed beginning to take effect, and that I might leave him, promising to send all that was necessary, though fearing much that he had gone beyond all my power to restore him; and desiring that I might immediately be called back again, should he get worse instead of better, which I felt almost certain would be the case, I hastened homeward, glad enough to be leaving wretched huts and raving men, driving rain and windy hills, for a comfortable house, dry clothes, a warm fire, and a good dinner. I think I never saw such a fire in my life as the one that blazed up my chimney; it looked so wonderfully warm and bright, and there seemed an indescribable air of comfort about the room which I had never noticed before. One would have thought I should have enjoyed it all intensely after my wet ride, but throughout the whole evening, the scenes of the day would keep recurring to my mind with most uncomfortable distinctness, and it was in vain that I endeavored to forget it all in a book, one of my old favorites too; so at last I fairly gave up the attempt, as the hideous face would come continually between my eyes and an especially good passage; and I went off to bed heartily tired, and expecting sleep very readily to visit me. Nor was I disappointed: I was soon deep asleep, though my last thought was on the little valley I had left. How long this heavy and dreamless sleep continued, I can not tell, but gradually I felt consciousness returning, in the shape of the very thoughts with which I fell asleep, and at last I opened my eyes, thoroughly roused by a heavy blow at my window. I can not describe my horror, when, by the light of a moon struggling among the heavy surge-like clouds, I saw the very face, the face of *that* man looking in at me through the casement, the eyes distended and the face pressed close to the glass. I started up in bed, to convince myself that I really was awake, and not suffering from some frightful dream; there it staid, perfectly moveless, its wide ghastly eyes fixed unwaveringly on mine, which, by a kind of fascination, became equally fixed and rigid, gazing upon the dreadful face, which alone without a body was visible at the window, unless an indefinable black shadow, that seemed to float beyond it, might be fancied into one. I can scarcely tell how long I so sat looking at it, but I remember something of a rushing sound, a feeling of relief, a falling exhausted back upon my pillow, and then I awoke in the morning ill and unrefreshed. I was ill at ease, and the first question I asked, on coming down stairs, was, whether any messenger had come to summon me to Wentford. A messenger had come, they told me, but it was to say I need trouble myself no further, as the man was already beyond all aid, having died about the middle of the night. I never felt so strangely in my life as when they told me this, and my brain almost reeled as the events of the previous day and night passed through my mind in rapid succession. That I had seen something supernatural in the darkness of the night, I had never doubted, but when the sun shone brightly into my room in the morning, through the same window, where I had seen so frightful and strange a sight by the spectral light of the moon, I began to believe more it was a dream, and endeavored to ridicule myself out of all uncomfortable feelings, which, nevertheless, I could not quite shake off. Haunted by what I considered a painful dream, I left my room, and the first thing I heard was a confirmation of what I had been for the last hour endeavoring to reason and ridicule myself out of believing. It was some hours before I could recover my

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ordinary tranquillity; and then it came back, not slowly as you might have expected, as the impression gradually wore off, and time wrought his usual changes in mind as in body, but suddenly—by the discovery that our large white owl had escaped during the night, and had honored my window with a visit before he became quite accustomed to his liberty."

[From the London Critic.]

SKETCHES OF LIFE. BY A RADICAL.

IT was an error to call this work* the autobiography of an individual. It is a picturing—faithful, minute, and eloquent—of the hardships, the sufferings, and the miseries endured by a large mass of our fellow men. It is an earnest and honest exposure of the hollowness that infests English society—an insight to the weakness of the substratum. It shows what education should have done, and what corruption really has done. ALTON LOCKE is also a personification of the failings, as well as of the sufferings, that make up the sum of existence of a large class.

The author has effectually carried out his design—we will not say altogether with artistic consistency, or with book-making propriety. We know it is deemed a great offense against taste to make a novel the medium of exposing social dangers, or political inequalities and wrongs. We know that those who stick up for "the model," would have a fiction all fiction, or at least that the philosophy be very surbordinate, and the social aim be hidden so completely as not to be discernible excepting to the professional reader. But *Alton Locke* is an exception to all these objections. Spite of its defects, it is a perfect work—perfect, that it is invested with an air of the wildest romance, while it goes home to the heart and the judgment as a faithful picture—perfect, that it is eloquent and natural, and consistent with itself. It is one of those books which defy classification. We have not seen its like. And to those readers who accept our eulogy in earnest, *Alton Locke* will ever remain a token of rich enjoyment, and a memento that 1850 did produce at least one cherishable book.

The story of the biography will not impress so much or so favorably as the style. The hero is a widow's only child: his mother is a stern Calvinist. Her teachings, and the teaching of the vipers in religious form who come to administer consolation and to drink the old lady's tea, are hateful to an intense degree to ALTON. He is of a poetic temperament, and a great admirer of nature. Opportunities of indulging his natural tastes are denied him. Born in a close London street, very rigidly watched and governed by his mother and the good men who come to visit her, his life is any thing but pleasant. But he subsequently becomes a tailor, reads largely, writes verses, turns Chartist, falls in love, and is imprisoned for spouting Chartism. The upshot of his rough life is, that he becomes a true Christian.

Several characters are hit off with great perfection. Such is the mother of ALTON; and such is SANDYE MACKAYE, a friend to whom the boy occasionally ran for sympathy, and to borrow books.

But we will now draw upon the pages of the work itself, merely repeating that it is a remarkable composition, and one which men in high places would do well to ponder. It is a growth from the defects of our time, and should be taken as a presage that change must come. The working-men of this country will be indebted to ALTON LOCKE for the manner in which he pleads their cause; all men should be gratified that the warning voice, which he will inevitably be deemed, is so moderate in tone and so philosophical in manner.

ALTON'S youth, we have said, was not happy. The following are his descriptions of his mother, and one of her associates:

ALTON'S MOTHER AND THE MISSIONARY.

"My mother moved by rule and method; by God's law, as she considered, and that only She seldom smiled. Her word was absolute She never commanded twice, without punishing. And yet there were abysses of unspoken tenderness in her, as well as clear, sound, womanly sense and insight. But she thought herself as much bound to keep down all tenderness as if she had been some ascetic of the middle ages—so do extremes meet! It was 'carnal,' she considered. She had as yet no right to have any 'spiritual affection' for us. We were still 'children of wrath and of the devil'—not yet 'convinced of sin,' 'converted, born again.' She had no more spiritual bond with us, she thought, than she had with a heathen or a papist. She dared not even pray for our conversion, earnestly as she prayed on every other subject. For though the majority of her sect would have done so, her clear, logical sense would yield to no such tender inconsistency. Had it not been decided from all eternity? We were elect, or we were reprobate. Could her prayers alter that? If He had chosen us, He would call us in His own good time: and, if not, ——. Only, again and again, as I afterward discovered from a journal of hers, she used to beseech God with agonized tears to set her mind at rest by revealing to her His will toward us. For that comfort she could at least rationally pray. But she received no answer. Poor, beloved mother! If thou couldst not read the answer, written in every flower and every sunbeam, written in the very fact of our existence here at all, what answer would have sufficed thee? And yet, with all this, she kept the strictest watch over our morality. Fear, of course, was the only motive she employed; for how could our still carnal underlings be affected with love to God? And herself was too paltry and temporary to

* ALTON LOCKE, Tailor and Poet—An Autobiography. In the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers

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be urged by one who knew that her life was uncertain, and who was always trying to go down to deepest eternal ground and reason of every thing, and take her stand upon that. So our god, or gods rather, till we were twelve years old, were hell, the rod, the Ten Commandments, and public opinion. Yet under them, not they, but something deeper far, both in her and us, preserved us pure. Call it natural character, conformation of the spirit—conformation of the brain, if you like, if you are a scientific man and a phrenologist. I never yet could dissect and map out my own being, or my neighbor's, as you analysts do.

. . . . . .

"My heart was in my mouth as I opened the door to them, and sunk back again to the very lowest depths of my inner man when my eyes fell on the face and figure of the missionary—a squat, red-faced, pig-eyed, low-browed man, with great soft lips that opened back to his very ears; sensuality, conceit, and cunning marked on every feature—an innate vulgarity, from which the artisan and the child recoil with an instinct as true, perhaps truer, than that of the courtier, showing itself in every tone and motion—I shrunk into a corner, so crest-fallen that I could not even exert myself to hand round the bread-and-butter, for which I got duly scolded afterward. Oh! that man!—how he bawled and contradicted, and laid down the law, and spoke to my mother in a fondling, patronizing way, which made me, I knew not why, boil over with jealousy and indignation. How he filled his teacup half full of the white sugar to buy which my mother had curtailed her yesterday's dinner—how he drained the few remaining drops of the three-penny worth of cream, with which Susan was stealing off to keep it as an unexpected treat for my mother at breakfast next morning—how he talked of the natives, not as St. Paul might of his converts, but as a planter might of his slaves; overlaying all his unintentional confessions of his own greed and prosperity, with cant, flimsy enough for even a boy to see through, while his eyes were not blinded with the superstition that a man must be pious who sufficiently interlards his speech with a jumble of old English picked out of our translation of the New Testament. Such was the man I saw. I don't deny that all are not like him. I believe there are noble men of all denominations doing their best, according to their light, all over the world; but such was the one I saw—and the men who are sent home to plead the missionary cause, whatever the men may be like who stay behind and work, are, from my small experience, too often such. It appears to me to be the rule that many of those who go abroad as missionaries, go simply because they are men of such inferior powers and attainments that if they staid in England they would starve."

ALTON'S STUDY.

"I slept in a little lean-to garret at the back of the house, some ten feet long by six wide. I could just stand upright against the inner wall, while the roof on the other side ran down to the floor. There was no fire-place in it or any means of ventilation. No wonder I coughed all night accordingly, and woke about two every morning with choking throat and aching head. My mother often said that the room was 'too small for a Christian to sleep in, but where could she get a better?' Such was my only study. I could not use it as such, however, at night without discovery; for my mother carefully looked in every evening, to see that my candle was out. But when my kind cough woke me, I rose, and creeping like a mouse about the room—for my mother and sister slept in the next chamber, and every sound was audible through the narrow partition—I drew my darling books out from under a board in the floor one end of which I had gradually loosened at odd minutes, and with them a rushlight, earned by running on messages, or by taking bits of work home, and finishing them for my fellows. No wonder that with this scanty rest, and this complicated exertion of hands, eyes, and brain, followed by the long dreary day's work of the shop, my health began to fail; my eyes grew weaker and weaker; my cough became more acute; my appetite failed me daily. My mother noticed the change, and questioned me about it, affectionately enough. But I durst not, alas! tell the truth. It was not one offense, but the arrears of months of disobedience which I should have had to confesss; and so arose infinite false excuses, and petty prevarications, which embittered and clogged still more my already overtasked spirit. Before starting forth to walk two miles to the shop at six o'clock in the morning, I sat some three or four hours shivering on my bed, putting myself into cramped and painful postures, not daring even to cough, lest my mother should fancy me unwell, and come in to see me, poor dear soul!—my eyes aching over the page, my feet wrapped up in the bedclothes to keep them from the miserable pain of the cold; longing, watching, dawn after dawn, for the kind summer mornings, when I should need no candlelight. Look at the picture awhile, ye comfortable folks, who take down from your shelves what books you like best at the moment, and then lie back, amid prints and statuettes, to grow wise in an easy chair, with a blazing fire and a camphine lamp. The lower classes uneducated! Perhaps you would be so too, if learning cost you the privation which it costs some of them."

But ALTON read largely, notwithstanding his privations. What of his time was not spent on the tailor's board, was devoted to the writings of the great spirits of the age. On a holiday he visited the National Gallery, and learned to love and bless the painters. He studied narrowly MILTON and TENNYSON, and many other writers, and among them "that great prose poem, the single epic of modern days, THOMAS

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CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*." ALTON'S day-dreams were more numerous than we should imagine are those of the majority of men who are steeped in poverty as he was; and he has described them well. When he did learn to walk into the fields, he truly enjoyed the liberty thus attained.

THE FIRST SIP OF FREEDOM.

"It was a glorious morning at the end of May; and when I escaped from the pall of smoke which hung over the city, I found the sky a sheet of cloudless blue. How I watched for the ending of the rows of houses, which lined the road for miles—the great roots of London, running far out into the country, up which poured past me an endless stream of food, and merchandise, and human beings—the sap of the huge metropolitan life-tree! How each turn of the road opened a fresh line of terraces or villas, till hope deferred made the heart sick, and the country seemed—like the place where the rainbow touches the ground, or the El Dorado of Raleigh's Guiana settlers—always a little farther off! How, between gaps in the houses right and left, I caught tantalizing glimpses of green fields, shut from me by dull lines of high-spiked palings! How I peeped through gates and over fences at trim lawns and gardens, and longed to stay, and admire, and speculate on the names of the strange plants and gaudy flowers; and then hurried on, always expecting to find something still finer ahead—something really worth stopping to look at—till the houses thickened again into a street, and I found myself, to my disappointment, in the midst of a town! And then more villas and palings; and then a village: when would they stop, those endless houses? At last they did stop. Gradually the people whom I passed began to look more and more rural, and more toil-worn and ill-fed. The houses ended, cattle yards and farm buildings appeared; and right and left, far away, spread the low rolling sheet of green meadows and corn-fields. Oh, the joy! The lawns with their high elms and firs, the green hedgerows, the delicate hue and scent of the fresh clover-fields, the steep clay banks where I stopped to pick nosegays of wild flowers, and became again a child—and then recollected my mother, and a walk with her on the river bank toward the Red House. I hurried on again, but could not be unhappy, while my eyes ranged free, for the first time in my life, over the checkered squares of cultivation, over glittering brooks, and hills quivering in the green haze, while above hung the skylarks, pouring out their souls in melody. And then, as the sun grew hot, and the larks dropped one by one into the growing corn, the new delight of the blessed silence! I listened to the stillness; for noise had been my native element; I had become in London quite unconscious of the ceaseless roar of the human sea, casting up mire and dirt. And now, for the first time in my life, the crashing, confusing hubbub had flowed away, and left my brain calm and free. How I felt at that moment a capability of clear, bright meditation, which was as new to me, as I believe it would have been to most Londoners in my position. I can not help fancying that our unnatural atmosphere of excitement, physical as well as moral, is to blame for very much of the working-men's restlessness and fierceness. As it was, I felt that every step forward, every breath of fresh air, gave me new life. I had gone fifteen miles before I recollected that, for the first time for many months, I had not coughed since I rose."

The following is the utterance in a more eloquent mode, of some startling facts revealed by the London Correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*:

THE TERRORS OF THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

"Well: one day our employer died. He had been one of the old sort of fashionable West-end tailors in the fast decreasing honorable trade; keeping a modest shop, hardly to be distinguished from a dwelling-house, except by his name on the window blinds. He paid good prices for work, though not as good, of course, as he had given twenty years before, and prided himself upon having all his work done at home. His work-rooms, as I have said, were no elysiums; but still, as good, alas! as those of three tailors out of four. He was proud, luxurious, foppish; but he was honest and kindly enough, and did many a generous thing by men who had been long in his employ. At all events, his journeymen could live on what he paid them.

"But his son, succeeding to the business, determined, like Rehoboam of old, to go ahead with the times. Fired with the great spirit of the nineteenth century—at least with that one which is vulgarly considered its especial glory—he resolved to make haste to be rich. His father had made money very slowly of late; while dozens, who had begun business long after him, had now retired to luxurious ease and suburban villas. Why should he remain in the minority? Why should he not get rich as fast as he could? Why should he stick to the old, slow-going, honorable trade? Out of some 450 West-end tailors, there were not one hundred left who were old-fashioned and stupid enough to go on keeping down their own profits by having all their work done at home and at first-hand. Ridiculous scruples! The government knew none such. Were not the army clothes, the post-office clothes, the policemen's clothes, furnished by contractors and sweaters, who hired the work at low prices, and let it out again to journeymen at still lower ones? Why should he pay his men two shillings where the government paid them one? Were there not cheap houses even at the West-end, which had saved several thousands a year merely by reducing their workmen's wages? And if the workmen chose to take lower wages, he was not bound actually to make them a present of more than they asked for. They would go to the cheapest

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market for any thing they wanted, and so must he. Besides, wages had really been quite exorbitant. Half his men threw each of them as much money away in gin and beer yearly, as would pay two workmen at a cheap house. Why was he to be robbing his family of comforts to pay for their extravagance? And charging his customers, too, unnecessarily high prices—it was really robbing the public!

"Such, I suppose, were some of the arguments which led to an official announcement, one Saturday night, that our young employer intended to enlarge his establishment, for the purpose of commencing business in the 'show trade;' and that, emulous of Messrs. Aaron, Levi, and the rest of that class, magnificent alterations were to take place in the premises, to make room for which our work-rooms were to be demolished, and that for that reason—for of course it was only for that reason—all work would in future be given out, to be made up at the men's own homes. . . . . .

"'We were all bound to expect this. Every working tailor must come to this at last, on the present system; and we are only lucky in having been spared so long. You all know where this will end—in the same misery as fifteen thousand out of twenty thousand of our class are enduring now. We shall become the slaves, often the bodily prisoners, of Jews, middlemen, and sweaters, who draw their livelihood out of our starvation. We shall have to face, as the rest have, ever decreasing prices of labor, ever increasing profits made out of that labor by the contractors who will employ us—arbitrary fines, inflicted at the caprice of hirelings—the competion of women, and children, and starving Irish—our hours of work will increase one-third, our actual pay decrease to less than one-half; and in all this we shall have no hope, no chance of improvement in wages, but ever more penury, slavery, misery, as we are pressed on by those who are sucked by fifties—almost by hundreds—yearly, out of the honorable trade in which we were brought up, into the infernal system of contract work, which is devouring our trade and many others, body and soul. Our wives will be forced to sit up night and day to help us; our children must labor from the cradle without chance of going to school, hardly of breathing the fresh air of heaven; our boys, as they grow up, must turn beggars or paupers; our daughters, as thousands do, must eke out their miserable earnings by prostitution. And after all, a whole family will not gain what one of us had been doing, as yet, single-handed.' . . . . . .

"'Government—government? You a tailor, and not know that government are the very authors of this system? Not to know that they first set the example, by getting the army and navy clothes made by contractors, and taking the lowest tenders? Not to know that the police clothes, the postmen's clothes, the convicts' clothes, are all contracted for on the same infernal plan, by sweaters, and sweaters' sweaters, and sweaters' sweaters' sweaters, till government work is just the very last, lowest resource to which a poor, starved-out wretch betakes himself to keep body and soul together? Why, the government prices, in almost every department, are half, and less than half, the very lowest living price. I tell you, the careless iniquity of government about these things will come out some day. It will be known, the whole abomination; and future generations will class it with the tyrannies of the Roman emperors and the Norman barons. Why, it's a fact, that the colonels of the regiments—noblemen, most of them—make their own vile profit out of us tailors—out of the pauperism of the men, the slavery of the children, the prostitution of the women. They get so much a uniform allowed them by government to clothe the men with; and then—then, they let out the jobs to the contractors at less than half what government give them, and pocket the difference. And then you talk of appealing to government!'"

Only DICKENS or THACKERAY could have rivaled the following sketch of a discussion on

THE REAL OFFICE OF POETRY.

"'What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye!' asked I, with a doleful and disappointed visage.

"'Mean—why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha put ye there—and because He means ye to write aboot London town, He's put ye there—and gien ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o't; and I'll gie ye anither. Come along wi' me.'

"And he seized me by the arm, and hardly giving me time to put on my hat, marched me out into the streets, and away through Clare Market to St. Giles's.

"It was a foul, chilly, foggy Saturday night. From the butchers' and greengrocers' shops the gas-lights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slip-shod, dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat, and frost-bitten vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odors as foul as the language of the sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapors rose from cow-sheds and slaughter-houses, and the doorways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the back yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin—the houses with their teeming load of life were piled up into the dingy choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Belgravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be!

"'Ay,' he muttered to himself, as he strode

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along, "sing awa; get yoursel' wi' child wi' pretty fancies and gran' words, like the rest of the poets, and gang to hell for it.'

"'To hell, Mr. Mackaye?'

"'Ay, to a verra real hell, Alton Locke, laddie—a warse ane than ony fiend's' kitchen, or subterranean Smithfield that ye'll hear o' in the pulpits—the hell on earth o' being a flunkey, and a humbug, and a useless peacock, wasting God's gifts on your ain lusts and pleasures—and kenning it—and not being able to get oot o' it, for the chains o' vanity and self-indulgence. I've warned ye. Now look there—'

"He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley:

"'Look! there's not a soul down that yard, but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or warse. Write aboot that! Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side and the gin palace at the other—twa monstrous deevils, eating up men and women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open, and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write aboot that.'

"'What jaws, Mr. Mackaye!'

"'Thae faulding-doors o' the gin shop, goose. Are na they a mair damnable man-devouring idol than ony red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gogmagog, wherein thae auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at *thae barefooted, bare-backed hizzies, with their arms roun' the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words!* Look at that Irishwoman pouring the gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that raff o' a boy gaun out o' the pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole the morning, into the ginshop, to buy beer poisoned wi' grains o' paradise, and cocculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back and cam out wi'out ane! *Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they're born!* John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation deevil's doctrines!'

"'Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures.'

"'Then ye ought. What do ye ken aboot the Pacific? Which is maist to your business?—thae bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' the other side o' the warld, or these—these thousands o' barebacked hizzies that play the harlot o' your ain side—made out o' your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at hame. If ye'll be a poet at a', ye maun be a cockney poet; and while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o' lamentation and mourning and woe, for the sins o' your people. Gin ye want to learn the spirit o' a people's poet, down wi' your Bible and read thae auld Hebrew prophets; gin ye wad learn the style, read your Burns frae morning till night; and gin ye'd learn the matter, just gang after your nose, and keep your eyes open, and ye'll no miss it."

One other extract, and we will have done with this original but captivating and convincing volume. ALTON speaks prophetically of

THE DANGERS THAT ARE LOOMING.

"Ay, respectable gentlemen and ladies, I will confess all to you—you shall have, if you enjoy it, a fresh opportunity for indulging that supreme pleasure which the press daily affords you of insulting the classes whose powers most of you know as little as you do their sufferings. Yes; the Chartist poet is vain, conceited, ambitious, uneducated, shallow, inexperienced, envious, ferocious, scurrilous, seditious, traitorous.—Is your charitable vocabulary exhausted? Then ask yourselves, how often have you yourself, honestly resisted and conquered the temptation to any one of these sins, when it has come across you just once in a way, and not as they came to me, as they come to thousands of the working-men, daily and hourly, 'till their torments do, by length of time, become their elements?' What, are we covetous, too? Yes? And if those who have, like you, still covet more what wonder if those who have nothing, covet something? Profligate too? Well, though that imputation as a generality is utterly calumnious, though your amount of respectable animal enjoyment per annum is a hundred times as great as that of the most self-indulgent artisan, yet, if you had ever felt what it is to want, not only every luxury of the senses, but even bread to eat, you would think more mercifully of the man who makes up by rare excesses, and those only of the limited kinds possible to him, for long intervals of dull privation, and says in his madness, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!' We have our sins, and you have yours. Ours may be the more gross and barbaric, but yours are none the less damnable; perhaps all the more so, for being the sleek, subtle, respectable, religious sins they are. You are frantic enough if our part of the press calls you hard names, but you can not see that your part of the press repays it back to us with interest. *We* see those insults, and feel them bitterly enough; and do not forget them, alas! soon enough, while they pass unheeded by your delicate eyes as trivial truisms. Horrible, unprincipled, villainous, seditious, frantic, blasphemous, are epithets of course when applied to—to how large a portion of the English people, you will some day discover to your astonishment. When will that day come, and how? In thunder, and storm, and garments rolled in blood? Or like the dew on the mown grass, and the clear shining of the sunlight after April rain?

BURKE AND THE PAINTER BARRY.

BURKE delighted in lending a helping hand to genius struggling against adversity; and many who were wasting their powers in obscur-

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ity were led by his assistance to the paths of eminence. Barry, the painter, was among those to whom he had shown great kindness; he found pleasure in the society of that eccentric being. A long time had passed without his having seen him, when one day they met accidentally in the street. The greeting was cordial, and Barry invited his friend to dine with him the next day. Burke arrived at the appointed hour, and the door was opened by Dame Ursula, as she was called. She at first denied her master, but when Burke mentioned his name, Barry, who had overheard it, came running down stairs. He was in his usual attire; his thin gray hair was all disheveled; an old and soiled green shade and a pair of mounted spectacles assisted his sight; the color of his linen was rather equivocal, but was evidently not fresh from the bleach-green; his outward garment was a kind of careless *roquelaire*. He gave Burke a most hearty welcome, and led him into the apartment which served him for kitchen, parlor, studio, and gallery; it was, however, so filled with smoke that its contents remained a profound mystery, and Burke was almost blinded and nearly suffocated. Barry expressed the utmost surprise, and appeared utterly at a loss to account for the state of the atmosphere. Burke, however, without endeavoring to explain the mystery on philosophical principles, at once brought the whole blame of the annoyance home to Barry—as it came out that he had removed the stove from its wonted situation by the chimney-piece, and drawn it into the very middle of the room. He had mounted it on an old dripping-pan, to defend the carpet from the burning ashes; he had in vain called in the assistance of the bellows, no blaze would come—but volumes of smoke were puffed out ever and anon, as if to show that the fire could do something if it pleased. Burke persuaded Barry to reinstate the stove in its own locality, and helped him to replace it; this done and the windows opened, they got rid of the smoke, and the fire soon looked out cheerfully enough on them, as if nothing had happened. Barry invited Burke to the upper rooms to look at his pictures. As he went on from one to the other, he applied the sponge and water with which he was supplied, to wash away the dust which obscured them. Burke was delighted with them, and with Barry's history of each, and his dissertation as he pointed out its particular beauties. He then brought him to look at his bedroom; its walls were hung with unframed pictures, which had also to be freed from the thick covering of dust before they could be admired; these, like the others, were noble specimens of art. In a recess near the fire-place the rough stump-bedstead stood, with its coverlet of coarse rug.

"That is my bed," said the artist; "you see I use no curtains; they are most unwholesome, and I breathe as freely and sleep as soundly as if I lay upon down and snored under velvet. Look there," said he, as he pointed to a broad shelf high above the bed, "that I consider my *chef-d'œuvre;* I think I have been more than a match for them; I have outdone them at last."

Mr. Burke asked of whom it was he spoke.

"The rats," replied he, "the nefarious rats, who robbed me of every thing in the larder. But now all is safe; I keep my food beyond their reach. I may now defy all the rats in the parish."

Barry had no clock, so depended on the cravings of his stomach to regulate his meals. By this unerring guide, which might have shamed the most correct regulator in a watch-maker's shop, he perceived that it was time for dinner; but forgot that he had invited Burke to partake of it, till reminded by a hint.

"I declare, my dear friend, I had totally forgotten, I beg your pardon—it quite escaped my memory; but if you'll just sit down here and blow the fire, I'll get a nice beef-steak in a minute."

Burke applied all his energies to the bellows, and had a nice clear fire when Barry returned with the steak rolled up in cabbage-leaves, which he drew from his pocket; from the same receptacle he produced a parcel of potatoes; a bottle of port was under each arm, and each hand held a fresh French-roll. A gridiron was placed on the fire, and Burke was deputed to act as cook while Barry performed the part of butler. While he laid the cloth the old woman boiled the potatoes, and at five o'clock, all being duly prepared, the friends sat down to their repast. Burke's first essay in cookery was miraculously successful, for the steak was done to admiration, and of course greatly relished by the cook. As soon as dinner was dispatched the friends chatted away over their two bottles of port till nine o'clock. Burke was often heard to say that this was one of the most amusing and delightful days he had ever spent.

[From Hogg's Instructor.]

THE IRON RING.

A TALE OF GERMAN ROBBERS AND GERMAN STUDENTS.

"I AM inclined to side with our friend," said the venerable pastor, "and I would rather not see you so skeptical, Justus. I have known, in my own experience, several remarkable instances of presentiments; indeed, on one occasion, I and those who were with me, all save one, greatly profited by the strange prophetic apprehension of one of our party. Would we had listened to him sooner! But it was not so to be."

"Come, tell us the story, dear grandfather," said Justus; "it will doubtless edify our guest; and, as for me, I do not object to be mystified, now and then."

"Justus, Justus, lay aside that scoffing mask. You put it on, I know, to look like another Mephistopheles, but you don't succeed."

"Don't I?" returned Justus, with a smile. "Well, grandfather, that ought to be a comfort to you."

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"No, you don't, so you may as well give up trying. But come, if you would really like to hear the story" (the fact was, that the good man was anxious to tell it, and feared to lose the opportunity), "I shall be happy to please you. I think, however, we shall be better out of doors. Let us go and take our wine under the great plane-tree. You had as well bring your chair with you, my young friend" (this was addressed to me), "for the bench is somewhat hard. And Trinchen, my girl, put glasses on a tray, and some bottles of wine in a pail, and bring them out to us under the great plane-tree. And you, Justus, my boy, be kind enough to transport thither this big chair of mine, like a dutiful grandson and a stout, as you are."

We were soon established in the pleasant shade. The pastor took an easy posture in his chair, when, after many efforts, Justus had coaxed it into touching the ground with all its four legs at once; I straddled across the seat of mine, and, placing my arms on the back, reposed the bowl of my long pipe on the ground; and Justus, with his cigar in his mouth—the twentieth, or thereby, that day—threw himself down on the turf at a convenient distance from the wine-pail, prepared to replenish our glasses, as need might be. Noble glasses they were, tall and green, with stalks to be grasped, not fingered.

"It is now nearly sixty years ago," began the pastor, when our arrangements were complete, "a long time—a long time, indeed, to bear the staff of one's pilgrimage. I was then in my third year at the university, and was something like what you are now, Justus—a merry, idle, and thoughtless student, but not a very bad boy either."

"Thank you, grandfather;" said Justus; "however, that accounts for your being the man you are at your years."

"No, it does not," said the old man, smiling; "but let me tell my story, my boy, without interrupting me — at least, unless you have something better to say than that. As I was saying, I was in my third year, and, of course, I had many acquaintances. I had, however, only two friends. One was a countryman of yours, young gentleman, and his name was Macdonald. The name of the other was Laurenberg."

"Why, that was my grandmother's name!" said Justus.

"Laurenberg was your grandmother's brother," continued the pastor, "and the event I am about to relate to you was the means of my becoming acquainted with her. But has any one ever told you his fate, Justus?"

"No," said Justus, "I never before even heard of him."

"That is not wonderful, my boy; for, since his sister was taken from me, there has been no one but me to remember my poor Laurenberg. But, as I was saying, these two were my only friends. That summer, when the vacation came, we three resolved to make a pedestrian tour together. (Fill our glasses, Justus.) So, after some discussion, we decided on visiting the great Thurlngian Forest, and one fine morning off we set. Just as we got beyond the town, Macdonald said, 'My dear brothers, let us return; this expedition will bring us no good.' 'You would almost make one think you were a prophet,' said Laurenberg, with mock gravity. 'And what if I be?' cried the other, quickly. 'Why, then, don't be a prophet of evil—that is to say, unless you can not help it. Come, my dear fellow.' 'I tell you,' interrupted Macdonald, 'that, if we go on, one of us will never see Göttingen again—and Laurenberg, my beloved Laurenberg, it is you who will be that one. You will never return, unless you return now. I tell you this, for I know it.' 'Oh, nonsense,' said the other; 'pray, how do you know it?' It seemed to me that Macdonald slightly shuddered at the question, but he went on as if not heeding it: 'He of us three who first left the house, is destined never to enter it again, and that was the reason why I tried to get out before you. You, Laurenberg, in your folly, ran past me, and it is thus on you that the lot has fallen. Laugh if you will; if you had let me go before you, I would have said nothing; but as it is, I say, laugh if you will, and call me a dreamer, or what you please, only return, my friends, return. Let us go back.' 'Let us go on. Forward!' cried Laurenberg; 'I do not laugh at you, my brother, but I think you are scarcely reasonable; for either you have truly foreseen what is to happen, or you have not. If you have, then what is to happen *will* happen, and we can not avoid it; if you have not, why, then it will not happen, and that is all. Either you foresee truly my destiny—' He was going on, but Macdonald interrupted him: 'It is with such reasoning that men lose themselves in this world—and in the next,' he added, after a pause. 'Oho! dear schoolfox,' returned the other, 'we have not undertaken our march to chop logic and wind metaphysics, but, on the contrary, to be merry and enjoy ourselves. So,' and he sung,

'There wander'd three Burschen along by the Rhine;
At the door of a wine-house, they knocked and went in,
Landlady, have you got good beer and wine?'

'Laurenberg, your gayety is oppressive,' interrupted Macdonald; 'why sing that song? You know there is death in it.' 'It is true,' replied Laurenberg, somewhat gravely, 'the poor little daughter of the landlady lies in her coffin. Another stave, then, if you like it better,

'Up, brothers! up! enjoy your life!'

and so on he went with that stupid song."

"Stupid!" cried Justus, rising suddenly on his elbow; "stupid, did you say, grandfather?"

"Well, my boy, I think it stupid now, though at your age, perhaps, I thought differently. But there," continued the pastor, "I was sure of it; I never can keep both my pipe and my story going at the same time. Give me a light, Justus. Thank you. Those matches are a great invention. In our time, it was all flint, and steel, and trouble. Now, fill our glasses, and then I shall go on again."

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Justus obeyed, and his worthy relative thus proceeded:

"Notwithstanding all his singing, Laurenberg was evidently more impressed by our companion's words than he was willing to own; and, as for me, I was much struck with them, for your countryman, young stranger, was no common man. But all that soon wore off. Even Macdonald seemed to forget his own forebodings. We marched on right cheerfully. That night we stopped at Heiligenstadt, very tired, for it was a long way for lads so little used to walking as we were."

"Did you put up at the Post, grandfather?" asked Justus. "It is a capital inn, and the landlady is both pretty and civil. I staid there when I went from Cassel to Halle."

"I don't remember where we put up," replied the pastor, "but it is scarcely likely we put up at the Post. In those days, students preferred more modest hostelries. Don't interrupt me. The next night we slept at Dingelstadt; and I remember that at supper Laurenberg knocked over the salt-cellar, and that Macdonald said, 'See, I told you! every thing shows it!' Next night we were at Mülhausen, making short journeys, you see; for, after all, our object was to enjoy, not to tire ourselves. Mülhausen is a very prettily situated town, and, though I have never been there since, I remember it quite well. The next afternoon we got to a place whose name I forget at this moment. Stay—I think it was Langensalza; yes, it was Langensalza; and the following day we arrived in Gotha, and lodged at the sign of the Giant, in the market-place. Gotha is the chief town in the duchy, and—"

Here the worthy pastor diverged into a description of Gotha and its environs. This, however, I lost, for, the interest of the story ceasing, I went off into a sort of reverie, from which I was awakened only by the abrupt cessation of the tale, and the words, "Justus, my boy, you are not asleep, are you? Give me a cigar; my pipe is out again."

Justus complied, and the old man, leaning his long pipe, with the rich bowl, against the great plane-tree, received "fire" from his grandson, lit the Cuba, and, after admonishing the youth to fill our glasses, thus went on:

"Our new friends were students from Jena. They were each of a different country. One was a Frenchman; one a Pole; the third alone was a German. They were making a sort of pilgrimage to the different places remarkable for events in the life of Luther—had been at Erfurt, to see his cell in the orphan-house there, and were now going to Eisenach and the Castle of Wartburg, to visit the Patmos of 'Junker George.' However, on hearing that we proposed marching through the Thuringian Forest, they gave up their original plan, and agreed to join us, which pleased us much, for all three were fine fellows. That night we got to Ohrdruff, and the next day we set off for Suhl. But we were not destined ever to reach that town. About noon, Laurenberg said, 'Come, brothers, do you not find this road tiresome? This is the way every body goes. Suppose we strike off the road, and take this footpath through the wood. Is it not a pleasure to explore an unknown country, and go on without knowing where you will come to? For my part, I would not have come so far only to follow a beaten track, where you meet carts and carriages, and men and women, at every step. If all we wanted was to walk along a road, why, there are better roads near Göttingen. Into the wood, say I! Why, who knows but there may be an adventure before us? Follow me!' Macdonald would have remonstrated, but our new friends, and I also, I am sorry to say, felt much as Laurenberg did, so we took the footpath, and plunged into the forest. We soon thought ourselves repaid. The solitude seemed to deepen as we proceeded. Excepting the almost imperceptible footpath, every thing bespoke the purest state of nature. The enormous pines that towered over our heads seemed the growth of ages. Great red deer stared at us from a distance through the glades, as if they had never before seen such animals as we, and then bounded away in herds. High up we saw many bustards—"

Here my excellent host launched in a current of descriptive landscape, which, though doubtless very fine, was almost entirely lost to me, for my thoughts again wandered. From time to time, the words "valleys," "mountains," "crags," "streamlets," "gloom," "rocks," "Salvator Rosa," "legends," "wood-nymphs," and the like, fell on my ear, but failed to recall my attention. And this must have lasted no little time, for I was at length aroused by his asking for another cigar, the first being done.

"The glen gradually opened out into a plain," resumed the pastor, "and our progress became easier. We, however, had no idea where we were, or which way to turn in order to find a resting-place for the night; we were completely lost, in short. Nevertheless, we pressed on as fast as our tired limbs would admit of, and after half an hour's march across the wooded level, we were rewarded by coming on a sort of road. It was, indeed, nothing more than the tracks of hoofs upon the turf, but we were in ecstasies at its appearance. After some deliberation as to whether we should take to the right or to the left along it, we resolved on following it to the right. Half an hour more, and we saw before us a house among the trees. It was a cheerful sight to us, and we gave a shout of joy. 'I trust they will give us hospitality,' said Richter, the German from Jena. 'If not,' exclaimed his French friend, 'it is my opinion that we will take it.' 'What! turn robbers?' said the Pole, laughing. 'It is a likely looking place for robbers,' remarked Macdonald, looking rather uneasily round him. We soon reached the house. It was a long building, with low walls, but a very high thatched roof. At one end was a kind of round tower, which

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seemed much older than the rest of the structure. It might at one time have been much higher than it then was, but in its actual state it scarcely overtopped the gable built against it. Fill our glasses, Justus, if you please."

"Ready, grandfather," said Justus. "But, before you go on, tell us something of the personal appearance of Laurenberg and Macdonald. As for the Jena boys, I don't care about them."

"Laurenberg, Justus, was a tall and very handsome lad. His golden hair curled over his shoulders, for he wore it very long, and his blue eyes were like his sister's. Macdonald, again, was rather under the middle height; his features were dark, and his expression composed, or perhaps, I should rather say, melancholy. Laurenberg was always gay, vivacious, and even restless; Macdonald, on the contrary, was usually listless, almost indolent. But, as you will see, when the time of need came, he was a man of iron. But where was I? Yes, I remember. Well, we came up to the door, and knocked at it. It was opened, after a short delay, by a young girl. The evening shadows were closing in, but, even by the imperfect light we had, we could see she was very beautiful."

"Ha! grandfather, come, that is very interesting!" cried Justus.

"Don't interrupt me, my boy. We could see she was very beautiful. We asked if we could be accommodated for the night, and she answered very readily that we could, but that we should have to sleep all in one room, and that we must be content with a poor supper. 'You will give us the best you have, at all events,' said Richter; 'we are well able to pay for it;' and he jingled his money-pouch. 'Oh, that I do not doubt!' said she, her eyes glistening at the sound; 'but my old grandmother and I live alone here, so we have not much to offer.' 'You two live alone in this large house?' said Macdonald, rather harshly. The girl turned her eyes on him for the first time—Richter had been our spokesman—and she seemed somewhat confused at the scrutinizing glance she met. 'Yes,' said she, at last; 'my father, and his father before him, were foresters here—we were not always so poor—and since their death, we have been allowed still to occupy the place.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Macdonald, in a softer tone. 'But why,' resumed he, in a sharp, quick way—'why must we all sleep in one room?' The girl gave him a keen, inquiring look, as if to ask what he meant by his questions, and then answered, firmly, 'Because, sir, besides our own room, we have only one other furnished. But had you not better walk in? You seem tired, gentlemen; have you come far?' 'To be sure we have, my pretty girl,' said the Frenchman; 'and the fact is, we have lost our way. But why do we stand talking here? Let us go in, my lads.' 'Stay a moment, my friends,' interposed Macdonald. 'We should perhaps be burdensome to you,' said he, addressing the girl: 'how far is it to the nearest inn?' 'About two hours' good walking,' replied she. 'And which is the way?' he asked. 'This bridle-road,' said she, 'will bring you in an hour to a country-road. By turning to your left, you will then reach Arnstadt in another.' 'Good,' said Macdonald; 'many thanks. It is my advice, my friends, that we push on to Arnstadt.' 'What!' cried the Pole, 'two hours more walking! If we were on horseback it would be different; but on foot, I will not go another yard;' and, as he spoke, he entered the house. 'I beg you a thousand pardons, mademoiselle, for keeping you here so long, and a heavy dew falling, too. Come, let us in at once,' said the Frenchman, and he followed the Pole. 'It would certainly be far more comfortable to have good beds at Arnstadt," said Richter, 'instead of sleeping six in a room; but I am too tired;' and he, too, went in. Macdonald cast an imploring look at Laurenberg, who seemed irresolute. But at the same moment the girl, who had already made a step to follow our Jena companions into the house, turned slowly round, and, throwing a bewitching glance at my poor friend, said, in a voice full of persuasion, 'And you, fair young sir?' At that moment, the moon, which had risen, passed from behind a cloud, and, throwing her light on the maiden's features, gave them an almost unearthly beauty. As for Macdonald, he remained in the shade; but his expressive eye flashed a look of stern warning such as I had never seen it assume before. I shall never forget that scene. Laurenberg was between his good and his evil angel. But so it is ever. Poor humanity is constantly called on to make the choice; and, alas! how much oftener is the evil preferred than the good! In this world—"

But here Justus, who seemed greatly to dread his grandfather's homilies, and to have an instinctive presentiment of their approach, rose on his knees to fill our glasses. This done, he exclaimed, "That's a bad cigar, grandfather. It does not burn even, and, besides, the ash is quite black: throw it away, and take another."

The interruption was successful. "Thank you, my boy," said the pastor. "Don't, however, break in so often on my story. Where was I?"

"Laurenberg was just about to go into the house with the beautiful maiden—at least, I suppose so," said Justus.

"Yes," resumed the old man. "After a moment's hesitation, he took her hand, which she yielded easily, and they entered together. 'Come,' said Macdonald to me, with a sigh, 'since it must be so, we must go with them.' He took my arm, and continued, 'We enter here according to our degrees of wisdom and folly—the Pole first, you and I last; but who is to pay for their blindness?' Give me a light, Justus. Is that the same wine? It seems to me a little hard."

"It is the same wine," said Justus. "Perhaps you find it hard, because it is cooler than the first."

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"It may be so. Well, we went in, entering by a passage into a kind of hall. Here we heard the Frenchman's voice: 'Come along, my beauty, and show us your wonderful and enchanted chamber, where we are to sleep; for I suppose it is there we are to sup, too. I have been trying all the doors, and not one of them will open.' 'This way, gentlemen,' said the girl, disengaging herself from Laurenberg, and opening one of several doors which entered off the place we were in. 'That is your grandmother, I suppose?' said Macdonald, pointing to a figure bending over a small fire, which was expiring on the hearth. 'Good evening, my good woman; you seem to feel chilly;' and, as he addressed these latter words to the crouching creature, he made a step as if he would approach; but the girl, quickly grasping his arm, whispered in his ear, 'Do not disturb her. Since my father's death, she scarcely ever speaks to any one but me. She is very old and feeble. Pray, leave her alone.' Macdonald threw another of his penetrating glances at the girl, but said nothing, and he and I followed her along a passage, some twenty paces in length, and very narrow. At the end of it was another door, and this opened into the chamber we were to occupy. It was a round room, and we immediately guessed that it formed the under story of the tower we had remarked. The girl brought a lamp, and we found that the furniture consisted of a table and some stools, a large press, a heap of mattresses and bedding, a few mats of plaited straw, and a pile of firewood. The most curious thing about the place, however, was a strong pole, or rather mast, which stood in the very centre, and seemed to pass through the roof of the room. This roof, which was at a considerable distance from the floor, was formed—a thing I had never seen before—of furze-bushes, supported upon slender branches of pine, and appeared so rickety as to threaten every moment to come down about our heads. On questioning the girl, I was told that the mast supported the outer roof, which was possible enough. 'In the first place,' said Richter to the damsel, when we had seated ourselves, and she seemed to wait for our orders, 'is this an inn, or is it not?' 'You may see, gentlemen,' replied she, 'by the scantiness of the accommodation, that it is not exactly an inn. Nevertheless, you can make yourselves at home, as if it was, and welcome.' 'Good. Then, in the second place, have you any wine?' 'Plenty. We sell a good deal to the foresters, who pass here often, and so have always a supply.' 'Where is it,' asked Macdonald. 'Below, in the cellar.' 'Very well,' returned he. 'I and two more of us will go down and help you to bring up a dozen bottles or so, if you will show us the way.' 'Certainly,' said she. While Macdonald and two of the others were absent with her, I contrived to light a fire, and the Frenchman, on exploring the press, having found that it contained plates, knives, and forks, he and the Pole laid the table; so that when the others, laden with bottles, re-appeared, the place had somewhat of a more cheerful look. 'They have not had time to drug our wine, at least,' whispered Macdonald to me. 'Pooh, my friend,' returned I, 'you are far too suspicious. You will smile to-morrow at having had such ideas.' 'We shall see,' said he. Presently, the girl brought in some bacon, some eggs, and a piece of venison. These we cooked ourselves, staying our appetite, in the mean time, with bread and wine. Then we made a hearty supper, and became very merry. Richter and the Pole plied the bottle vigorously, while Laurenberg and the Frenchman vied with each other in somewhat equivocal gallantries to the damsel. As for Macdonald, he wore an expression of mingled resignation, vigilance, and resolution, which made me uncomfortable, I knew not why—"

"Come, grandfather, don't keep us so long in suspense. Tell us at once if Macdonald's suspicions were well-founded," exclaimed Justus. "Had you fallen into a den of thieves, or were you among honest people? Were you all robbed and murdered before morning, or were you not?"

"Justus, my boy, you must let me tell my story my own way," said the old pastor; "and pray don't interrupt me again. Where was I?"

"At supper grandfather."

"True. When we had supped, smoked a few pipes, and finished our wine, we began to make our beds. As we were so occupied, the girl came in and offered to help us. We readily consented, for we were tired enough. In a very short time, she had made six beds on the floor. 'Why do you lay them all with the head to the middle of the room?' asked Macdonald, observing that all the pillows were ranged round the mast in a circle, and as near it as possible.—'That is the way I always do,' said she, with a careless air. But she did not succeed in concealing a certain strange expression which her features assumed for a moment, and which both Macdonald and I remarked, without understanding it. We well understood afterward what it meant. As she was retiring, the Frenchman and Laurenberg assailed her with some rather too free jokes. She turned, and cast on them a look of ineffable indignation and scorn; then, without a word, she passed out at the door, and closed it behind her. We all admired her for her modesty and virtue. Fill our glasses, Justus. But appearances are deceitful; this world is but a vain show; all is not gold that glitters; and—"

But, a second time, Justus cut short the homily. He dextrously spilt some of the wine, as he performed his Ganymedian office, and so drew down on himself a mild sarcasm for his awkwardness.

Forgetting the sermon he had begun, the old man therefore thus went on: "All, except Macdonald, were soon in bed. We had, however, only half undressed. As for Macdonald, he drew

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a stool toward the fire, and, seating himself, buried his face in his hands, as if in thought. I almost immediately fell asleep, and must have slept for some time, for when I awoke the fire was out. But I did not awaken of myself; it was Macdonald who aroused me. He did the same to the others. He had thrown himself on his bed, and spoke in a whisper, which, however, as our heads were close together, was audible to all. 'Brothers,' said he, 'listen; but for your lives make no noise, and, above all, do not speak. From the first moment we arrived at this house, I feared that all was not right; now I am sure of it. It seemed odd to me that two solitary women should inhabit so large a house; that the girl should have been so ready, or rather so anxious to receive us; that she should have shown no fear of six young men, all strangers to her; and I said to myself, 'She and her grandmother do not live here alone; she depends upon aid, if aid be necessary, and that aid is not far off.' Again, I am used to read the character in the countenance, and, despite her beauty, if ever treachery was marked on the human face, it is on hers. Then why make us all sleep in one room? If the others are empty, our beds would be as well on the floor in them as in this one. However, all that was mere suspicion. But there is more. You saw me examine the windows during supper. I could then open the outside shutters: they have since been fastened; and, what is more, the door is locked or barred on us, and will not yield. But, what is most important, my ear, which is very quick, caught the sound of steps in the passage —heavy steps, though taken on tiptoe—steps, in short, of a man, or rather, I should say of men, for there were at least two. I stole to the door, and I distinctly heard whisperings. Now, what do you think of all that? Speak one at a time, and low.'—'Bah!' whispered the Frenchman, 'I think nothing of it. It is quite common to fasten the shutters outside; and, as for the door, your friend and I were rather free with the girl last night, and she may have locked us in for her own security, or she might be afraid of our decamping in the morning without paying the reckoning. As for the footsteps, I doubt if you can distinguish a man's from a woman's; and the whisperings were probably the girl and the old woman conversing. Their voices, coming along the passage, would sound like whisperings.' This explanation was so plausible, that all expressed themselves satisfied with it. But Macdonald resumed, and this time he spoke in a whisper so terrible—so full of mysterious power, that it went straight to every heart, and curdled all our blood. 'Brothers,' he said, 'be wise in time. If you will not listen to common sense, take warning of a supernatural sense. Have you never had a dim presentiment of approaching evil? I know you have. Now, mark. I have at this moment the sure certitude of coming evil. I know, I *know*, I KNOW, that if you continue to lie here, and will not listen to my words, neither you nor I will ever see another sun. I *know* that we shall all certainly die before the morning. Will you be advised? If not, your blood be on your own heads! As for mine, I forgive it you. Decide!—resolve!'—These words, the tones in which they were uttered, and our knowledge of the speaker, produced a profound impression. As for me, I shuddered; but it was less at the idea of the threatened material danger, than at that of an occult influence hovering round us, inspiring Macdonald, and filling the place with its mysterious presence. Laurenberg was the first to speak, or rather to whisper. 'Macdonald,' said he, 'I yield myself to your guidance.' I immediately said, 'And I.' The others followed the example. Macdonald immediately took the command on himself. 'Rise,' said he, 'but make not the slightest noise. Collect yourselves and pay attention to the slightest thing. Leave your shoes; take your swords'—I should tell you, my young friend," said the pastor, addressing me, "that in those days students wore swords, especially when they traveled. And they were not such swords, Justus, as you fight your absurd duels with—not slim things, that you can bend double, and of which only a foot or so is sharp—not playthings to scratch each other's faces with; but good steel blades, meant for thrusting as well as cutting—blades not to be trifled with when wielded by a skillful and strong arm. But where was I? I remember. 'Take your swords,' said Macdonald. 'As it is so dark, there will probably be confusion. We must have watchwords, therefore. Let then be *Jena* and *Göttingen*. Also, to avoid our blindly encountering each other, let each of us, if it comes to a fight, keep calling *Burschen! Burschen!* I believe the attack I apprehend will come from the door. Let us range ourselves three on each side of it. We from Göttingen will take the right side, you from Jena the left. When they open the door, we rush into the passage I will lead my file, and do you brother,' said he to the Frenchman, 'lead yours. When you hear me cry *Burschen!* follow me, and, remember, you strike for your lives.' All this was said in the lowest whisper, but at the same time so distinctly and deliberately, that we did not lose a word. We took the places assigned us, grasping our bared swords. For a time—it seemed an interminable time—so we stood silent, and hearing nothing. Of course, we could not see each other, for the place was quite dark. At last our excited ears heard footsteps cautiously approaching. Some one came to the door, and was evidently listening. In about a minute, we heard the listener whisper to some one in the passage —'They must all be asleep now. Tell Hans to cut loose.' Our hearts beat quick. There was a pause of some minutes; then suddenly we heard overhead a cracking sound among the furze bushes which composed the roof of the room, and the next instant something fell to the

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ground with a crash so tremendous that the whole house seemed to shake. Then we heard a bolt withdrawn, then a key was turned. The door began to open. '*Burschen!*' cried Macdonald, as he dashed it wide ajar, and sprang into the passage. '*Burschen!*' cried the Frenchman, and the next moment he was by our comrade's side. '*Burschen!*' cried we all, as we made in after them."

"*Die Burschen sollen leben!*" (Students forever!) exclaimed Justus, in a state of no little excitement.

"The robbers retreated precipitately into the hall, where we had seen the old woman the previous night. It was brightly illuminated by a large fire which was blazing on the hearth. Here we fought. '*Burschen!*' thundered Macdonald, as he struck down a man armed with a hatchet. '*A bas les voleurs!*' cried the Frenchman, quitting German for his mother tongue, in the heat of the moment. '*Jena! Göttingen!*' shouted some of us, forgetting in our excitement that these names were our passwords and not our war-cry. '*Burschen!*' cried Laurenberg, as he drove into a corner one of the enemy armed with a dagger and a sword. '*Burschen!*' cried he again, as he passed his weapon twice through the robber's body. '*Jena!*' yelled Richter, as his left arm, which he interposed to defend his head, was broken by a blow with an iron bar. '*And Göttingen!*' added he with a roar, as he laid his assailant at his feet. Meanwhile the Pole and I had sustained a fierce attack from three robbers, who, on hearing the cries and the clashing of arms, had rushed out of one of the doors opening into the hall. The Pole was already slightly wounded, and it was going hard with us, when the others came to our assistance. This decided the fight, and we found ourselves victors."

"Bravo!" cried Justus, throwing his cap into the air. "That wasn't bad, grandfather!" and taking the old man's hand, he kissed his cheek.

"You are a good boy, Justus," said the pastor, "but don't interrupt me. Where was I? Oh, yes. We had gained the victory, and all the robbers lay about the floor, killed or wounded. We stood still a moment to take breath. At this moment, the girl of the previous evening rushed into the hall, and threw herself on the body of the man who had fallen by the hand of Laurenberg. She put her hand on his heart, then she approached her cheek to his mouth. 'He is dead!' cried she, starting to her feet. 'You have killed my Heinrich! my beloved Heinrich! you have killed my Heinrich! Dead! dead! dead!' Still speaking, she disappeared. But she returned almost instantly. She had a pistol in each hand. 'It was *you*, young sir,' said she, calmly and deliberately. 'I saw you,' and, as she spoke, she covered Laurenberg with her weapon, taking a cool aim. With a bound, Macdonald threw himself before the victim. But the generous movement was in vain. She fired; and the bullet, grazing Macdonald's shoulder, passed through poor Laurenberg's throat, and lodged in a door behind him. He staggered and fell."

"Oh, weh!" exclaimed Justus.

"We all stood thunderstruck. 'Your life for his—and mine,' said the girl. With these words, she discharged her other pistol into her bosom, and sank slowly upon the corpse of her lover."

"What a tragedy!" cried Justus.

"It was indeed a tragedy," resumed the pastor, in a low voice. "I knelt down beside my friend, and took his hand. Macdonald raised him up a little, supporting him in a sitting posture. He said, 'My pocket-book—the letter—my last wish.' Then he pressed my hand. Then he said, 'Farewell, comrades—farewell, my brothers. Remember me to my mother and Anna.' Then he pressed my hand again And so he died."

Here the worthy pastor's voice faltered a little, and he paused. Justus and I were silent. At last the old man began again. "Many, many years have passed since then, but I have never forgotten my early friend, nor ceased to mourn him. We laid him gently on his back; I closed his blue eyes. Macdonald placed his sword upon his gallant breast, now still forever, and crossed his arms over it. Meanwhile the Frenchman and the Pole, finding the girl quite dead, had laid her decently by the side of the man she had called Heinrich. 'That is enough in the mean time,' then said Macdonald, 'the living before the dead. We must see to our own safety first, and attend to the wounded.' We accordingly went over the house, and satisfied ourselves that no one else was concealed in it; we examined the fastenings of all the doors and windows, to guard against an attack from any members of the gang who might be outside. We found a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and congratulated ourselves on having surprised our enemies, as otherwise we might have been shot down like dogs. Returning to the door where we had supped, we found that the thing which had fallen from the roof, with such a crash, was an enormous ring or circle of iron, bigger than a cart-wheel. It was lying on our beds, the mast being exactly in the centre of it, and serving, as we found, to sustain it when it was hoisted up. Had we not obeyed Macdonald's voice, we certainly should all have been crushed to death, as it was plain many a victim had already been, for the infernal thing was stained with blood, and in some places, patches of hair were still sticking to it."

"And the old woman? the old grandmother?" asked Justus.

"We found her clothes, but not herself. Hence, we guessed that some one of the gang had personated the character, and Macdonald reminded us how the girl had prevented his approaching her supposed relative, and how he had got no answer to his address, the man in disguise being probably afraid that his voice might betray him. On examining the field of battle, we found that the robbers were nine in number, and the two besides Heinrich were dead. We bound

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the wounds of the others as well as we could. They were all sturdy fellows, and, when we considered their superior strength and numbers, we wondered at our own success. It was to be attributed solely—of course, I mean humanly speaking—to our attack being so unexpected, sudden, and impetuous. Indeed the combat did not last five minutes, if nearly so long. On our side, there was the irreparable loss of Laurenberg. Richter's broken arm gave him much pain, and the Pole had lost a considerable quantity of blood; but, besides this, we had only a few scratches. 'Now, lie down and rest,' said Macdonald, 'for you have all need of it. As for me, I can not sleep, and so will keep watch till morning.' We did as he recommended, for in truth, now that the excitement was over, I could scarcely keep my eyes open, and the rest were like me. Even Richter slept. Give us some wine, Justus, my boy."

"He was a fine fellow that Macdonald," said Justus, as he obeyed.

"It was several hours before he awakened us," continued the pastor. "My first thoughts were of poor Laurenberg. I remembered what he said about a pocket-book. I searched his dress, and found it. What it contained, I shall tell you presently. We breakfasted on some bread and wine, and then Macdonald called a council of war. After putting a negative on the absurd proposal of the Pole, that we should set fire to the house, and to the stupid suggestion of Richter (he was in a state of fever from his hurt) that, before doing any thing else, we should empty the cellar, we unanimously agreed that our first step should be to give information to the proper authorities of all that had happened. The Frenchman and I were deputed to go and seek them out. 'You remember what the girl said about the way to Arnstadt?' said Macdonald. 'I think you may so far rely on it; but you must trust a good deal to your own judgment to find your way.' With this piece of advice, we started."

The journey to Arnstadt, the interview with the bürgermeister, the reference to the rural amptman, the expedition of that functionary to the scene of the tragedy, the imprisonment of the surviving robbers, their trial, confession, and punishment, were all minutely dwelt upon by the worthy but somewhat diffuse narrator; none of these circumstances, however, interested me, and I took little note of them. At last, the pastor returned to personages more attractive of attention.

"We buried Laurenberg by night," said he. "There chanced to be some students from other universities in the neighborhood of Arnstadt, and they joined us in paying him all due honor. We followed the coffin, on which lay his sword and cap, walking two-and-two, and each bearing a torch. When the body was lowered into the grave, we quenched the torches, and sung a Latin dirge. Such was the end of my friend."

"And the pocket-book?" asked Justus.

"It contained a letter to me, a very curious letter. It was dated Gotha, and bore, in substance, that Macdonald's presentiments were weighing on the mind of the writer, more than he was willing should be known until *after* the anticipated catastrophe, if, indeed, any should take place. But, that such a thing being *possible*, he took that opportunity of recommending his mother and sister to my care, and of expressing his hope that I should find I could love Anna, and that so I would one day make her my wife. I need not relate to you how I performed the sad duty of bearing the news of his death to his two dear relatives. As you know, Justus, Anna in about three years afterward became mine. And here, in this house, young stranger, we lived very happily for thirty years. Here, too, she died. And yonder, in the church-yard, near the west porch, she awaits being rejoined by her own—by her children, and her husband."

We were all silent for some time. At length Justus, whose emotions were yet as summer clouds, inquired of his grandfather, "And your other comrades in the Thuringian Forest affair?"

"Of the Jena students I heard no more till many years afterward. It was in November, 1813; Napoleon was retreating from the nation-fight at Leipsic. The battle of Hanau, too, had been fought. A wounded French officer asked hospitality of me here. Of course, I granted it, and he remained more than two months with me; for, though not for several days after his arrival, I discovered that he was the French student who, with Richter and the Pole, had joined our party at Gotha. He had returned to France about a year after our fatal adventure, had entered the army, and had been fighting almost ever since. When he left me, he was sent to Mainz, a prisoner on parole; but, at the Restoration in his own country, he was allowed to return. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he however once more took up arms for his old master, and, with the many other victims of one man's ambition, and the, alas! too prevalent thirst for military glory common among his countrymen, he was killed at Waterloo. When will such things cease? When—"

"And Richter?" asked Justus, nipping in the bud the dreaded moralizing.

"Richter was killed in a duel—"

"And Macdonald?"

"Don't interrupt me, my boy; fill our glasses instead. Richter was killed in a duel; so the Frenchman told me. I also heard of the fate of the Pole through him. It was a strange and melancholy one. He, too, had gone to France, and entered the army, serving zealously and with distinction. In 1807, being then with the division that was advancing on the Vistula, he obtained leave to visit his father, whom he had not seen for years, but whom he hoped to find in the paternal mansion, situated in a wild part of the country, but not very far from the route which his corps was taking. He was, however, surprised by the night, as he was still riding through a forest of firs which seemed interminable. He therefore put up at a small roadside

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inn, which presented itself just as he reached the limits of the wood. Here the Frenchman's account of the matter became rather obscure, indeed, his friend the Pole had never told him very exactly all the circumstances. Suffice it that there were two ladies in the inn—a mother and daughter—two Polish ladies, who were hurrying to meet the husband of one of them, a colonel in Jerome Bonaparte's army. They were in a great state of alarm, the conduct of the people about the place having roused their suspicions. At their request, the Pole took up his quarters in a room from which their chamber entered, so that no one could reach them without passing by him. The room he thus occupied was on the first floor, and at the top of a staircase, from which access was obtained by a trap-door. This trap the officer shut, and fastened by a wooden bolt belonging to it. Then, telling the ladies to fear nothing, he placed his sword and pistols on a table beside him, and resolved to keep good watch. About midnight, he heard steps on the staircase. No answer was returned to the challenge he immediately made; on the contrary, some one tried to force the trap. The officer observing a hole two or three inches square in it, passed the muzzle of one of his pistols through it, and fired. There was the sound of a body rolling down the staircase. But the attempt was soon after renewed; this time, however, differently. A hand appeared through the hole, and grasped the bolt. The bolt was even half withdrawn, when the Pole, at a single blow, severed the hand from the body it belonged to. There followed groans and horrid imprecations; but nothing more took place that night. In the morning, a squadron of French cavalry arrived, and the ladies were placed in safety. Not a single person was found in the inn. The officer continued his way to his father's house. One thing, however, had much struck him; the hand he had cut off was very small, delicate, and white; moreover, one of the fingers wore a ring of considerable value. This ring he took possession of, with a strange, uncomfortable feeling of coming evil, which increased as he went on. Arrived at his father's house, he was told that his parent was ill, and in bed. He was, however, soon introduced to his presence. The old man was evidently suffering great pain; but he conversed with his son for some time, with tolerable composure. Suddenly, however, by a convulsive movement, he threw off the bedclothes, and the officer, to his horror, saw that his father's right hand was wanting. 'It was then you! and this is your ring!' he cried, in an agony of conflicting passions, as, throwing the jewel on the floor, he rushed out of the house, mounted his horse, and rode off at full speed. A few weeks afterward, he sought and found his death amid the bloody snows of Prussian Eylau."

"Poor fellow!" said Justus. "And Macdonald?"

"Of Macdonald's fate," said the pastor, gravely, "I know nothing. When I returned to Göttingen, after visiting Anna and her mother, he was gone. He had left his rooms the previous day with a stranger, an elderly man, dressed in gray. And he never returned. I made every inquiry all round Göttingen, but could get no tidings of him, no one on any road had seen him or his companion pass. In short, I never saw or heard any thing more of him. His books and things were sold some two or three months after; I bought every thing I thought he cared for, in order some day to restore them to him. But he has never appeared to claim them, and so I have them still. His sword hangs between Laurenberg's and mine, in my study. But come, the dew is falling, let us go in. Justus, my boy, be kind enough to carry in my chair for me. Trinchen will come out for the rest of the things."

So ended the worthy pastor's story.

THE COUNTESS—A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

THE Citizen Aristides Godard was the very beau ideal of a republican patriot during the early times of the Terror. During the day, the Citizen Godard sold cloth to his brother and sister democrats, and talked politics by the yard all the while. He was of the old school—hated an aristocrat and a poet with an intensity which degenerated into the comic, and never once missed a feast of reason, or any other solemnity of those days. Enter his shop to purchase a few yards of cloth, and he would eagerly ask you for the latest news, discuss the debate of the previous night in the Convention, and invite you to his club. His club! for it was here the Citoyen Godard was great. The worthy clothier could scarcely read, but he could talk, and better still, he could perorate with remarkable emphasis and power, knew by heart all the peculiar phrases of the day, and even descended to the slang of political life.

The Citoyen Godard was a widower, with an only son, who having inherited a small fortune from his mother, had abandoned trade, and given up his whole time to the affairs of the nation. Paul Godard was a young man, of handsome form and mien, of much talent, full of sincerity and enthusiasm; and with these characteristics was, though not more than four-and-twenty, president and captain of his section, where he was distinguished for his eloquence, energy, and civism. Sincerely attached to the new ideas of the hour, he, however, had none of the violence of a party man; and though some very exaggerated patriots considered him lukewarm, the majority were of a very different opinion.

It was eight o'clock on one gloomy evening in winter, when the Citizen Godard entered the old convent, where sat the Jacobin Club. The hall was, as usual, very full. The locality contained nearly fourteen hundred men, seated upon benches placed across the room, in all the

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strange and varied costumes of the time. Red caps covered many heads, while tricolored vests and pantaloons were common. The chief characteristic was poverty of garb, some of the richest present wearing wooden shoes, and using a bit of cord for strings and buttons. The worst dressed were, of course, the men who assumed the character of Jacobins as a disguise.

One of these was speaking when Godard entered, and though there was serious business before the club, was wasting its time in denouncing some fabulous aristocratic conspiracy. Godard, who was late, had to take his place in the corner, where the faint glimmer of the taller candles scarcely reached him. Still, from the profound silence which as usual prevailed, he could hear every word uttered by the orator. The Jacobins, except when there was a plot to stifle an unpopular speaker, listened attentively to all. The eloquent rhetorician, and the unlettered stammerer, were equally attended to—the matter, not the manner, being cared for.

The orator who occupied the tribune was young. His face was covered with a mass of beard, while his uncombed hair, coarse garments, dirty hands, and a club of vast dimensions, showed him to be a politician by profession. His language was choice and eloquent, though he strove to use the lowest slang of the day.

"Word of a patriot!" said the Citoyen Godard, after eying the speaker suspiciously for some time. "I know that voice. He is fitter for the *Piscine des Carmagnoles** than for the tribune."

"Who is the particular?" asked a friend of the clothier, who stood by.

"It is the Citizen Gracchus Bastide," said a third, in a soft and shrill tone, preventing the reply of Godard; and then the speaker bent low, and added—"Citoyen Godard, you are a father and a good man. I am Helene de Clery; the orator is my cousin. Do not betray him!"

The Citoyen Godard looked wildly at the speaker, and then drew the young woman aside. Her garb was that of a man. A red cap confined her luxuriant hair; a full coat, loose tricolored pantaloons, and a sword and brace of pistols completed her attire.

"*Citoyenne!*" said the revolutionary clothier, drily, "thou art an aristocrat. I should denounce thee!"

"But thou wilt not?" replied the young woman, with a winning smile, "nor my cousin, though playing so foolish, so unworthy a part."

"Oh!" said Godard, "thou ownest this, then?"

"Papa Godard," answerd the young countess, in a low, imploring tone, "my father was once thy best customer, and thou hadst never reason to complain of him. He was a good man. For his and for my sake, spare my cousin, led away by bad counsels and by fatal ambition."

"I will spare him," said the clothier, moving away, "but let him take the warning I shall give him."

The clothier had noticed that the Citoyen Gracchus Bastide was about to finish, and he hurried to ask a hearing, which was instantly granted him. The Citoyen Godard was not an orator, and, as is the case under such circumstances, his head, arms, and feet were more active than his tongue. Ascending the tribune, he struck the desk three times with his feet, while his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head, at the same time that his lips moved inarticulately. At length, however, he spoke:

"The truths spoken by the citizen who preceded me are truths of which every man is fully aware, and I am not here in consequence to reiterate them. The friends of the defunct Louis Capet are conspiring in the midst of us every day. But the citoyen *preopinant* forgot to say, that they come to our very forum—that they dress like true patriots—that they take names which belong rightly only to the faithful—and denounce often true men to cheat us. Many a Gracchus hides a marquis—many a *bonnet rouge* a powdered crown! I move the order of the day."

The citizen Gracchus Bastide had no sooner caught sight of Godard advancing toward the tribune, than he hurried toward the door, and ere the conclusion of the other's brief oration, had vanished. Godard's object gained, he descended from the forum, and gave way to a speaker big with one of those propositions which were orders to the Legislature, and which swayed the fate of millions at that eventful period.

Godard reassumed his former post, which he patiently kept until a late hour, when the sitting being terminated, after speeches from Danton, Robespierre, and Camille Desmoulins, he sallied forth into the open air.

It was eleven o'clock, and the streets of Paris were dark and gloomy. The order for none to be out after ten, without a *carte de civisme*, was in force, and few were inclined to disobey it. At that time, Paris went to bed almost at nightfall, with the exception of those who did the government business of the hour, and they never rested. Patriots, bands of armed men guarding prisoners, volunteers returning from festivals, the chiefs of different parties sitting in committees, the orators writing their speeches for next day, the sections organizing public demonstrations—such was the picture of this great town by night. Dawn was the most unwelcome of times, for then the statesman had to renew his struggle for existence, the accused had to defend himself, the suspected began again to watch the hours as they flew, and the terrific machine that depopulated the earth was at work—horrid relic of ignorance and barbarism, that killed instead of converting.

Father Godard had scarcely left the Jacobins, when from a narrow passage darted a slight figure, which he instantly recognized as that of Helene de Clery. The young girl caught hold

* Another slang word for the guillotine.

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of his arm and began speaking with extreme volubility, she said that her father had been dead six months, leaving her and a hot-headed cousin alone in the world. This young man embraced with fiery zeal the cause of the exiled royal family, and had already twice narrowly escaped—once on the occasion of the king's execution, and on that of the queen's. Every royalist conspiracy, every movement for insurrection against the Committee of Public Safety, found him mixed up in it. For some time they had been able to exist on what remained of her father's money, but now their resources were utterly exhausted. It was only by the charity of royalist friends that she starved not, and to obtain even this she had to disguise herself, and act with her party. But Helene said, that she had no political instinct. She loved her country, but she could not join with one party against another.

"Give me some work to do—show me how to earn a livelihood, with my fingers, Father Godard, and I will bless you."

"No person shall ask me how to be a good citizen in vain. Citoyene Helene, thou art under my protection. My wife is dead: wilt thou be too proud to take charge of my household?"

"Surely too grateful."

"And thy cousin?"

"Heaven have mercy on him. He will hear no reason. I have begged and implored him to leave the dark road of conspiracy, and to seek to serve his country, but in vain. Nothing will move him."

"Let the wild colt have his course," replied Godard, adding rather coarsely, "he will end by sneezing in Samson's sack."

Helene shuddered, but made no reply, clinging firmly to the old *sans-culotte's* arm as he led her through the deserted streets.

It was midnight when the residence of the clothier was reached. It was in a narrow street running out of the Rue St. Honore. There was no coach-door, and Godard opened with a huge key that hung suspended at his girdle. Scarcely had the old man inserted the key in the key-hole when a figure darted forth from a guard-house close at hand.

"I thought I should find the old Jacobin," said a merry, hearty voice; "he never misses his club. I am on duty to-night in the neighborhood, and, says I, let us see the father, and get a crust out of him."

"Paul, my boy, thou art a good son, and I am glad to see thee. Come in: I want to talk seriously to thee."

The clothier entered, Helene followed him closely, and Paul closed the door. A lantern burned in the passage, by which some candles were soon lit in the cosy back sitting-room of the old *sans-culotte*. Paul looked curiously at the stranger, and was about to let a very impertinent grin cross his face, when his father taking off his red cap, spoke with some emotion, laying aside, under the impression of deep feeling, all his slang.

"My son, you have heard me speak often of my benefactor and friend, the Count de Clery, who for some trifling service, rendered when a lad, gave me the means of starting in life. This is his daughter and only child. My boy, we know how terrible are the days. The daughter of the royalist Count de Clery is fated to die if discovered. We must save her."

Paul, who was tall, handsome, and intellectual in countenance, bowed low to the agitated girl. He said little, but what he said was warm and to the point. Helene thanked both with tears in her eyes, begging them also to look to her cousin. Paul turned to his father for an explanation, which Papa Godard gave.

"Let him beware," said Paul, drily. "He is a spy, and merits death. Ah! ah! what noise is that?"

"Captain," cried half a dozen voices in the street, "thou art wanted. We have caught a suspicious character."

"'Tis perhaps Albert, who has followed me," cried Helene. "He thinks I would betray him."

Paul rushed to the door. Half a dozen national guards were holding a man. It was Citizen Gracchus Bastide. Paul learned that no sooner had he entered the house, than this man crept up to the door, listened attentively, and stamped his feet as if in a passion. Looking on this as suspicious, the patriots had rushed out and seized him.

"Captain," cried the Citizen Gracchus, "what is the meaning of this? I am a Jacobin, and a known patriot."

"Hum!" said Paul, "let me look at thee. Ah! pardon, citizen, I recognize thee now; but why didst thou not knock? We wait supper for thee. Come in. Bravo, my lads, be always on the alert. I will join you soon."

And pushing the other into the passage, he led him without another word into the parlor. For an instant all remained silent. Paul then spoke:

"Thou art a spy and a traitor, and as such worthy of death. Not content with foreign armies and French traitors on the frontiers, we must have them here in Paris. Albert de Clery, thou hast thy choice—the guillotine, or a voluntary enrollment in the army. Go forth, without regard to party, and fight the enemies of thy country, and in one year thou shalt find a cousin, a friend, and, I suppose, a wife."

Godard, Helene, Paul, all spoke in turns. They joined in regretting the misery of Frenchmen fighting against Frenchmen. They pointed out that, no matter what was its form of government, France was still France. Albert resisted for some time, but at last the strong man yielded. The four men then supped in common, and the young royalist, as well as the republican, found that men may differ in politics, and yet not be obliged to cut each other's throats. They found ample subjects for agreement in other things. Before morning, Albert,

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led away by the eloquence of young Paul, voluntarily pledged himself not to fight against France. Next day he took service, and, after a tearful adieu, departed. He went with a ragged band of raw recruits to fight the battles of his country, a little bewildered at his new position; but not unconvinced that he was acting more wisely than in fomenting the evil passions of the hour.

Immediately after the leave-taking, Helene commenced her new existence in plain and ordinary garb, taking her post as the old clothier's housekeeper. An old woman was cook and housemaid, and with her aid Helene got on comfortably. The warm-hearted *sans-culotte* found, in additional comfort, and in her society, ample compensation for his hospitality. Helene, by gentle violence, brought him to the use of clean linen, which, like Marat, and other semi-insane individuals, Godard had originally affected to reject, as a sign of inferior civism. He became, too, more humanely disposed in general to his enemies, and, ere three months, ardently longed for the end of the awful struggle which was desolating the land. Aristides Godard felt the humanizing influence of woman, the best attribute of civilization—an influence which, when men can not feel it, they at once stamp their own character.

Paul became an assiduous visitor at his father's house. He brought the fair countess news from the army, flowers, books, and sometimes letters from cousin Albert. They soon found much mutual pleasure in each other's society, but Paul never attempted to offer serious court to the affianced wife of the young Count de Clery. Paul was of a remarkably honorable character. Of an ardent and passionate temperament, he had imbibed from his mother a set of principles which were his guide through life. He saw this young girl, taken away from the class in which she was brought up, deprived of the pleasures of her age and rank, and compelled to earn her living, and he did his utmost to make her time pass pleasantly. Helene was but eighteen, and the heart at this age, knows how to bound away from sorrow, as from a precipice, when a better prospect offers; and Helene, deeply grateful at the attention paid her, both by father and son, soon became reconciled to her new mode of existence, and then quite happy. Paul devoted every spare hour to her, and as he had read, thought, and studied, the once spoiled child of fortune found much advantage in his society.

At the end of three months, Albert ceased to write, and his friend became anxious. Inquiries were made, which proved that he was alive and well, and then they ceased to hear of him. A year passed, two years, and calmer days came round, but no tidings reached of the absent one. Helene was deeply anxious—her cheeks grew pale—she became thin. Paul did all he could to rouse her. He took her out, he showed her all the amusements and gayeties of Paris, but nothing seemed to have any effect. The poor fellow was in despair, as he was deeply attached to the orphan girl. Once a week, at least, he pestered the war office with inquiries about Bastide, the name under which the cousin had enrolled himself.

Father Godard, when the days of the club were over, doubly grateful for the good deed he had done, and which had its full reward, retired from business, took a simple lodging in a more lively quarter, and found in Helene a dutiful and attached daughter. For a wonder, there was a garden attached to the house, and here the retired tradesman, on a summer's evening, would smoke his pipe and take his coffee, while Paul and Helene strolled about the alleys or chatted by his side.

One evening in June—one of those lovely evenings which makes Paris half Italian in look, when the boulevards are crowded with walkers, when thousands crowd open-air concerts, and all is warm, and balmy, and fragrant, despite a little dust—the trio were collected. Father Godard was smoking his second pipe, Helene was sipping some sugar and water, and Paul, seated close by her side, was thinking. The young man's face was pale, while his eyes were fixed on Helene with a half-melancholy, half-passionate expression. There was a world of meaning in that look, and Paul perhaps felt that he was yielding to an unjustifiable emotion, for he started.

"A flower for your thoughts, Paul," said Helene, quietly.

"My thoughts," replied Paul, with rather a forced laugh, "are not worth a flower."

Helene seemed struck by the tone, and she bowed her head and blushed.

"Helene," said Paul, in a low, hushed, and almost choking tone, "this has been too much; the cup has at last overflowed. I was wrong, I was very wrong to be near you so much, and it has ended as I should have expected. I love you, Helene! I feel it, and I must away and see you no more. I have acted unwisely—I have acted improperly."

"And why should you not love me, Paul?" replied Helene, with a great effort, but so faintly none else but a lover could have heard.

"Are you not Albert's affianced wife?" continued Paul, gravely.

"At last I can explain that which fear of being mistaken has made me never say before. I and Albert were never affianced, never could be, for I could not love him."

"Helene! Helene!" cried Paul, passionately, "why spoke you not two years ago? I said he should find his cousin, his friend, and his affianced wife when he came back, and I must keep my word."

"True, true—but Paul, he could not have heard you. But you are right—you are right."

"Let me know all," said the young man, moodily, "but for this unfortunate accident."

"Paul, you have been to me more than a brother and I will be just toward you. Influenced by this mistake you clearly did not care more for me than a friend, and what else has

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made me ill, and pale, and gloomy but shame, because—"

"Because what?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Because, under the circumstances in which I was placed, I had let my heart lean where it could find no support."

No man could hear such a confession unmoved, and Paul was half wild with delight; but he soon checked himself, and, gravely rising, took Helene's hand respectfully.

"But I have been wrong to ask you this until Albert gives me back my word."

At this instant a heavy step was heard, the clanking of spurs and arms on the graveled way, and now a tall cavalry officer of rank, preceded by a woman-servant running, was seen coming toward them. Both trembled—old Godard was asleep—and stood up, for both recognized Albert de Clery.

"Ah! ah! my friend," cried the soldier, gayly; "I find you at last, Helene, my dear cousin. Let me embrace you! Eh! how is it? Still mademoiselle, or are you madam by this time? Paul, my good friend, give me your hand again. But come into the house. I have brought my wife to show you—an Italian, a beauty, and an heiress. How do you do, Papa Godard?"

"Hum—ah! I was asleep. Ah! Citizen Gracchus—Monsieur Albert, I mean—glad to see you."

"Guide me to the house," continued the soldier, "my wife is impatient to see you. Give me your arm, Papa Godard; follow, cousin, and let us talk of old times."

One look, one pressure of the hand, and arm-in-arm they followed, happy in reality for the first time for two years.

Madame de Clery was indeed a fascinating and beautiful Italian, and upon her Albert laid the blame of his not writing. He had distinguished himself greatly, and, remarked by his officers, had risen with surprising rapidity to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. On the Rhine, he was one day located in the house of a German baron, with two handsome daughters. An Italian girl, an heiress, a relation by marriage, was there, and an attachment sprung up between the young people. The difficulties in the way of marriage were many; but it is an old story, how love delights in vanquishing them. Antonia contrived to enter France under a safe conduct, and then was married. Albert had obtained a month's leave of absence. He thought at once of those who had paved the way for his success.

Godard, who had seen something of what had been going on, frankly explained why Helene was still unmarried. Albert turned round, and shook Paul by the hand.

"My dear friend, I scarcely heard your sentence. But you are a noble fellow. I shall not leave Paris until you are my cousin."

This sentence completed the general delight. The meeting became doubly interesting to all, and ere ten days the wedding took place, Albert carrying every thing with a high hand, as became a gallant soldier. He did more. He introduced Paul to influential members of the government, and obtained for him an excellent position, one that gave him an occupation, and the prospect of serving his country. Old Godard was delighted, but far more so when some years after, in a garden near Paris, he scrambled about with the children of Madame Paul and Madame de Clery, who resided with the first, her husband being generally on service. Paul and his wife were very happy. They had seen adversity, and been chastened by it. Helene doubly loved her husband, from his nobility of character in respecting her supposed affianced state; and never once did the descendant of the "ancient and noble" House of Clery regret that in finding that great and sterling treasure, a good husband, she had lost the vain and empty satisfaction of being called Madame "the Countess."

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

A MIDNIGHT DRIVE.—A TALE OF TERROR.

I WAS sitting one night in the general coach-office in the town of ——, reflecting upon the mutability of human affairs, and taking a retrospective glance at those times when I held a very different position in the world, when one of the porters of the establishment entered the office, and informed the clerk that the coach, which had long been expected, was in sight, and would be at the inn in a few minutes. I believe it was the old Highflyer, but at this distance of time I can not speak with sufficient certainty. The strange story I am about to relate, occurred when stage-coaches were the usual mode of conveyance, and long before any more expeditious system of traveling had engaged the attention of mankind.

I continued to sit by the fire till the coach arrived, and then walked into the street to count the number of the passengers, and observe their appearance. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one gentleman, who had ridden as an inside passenger. He wore a large black cloak, deeply trimmed with crape; his head was covered with a black traveling-cap, surmounted with two or three crape rosettes, and from which depended a long black tassel. The cap was drawn so far over his eyes that he had some difficulty to see his way. A black scarf was wrapped round the lower part of his face, so that his countenance was completely concealed from my view. He appeared anxious to avoid observation, and hurried into the inn as fast as he could. I returned to the office and mentioned to the clerk the strange appearance of the gentlemen in question, but he was too busy to pay any attention to what I had said.

Presently afterward a porter brought a small carpet-bag into the office, and placed it upon the table

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"Whose bag is that, Timms?" inquired the clerk.

"I don't wish to be personal," replied the man, "but I think it belongs to ——," and the fellow pointed to the floor.

"You don't mean *him*, surely?" said the clerk.

"Yes, I do though; at any rate, if he is not the gentleman I take him for, he must be a second cousin of his, for he is the most unaccountable individual that ever I clapped my eyes on. There is not much good in him, I'll be bound."

I listened with breathless anxiety to these words. When the man had finished, I said to him,

"How was the gentleman dressed?"

"In black."

"Had he a cloak on?"

"Yes."

"A traveling-cap drawn over his eyes?"

"Yes."

"It's the man I saw descend from the coach," I said to the clerk.

"Where is he?" inquired that gentleman.

"In the inn," replied the porter.

"Is he going to stay all night?" I inquired.

"I don't know."

"It's very odd," observed the clerk, and he put his pen behind his ear, and placed himself in front of the fire; "very odd," he repeated.

"It don't look well," said the porter; "not at all."

Some further conversation ensued upon the subject, but as it did not tend to throw any light upon the personage in question, it is unnecessary for me to relate it.

Awhile afterward, the clerk went into the hotel to learn, if possible, something more relative to this singular visitor. He was not absent more than a few minutes, and when he returned his countenance, I fancied, was more sedate than usual. I asked him if he had gathered any further information.

"There is nobody knows any thing concerning him," he replied; "for when the servants enter the room, he always turns his back toward them. He has not spoken to a single individual since he arrived. There is a man who came by the same coach, who attends upon him, but he does not look like a servant."

"There is something extraordinary in his history, or I am much deceived."

"I am quite of your opinion," observed the clerk.

While we were conversing, some persons entered the office to take places by the mail, which was to leave early on the following morning. I hereupon departed, and entered the inn with the view of satisfying my curiosity, if possible, which was now raised to the utmost pitch. The servants, I remarked, moved about more silently than usual, and sometimes I saw two or three of them conversing together, *sotto voce*, as though they did not wish their conversation to be overheard by those around them. I knew the room that the gentleman occupied, and stealthily and unobserved stole up to it, hoping to hear or see something that might throw some light upon his character. I was not, however, gratified in either respect.

I hastened back to the office and resumed my seat by the fire. The clerk and I were still conversing upon the subject, when one of the girls came in, and informed me that I was to get a horse and gig ready immediately, to drive a gentleman a distance of fifteen or twenty miles.

"To-night!" I said in surprise.

"Immediately!"

"Why, it's already ten o'clock!"

"It's the master's orders; I can not alter them," tartly replied the girl.

This unwelcome intelligence caused me to commit a great deal of sin, for I made use of a number of imprecations and expressions which were quite superfluous and perfectly unavailing. It was not long before I was ready to commence the journey. I chose the fastest and strongest animal in the establishment, and one that had never failed me in an emergency. I lit the lamps, for the night was intensely dark, and I felt convinced that we should require them. The proprietor of the hotel gave me a paper, but told me not to read it till we had proceeded a few miles on the road, and informed me at the same time in what direction to drive. The paper, he added, would give me further instructions.

I was seated in the vehicle, busily engaged in fastening the leathern apron on the side on which I sat, in order to protect my limbs from the cold, when somebody seated himself beside me. I heard the landlord cry, "Drive on;" and, without looking round, I lashed the mare into a very fast trot. Even now, while I write, I feel in some degree the trepidation which stole over me when I discovered who my companion was. I had not gone far before I was made acquainted with this astounding fact. It was as though an electric shock had suddenly and unexpectedly been imparted to my frame, or as, in a moment of perfect happiness, I had been hastily plunged into the greatest danger and distress. A benumbing chilliness ran through me, and my mouth all at once became dry and parched. Whither was I to drive? I knew not. Who and what was my companion? I was equally ignorant. It was the man dressed so fantastically whom I had seen alight from the coach; whose appearance and inexplicable conduct had alarmed a whole establishment; whose character was a matter of speculation to every body with whom he had come in contact. This was the substance of my knowledge. For aught I knew, he might be— But no matter. The question that most concerned me was, how was I to extricate myself from this dilemma? Which was the best course to adopt? To turn back, and declare I would not travel in such a night, with so strange a person, or to proceed on my journey? I greatly feared the conse-

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quences of the former step would be fatal to my own interests. Besides, I should be exposed to the sneers and laughter of all who knew me. No: I had started, and I would proceed, whatever might be the issue of the adventure.

In a few minutes we had emerged from the town. My courage was now put to the severest test. The cheerful aspect of the streets, and the light thrown from the lamps and a few shop-windows, had hitherto buoyed me up, but my energy and firmness, I felt, were beginning to desert me. The road on which we had entered was not a great thoroughfare at any time, but at that late hour of the night I did not expect to meet either horseman or pedestrian to enliven the long and solitary journey. I cast my eyes before me, but could not discern a single light burning in the distance. The night was thick and unwholesome, and not a star was to be seen in the heavens. There was another matter which caused me great uneasiness. I was quite unarmed, and unprepared for any attack, should my companion be disposed to take advantage of that circumstance. These things flashed across my mind, and made a more forcible impression than they might otherwise have done, from the fact of a murder having been committed in the district only a few weeks before, under the most aggravated circumstances. An hypothesis suggested itself. Was this man the perpetrator of that deed—the wretch who was endeavoring to escape from the officers of justice, and who was stigmatized with the foulest, the blackest crime that man could be guilty of? Appearances were against him. Why should he invest himself with such a mystery? Why conceal his face in so unaccountable a manner? What but a man conscious of great guilt, of the darkest crimes, would so furtively enter an inn, and afterward steal away under the darkness of the night, when no mortal eye could behold him? If he was sensible of innocence, he might have deferred his journey till the morning, and faced, with the fortitude of a man, the broad light of day, and the scrutiny of his fellow-men. I say, appearances were against him, and I felt more and more convinced, that whatever his character was—whatever his deeds might have been—that the present journey was instigated by fear and apprehension for his personal safety. But was I to be the instrument of his deliverance? Was I to be put to all this inconvenience in order to favor the escape of an assassin? The thought distracted me. I vowed that it should not be so. My heart chafed and fretted at the task that had been put upon me. My blood boiled with indignation at the bare idea of being made the tool of so unhallowed a purpose. I was resolved. I ground my teeth with rage. I grasped the reins with a tighter hold. I determined to be rid of the man—nay, even to attempt to destroy him rather than it should be said that I had assisted in his escape. At some distance further on there was a river suitable for that purpose. When off his guard, he could in a moment be pushed into the stream; in certain places it was sufficiently deep to drown him. One circumstance perplexed me. If he escaped, he could adduce evidence against me. No matter; it would be difficult to prove that I had any intention of taking away his life. But should he be the person I conceived, he would not dare to come forward.

Hitherto we had ridden without exchanging a word. Indeed, I had only once turned my eyes upon him since we started. The truth was, I was too busy with my own thoughts—too intent upon devising some plan to liberate myself from my unparalleled situation. I now cast my eyes furtively toward him. I shuddered as I contemplated his proximation to myself. I fancied I already felt his contaminating influence. The cap, as before, was drawn over his face; the scarf muffled closely round his chin, and only sufficient space allowed for the purpose of respiration. I was most desirous of knowing who he was; indeed, had he been "the Man with the Iron Mask," so many years incarcerated in the French Bastile, he could scarcely have excited a greater curiosity.

I deemed it prudent to endeavor to draw him into conversation, thinking that he might drop some expression that would, in some measure, tend to elucidate his history. Accordingly, I said,

"It's a very dark, unhealthy night, sir."

He made no reply. I thought he might not have heard me.

"A bad night for traveling!" I shouted, in a loud tone of voice.

The man remained immovable, without in the least deigning to notice my observation. He either did not wish to talk, or he was deaf. If he wished to be silent, I was contented to let him remain so.

It had not occurred to me till now that I had received a paper from the landlord which would inform me whither my extraordinary companion was to be conveyed. My heart suddenly received a new impulse—it beat with hope and expectation. This document might reveal to me something more than I was led to expect; it might unravel the labyrinth in which I was entangled, and extricate me from all further difficulty. But how was I to decipher the writing? There was no other means of doing so than by stopping the vehicle and alighting, and endeavoring to read it by the aid of the lamp, which, I feared, would afford but a very imperfect light, after all. Before I had recourse to this plan, I deemed it expedient to address once more my taciturn companion.

"Where am I to drive you to?" I inquired, in so loud a voice that the mare started off at a brisker pace, as though I had been speaking to her. I received no reply, and, without further hesitation, I drew in the reins, pulled the paper from my pocket, and alighted. I walked to the lamp, and held the paper as near to it as I could. The handwriting was not very legible, and the light afforded me so weak, that I had great

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difficulty to discover its meaning. The words were few and pointed. The reader will judge of my surprise when I read the following laconic sentence: "*Drive the gentleman to Grayburn Church-yard!*" I was more alarmed than ever; my limbs shook violently, and in an instant I felt the blood fly from my cheeks. What did my employer mean by imposing such a task upon me? My fortitude in some degree returned, and I walked up to the mare and patted her on the neck.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" I said; "you have a long journey before you, and it may be a dangerous one."

I looked at my companion, but he appeared to take no notice of my actions, and seemed as indifferent as if he were a corpse. I again resumed my seat, and in part consoled myself with the prospect of being speedily rid of him in some way or other, as the river I have already alluded to was now only two or three miles distant. My thoughts now turned to the extraordinary place to which I was to drive—Grayburn Church-yard! What could the man do there at that hour of the night? Had he somebody to meet? something to see or obtain? It was incomprehensible—beyond the possibility of human divination. Was he insane, or was he bent upon an errand perfectly rational, although for the present wrapped in the most impenetrable mystery? I am at a loss for language adequate to convey a proper notion of my feelings on that occasion. He shall never arrive, I internally ejaculated, at Grayburn Church-yard; he shall never pass beyond the stream, which even now I almost heard murmuring in the distance! Heaven forgive me for harboring such intentions! but when I reflected that I might be assisting an assassin to fly from justice, I conceived I was acting perfectly correct in adopting any means (no matter how bad) for the obviation of so horrid a consummation. For aught I knew, his present intention might be to visit the grave of his victim, for now I remembered that the person who had so lately been murdered was interred in this very church-yard.

We gradually drew nearer to the river. I heard its roaring with fear and trepidation. It smote my heart with awe when I pondered upon the deed I had in contemplation. I could discover, from its rushing sound, that it was much swollen, and this was owing to the recent heavy rains. The stream in fine weather was seldom more than a couple of feet deep, and could be crossed without danger or difficulty; there however were places where it was considerably deeper. On the occasion in question, it was more dangerous than I had ever known it. There was no bridge constructed across it at this place, and people were obliged to get through it as well as they could. Nearer and nearer we approached. The night was so dark that it was quite impossible to discern any thing. I could feel the beatings of my heart against my breast, a cold, clammy sweat settled upon my brow, and my mouth became so dry that I fancied I was choking. The moment was at hand that was to put my resolution to the test. A few yards only separated us from the spot that was to terminate my journey, and, perhaps, the mortal career of my incomprehensible companion. The light of the lamps threw a dull, lurid gleam upon the surface of the water. It rushed furiously past, surging and boiling as it leaped over the rocks that here and there intersected its channel. Without a moment's hesitation, I urged the mare forward, and in a minute we were in the midst of the stream. It was a case of life or death! The water came down like a torrent—its tide was irresistible. There was not a moment to be lost. My own life was at stake. With the instinctive feeling of self-preservation, I drove the animal swiftly through the dense body of water, and in a few seconds we had gained the opposite bank of the river. We were safe, but the opportunity of ridding myself of my companion was rendered, by the emergency of the case, unavailable.

I know not how it was, but I suddenly became actuated by a new impulse. Wretch though he was, he had intrusted his safety, his life, into my hands. There was, perhaps, still some good in the man; by enabling him to escape, I might be the instrument of his eternal salvation. He had done me no injury, and at some period of his life he might have rendered good offices to others. I pitied his situation, and determined to render him what assistance I could. I applied the whip to the mare. In a moment she seemed to be endowed with supernatural energy and swiftness. Though he was a murderer—though he was henceforth to be driven from society as an outcast, he should not be deserted in his present emergency. On, on we sped; hedges, trees, houses were passed in rapid succession. Nothing impeded our way. We had a task to perform—a duty to fulfill; dangers and difficulties fled before us. A human life depended upon our exertions, and every nerve required to be strained for its preservation. On, on we hurried. My enthusiasm assumed the appearance of madness. I shouted to the mare till I was hoarse, and broke the whip in several places. Although we comparatively flew over the ground, I fancied we did not go fast enough. My body was in constant motion, as though it would give an impetus to our movements. My companion appeared conscious of my intentions, and, for the first time, evinced an interest in our progress. He drew out his handkerchief, and used it incessantly as an incentive to swiftness. Onward we fled. We were all actuated by the same motive. This concentration of energy gave force and vitality to our actions.

The night had hitherto been calm, but the rain now began to descend in torrents, and at intervals we heard distant peals of thunder. Still we progressed; we were not to be baffled, not to be deterred; we would yet defy pursuit. Large tracts of country were passed over with amazing rapidity. Objects, that at one moment

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were at a great distance, in another were reached, and in the next left far behind. Thus we sped forward—thus we seemed to annihilate space altogether. We were endowed with superhuman energies—hurried on by an impulse, involuntary and irresistible. My companion became violent, and appeared to think we did not travel quick enough. He rose once or twice from his seat, and attempted to take the remnant of the whip from my hand, but I resisted, and prevailed upon him to remain quiet.

How long we were occupied in this mad and daring flight, I can not even conjecture. We reached, at length, our destination; but, alas! we had no sooner done so, than the invaluable animal that had conveyed us thither dropped down dead!

My companion and I alighted. I walked up to where the poor animal lay, and was busy deploring her fate, when I heard a struggle at a short distance. I turned quickly round, and beheld the mysterious being with whom I had ridden so fatal a journey, in the custody of two powerful looking men.

"Ha, ha! I thought he would make for this here place," said one of them. "He still has a hankering after his mother's grave. When he got away before, we nabbed him here."

The mystery was soon cleared up. The gentleman had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and was both deaf and dumb. The death of his mother, a few years before, had caused the mental aberration.

The horrors of the night are impressed as vividly upon my memory as though they had just occurred. The expenses of the journey were all defrayed, and I was presented with a handsome gratuity. I never ceased, however, to regret the loss of the favorite mare.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

SPIDER'S SILK.

URGED by the increased demand for the threads which the silk-worm yields, many ingenious men have endeavored to turn the cocoons of other insects to account. In search of new fibres to weave into garments, men have dived to the bottom of the sea, to watch the operations of the pinna and the common mussel. Ingenious experimentalists have endeavored to adapt the threads which hold the mussel firmly to the rock, to the purposes of the loom; and the day will probably arrive when the minute thread of that diminutive insect, known as the money-spinner, will be reeled, thrown, and woven into fabrics fit for Titania and her court.

In the early part of last century, an enthusiastic French gentleman turned his attention to spiders' webs. He discovered that certain spiders not only erected their webs to trap unsuspecting flies, but that the females, when they had laid their eggs, forthwith wove a cocoon, of strong silken threads, about them. These cocoons are known more familiarly as spiders' bags. The common webs of spiders are too slight and fragile to be put to any use; but the French experimentalist in question, Monsieur Bon, was led to believe that the cocoons of the female spiders were more solidly built than the mere traps of the ferocious males. Various experiments led M. Bon to adopt the short-legged silk spider as the most productive kind. Of this species he made a large collection. He employed a number of persons to go in search of them; and, as the prisoners were brought to him, one by one, he inclosed them in separate paper cells, in which he pricked holes to admit the air. He kept them in close confinement, and he observed that their imprisonment did not appear to affect their health. None of them, so far as he could observe, sickened for want of exercise; and, as a jailer, he appears to have been indefatigable, occupying himself catching flies, and delivering them over to the tender mercies of his prisoners. After a protracted confinement in these miniature Bastiles, the grim M. Bon opened the doors, and found that the majority of his prisoners had beguiled their time in forming their bags. Spiders exude their threads from papillæ or nipples, placed at the hinder part of their body. The thread, when it leaves them, is a glutinous liquid, which hardens on exposure to the air. It has been found that, by squeezing a spider, and placing the finger against its papillæ, the liquid of which the thread or silk is made may be drawn out to a great length.

M. Reaumur, the rival experimentalist to M. Bon, discovered that the papillæ are formed of an immense number of smaller papillæ, from each of which a minute and distinct thread is spun. He asserted that, with a microscope, he counted as many as seventy distinct fibres proceeding from the papillæ of one spider, and that there were many more threads too minute and numerous to compute. He jumped to a result, however, that is sufficiently astonishing, namely, that a thousand distinct fibres proceed from each papillæ; and there being five large papillæ, that every thread of spider's silk is composed of at least five thousand fibres. In the heat of that enthusiasm, with which the microscope filled speculative minds in the beginning of last century, M. Leuwenhoek ventured to assert that a hundred of the threads of a full-grown spider were not equal to the diameter of one single hair of his beard. This assertion leads to the astounding arithmetical deduction, that if the spider's threads and the philosopher's hair be both round, ten thousand threads are not bigger than such a hair; and, computing the diameter of a thread spun by a young spider as compared with that of an adult spider, four millions of the fibres of a young spider's web do not equal a single hair of M. Leuwenhoek's beard. The enthusiastic experimentalist must have suffered horrible martyrdom under the razor, with such an exaggerated notion of his beard as these calculations must have given him. A clever writer, in Lardner's Cyclopædia,

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notices these measurements, and shows that M. Leuwenhoek went far beyond the limits of reality in his calculation.

M. Bon's collection of spiders continued to thrive; and, in due season, he found that the greater number of them had completed their cocoons or bags. He then dislodged the bags from the paper boxes; threw them into warm water, and kept washing them until they were quite free from dirt of any kind. The next process was to make a preparation of soap, saltpetre, and gum-arabic dissolved in water. Into this preparation the bags were thrown, and set to boil over a gentle fire for the space of three hours. When they were taken out and the soap had been rinsed from them, they appeared to be composed of fine, strong, ash-colored silk. Before being carded on fine cards, they were set out for some days to dry thoroughly. The carding, according to M. Bon, was an easy matter; and he affirmed that the threads of the silk he obtained were stronger and finer than those of the silk-worm. M. Reaumur, however, who was dispatched to the scene of M. Bon's investigations by the Royal Academy of Paris, gave a different version of the matter. He found, that whereas the thread of the spider's bag will sustain only thirty-six grains, that of the silkworm will support a weight of two drachms and a half—or four times the weight sustained by the spider-thread. Though M. Bon was certainly an enthusiast on behalf of spiders, M. Reaumur as undoubtedly had a strong predilection in favor of the bombyx; and the result of these contending prejudices was, that M. Bon's investigations were overrated by a few, and utterly disregarded by the majority of his countrymen. He injured himself by rash assertions. He endeavored to make out that spiders were more prolific, and yielded a proportionably larger quantity of silk than silk-worms. These assertions were disproved, but in no kindly spirit, by M. Reaumur. To do away with the impression that spiders and their webs were venomous, M. Bon not only asserted, with truth, that their bite was harmless, but he even went so far as to subject his favorite insect to a chemical analysis, and he succeeded in extracting from it a volatile salt which he christened Montpelier drops, and recommended strongly as an efficacious medicine in lethargic states.

M. Bon undoubtedly produced, from the silk of his spiders, a material that readily absorbed all kinds of dyes, and was capable of being worked in any loom. With his carded spider's silk the enthusiastic experimentalist wove gloves and stockings, which he presented to one or two learned societies. To these productions several eminent men took particular exceptions. They discovered that the fineness of the separate threads of the silk detracted from its lustre, and inevitably produced a fabric less refulgent than those woven from the silkworm. M. Reaumur's most conclusive fact against the adoption of spider's silk as an article of manufacture, was deduced from his observations on the combativeness of spiders. He discovered that they had not arrived at that state of civilization when communities find it most to the general advantage to live on terms of mutual amity and confidence; on the contrary, the spider-world, according to M. Reaumur (we are writing of a hundred and forty years ago), was in a continual state of warfare; nay, not a few spiders were habitual cannibals. Having collected about five thousand spiders (enough to scare the most courageous old lady), M. Reaumur shut them up in companies varying in number from fifty to one hundred. On opening the cells, after the lapse of a few days, "what was the horror of our hero," as the graphic novelist writes, "to behold the scene which met his gaze!" Where fifty spiders, happy and full of life, had a short time before existed, only about two bloated insects now remained—they had devoured their fellow spiders! This horrible custom of the spider-world accounts for the small proportion of spiders in comparison to the immense number of eggs which they produce. So formidable a difficulty could only be met by rearing each spider in a separate cage; whether this separation is practicable—that is to say, whether it can be made to repay the trouble it would require—is a matter yet to be decided.

Against M. Bon's treatise on behalf of spider's silk, M. Reaumur urged further objections. He asserted that, when compared with silk-worm's silk, spider's silk was deficient both in quality and in quantity. His calculation went to show that the silk of twelve spiders did not more than equal that of one bombyx; and that no less than fifty-five thousand two hundred and ninety-six spiders must be reared to produce one pound of silk. This calculation is now held to be exaggerated; and the spirit of partisanship in which M. Reaumur's report was evidently concocted, favors the supposition that he made the most of any objections he could bring to bear against M. Bon.

M. Bon's experiments are valuable as far as they go; spider's silk may be safely set down as an untried raw material. The objections of M. Reaumur, reasonable in some respects, are not at all conclusive. It is of course undeniable that the silkworm produces a larger quantity of silk than any species of spider; but, on the other hand, the spider's silk may possess certain qualities adapted to particular fabrics, which would justify its cultivation. At the Great Industrial Show, we shall probably find some specimens of spider's silk; such contributions would be useful and suggestive. The idea of brushing down cobwebs to convert them into ball-room stockings, forces upon us the association of two most incongruous ideas; but that this transformation is not impossible, the Royal Society, who are the possessors of some of M. Bon's spider-fabric, can satisfactorily demonstrate.

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[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

THE RAILWAY.

THE silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasur'd still in many a dream,
They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream so cold and clear;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Nor this alone—for many a mile
Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile
In summer's glory gay;
Thro' chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depth excludes the day,
We're born away at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race!

The wayside inn, with homelike air,
No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool fresh road at early morn—
The coachman's ready jest;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
And eyes that own no tear,
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
The distant from the dear;
The wing that to her cherish'd nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast,
Has found its rival here.
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
To watch the approaching train,
And deem it still, 'twixt me and mine,
A rude, but welcome chain
To bind us in a world, whose ties
Each passing hour to sever tries,
But here may try in vain;
To bring us near home many an art,
Stern fate employs to keep apart.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

THE BLIND SISTER, OR CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

FOR real comfort, snugness, and often rural beauty, where are there in the wide world any dwellings that can equal the cottage homes of England's middle classes? Whether they be clad with ivy and woodbine, half hidden by forest-trees, and approached by silent, shady lanes, or, glaring with stucco and green paint, stand perched upon flights of steps, by the side of dusty suburban roads—whether they be cockney-christened with fine titles, and dignified as villas, halls, or lodges, or rejoice in such sweet names as Oak Cottage or Linden Grove—still within their humble walls, before all other places, are to be found content, and peace, and pure domestic love.

Upon the slope of a gentle hill, about a mile from a large town, where I was attending to the practice of an absent friend, there stood a neat and pretty residence, with slated roof and trellised porch. A light verandah shaded the narrow French windows, opening from the favorite drawing-room upon a trim, smooth lawn, studded with gay parterres, and bounded by a sweet-briar hedge; and here old Mrs. Reed, the widow of a clergyman, was busily employed, one lovely autumn afternoon, peering through her spectacles at the fast-fading flowers, or plucking from some favorite shrub the "sear and yellow leaf" that spoke of the summer passed away, and the dreary season hurrying on apace. Her daughter, a pale and delicate-looking girl, sat with her drooping head leant against the open window-frame, watching her mother sorrowfully as she felt her own declining health, and thought how her parent's waning years might pass away, uncared for, and unsolaced by a daughter's love. Within the room, a young man was reclining lazily upon a sofa; rather handsome, about the middle height, *but* had it not been for a stubby mustache, very long hair, and his rather slovenly costume—peculiarities which he considered indispensable to his profession as an artist—there was nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from the generality of young English gentlemen of his age and station. Presently there fell upon his ear the notes of a beautiful symphony, played with most exquisite taste upon the harp, and gradually blending with a woman's voice, deep, soft and tremulous, every now and then, as if with intense feeling, in one of those elaborate yet enervating melodies that have their birth in sunny Italy. The performer was about twenty-five years of age, of haughty and dazzling beauty. Her dark wavy hair, gathered behind into a large glossy knot, was decked on one side with a bunch of pink rose-buds. A full white robe, that covered, without hiding, the outline of her bust and arms, was bound at the waist with a thick cord and tassel of black silk and gold, adding all that dress could add to the elegance of her tall and splendid figure. Then, as she rose and stretched out her jeweled hand to tighten a loose string, the ineffable grace of the studied attitude in which she stood for some moments showed her to be well skilled in those fascinating arts that so often captivate the senses before the heart is touched.

This lady was the daughter of Mrs. Reed's only sister, who in her youth had run away with an Italian music master. Signor Arnatti, although a poor adventurer, was not quite devoid of honor, for, when first married, he really loved his English wife, and proudly introduced her to his friends at Florence, where her rank and fortune were made much of, and she was caressed and fêted until half wild with pleasure and excitement. But this was not to last. Her hus-

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band, a man of violent and ungovernable temper, was heard to utter certain obnoxious political opinions; and it being discovered that he was connected with a dangerous conspiracy against the existing government, a speedy flight alone saved him from the scaffold or perpetual imprisonment. They sought a temporary home in Paris, where, after dissipating much of their little fortune at the gambling-table, he met with a sudden and violent death in a night-brawl, just in time to save his wife and child from poverty. The young widow, who of late had thought more of her infant than its father, was not long inconsolable. Discarded by her own relations, who, with bitter and cruel taunts, had refused all communication with her, and now too proud to return to them again, she settled with her little girl in Italy, where a small income enabled her to lead a life of unrestrained gayety, that soon became almost necessary to her existence. Here young Catherine was reared and educated, flattered and spoiled by all about her; and encouraged by her vain mother to expect nothing less than an alliance with high rank and wealth, she refused many advantageous offers of marriage, and ere long gained the character of a heartless and unprincipled coquette, especially among the English visitors, who constituted a great part of the society in which she moved. Her mother corresponded occasionally with Mrs. Reed; and the sisters still cherished an affection for each other, which increased as they advanced in years; but their ideas, their views, even their religion was different, and the letters they exchanged once, or at most twice a year, afforded but little satisfaction to either. When the cholera visited Italy, Madame Arnatti was seized with a presentiment that fate had already numbered her among its victims, and, under the influence of this feeling, wrote a long and touching letter to her sister, freely confessing the sin and folly of her conduct in regard to her daughter's management, of whom she gave a long description, softened, it is true, by a mother's hand, yet containing many painful truths, that must have caused the doting parent infinite sorrow to utter. She concluded by repeating her conviction that her end was near, and consigning Catherine to her sister's care, with an entreaty that she would take her from the immoral and polluted atmosphere in which they lived, and try the effect of her piety, and kindness, and steady English habits on the young woman's violent and ungovernable passions. Months passed away; and then Mrs. Reed received a letter from Catherine herself, telling of her mother's death; also one from a lady, in whose company she was traveling homeward, in accordance with her mother's dying wish. Another long interval elapsed, and the good lady was preparing to visit London for the purpose of consulting an eminent physician on her daughter's state of health when news reached the cottage of Miss Arnatti's arrival in that city, which had been retarded thus long by tedious quarantine laws, illness, and other causes.

Her guardian was apparently glad enough to get rid of the charge she had undertaken, and within a week Catherine removed to her aunt's lodgings, where she was received and treated with every affectionate attention; but a constant yearning after gayety and amusements, indelicate and unfeeling as it appeared to her relatives, so soon after the loss of an only parent; the freedom and boldness of her manners when in company or in public, and her overbearing conduct to those about her, augured but little in favor of such an addition to their circle. However, the good aunt hoped for better things from the removal to her quiet country-home. Their stay in London was even shorter than they had intended, and, for some time after their return to the cottage, Miss Arnatti endeavored to adapt herself to the habits that must have been so strange and new to her; she even sought, and made herself agreeable in the very orderly but cheerful society where her aunt and cousin introduced her, although Annie Reed's increasing weakness prevented them from receiving much company at their own house.

Edwin Reed, Catherine's other cousin, was absent on a tour in Wales, and had only returned a few days previous to the afternoon on which we have described him as listening, enraptured, to the lady's native music. Seating herself at the piano, she followed this by a brilliant waltz, the merry, sparkling notes of which made the eye brighten and the brain whirl, from very sympathy; and then returning to her favorite instrument, she sang, to a low, plaintive accompaniment, a simple English ballad, telling of man's heartlessness, and woman's frailty and despair. The last verse ran:

So faith and hope her soul forsaking,
Each day to heavier sorrow waking
This cruel love her heart was breaking
Yet, ere her breath
Was hushed in death,
She breathed a prayer
For her betrayer—
Angels to heaven her poor soul talking.

Scarcely had she finished, when, as if in thorough contempt of the maiden's weakness, she drew her hand violently across the strings with a discordant crash, that startled poor little Annie painfully, and pushing the harp from her with an impatient gesture, abruptly quitted the room.

The old lady had gone in to enjoy a gossip with her next-door neighbor, and so the brother and sister were alone. The signs of tears were on the latter's cheek as Edwin approached and sat down by her side; attributing this to her extreme sensibility wrought upon by what they had just heard, he spoke some kind and cheering words, and then began to talk enthusiastically of their cousin's beauty and accomplishments. She listened to him quietly for some time, and then,

"Dear brother," she said, timidly, "you must forgive me for what I am about to say, when it is to warn and caution you against those very charms that have already made such an impression on you. I am not one, Edwin, as you

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know, to speak ill, even of my enemies, if such there be; and to any other but yourself would hide her faults, and try to think of some pleasing trait on which to dwell, when her name was mentioned. Nay, do not interrupt me, for rest assured, I am only prompted by a sister's love. I have seen much of Catherine, and heard more; I fear her dreadful temper—her different faith; although, indeed, she seems to neglect all religious duties, even those of her own church. Then I think of her rudeness and inattention to our dear mother, who is so kind and gentle to her. Had you been in London when we first met, you would not wonder at our being shocked and pained at all we witnessed there."

"But, Annie, dear," said her brother, "why should you talk thus earnestly to me? Surely I may admire and praise a handsome woman, without falling hopelessly in love."

"You may, or you may not," continued Annie, warmly. "But this I know and feel, that, unless she were to change in every manner, thought, and action, she is the last person in the world that I would see possess a hold upon my brother's heart. Why, do you know, she makes a boast of the many lovers she has encouraged and discarded; and even shows, with ill-timed jests, letters from her admirers, containing protestations of affection, and sentiments that any woman of common feeling would at least consider sacred."

"And have you nothing, then, to say in her favor?" said young Reed, quietly. "Can you make no allowance for the manner in which she has been brought up? or, may she never change from what you represent her?"

"She may, perhaps; but let me beg of you, Edwin, to pause, and think, and not be infatuated and led away, against your better judgment, as so many have already been."

"Why, my dear sister," he replied, "if we were on the point of running off together, you could not be more earnest in the matter; but I have really never entertained such thoughts as you suggest, and if I did, should consider myself quite at liberty to act as I pleased, whether I were guided by your counsel or not."

"Well, Edwin, be not angry with me; perhaps I have spoken too strongly on the subject. You know how much I have your happiness at heart, and this it is that makes me say so much. I often think I have not long to live, but while I am here would have you promise me—"

A chilly breeze swept over the lawn, and the invalid was seized with a violent fit of coughing; her brother shut the casement, and wrapped the shawl closer round her slight figure. Mrs. Reed entered the room at the same instant, and their conversation ended.

Catherine Arnatti was in her own chamber, the open window of which was within a few yards of where her cousins had been talking. Attracted thither by the sound, she listened intently, and leaning out, apparently employed in training the branches of a creeping plant, she had heard every word they uttered

The winter passed away pleasantly enough, for two at least of the party at the cottage.

Catherine and Edwin were of necessity much thrown together; she sat to him as a model, accompanied him in his walks, and flattered him by innumerable little attentions, that were unnoticed by the others; but still her conduct to his mother and sister, although seemingly more kind of late, was insincere, and marked by a want of sympathy and affection, that often grieved him deeply. Her temper she managed to control, but sometimes not without efforts on her part that were more painful to witness than her previous outbreaks of passion. Six months had elapsed since Miss Arnatti had overheard, with feelings of hatred toward one, and thorough contempt of both speakers, the dialogue in which her faults had been so freely exposed. Yet she fully expected that young Reed would soon be at her feet, a humble follower, as other men had been; but although polite, attentive, and ever seeking her society, he still forbore to speak of love, and then, piqued and angry at his conduct, she used every means to gain his affection, without at first any real motive for so doing; soon, however, this wayward lady began to fancy that the passion she would only feign was really felt—and being so unexpectedly thwarted gave strength to this idea—and in proportion also grew her hatred toward Miss Reed, to whose influence she attributed her own failure. Before long she resolved that Edwin *should* be her husband, by which means her revenge on Annie would be gratified, and a tolerable position in the world obtained for herself, for she had ascertained that the young man's fortune, although at present moderate, was yet sufficient to commence with, and that his prospects and expectations were nearly all that could be desired.

Neither was Edwin altogether proof against her matchless beauty. At times he felt an almost irresistible impulse to kneel before her, and avow himself a slave forever, and as often would some hasty word or uncongenial sentiment turn his thoughts into another channel; and then they carried him away to an old country seat in Wales, where he had spent the summer of last year on a visit to some friends of his family. A young lady, of good birth and education, resided there as governess to some half-dozen wild and turbulent children. Her kind and unobtrusive manners and gentle voice first attracted his attention toward her; and although perhaps not handsome, her pale sweet face and dark blue eye made an impression that deepened each day as he discovered fresh beauties in her intellectual and superior mind. After an acquaintance of some months he made an offer of his hand, and her conduct on this occasion only confirmed the ardent affection he entertained for her. Candidly admitting that she could joyfully unite her lot with his, she told her previous history, and begged the young man to test his feelings well before allying himself to a poor and portionless girl, and for this purpose prayed that twelve months might elapse

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before the subject of their marriage were renewed. She would not doubt him then; still he might see others, who would seem more worthy of his regard: but if, in that time, his sentiments were unchanged, all that she had to give was his forever. In vain he tried to alter this resolution; her arguments were stronger than his own, and so at last, with renewed vows of fidelity, he reluctantly bade her farewell. For various reasons he had kept this attachment a secret from his family, not altogether sure of the light in which they might view it; and the position of the young governess would have been rendered doubly painful, had those under whose roof she dwelt been made acquainted with the circumstances. Although fully aware in cooler moments that, even had he known no other, his cousin Catherine was a person with whom, as a companion for life, he could never hope for real happiness, still he knew the danger of his situation, and resolved not without a struggle, to tear himself away from the sphere of her attractions; and so, one evening, Edwin announced his intention of setting off next day on a walking excursion through Scotland, proposing to visit Wales on his return. Different were the feelings with which each of the ladies received this intelligence. Catherine, who had but the day before refused a pressing invitation to join a gay party, assembled at the London mansion of one of her old acquaintances, turned away and bit her lip with rage and chagrin, as Miss Reed repeated to her mother, who had grown deaf of late, over and over again to make her understand, that Edwin was about to leave them for a time—was going to Scotland, and purposed leaving by the mail on the morrow night. She had of course no objection to offer, being but too glad to believe that nothing more than friendship existed between her son and sister's child; yet wondered much what had led to such a sudden resolution.

Catherine Arnatti never closed her eyes that night; one instant fancying that Edwin loved her, and only paused to own it for fear of a refusal, and flattering herself that he would not leave without. These thoughts gave way to bitter disappointment, hatred, and vows of revenge against him, and all connected with him, more particularly his sister, whose words she now recalled, torturing herself with the idea that Annie had extorted a promise from her brother never to wed his cousin while she lived; and the sickly girl had improved much since then, and might, after all, be restored to perfect health; then, the first time for years, she wept—cried bitterly at the thought of being separated from one against whom she had but just before been breathing threats and imprecations, and yet imagined was the only man she had ever really loved. A calmer mood succeeded, and she lay down, resolving and discarding schemes to gain her wishes, that occupied her mind till daylight.

The next day passed in busy preparations; Edwin avoiding, as he dreaded, the result of a private interview with his cousin. Toward the afternoon Miss Reed and her mother happened to be engaged with their medical attendant, who opportunely called that day, and often paid longer visits than were absolutely necessary; and Catherine, who with difficulty had restrained her emotions, seizing on the opportunity, and scarcely waiting to knock at the door, entered Edwin's apartment. He was engaged in packing a small portmanteau, and looking up, beheld her standing there, pale and agitated, more beautiful he thought than ever, and yet a combination of the angel and the fiend. Some moments passed in silence; then, advancing quickly, holding out her hand, she spoke in a husky voice:

"Edwin, I have come to bid you a farewell—if, indeed, you go to-night, in this world we shall never meet again; neither hereafter, if half that you believe is true. It sets one thinking, does it not? a parting that we feel to be for ever, from those with whom we have been in daily intercourse, even for a few short months."

"And pray, Catherine," he asked, trying to talk calmly, "why should we not meet again? Even if I were about to visit the antipodes I should look forward to return some day; indeed it would grieve me much to think that I should never enjoy again your company, where I have spent so many pleasant hours, and of which, believe me, I shall ever cherish a grateful recollection. Be kind to poor Annie and my mother when I am gone, and if you think it not too great a task, I shall be very glad sometimes to hear the news from you, and in return will write you of my wanderings in the Highlands."

"Well, good-by, Edwin," she repeated; "for all you say, my words may yet prove true."

"But I do not go yet for some hours, and we shall meet again below before I leave; why not defer good-by till then?"

There was another pause before she answered, with passionate energy, and grasping his arm tightly:

"And is this all you have to say? Now listen to me, Edwin: know that I love you, and judge of its intensity by my thus owning it. I am no bashful English girl, to die a victim to concealment or suspense, but *must* and *will* know all at once. Now, tell me, sir, have I misplaced my love? Tell me, I say, and quickly; for, by the powers above, you little know how much depends upon your answer."

She felt his hand, cold and trembling; his face was even paler than her own, as, overwhelmed with confusion, Edwin stammered out.

"Really, Miss Arnatti—Catherine—I was not aware; at least, I am so taken by surprise. Give me time to think, for—"

"What, then, you hesitate," she said, stamping her foot; and then, with desperate calmness, added, in a softer tone, "Well, be it so; body and soul I offer, and you reject the gift." A violent struggle was racking the young man's breast, and, by the working of his countenance

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she saw it, and paused. But still he never raised his eyes to hers, that were so fixed on him; and she continued, "You ask for time to think, oh! heaven and hell, that I should come to this! But take it, and think well; it is four hours before you quit this roof; I will be there to say adieu. Or better, perhaps, if you will write, and give at leisure the result of your deliberations."

She spoke the last words with a bitter sneer; yet Edwin caught at the suggestion, and replied,

"Yes, I will write, I promise you, within a month. Forgive my apparent coldness; forgive—"

"Hush!" interrupted Catherine; "your sister calls; why does she come here now? You will not mention what has passed, I know; remember, within a month I am to hear. Think of me kindly, and believe that I might make you love me even as I love you. Now, go to her, go before she finds you here."

Edwin pressed her hand in parting, and she bent down her forehead, but the kiss imprinted there was cold and passionless. He met his sister at the door, and led her back affectionately to the drawing-room she had just quitted.

The old gardener had deposited a portmanteau and knapsack on the very edge of the footpath by the side of the high road, and had been watching for the mail, with a great horn lantern, some half-hour or so before it was expected; while the housemaid was stationed inside the gate, upon the gravel-walk, ready to convey the intelligence, as soon as the lights were visible coming up the hill; and cook stood at the front-door, gnawing her white apron. The family were assembled in that very unpleasant state of expectation, that generally precedes the departure of a friend or relative; Edwin walking about the room, wrapped up for traveling, impatient and anxious to be off. At last, the gardener halloed out lustily; Betty ran toward the house, as if pursued by a wild beast, and screaming, "It's a-coming;" and cook, who had been standing still all the time, rushed in, quite out of breath, begging Mr. Edwin to make haste, for the coach never waited a minute for nobody; so he embraced his mother and sister; and then, taking Catherine's hand, raised it hastily, but respectfully to his lips. Miss Reed watched the movement, and saw how he avoided the piercing gaze her cousin fixed upon him, not so intently though, but that she noted the faint gleam of satisfaction that passed over Annie's pale face; and cursed her for it. Strange, that the idea of any other rival had never haunted her.

"Good-by, once more," said Edwin. "I may return before you expect me; God bless you all!"

And, in another five minutes, he was seated by the side of the frosty old gentleman who drove the mail, puffing away vigorously at his meerschaum.

The ladies passed a dismal evening; more so, indeed, than the circumstances would seem to warrant. Annie commenced a large piece of embroidery, that, judging from its size and the slow progress made, seemed likely to afford her occupation and amusement until she became an old woman; while Mrs. Reed called to mind all the burglaries and murders that had been committed in the neighborhood during the last twenty years; deploring their unprotected situation, discussing the propriety of having an alarm-bell hung between two of the chimney-pots, and making arrangements for the gardener to sleep on the premises for the future. Miss Arnatti never raised her eyes from the book over which she bent. Supper, generally their most cheerful meal, remained untouched, and, earlier than usual, they retired to their respective chambers.

For several hours, Catherine sat at her open window, looking out into the close, hazy night. The soft wind, that every now and then had rustled through the trees, or shaken dewdrops from the thick ivy clustered beneath the overhanging eaves, had died away. As the mist settled down, and a few stars peeped out just over head, a black curtain of clouds seemed to rise up from the horizon, hiding the nearest objects in impenetrable darkness. The only sounds now heard were those that told of man's vicinity, and his restlessness: the occasional rumble of a distan. vehicle; the chime of bells; sometimes the echo of a human voice, in the direction of the town; the ticking of a watch, or the hard breathing of those that slept; and these fell on the ear with strange distinctness, amid the awful stillness of nature. Presently, the clouds, that hung over a valley far away, opened horizontally for an instant, while a faint flash of lightning flickered behind, showing their cumbrous outline. In a few minutes a brighter flash in another quarter was followed by the low roll of distant thunder; and so the storm worked round, nearer and nearer, until it burst in all its fury over the hill on which the cottage stood.

Miss Reed, who from her childhood had always felt an agonizing and unconquerable fear during a thunder-storm, roused from her light slumber, lay huddled up, and trembling, with her face buried in the pillow. She did not hear the door open or the footstep that approached so stealthily, before a hand was laid upon her shoulder; and starting up she recognized her cousin.

"Oh, Catherine!" she faltered, covering her eyes, "do stay with me awhile; I am so terrified—and think of Edwin, too, exposed as he must be to it."

"I *have* been thinking of him, Annie."

"But you are frightened, also, a little, are you not—with all your courage, or what made you shake so then?" said the poor girl, trying to draw her cousin nearer as flash after flash glared before her eyelids, and louder claps of thunder followed each other at shorter intervals.

"I frightened?" replied the dauntless woman

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"I frightened; and what at? Not at the thunder, surely; and as for lightning, if it strikes, they say, it brings a sudden and painless death, leaving but seldom even a mark upon the corpse. Who would not prefer this, to lingering on a bed of sickness."

"Do not say so, Catherine, pray do not; only think if— O God, have mercy on us! Was not *that* awful?"

"Was it not grand? Magnificent—awful if you will. Think of its raging and reveling uncontrolled, and striking where and what it will, without a bound or limit to its fury. And fancy such a storm pent up in the narrow compass of a human breast, and yet not bursting its frail prison. What can the torments that they tell us of, hereafter, be to this?"

"And what reason can you have, dear cousin, for talking thus. Kneel down by me, for once, and pray; for surely, at such a time as this, if at no other, you must feel there is a God."

"No; you pray, Annie Reed, if it will comfort you; pray for us both. There, now, lie down again, and hide your face. I will stand by your side and listen to you."

She drew the slender figure gently back. Then, with a sudden movement, seizing a large pillow dashed it over Annie's face, pressing thereon with all her strength. The long, half-smothered, piteous cry that followed, was almost unheard in the roaring of the storm that now was at its height. By the vivid light that every instant played around, she saw the violent efforts of her victim, whose limbs were moving up and down, convulsively, under the white bed-clothes. Then, throwing the whole weight of her body across the bed, she clutched and strained upon the frame, to press more heavily. Suddenly all movement ceased, and the murderess felt a short and thrilling shudder underneath her. Still, her hold never relaxed; untouched by pity or remorse, exulting in the thought that the cruel deed was nearly done, so easily, and under circumstances where no suspicion of the truth was likely to arise; dreading to look upon the dead girl's face too soon, lest the mild eyes should still be open, and beaming on her with reproach and horror. But what was it she felt then, so warm and sticky, trickling down her arm? She knew it to be blood, even before the next flash showed the crimson stain, spreading slowly over the pillow. Again the electric fluid darted from the clouds, but this time charged with its special mission from on high. The murderess was struck! and springing up, she fell back with one shrill, wild, piercing shriek, that reached the ears of those below, before it was drowned in the din of falling masonry, and the tremendous crash that shook the house to its foundation, until the walls quivered, like the timbers of a ship beating on a rocky shore.

That night I had been to visit a patient at some distance, and finding no shelter near when returning, had ridden on through the storm. Just entering the town, I overtook a man, pressing on quickly in the same direction. Making some passing remark upon the weather, I was recognized by the old gardener who begged me for God's sake to hurry back: the cottage, he said, was struck by lightning, and two of the ladies either dying or dead from the injuries they had received. In a few minutes my horse was at the gate. I had just time to observe that two of the chimneys were thrown down, and some mischief done to the roof. On entering the house, I was guided, by the low, wailing sound of intense grief, to an upper room, where I beheld one of those scenes that, in an instant, stamp themselves upon the memory, leaving their transfer there forever.

Day was just breaking; a cold gray light slowly gaining strength over the yellow glare of some unsnuffed candles, while the occasional boom of distant thunder told that the storm was not yet exhausted. Extended on a low couch, and held by the terrified servants, was the wreck of the once beautiful Catherine Arnatti; at short intervals her features became horribly distorted by an epileptic spasm, that seized one side of the body, while the other half appeared to be completely paralyzed; and the unmeaning glare of the eye, when the lid was raised, told that the organ of vision was seriously injured, if not entirely destroyed. Close by, the mother bent sobbing over the helpless form of her own child, blanched and inanimate, with a streak of blood just oozing from her pallid lips. I found afterward, that Miss Reed, in her fearful struggle, had ruptured a vessel, and, fainting from the loss of blood, had lain for some time to all appearance dead. Shortly, however, a slight fluttering over the region of the heart, and a quiver of the nostril, told that the principle of life still lingered in the shattered tenement. With the aid of gentle stimulants, she recovered sufficiently to recognize her mother; but as her gaze wandered vacantly around, it fell on the wretched and blasted creature, from whose grasp she had been so wonderfully rescued. As if some magnetic power was in that glance, Catherine rose up suddenly, despair and horror in the glassy stare she fixed on the corpse-like form before her, as, with another yell, such as burst forth when first struck by the hand of God, she relapsed into one of the most dreadful and violent paroxysms I have ever witnessed. Annie clung tightly to her mother, crying, in a faint, imploring voice, "Oh, save me—save me from her!" ere, with a heavy sigh, she once more sank into insensibility. It was not until late in the afternoon, and then only with great difficulty, that she was able to make those around her understand what had taken place, and account for the intense horror that seized upon her, when at times a groan or cry was heard from the adjoining chamber, in which Miss Arnatti lay. It became, therefore, necessary that this person should be removed, and accordingly, the same night she was taken to lodgings in the town Her conduct there was such as to induce a be

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lief that she might be insane, and steps were taken toward placing her in a private asylum. Once only, a few days after her removal, she asked, suddenly, if Miss Reed were not dead; but appeared to betray no emotion on being informed, that although still alive, her cousin was in most imminent danger, and, turning away, from that time maintained a determined silence, which nothing could induce her to break, obstinately refusing all medical aid.

I visited her in company with the physician in attendance, about six weeks afterward, when she appeared to have recovered, in a great measure, the use of her limbs; but every lineament of the face was altered; the sight of one eye quite destroyed, and drawn outward, until little could be seen but a discolored ball, over which the lid hung down flabby and powerless; while a permanent distortion of the mouth added to the frightful appearance this occasioned. The beautiful hair was gone, and the unsightly bristles that remained were only partly concealed by the close-fitting cap she wore. It was indeed a sight to move the sternest heart. That proud and stately woman who had so cruelly abused the power her personal beauty alone had given her; trifling alike with youth's ardent and pure first love, as with the deeper and more lasting affection of manhood, and glorying in the misery and wretchedness she caused! Stopped in her full career, her punishment began already. Yet was there no index on that stolid face to tell how the dark spirit worked within; whether it felt remorse or sorrow for the crime, and pity for its victim, fearing a further punishment in this world or the next; whether the heart was torn by baffled rage and hatred still, scheming and plotting, even now that all hope was gone. Or was the strong intellect really clouded?

That night her attendant slept long and heavily; she might have been drugged, for Miss Arnatti had access to her desk and jewel case, in the secret drawers of which were afterward found several deadly and carefully prepared poisons.

In a room below was a large chimney-glass, and here Catherine first saw the full extent of the awful judgment that had befallen her. A cry of rage and despair, and the loud crash of broken glass, aroused the inmates early in the morning: they found the mirror shivered into a thousand fragments, but their charge was gone, We learned that day, that a person answering to her description, wearing a thick vail, and walking with pain and difficulty, had been one of the passengers on board a steam-packet that left the town at daylight.

For a long time Annie Reed lay in the shadow of death. She lived, however, many years, a suffering and patient invalid. Edwin married his betrothed and brought her home, where his fond mother and sister soon loved her as they loved him; and Annie played aunt to the first-born, and shared their happiness awhile; and when her gentle spirit passed away, her mother bent to the heavy blow, living resigned and peacefully with her remaining children to a good old age.

All efforts to trace the unhappy fugitive proved unavailing, and much anxiety was felt on her account; but about ten months after her disappearance, Mrs. Reed received a letter relative to the transfer of what little property her niece had possessed to a convent in Tuscany. The lady-abbess, a distant relative of Miss Arnatti's, had also written much concerning her, from which the following is extracted:

"When a child, Catherine was for two years a boarder in this very house. Fifteen years passed since then, and she came to us travel-worn, and weak, and ill. Her history is known only to her confessor and myself; and she has drawn from us a promise that the name of England should never more be mentioned to her; and whatever tidings we may hear, in consequence of this communication, from those she had so cruelly injured, whether of life and health, or death—of forgiveness, or hatred and disgust at her ingratitude—that no allusion to it should be ever made to her. She follows rigidly the most severe rules of the establishment, but avoids all intercourse with the sisters. Much of her time is spent at the organ, and often, in the dead of night, we are startled or soothed by the low melancholy strains that come from the dark chapel. Her horror always on the approach of thunder-storms is a thing fearful to witness, and we think she can not long survive the dreadful shocks she suffers from this cause. They leave her, too, in total darkness many days. A mystery to all, we only speak of her as the Blind Sister."

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

FORTUNES OF THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

BETWEEN Passy and Auteuil were still to be seen, some few years ago, the remains of what had been a gentleman's residence. The residence and the family to whom it had belonged had both fallen during the first Revolution. The bole of a once magnificent tree, stag-headed, owing to the neighboring buildings having hurt the roots, was all the evidence that remained of a park; but bits of old moss-grown wall—broken steps that led to nothing—heads and headless trunks of statues that once adorned the edges of what, now a marsh, had formerly been a piece of ornamental water—little thickets of stunted trees stopped in their growth by want of care—all hinted of what had been, although they could give no idea of the beauty which had once made Bouloinvilliers the pride of the neighborhood and its possessor. Such was the aspect of the place recently; but when the following anecdote begins, France was to external appearance prosperous, and Bouloinvilliers was still in its bloom.

At a cottage within the gate which entered the grounds lived the gardener and his wife. They had been long married, had lost all their

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children, and were considered by every body a staid, elderly couple, when, to the astonishment of all, a girl was born. This precious plant, the child of their old age, was the delight especially of Pierre's life: he breathed but in little Marie, and tended her with the utmost care. Although attired in the costume appropriate to her station, her clothes were of fine materials; every indulgence in their power was lavished upon her, and every wish gratified, except the very natural one of going outside the grounds—*that* was never permitted to her whom they had dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and determined to keep "unspotted from the world." Pierre himself taught her to read very well, and to write a little; Cécilon to knit, sew, and prepare the *pot-au-feu;* and amusement she easily found for herself. She lived among green leaves and blossoms: she loved them as sisters: all her thoughts turned toward the flowers that surrounded her on every side; they were her sole companions, and she never wearied playing with them. An old lime, the branches of which drooped round like a tent, and where the bees sought honey as long as there was any lingering on its sweetly-odorous branches, was her house, as she termed it; a large acorn formed a coffee-pot; its cups her cups, plates, porringers, and saucers, according to their size and flatness; and bits of broken porcelain, rubbed bright, enlivened the knotted stump, which served for shelves, chimney, and all; a water-lily was her *marmite;* fir-cones her cows; a large mushroom her table, when mushrooms were in season, at other times a bit of wood covered with green moss or wild sorrel. Her dolls even were made of flowers—bunches of lilies and roses formed the faces, a bundle of long beech-sprigs the bodies; and for hours would she sit rocking them, her low song chiming in with the drowsy hum of the insects.

When grown older, and become more adventurous, she used to weave little boats from rushes upon bits of cork, and freight them with flowers. These she launched on the lake, where the fresh air and fresh water kept them sometimes longer from fading than would have otherwise been their fate, during the hot dry days of July and August, on their native beds. Thus passed her happy childhood: often and often she dreamed over it in after-life, pleasing herself with the fancy, that perhaps as God, when he made sinless man in his own image, gave him a garden as his home, so for those who entered into "the joy of our Lord" a garden might be prepared in heaven, sweeter far than even that of Bouloinvilliers—one where sun never scorched, cold never pinched, flowers never faded, birds never died. The death of a bird was the greatest grief she had known, a cat the most ferocious animal she had as yet encountered. She attended the private chapel on Sundays and saints' days. The day she made her first communion was the first of her entry into the world, and much distraction of mind did the unwonted sight of houses, shops, and crowds of people, cause to our little recluse, which served for reflection, conversation, and curious questioning for many a day after. On a white-painted table with a drawer there stood a plaster-cast of the Virgin Mary, much admired by its innocent namesake, and associated in her mind with praises and sugar-plums—for whenever she had been particularly good she found some there for her. It was her office to dust it with a feather brush, supply water to the flowers amid which the little figure stood, and replace them with fresh ones when faded. Whenever she was petulant a black screen was placed before the table, and Marie was not suffered to approach it. This was her only punishment; indeed the only one she required, for she heard and saw nothing wrong; her parents never disputed, and they were so gentle and indulgent to her, that she never felt tempted to disguise the truth. The old priest often represented to the father that unless he intended his child for the cloister, this mode of bringing her up in such total seclusion and ignorance was almost cruel; but Pierre answered that he could give her a good fortune, and would take care to secure a good husband for her; and her perfect purity and innocence were so beautiful, that the kind-hearted but unwise ecclesiastic did not insist farther.

In the mean time she grew apace; and her mother being dead, Marie lived on as before with her father, whose affection only increased with his years, both of them apparently thinking that the world went on as they did themselves, unchanged in a single idea. Alas! "we know not what a day may bring forth," even when we have an opportunity of seeing and hearing all that passes around us. Pierre and Marie were scarcely aware of the commencement of the Revolution until it was at its height—the marquis, his son, and the good priest massacred—madame escaped to England—and the property divided, and in the possession of others of a very different stamp from his late kind patron, a model of suavity and grace of manner even in that capital which gave laws of politeness to the rest of Europe. All this came like a clap of thunder upon the astonished Pierre; and although he continued to live in his old cottage, he never more held up his head. Finally he became quite childish, and one day died sitting in his chair, his last words being "Marie," his last action pointing to the little figure of the Virgin. When his death, however, became known, the new propriétaire desired that the cottage should be vacated, and came himself to look after its capabilities. He was astonished at the innocent beauty of the youthful Marie, but not softened by it; for his bold, coarse admiration, and loud, insolent manner, so terrified the gentle recluse, that as soon as it was dark she made a bundle of her clothes, and taking the cherished little earthern image in her hand, went forth, like Eve from paradise, though, alas! not into a world without inhabitants. Terrified to a degree which no one not brought up as she had

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been can form the least idea of, but resolved to dare any thing rather than meet that bold, bad man again, she plunged into the increasing gloom, and wandered, wearied and heart broken, she knew not whither, until, hungry and tired, she could go no farther. She lay down, therefore, at the foot of a tree, with her head on her bundle, and the Virgin in her hand, and soon fell sound asleep.

She was awakened from a dream of former days by rough hands, and upon regaining her recollection, found that some one had snatched the bundle from beneath her head, and that nothing remained to her but the little image, associated in her mind with that happy childhood to which her present destitute and friendless condition formed so terrible a contrast. The sneers, and in some cases the insults of the passers-by, terrified her to such a degree, that, regardless of consequences, she penetrated further into the Bois de Boulogne, when at length weak, and indeed quite exhausted, from want of food, she sank down, praying to God to let her die, and take her to heaven. She waited patiently for some time, hoping, and more than half expecting, that what she asked so earnestly would be granted to her. About an hour passed, and Marie, wondering in her simple faith that she was still alive, repeated her supplications, uttering them in her distraction in a loud tone of voice. Suddenly she fancied she heard sounds of branches breaking, and the approach of footsteps, and filled with the utmost alarm lest it might be some of those much-dreaded men who had derided and insulted her, she attempted to rise and fly; but her weakness was so great, that after a few steps she fell.

"My poor girl," said a kind voice, "are you ill? What do you here, so far from your home and friends?"

"I have no home, no friend but God, and I want to go to Him. Oh, my God, let me die! let me die!"

"You are too young to die yet: you have many happy days in store, I hope. Come, come; eat something, or you *will* die."

"But eating will make me live, and I want to die, and go to my father and mother."

"But that would be to kill yourself, and then you would never see either God or your parents, you know. Come, eat a morsel, and take a mouthful of wine."

"But when *you* go, there is no one to give me any more, so I shall only be longer in dying."

"Self-destruction, you ought to know, if you have been properly brought up, is the only sin for which there *can* be no pardon, for that is the only sin we *can not* repent."

Marie looked timidly up at the manly, sensible, kind face which bent over her, and accepted the food he offered. He was dressed as a workman, and had on his shoulders a hod of glass: in fact, he was an itinerant glazier. His look was compassionate, but his voice, although soft, was authoritative. Refreshed by what she had taken, Marie sat up, and very soon was able to walk. She told her little history, one word of which he never doubted.

"But what do you mean to do?" asked the young man.

"To stay with you always, for you are kind and good, and no one else is so to me."

"But that can not be: it would not be right, you know."

"And why would it not be right? Oh, *do* let me! don't send me away! I will be *so* good!" answered she, her entire ignorance and innocence preventing her feeling what any girl, brought up among her fellow-creatures, however carefully, would at once have done.

Auguste was a Belgian, without any relations at Paris, and with little means of supporting a wife; but young, romantic, and kind-hearted, he resolved at once to marry his innocent protégée, as soon at least as he could find a priest to perform the ceremony—no easy task at that time, and in the eyes of the then world of Paris no necessary one, for profligacy was at its height, and the streets were yet red with the blood of the virtuous and noble. They began life, then, with his load of glass and her gold cross and gold ear-rings, heir-looms of considerable value, which providentially the robbers had not thought of taking from her. With the produce of the ear-rings they hired a garret and some humble furniture, where they lived from hand to mouth. Marie taking in coarse sewing, and her husband sometimes picking up a few sous at his trade. Often, however, they had but one meal a day, seldom any fire; and when their first child was born, their troubles of course materially increased, and Auguste often returned from a weary ramble all over Paris just as he had set out—without having even gained a solitary sou. The cross soon followed the ear-rings, and they had now nothing left that they could part with except the little plaster figure so often alluded to, which would not bring a franc, and which was loved and cherished by Marie as the sole remaining object connected with Bouloinvilliers, and the last thing her father had looked at on earth. The idea of parting with this gave her grief which is better imagined than described; for, although the furniture of the cottage undoubtedly belonged to Marie, her husband knew too well that at a time when might was right, any steps taken toward recovering its value would be not only fruitless, but dangerous: he, therefore, never even attempted to assert their rights.

One day, however, they had been without food or firing for nearly twenty-four hours, and the little Cécile was fractious with hunger, incessantly crying, "Du pain! du pain!" Marie rose, and approaching the Virgin, said, "It is wicked to hesitate longer: go, Auguste, and sell it for what you can get."

She seized it hastily, as though afraid of changing her resolution, and with such trepidation, that it slipped through her fingers, and broke in two. Poor Marie sank upon her face at this sight, with a superstitious feeling that she had meditated wrong, and was thus punished.

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She was weeping bitterly, when her husband almost roughly raised her up, exclaiming in joyful accents, "Marie, Marie, give thanks to God! Now I know why your father pointed when he could not speak! Sorrow no more: we are rich!"

In the body of the statuette were found bills to the amount of fifteen hundred francs—Marie's fortune, in fact, which her father had told the chaplain he had amassed for her. We need not dwell upon the happiness of this excellent couple, or the rapture, mingled with gratitude, in which the remainder of this day was passed. Those who disapprove of castle-building may perhaps blame them; for several castles they constructed, on better foundations, however, than most of those who spend their time in this pleasing but unprofitable occupation. Next day they took a glazier's shop, stocked it, provided themselves with decent clothing and furniture, and commenced their new life with equal frugality and comfort—Marie doing her own work, and serving in the shop when her husband was out engaged in business. But in time he was able to hire an assistant, and she a young girl, to look after the children while she pursued the avocation of a *couturière*, in which she soon became very expert. The little image was fastened together again, placed upon a white table, similar to that which used to stand in her childhood's home, surrounded with flowers, and made, as of old, the abode of sugar-plums and rewards of good conduct. But alas! there are not many Maries in the world. In spite of her good example and good teaching, her children would at times be naughty. They sometimes quarreled, sometimes were greedy; and what vexed their simple-minded mother more than all the rest, sometimes told stories of one another. Still they were good children, as children go; and when the black screen was superseded by punishments a little more severe, did credit to their training. They were not permitted to play in the street, or to go to or from school alone, or remain there after school-hours. Their father took pains with their deportment, corrected false grammar, and recommended the cultivation of habits more refined than people in his humble although respectable position deem necessary. As their prosperity increased, Marie was surprised to observe her husband devote all his spare time to reading, and not only picture-cleaning and repairing, but painting, in which he was such an adept, that he was employed to paint several signs.

"How did you learn so much?" she said one day. "Did your father teach you?"

"No; I went to school."

"Then he was not so *very* poor?"

"He was very poor, but he lived in hopes that I might one day possess a fortune."

"It would seem as if he had a foreknowledge of what my little statue contained?"

"No, my love; he looked to it from another source; for a title without a fortune is a misfortune."

"A title! Nay, now you are playing with my simplicity."

"No, Marie; I am the nephew of the Vicomte de ——, and for aught I know, may be the possessor of that name at this moment—the legal heir to his estate. My father, ruined by his extravagance, and, I grieve to add, by his crimes, had caused himself to be disowned by all his relations. He fled with me to Paris, where he soon after died, leaving me nothing but his seal and his papers. I wrote to my uncle for assistance; but although being then quite a boy, and incapable of having personally given him offense, he refused it in the most cruel manner; and I was left to my own resources at a time when my name and education were rather a hindrance than a help, and I found no opening for entering into any employment suited to my birth. My uncle had then two fine, healthy, handsome boys; the youngest is dead; and the eldest, I heard accidentally, in such a state of health that recovery is not looked for by the most sanguine of his friends. I never breathed a word of all this to you, because I never expected to survive my cousins, and resolved to make an independent position for myself sooner or later. Do you remember the other day an old gentleman stopping and asking some questions about the coat of arms I was painting?"

"Yes; he asked who had employed you to paint those arms, but I was unable to inform him."

"Well, my dear, he came again this morning to repeat the question to myself; and I am now going to satisfy him, when I expect to bring you some news."

Marie was in a dream. Unlike gardeners' daughters of the present day, she had read no novels or romances, and it appeared to her as impossible that such an event should happen as that the cap on her head should turn into a crown. It *did* happen, however. The old gentleman, a distant relation and intimate friend of the uncle of Auguste, had come to Paris, at his dying request, to endeavor to find out his nephew and heir; and the proofs Auguste produced were so plain, that he found no difficulty in persuading M. B——de that he was the person he represented himself to be. He very soon after went to Belgium, took legal possession of all his rights, and returned to hail the gentle and long-suffering Marie as Vicomtesse de ——, and conduct her and the children to a handsome apartment in the Rue ——, dressed in habiliments suitable to her present station, and looking as lady-like as if she had been born to fill it. She lived long and happily, and continued the same pure, humble-minded being she had ever been, whether blooming among the flowers at Bouloinvilliers, or pining for want in a garret in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Two of her daughters are alive now. Her son, after succeeding to his father, died, without children, of the cholera, in 1832; and the son of his eldest sister has taken up the *title*, under a different name, these matters not being very strictly looked after in France.

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[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

MANY travelers know the "Rutland Arms" at Bakewell, in the Peak of Derbyshire. It is a fine large inn, belonging to his Grace of Rutland, standing in an airy little market-place of that clean-looking little town, and commanding from its windows pleasant peeps of the green hills and the great Wicksop Woods, which shut out the view of Chatsworth, the Palace of the Peak, which lies behind them. Many travelers who used to traverse this road from the south to Manchester, in the days of long coaches and long wintry drives, know well the "Rutland Arms," and will recall the sound of the guard's bugle, as they whirled up to the door, amid a throng of grooms, waiters, and village idlers, the ladder already taken from its stand by the wall, and placed by the officious Boots in towering position, ready, at the instant of the coach stopping, to clap it under your feet, and facilitate your descent. Many travelers will recall one feature of that accommodating inn, which, uniting aristocratic with commercial entertainment, has two doors; one lordly and large in front, to which all carriages of nobility, prelacy, and gentility naturally draw up; and one at the end, to which all gigs, coaches, mails, and still less dignified conveyances, as naturally are driven. Our travelers will as vividly remember the passage which received them at this entrance, and the room to the left, the Travelers'-room, into which they were ushered. To that corner room, having windows to the market-place in front, and one small peeping window at the side, commanding the turn of the north road, and the interesting arrivals at the secondary entrance, we now introduce our readers.

Here sat a solitary gentleman. He was a man apparently of five-and-thirty; tall, considerably handsome; a face of the oval character, nose a little aquiline, hair dark, eyebrows dark and strong, and a light, clear, self-possessed look, that showed plainly enough that he was a man of active mind, and well to do in the world. You would have thought, from his gentlemanly air, and by no means commercial manner, that he would have found his way in at the great front door, and into one of the private rooms; but he came over night by the mail, and, on being asked, on entering the house, by the waiter, to what sort of room he would be shown, answered, carelessly and abruptly, "any where."

Here he was, seated in the back left-hand corner of the room, a large screen between himself and the door, and before him a table spread with a goodly breakfast apparatus—coffee, eggs, fresh broiled trout from the neighboring Weye, and a large round of corned beef, as a *dernier ressort*.

It was a morning as desperately and deluggingly rainy as any that showery region can send down. In the phrase of the country, it *siled* down, or run, as if through a sieve. Straight down streamed the plenteous element, thick, incessant, and looking as if it would hold on the whole day through. It thundered on the roof, beat a sonorous tune on porches and projections of door and window, splashed in torrents on window-sills, and streaming panes, and rushed along the streets in rivers. The hills were hidden, the very fowls driven to roost—and not a soul was to be seen out of doors.

Presently there was a sound of hurrying wheels, a spring-cart came up to the side door, with two men in it, in thick great coats, and with sacks over their shoulders; one huge umbrella held over their heads, and they and their horse yet looking three parts drowned. They lost no time in pitching their umbrella to the hostler, who issued from the passage, descending and rushing into the inn. In the next moment the two countrymen, divested of their sacks and great coats, were ushered into this room, the waiter, making a sort of apology, because there was a fire there—it was in the middle of July. The two men, who appeared Peak farmers, with hard hands, which they rubbed at the fire, and tanned and weather-beaten complexions, ordered breakfast—of coffee and broiled ham—which speedily made its appearance, on a table placed directly in front of the before solitary stranger, between the side look-out window and the front one.

They looked, and were soon perceived by our stranger to be, father and son. The old man, of apparently upward of sixty, was a middle-sized man, of no Herculean mould, but well knit together, and with a face thin and wrinkled as with a life-long acquaintance with care and struggle. His complexion was more like brown leather than any thing else, and his hair, which was thin and grizzled, was combed backward from his face, and hung in masses about his ears. The son was much taller than the father, a stooping figure, with flaxen hair, a large nose, light blue eyes, and altogether a very gawky look.

The old man seemed to eat with little appetite, and to be sunk into himself, as if he was oppressed by some heavy trouble. Yet he every now and then roused himself, cast an anxious look at his son, and said, "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, fayther," was the constant reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. This reen's enough to tak any body's appetite — and these t'other things," casting a glance at the stranger.

The stranger had, indeed, his eyes fixed curiously upon the two, for he had been watching the consumptive tendency of the son; not in any cough or hectic flush, or peculiar paleness, for he had a positively sunburnt complexion of his own, but by the extraordinary power he possessed of tossing down coffee and ham, with enormous pieces of toast and butter. Under his operations, a large dish of broiled ham rapidly disappeared, and the contents of the coffee-pot were in as active demand. Yet the old man, ever and anon, looked up from his reverie, and repeated his paternal observation:

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"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"

"No, fayther," was still the reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. It's this reen, and these t'other things"—again glancing at the stranger.

Presently the broiled ham had totally vanished—there had been enough for six ordinary men. And while the son was in the act of holding the coffee-pot upside down, and draining the last drop from it, the old man once more repeated his anxious admonition: "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"—and the reply was still, "No, fayther, I towd you I shouldn't. It's this reen, and these t'other things."

This was accompanied by another glance at the stranger, who began to feel himself very much in the way, but was no little relieved by the son rising with his plate in his hand, and coming across the room, saying, "You've a prime round of beef there, sir; might I trouble you for some?"

"By all means," said the stranger, and carved off a slice of thickness and diameter proportioned to what appeared to him the appetite of this native of the Peak. This speedily disappeared; and as the son threw down the knife and fork, the sound once more roused the old man, who added, with an air of increased anxiety, "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, fayther," for the last time responded the son. "I towd you I shouldn't. It's this reen, and this t'other matter—but I've done, and so let's go."

The father and son arose and went out. The stranger who had witnessed this extraordinary scene, but without betraying any amusement at it, arose, too, the moment they closed the door after them, and, advancing to the window, gazed fixedly into the street. Presently the father and son, in their great coats, and with their huge drab umbrella hoisted over them, were seen proceeding down the market-place in the midst of the still pouring rain, and the stranger's eyes followed them intently till they disappeared in the winding of the street. He still stood for some time, as if in deep thought, and then turning, rung the bell, ordered the breakfast-things from his table, and producing a writing-case, sat down to write letters. He continued writing, pausing at intervals, and looking steadily before him as in deep thought, for about an hour, when the door opened, and the Peak farmer and his son again entered. They were in their wet and steaming great-coats. The old man appeared pale and agitated; bade the son see that the horse was put in the cart, rung the bell, and asked what he had to pay. Having discharged his bill, he continued to pace the room, as if unconscious of the stranger, who had suspended his writing, and was gazing earnestly at him. The old man frequently paused, shook his head despairingly, and muttered to himself, "Hard man!—no fellow feeling!—all over! all over!" With a suppressed groan, he again continued his pacing to and fro.

The stranger arose, approached the old man, and said, with a peculiarly sympathizing tone,

"Excuse me, sir, but you seem to have some heavy trouble on your mind; I should be glad if it were any thing that were in my power to alleviate."

The old man stopped suddenly—looked sternly at the stranger—seemed to recollect himself, and said rather sharply, as if feeling an unauthorized freedom—"Sir!"

"I beg pardon," said the stranger. "I am aware that it must seem strange in me to address you thus; but I can not but perceive that something distresses you, and it might possibly happen that I might be of use to you."

The old man looked at him for some time in silence, and then said,

"I forgot any one was here; but you can be of no manner of use to me. I thank you."

"I am truly sorry for it; pray excuse my freedom," said the stranger with a slight flush; "but I am an American, and we are more accustomed to ask and communicate matters than is consistent with English reserve. I beg you will pardon me."

"You are an American?" asked the old man, looking at him. "You are quite a stranger here?"

"Quite so, sir," replied the stranger, with some little embarrassment. "I was once in this country before, but many years ago."

The old man still looked at him, was silent awhile, and then said, "You can not help me, sir; but I thank you all the same, and heartily. You seem really a very feeling man, and so I don't mind opening my mind to you—I am a ruined man, sir."

"I was sure you were in very deep trouble, sir," replied the stranger. "I will not seek to peer into your affairs; but I deeply feel for you, and would say that many troubles are not so deep as they seem. I would hope yours are not."

"Sir," replied the old man—the tears starting into his eyes, "I tell you I am a ruined man. I am heavily behind with my rent, all my stock will not suffice to pay it; and this morning we have been to entreat the steward to be lenient, but he will not hear us; he vows to sell us up next week."

"That is hard," said the stranger. "But you are hale, your son is young; you can begin the world anew."

"Begin the world anew!" exclaimed the old man, with a distracted air. "Where?—how? when? No, no! sir, there is no beginning anew in this country. Those days are past. That time is past with me. And as for my son: Oh, God! Oh, God! what shall become of him, for he has a wife and family, and knows nothing but about a farm."

"And there are farms still," said the stranger.

"Yes; but at what rentals? and, then, where is the capital?"

The old man grew deadly pale, and groaned

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"In this country," said the stranger, after a deep silence, "I believe these things are hard, but in mine they are not so. Go there, worthy old man; go there, and a new life yet may open to you."

The stranger took the old man's hand tenderly; who, on feeling the stranger's grasp, suddenly, convulsively, caught the hand in both his own, and shedding plentiful tears, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir; God bless you for your kindness! Ah! such kindness is banished from this country, but I feel that it lives in yours—but there!—no, no!—there I shall never go. There are no means."

"The means required," said the stranger, tears, too, glittering in his eyes, "are very small. Your friends would, no doubt—"

"No, no!" interrupted him the old man, deeply agitated; "there are no friends—not here."

"Then why should I not be a friend so far?" said the stranger. "I have means—I know the country. I have somehow conceived a deep interest in your misfortunes."

"You!" said the old man, as if bewildered with astonishment; "you!—but come along with us, sir. Your words, your kindness, comfort me; at least you can counsel with us—and I feel it does me good."

"I will go with all my heart," said the stranger. "You can not live far from here. I will hence to Manchester, and I can, doubtless, make it in my way."

"Exactly in the way!" said the old man, in a tone of deep pleasure, and of much more cheerfulness, "at least, not out of it to signify—though not in the great highway. We can find you plenty of room, if you do not disdain our humble vehicle."

"I have heavy luggage," replied the stranger, ringing the bell. "I will have a post-chaise, and you shall go in it with me. It will suit you better this wet day."

"Oh no! I can not think of it, sir," said the farmer. "I fear no rain. I am used to it, and I am neither sugar nor salt. I shall not melt."

The old man's son approached simultaneously with the waiter, to say that the cart was ready. The stranger ordered a post-chaise to accompany the farmer, at which the son stood with an open-mouthed astonished stare, which would have excited the laughter of most people, but did not move a muscle of the stranger's grave and kindly face.

"This good gentleman will go with us," said the old man.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the son, taking off his hat and making a low bow, "you are heartily welcome; but it's a poor place, sir."

"Never mind that," said the old man. "Let us be off and tell Millicent to get some dinner for the gentleman."

But the stranger insisted that the old man should stay and accompany him in the chaise, and so the son walked off to prepare for their coming. Soon the stranger's trunks were placed on the top of the chaise, and the old man and he drove off.

Their way was for some time along the great high-road; then they turned off to the left, and continued their course up a valley till they ascended a very stony road, which wound far over the swell of the hill, and then approached a large gray stone house, backed by a wood that screened it from the north and east. Far around, lay an immense view, chiefly of green, naked, and undulating fields, intersected by stone walls. No other house was near; and villages lying at several miles distant, naked and gray on the uplands, were the only evidences of human life.

The house was large enough for a gentleman's abode, but there were no neatly kept walks; no carefully cultivated shrubberies; no garden lying in exquisite richness around it. There was no use made of the barns and offices. There were no servants about. A troop of little children who were in the field in front, ran into the house and disappeared.

On entering the house, the stranger observed that its ample rooms were very naked and filled only by a visible presence of stern indigence. The woodwork was unpainted. The stone floors were worn, and merely sanded. The room into which he was conducted, and where the table was already laid for dinner, differed only in having the uncarpeted floor marked in figures of alternating ochre and pipe-clay, and was furnished with a meagre amount of humblest chairs and heavy oak tables, a little shelf of books and almanacs, and a yellow-faced clock. A shabby and tired-looking maid-servant was all the domestics seen within or without.

Joe, the simple-looking son, received them, and the only object which seemed to give a cheering impression to the stranger, was Joe's wife, who presented herself with a deep courtesy. The guest was surprised to see in her a very comely, fresh colored, and modestly sensible woman, who received him with a kindly cordiality and native grace, which made him wonder how such a woman could have allied herself to such a man. There were four or five children about her, all evidently washed and put into their best for his arrival, and who were pictures of health and shyness.

Mrs. Warilow took off the old man's great coat with an affectionate attention, and drew his plain elbow chair, with a cushion covered with a large-patterned check on its rush bottom, toward the fire; for there was a fire, and that quite acceptable in this cold region after the heavy rain. Dinner was then hastily brought in; Mrs. Warilow apologizing for its simplicity, from the short notice she had received, and she might have added from the painful news which Joe brought with him; for it was very evident, though she had sought to efface the trace of it by copious washing, that she had been weeping.

The old man was obviously oppressed by the ill result of his morning's journey to the steward, and the position of his affairs. His daughter-in-

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law cast occasional looks of affectionate anxiety at him, and endeavored to help him in such a manner as to induce him to eat; but appetite he had little. Joe played his part as valiantly as in the morning; and the old man occasionally rousing from his reverie, again renewed the observation of the breakfast-table.

"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing;" adding too now, "Milly, my dear, thou eats nothing. You eat nothing, sir. None of you have any appetite, and I have none myself. God help me!"

An ordinary stranger would scarcely have resisted a smile—none appeared on the face of the guest.

After dinner they drew to the fire, which consisted of large lumps of coal burning under a huge beamed chimney. There a little table was set with spirits and home-made wine, and the old man and Joe lit their pipes, inviting the stranger to join them, which he did with right good-will. There was little conversation, however; Joe soon said that he must go over the lands to see that the cattle was all right; he did more, and even slept in his chair, and the stranger proposed to Mrs. Warilow a walk in the garden, where the afternoon sun was now shining warmly. In his drive hither in the chaise, he had learned the exact position of the old farmer. He was, as he had observed, so heavily in arrear of rent, that his whole stock would not discharge it. When they had seated themselves in the old arbor, he communicated his proposal to her father-in-law to remove to America; observing, that he had conceived so great a sympathy for him, that he would readily advance him the means of conveying over the whole family.

Mrs. Warilow was naturally much surprised at the disclosure. Such an offer from a casual stranger, when all friends and family connections had turned a deaf ear to all solicitations for aid, was something so improbable that she could not realize it. "How can you, sir, a stranger to us, volunteer so large a sum, which we may never be in a position to repay?"

The stranger assured her that the sum was by no means large. That to him it was of little consequence, and that such was the scope for industry and agricultural skill in America, that in a few years they could readily refund the money. Here, from what the old gentleman had told him of the new augmented rate of rental, there was no chance of recovering a condition of ease and comfort.

Mrs. Warilow seemed to think deeply on the new idea presented to her, and then said, "Surely God has sent Mr. Vandeleur (so the stranger had given his name), for their deliverance. Oh, sir!" added she, "what shall we not owe you if by your means we can ever arrive at freedom from the wretched trouble that now weighs us down. And oh! if my poor father should ever, in that country, meet again his lost son!"

"He has lost a son?" said the stranger, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Ah, it is a sad thing, sir," continued Mrs. Warilow, "but it is that which preys on father's mind. He thinks he did wrong in it, and he believes that the blessing of Heaven has deserted him ever since. Sure enough, nothing has prospered with him, and yet he feels that if the young man lives he has not been blameless. He had not felt and forgiven as a son should. But he can not be living—no, he can not for all these years have borne resentment, and sent no part of his love or his fortune to his family. It is not in the heart of a child to do that, except in a very evil nature, and such was not that of this son."

"Pray go on," said the stranger, "you interest me deeply."

"This thing occurred twenty years ago. Mr. Warilow had two sons. The eldest, Samuel, was a fine active youth, but always with a turn for travel and adventure, which was very trying to his father's mind, who would have his sons settle down in this their native neighborhood, and pursue farming as their ancestors had always done. But his eldest son wished to go to sea, or to America. He read a vast deal about that country, of winter nights, and was always talking of the fine life that might be led there. This was very annoying to his father, and made him very angry, the more so that Joseph, the younger son, was a weakly lad, and had something left upon him by a severe fever, as a boy, that seemed to weaken his limbs and his mind. People thought he would be an idiot, and his father thought that his eldest brother should stay and take care of him, for it was believed that he would never be able to take care of himself. But this did not seem to weigh with Samuel. Youths full of life and spirit don't sufficiently consider such things. And then it was thought that Samuel imagined that his father cared nothing for him, and cared only for the poor weakly son. He might be a little jealous of this, and that feeling once getting into people, makes them see things different to what they otherwise would, and do things that else they would not.

"True enough, the father was always particularly wrapped up in Joseph. He seemed to feel that he needed especial care, and he appeared to watch over him and never have him out of his mind, and he does so to this day. You have no doubt remarked, sir, that my husband is peculiar. He never got over that attack in his boyhood, and he afterward grew very rapidly, and it was thought he would have gone off in a consumption. It is generally believed that he is not quite sharp in all things. I speak freely to you, sir, and as long habit, and knowing before I married Joseph what was thought of him, only could enable me to speak to one who feels so kindly toward us. But it is not so—Joseph is more simple in appearance than in reality. No, sir, he has a deal of sense, and he has a very good heart; and it was because I perceived this that I was willing to marry him, and to be a true help to him, and, sir, though

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we have been very unfortunate, I have never repented it, and I never shall."

The stranger took Mrs. Warilow's hand, pressed it fervently, and said, "I honor you, Madam—deeply, truly—pray go on. The eldest son left, you say"

"Oh yes, sir! Their mother died when the boys were about fifteen and seventeen. Samuel had always been strongly attached to his mother, and that, no doubt, kept him at home; but after that he was more restless than ever, and begged the father to give him money to carry himself to America. The father refused. They grew mutually angry; and one day, when they had had high words, the father thought Samuel was disrespectful, and struck him. The young man had a proud spirit. That was more than he could bear. He did not utter a word in reply, but turning, walked out of the house, and from that hour has never once been heard of.

"His father was very angry with him, and for many years never spoke of him but with great bitterness and resentment, calling him an unnatural and ungrateful son. But of late years he has softened very much, and I can see that it preys on his mind, and as things have gone against him, he has come to think that it is a judgment on him for his hardness and unreasonableness in not letting the poor boy try his fortune as he so yearned to do.

"Since I have been in the family, I have led him by degrees to talk on this subject, and have endeavored to comfort him, telling him he had meant well, and since, he had seen the thing in a different light. Ah, sir! how differently we see things when our heat of mind is gone over, and the old home heart begins to stir in us again. But, since he has done this, and repented of it, God can not continue his anger, and so that can not be the cause of his misfortunes. No, sir, I don't think that—but things have altered very much of late years in this country. The farms up in this Peak country used to be let very low, very low indeed; and now they have been three several times valued and raised since I can remember. People can not live on them now, they really can not. Then the old gentleman, as farming grew bad, speculated in lead mines, and that was much worse; he did not understand it, and was sorely imposed on, and lost a power of money; oh! so much that it is a misery to think of. Then, as troubles, they say, fly like crows in companies, there came a very wet summer, and all the corn was spoiled. That put a finish to father's hopes. He was obliged to quit the old farm where the Warilows had been for ages, and that hurt him cruelly—it is like shifting old trees, shifting old people is—they never take to the new soil.

"But as Joseph was extremely knowing in cattle, father took this farm—it's a great grazing farm, sir, seven hundred acres, and we feeden cattle. You would not believe it, sir, but we have only one man on this farm besides Joseph and father."

"It is very solitary," said the stranger.

"Ah, sir, very, but that we [illegible] mind—but it is a great burden, it does not pay. Well, but as to the lost son. I came to perceive how sorely this sat on father's mind, by noticing that whenever I used to read in the old Bible, on the shelf in the house-place, there, that it opened of itself at the Prodigal Son. A thought struck me, and so I watched, and I saw that whenever the old gentleman read in it on Sundays, he was always looking there. It was some time before I ventured to speak about it; but, one day when father was wondering what could have been Samuel's fate, I said, 'Perhaps, father, he will still come home like the Prodigal Son in the Scripture, and if he does we'll kill the fatted calf for him, and no one will rejoice in it more truly than Joseph will.'

"When I had said it, I wished I had not said it—for father seemed struck as with a stake. He went as pale as death, and I thought he would fall down in a fit; but, at last, he burst into a torrent of tears, and, stretching out his arms, said, 'And if he does come, he'll find a father's arms open to receive him.'

"Ah, sir! it was hard work to comfort him again. I thought he would never have got over it again; but, after that, he began at times to speak of Samuel to me of himself, and we've had a deal of talk together about him. Sometimes father thinks he is dead, and sometimes he thinks he is not; and, true enough, of late years, there have come flying rumors from America, from people who have gone out there, who have said they have seen him there—and that he was a very great gentleman—they were sure it was him. But then there was always something uncertain in the account, and, above all, father said he never could believe that Samuel was a great gentleman, and yet never could forgive an angry blow, and write home through all these years. These things, sir, pull the old man down, and, what with his other troubles, make me tremble to look forward."

Mrs. Warilow stopped, for she was surprised to hear a deep suppressed sob from the stranger: and, turning, she saw him sitting with his handkerchief before his face. Strange ideas shot across her mind. But at this moment the old farmer, having finished his after-dinner nap, was coming out to seek them. Mr. Vandeleur rose, wiped some tears from his face, and thanked Mrs. Warilow for her communication. "You can not imagine," he said, with much feeling, "how deeply you have touched me. You can not believe how much what you have said resembles incidents in my own life. Depend upon it, madam, your brother will turn up. I feel strongly incited to help in it. We will have a search after him, if it be from the St. Lawrence to the Red River. If he lives, he will be found; and I feel a persuasion that he will be."

They now met the old man, and all walked into the house. After tea, there was much talk of America. Mr. Vandeleur related many things in his own history. He drew such pictures of American life, and farming, and hunting in the

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woods; of the growth of new families, and the prosperous abundance in which the people lived; that all were extremely interested in his account. Joe sate devouring the story with wonder, luxuriating especially in the idea of those immense herds of cattle in the prairies; and the old man even declared that there he should like to go and lay his bones. "Perhaps," added he, "there I should, some day, find again my Sam. But no, he must be dead, or he would have written. Many die in the swamps and from fever, don't they, sir?"

"Oh! many, many," said Mr. Vandeleur, "and yet there are often as miraculous recoveries. For many years I was a government surveyor. It was my business to survey new tracts for sale. I was the solitary pioneer of the population; with a single man to carry my chain, and to assist me in cutting a path through the dense woods. I lived in the woods for years, for months seeing no soul but a few wandering Indians. Sometimes we were in peril from jealous and savage squatters; sometimes were compelled to flee before the monster grisly bear. I have a strange fascinating feeling now of those days, and of our living for weeks in the great caves in the White Mountains, since become the resort of summer tourists, with the glorious 'Notch' glittering opposite, far above us, and above the ancient woods. These were days of real hardship, and we often saw sights of sad sorrow. Families making their way to distant and wild localities, plundered by the inhuman squatters, or by the Indians, and others seized by the still more merciless swamp fever, perishing without help, and often all alone in the wilderness.

"Ah! I remember now one case—it is nearly twenty years ago, but I never can forget it. It was a young, thin man—he could scarcely be twenty. He had been left by his party in the last stage of fever. They had raised a slight booth of green bushes over him, and placed a pumpkin-shell of water by his side, and a broken tea-cup to help himself with; but he was too weak, and was fast sinking there all alone in that vast wilderness. The paleness of death appeared in his sunken features, the feebleness of death in his wasted limbs. He was a youth who, like many others, had left his friends in Europe, and now longed to let them know his end. He summoned his failing powers to give me a sacred message. He mentioned the place whence he last came."

"Where was it?" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of wild excitement. "Where—what was it? It must be my Sam!"

"No, that could not be," said the stranger, startled by the old man's emotion; "it was not this place—it was—I remember it—it was another name—Well— Well— Welland was the place."

The old man gave a cry, and would have fallen from his chair, but the stranger sprung forward and caught him in his arms. There was a moment's silence, broken only by a deep groan from the old man, and a low murmur from his lips, "Yes! I knew it—he is dead!"

"No, no! he is not dead!" cried the stranger; "he lives—he recovered!"

"Where is he, then? Where is my Sam? Let me know!" cried the old man, recovering and standing wildly up—"I must see him!—I must to him!"

"Father! father! it is Sam!" cried his son Joe; "I know him!—I know him!—this is he!"

"Where?—who?" exclaimed the father, looking round bewildered.

"Here!" said the stranger, kneeling before the old man, and clasping his hand and bathing it with tears. "Here, father, is your lost and unworthy son. Father!—I return like the Prodigal Son. 'I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight; make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

The old man clasped his son in his arms, and they wept in silence.

But Joe was impatient to embrace his recovered brother, and he gave him a hug as vigorous as one of those grisly bears that Sam had mentioned. "Ah! Sam!" he said, "how I have wanted thee; but I always saw thee a slim chap, such as thou went away, and now thou art twice as big, and twice as old, and yet I knew thee by thy eyes."

The two brothers cordially embraced, and the returned wanderer also embraced his comely sister affectionately, and said, "You had nearly found me out in the garden."

"Ah, what a startle you gave me!" she replied, wiping away her tears; "but this is so unexpected—so heavenly." She ran off, and returning with the whole troop of her children, said, "There, there is your dear, lost uncle!"

The uncle caught them up, one after another, and kissed them rapturously.

"Do you know," said the mother, laying her hand on the head of the eldest boy, a fine, rosy-looking fellow, "what name this has? It is Samuel Warilow! We did not forget the one that was away."

"He will find another Samuel in America," said his uncle, again snatching him up, "and a Joe, and a Thomas, the grandfather's name. My blessed mother there lives again in a lovely blue-eyed girl; and should God send me another daughter, there shall be a Millicent, too!"

Meantime, the old man stood gazing insatiably on his son. "Ah, Sam!" said he, as his son again turned, and took his hand, "I was very hard to thee, and yet thou hast been hard to us, too. Thou art married, too, and, with all our names grafted on new stems, thou never wrote to us. It was not well."

"No, father, it was not well. I acknowledge my fault—my great fault; but let me justify myself. I never forgot you; but for many years I was a wanderer, and an unsuccessful man. My pride would not let me send, under these circumstances, to those who had always said that I should come to beggary and shame. Ex-

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cuse me, that I mention these hard words. My pride was always great; and those words haunted me.

"But at length, when Providence had blessed me greatly, I could endure it no longer. I determined to come and seek forgiveness and reconciliation; and, God be praised! I have found both. We will away home together, father. I have wealth beyond all my wants and wishes; my greatest joy will be to bestow some of it on you. My early profession of a surveyor gave me great opportunities of perceiving where the tide of population would direct itself, and property consequently rise rapidly in value. I therefore purchased vast tracts for small sums, which are now thickly peopled, and my possessions are immense. I am a member of Congress."

The next day, the two brothers drove over to Bakewell, where Joe had the satisfaction to see the whole arrears paid down to the astonished steward, on condition that he gave an instant release from the farm; and Joe ordered, at the auctioneer's, large posters to be placarded in all the towns and villages of the Peak, and advertisements to be inserted in all the principal papers of the Midland counties, of the sale of his stock that day fortnight.

We have only to record that it sold well, and that the Warilows of Welland, and more recently of Scarthin Farm, are now flourishing on another and more pleasant Welland on the Hudson. There is a certain tall, town-like house which the traveler sees high on a hill among the woods, on the left bank of the river, as the steamer approaches the Catskill Mountains. There live the Warilows; and, far back on the rich slopes that lie behind the mountains, and in richer meadows, surrounded by forests and other hills, rove the flocks and herds of Joe; and there comes Squire Sam, when the session at Washington is over, and, surrounded by sons and nephews, ranges the old woods, and shoots the hill-turkey and the roe. There is another comely and somewhat matronly lady sitting with the comely and sunny-spirited Millicent, the happy mistress of the new Welland; and a little Millicent tumbles on the carpet at their feet. The Warilows of Welland all bless the Prodigal Son, who, unlike the one of old, came back rich to an indigent father, and made the old man's heart grow young again with joy.

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

IT was years ago when we first became acquainted with Lieutenant Heathcote, an old half-pay officer who resided with his young grand-daughter in a tiny cottage. It was a very humble place, for they were poor; but it was extremely pretty, and there were many comforts, even elegances, to be found in the small rooms. The old gentleman delighted in cultivating the garden; the window of the sitting-room opened on it, and beneath this window, grew the choicest roses and pinks, so that the atmosphere of the apartment was in summer laden with their fragrance. The furniture was poor enough. Mrs. —— of —— Square would have said with a genteel sneer, that "all the room contained was not worth five sovereigns." To her—no! but to the simple hearted inmates of the cottage every chair and table was dear from long association, and they would not have exchanged them for all the grandeur of Mrs. ——'s drawing-room suite, albeit her chairs were of inlaid rosewood, and cost six guineas apiece.

If you went into that little humbly-furnished parlor about four o'clock on a summer's afternoon, you would find Lieutenant Heathcote seated in his easy chair (wheeled by careful hands to the precise angle of the window that he liked), his spectacles on, and the broad sheet of the newspaper spread before him. Occasionally he puts down the newspaper for awhile, and then his eyes rove restlessly about the room, till at length they light on the figure of his unconscious grand-daughter. Once there, they stay a good while, and when they turn to the newspaper again, there is a serene light in them, as though what they had seen had blessed them.

Yet an ordinary gazer would have found little or nothing attractive in the appearance of Rose Heathcote, for she was but a homely, innocent-looking girl, such as we meet with every day of our lives. Her eyes were neither "darkly blue," nor "densely black," her tresses neither golden, nor redundant. She had, to be sure, a sufficient quantity of dark brown hair, which was very soft and pleasant to touch, her grandfather thought, when he placed his hand caressingly on her head, as he loved to do: and this hair was always prettily arranged—braided over her forehead in front, and twisted into a thick knot behind—a fashion which certainly showed to advantage the graceful form of her head, the solitary beauty, speaking critically, which the young girl possessed. However, Lieutenant Heathcote thought his little Rose the prettiest girl in the world. Eyes that look with love, lend beauty to what they gaze on. And no one who knew Rose as she was in her home, could fail to love her.

She was always up with the lark, and busied in various employments till her grandfather came down to breakfast. Then she poured out the tea, cut the bread-and-butter, or made the toast, talking and laughing the while, in the spontaneous gayety of her heart. To eke out their little income, she had pupils who came to her every morning, and whom she taught all she knew, with a patient earnest zeal that amply compensated for her deficency in the showy accomplishments of the day. So, after breakfast, the room was put in order, the flowers were watered, the birds were tended, grandpapa was made comfortable in his little study, and then the school-books, the slates and copy-books were placed in readiness for the little girls: and then they came, and the weary business began, of English history, geography, arithmetic, and French verbs

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The children were not very clever—sometimes, indeed, they were absolutely stupid, and obstinate, moreover; they must have tried her patience very often; but a harsh rebuke never issued from her lips: it was a species of selfishness in her not to chide them, for if she did so, though ever so mildly, the remembrance of it pained her gentle heart all day, and she was not quite happy until the little one was kissed and forgiven again.

The children loved her very much and her pupils gradually increased in number. Dazzling visions danced before her eyes, visions of wealth resulting from her labors; yes, wealth! for, poor innocent, the four or five golden sovereigns she had already put by, *her first earnings*, multiplied themselves wonderfully in her sanguine dreams. She had magnificent schemes floating in her little brain of luxuries to be obtained with this money—luxuries for her grandfather; a new easy chair, cushioned sumptuously, and a new pair of spectacles, gold mounted, and placed in a case of her own embroidery. Thoughts of possible purchases for her own peculiar enjoyment sometimes intruded. There was a beautiful geranium she would like, and a new cage for her bird—a new bonnet, even for herself; for Rose was not free from a little spice of womanly vanity, which is excusable, nay, lovable, because it is so womanly, and she was quite susceptible of the pleasure most young girls feel in seeing themselves prettily dressed.

That these dreams might be realized, Rose worked hard. She sat up late at night, arranging the exercises and lessons of her pupils, and rose early in the morning, in order that none of her household duties should be neglected. And in the course of time, this unceasing exertion began to injure her health, for she was not strong, although, hitherto, she had been but little prone to ailments. One morning she arose languid, feverish, and weak; she was compelled to give herself a holiday, and all day she lay on the sofa in the sitting-room, in a kind of dreamy yet restless languor she had never felt before. Her grandfather sat beside her, watching and tending her with all the care of a mother, reading aloud from her favorite books ransacking his memory for anecdotes to amuse her, and smiling cheerfully when she raised her heavy eyes to his. But when she fell into a fitful doze, the old man's countenance changed; an indefinable look of agony and doubt came over his features; and involuntarily, as it seemed, he clasped his hands, while his lips moved as if in prayer. He was terrified by this strange illness; for the first time, the idea occurred to him that his darling might be taken away from him. The young sometimes left the world before the old, unnatural as it seemed; what if she should die? We always magnify peril when it comes near our beloved, and the old man gradually worked himself into a frenzy of anxiety respecting his child. The next day she was not better—a doctor was sent for, who prescribed rest and change of air if possible, assuring Lieutenant Heathcote that it was no serious disorder—she had overworked herself, that was all.

It was the summer time, and some of Rose's pupils were about to proceed to the sea-side. Hearing of their dear Miss Heathcote's illness, they came to invite her to go with them, and the grandfather eagerly and joyfully accepted the offer for her, although she demurred a little. She did not like to leave him alone; she could not be happy, she said, knowing he would be dull and lonely without her; but her objections were overruled, and she went with her friends, the Wilsons.

It was pleasant to see the old man when he received her daily epistles. How daintily he broke the envelope, so as not to injure the little seal, and how fondly he regarded the delicate handwriting. The letters brought happier tidings every day; she was better, she was much better, she was well, she was stronger and rosier than ever, and enjoying herself much. Those letters—long, beautiful letters they were—afforded the old man his chief pleasure now. His home was very desolate while she was away; the house looked changed, the birds sang less joyously, and the flowers were not so fragrant. Every morning he attended to her pets, himself, and then he wandered about the rooms, taking up her books, her papers, and her various little possessions, and examining the contents of her work-basket with childish curiosity. In the twilight he would lean back in his chair, and try to fancy she was in the room with him. Among the shadows, it was easy to imagine her figure, sitting as she used to sit, with drooped head and clasped hands, thinking. At these times, her letter received that morning, was taken from his bosom and kissed, and then the simple, loving old man would go to bed and dream of his grandchild.

At length she came home. She rushed into her grandfather's arms with a strange eagerness: it was as if she sought there a refuge from peril; as if she fled to him for succor and comfort in some deep trouble. Poor Rose! she wept so long and so passionately; it could scarce have been all for joy.

"Darling! you are not sorry to come home, are you?"

"Oh no! so glad, so very, very glad!" and then she sobbed again, so convulsively, that the old man grew alarmed, and as he tried to soothe her into calmness, he gazed distrustfully in her face. Alas! there was a look of deep suffering on her pale features that he had never seen there before; there was an expression of hopeless woe in her eyes, which it wrung his loving heart to behold.

"Rose!" he cried, in anguish, "what has happened? you are changed!"

She kissed him tenderly, and strove to satisfy him by saying, that it was only the excitement of her return home that made her weep; she would be better the next morning, she said. But she was not better then. From the day of her return she faded away visibly. It was

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evident, and *he* soon saw it, that some grief had come to her, which her already weakened frame was unable to bear. He remembered, only too well, that her mother had died of consumption, and when he saw her gradually grow weaker day by day, the hectic on her cheek deepen, and her hands become thin till they were almost transparent, all hope died in his heart, and he could only pray that heaven would teach him resignation, or take him too, when *she* went.

For a little while, Rose attempted to resume her teaching, but she was soon compelled to give up. Only, till the last she flitted about the cottage, performing her household duties as she had ever done, and being as she had ever been, the presiding spirit of the home that was so dear to her grandfather. In the winter evenings, too, they sat together, she in her olden seat at his feet, looking into the fire, and listening to the howling wind without, neither speaking, except at rare intervals, and then in a low and dreamy tone that harmonized with the time. One evening they had sat thus for a long time, the old man clasping her hands, while her head rested on his knee. The fire burned low and gave scarcely any light; the night was stormy, and the wind blew a hurricane. At every blast he felt her tremble.

"God help those at sea," he cried, with a sudden impulse.

"Amen, Amen!" said Rose, solemnly, and though she started and shivered when he spoke, she kissed his hands afterward, almost as if in gratitude.

There was a long pause; then she lifted her head, and said in a very low voice: "Remember, dear grandpapa, if at any time, by-and-by, you should feel inclined to be angry, vexed, with—any one—because of me; you are to forgive them, for my sake: for my sake, my own grandpapa.—Promise!"

He did so, and she wound her arms lovingly round his neck, and kissed his brows, as of old she had done every night before retiring to rest. And then her head sunk on his shoulder, and she wept. In those tears how much was expressed that could find no other utterance! the lingering regret to die that the young must ever feel, even when life is most desolate; the tender gratitude for the deep love her grandfather had ever borne her; sorrow for him, and for herself! And he, silent and tearless as he sat, understood it all, and blessed her in his heart.

The next day she died quietly, lying on her little bed, with her pale hands meekly folded on her breast; for her last breath exhaled in prayer for her grandfather—and one other. It happened that the Wilsons and some other acquaintances came in the evening to inquire how she was. For sole reply, Lieutenant Heathcote, whose tearless eyes and rigid lips half frightened them, led them where she lay. They retired, weeping, subdued, and sad, and as they were leaving the cottage, he heard Mrs. Wilson say to her friend, while she dried her eyes: "Poor girl, poor girl! She was very amiable, we all liked her exceedingly. I am afraid though, on one occasion, I was rather harsh to her, and, poor child, she seemed to take it a good deal to heart. But the fact was, that our Edward, I half fancied"—there followed a whispering, and then, in a louder tone—"but his father, thinking with me, sent him off to sea, and there was an end of the matter."

An end of the matter! Alas! think of the bereaved old man, wandering about his desolate abode, *home* to him no longer; with the sad, wistful look on his face of one who continually seeks something that is not there. The cottage, too, was very different now to what it had been; the *home* that was so beautiful was gone with her. He set her little bird at liberty the day she died; he could not bear to hear it singing, joyously as when *she* had been there to listen. But for this, the parlor always remained in the same state it was in on that last evening. The empty cage in the window, a bunch of withered flowers on a chair where they had fallen from her bosom, and the book she had been reading, open at the very page she had left off. Every morning the old man stole into the room to gaze around on these mute memorials of his lost darling. This was the only solace of his life now, and we may imagine what it cost him to leave it. But when they came and told him he must give up possession of his cottage, that it was to be razed to the ground shortly, he only remonstrated feebly, and finally submitted. He was old, and he hoped to die soon, but death does not always come to those longing for it. He may be living yet, for aught we know: but he has never been heard of in his old neighborhood for years, and we may hope that he is happier, that he has at length gone home to *her*.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

HOW WE WENT WHALING OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

AT Algoa Bay, in the eastern provinces of the Cape Colony, there is, and has been for thirty years, a whaling establishment. By what instinct these monsters of the deep ascertain the settlement of man on the shores they frequent, it would be difficult to say. But that they do so, and that they then comparatively desert such coasts is undoubted. Where one whale is now seen off the southeastern coast of Africa, twenty were seen in former times, when the inhabitants of the country were few. It is the same in New Zealand, and every other whale-frequented coast. Nevertheless, the whaling establishment I have mentioned is still kept up in Algoa Bay—and with good reason. *One* whale per annum will pay all the expenses and outgoings of its maintenance; every other whale taken in the course of a year is a clear profit.

The value of a whale depends, of course, upon its size—the average is from three hundred pounds to six hundred pounds. The estab

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lishment in Algoa Bay consists of a stone-built house for the residence of the foreman, with the coppers and boiling-houses attached; a wooden boat-house, in which are kept three whale-boats, with all the lines and tackle belonging to them; and a set of javelins, harpoons, and implements for cutting up the whales' carcases. Then, there are a boat's crew of picked men, six in number, besides the coxswain and the harpooner. There are seldom above two or three whales taken in the course of a year; occasionally not one.

The appearance of a whale in the bay is known immediately, and great is the excitement caused thereby in the little town of Port Elizabeth, close to which the whaling establishment is situated. It is like a sudden and unexpected gala, got up for the entertainment of the inhabitants, with nothing to pay.

A treat of this sort is suddenly got up by the first appearance of a whale in those parts. Tackle-boats and men are got ready in a twinkling. We jump into the stern-sheets of the boat. Six weather-beaten, muscular tars are at work at the oars, and there, in the bows, stands the harpooner, preparing his tackle; a boy is by his side. Coils of line lie at their feet, with harpoons attached to them, and two or three spears or javelins.

"Pull away, boys; there she blows again!" cries the coxswain, and at each stroke the strong men almost lift the little craft out of the water. The harpooner says nothing; he is a very silent fellow; but woe to the unlucky whale that comes within the whirl of his unerring harpoon!

Meantime, our fat friend of the ocean is rolling himself about, as if such things as harpoons never existed; as if he were an infidel in javelins. We are approaching him, a dozen more strokes and we shall be within aim. Yet the harpooner seems cool and unmoved as ever; he holds the harpoon it is true, but he seems to grasp it no tighter, nor to make any preparation for a strike. He knows the whale better than we do—better than his crew. He has been a harpooner for thirty years, and once harpooned twenty-six whales in one year with his own hand. He was right not to hurry himself, you see, for the whale has at last caught sight of us, and has plunged below the surface.

Now, however, the harpooner makes an imperceptible sign to the coxswain. The coxswain says, "Give way, boys," scarcely above his breath, and the boat skims faster than ever over the waves. The harpooner's hand clutches more tightly the harpoon, and he slowly raises his arm; his mouth is compressed, but his face is as calm as ever. A few yards ahead of us a wave seems to swell above the others—"Whiz"—at the very moment you catch sight of the whale's back again above the water, the harpoon is in it eighteen inches deep, hurled by the unerring arm of the silent harpooner.

The red blood of the monster gushes forth, "incarnadining" (as Macbeth says) the waves. "Back water," shouts the harpooner, as the whale writhes with the pain, and flings his huge body about with force enough to submerge twenty of our little crafts at one blow. But he has plunged down again below the surface, and the pace at which he dives you may judge of, by the wonderful rapidity with which the line attached to the harpoon runs over the bows of the boat. Now, too, you see the use of the boy who is bailing water from the sea in a small bucket, and pouring it incessantly over the edge of the boat where the line runs, or in two minutes the friction would set fire to it.

You begin to think the whale is never coming back; but the crew know better. See too, the line is running out more slowly every instant it ceases altogether now, and hangs slackly over the boat's side. He is coming up exhausted to breathe again. There are a few moments of suspense, during which the harpooner is getting ready and poising one of the javelins. It is longer, lighter, and sharper than the harpoon, but it has no line attached to it. The harpoon is to catch—the javelin to kill. Slowly the whale rises again, but he is not within aim. "Pull again boys"—while the boy is hauling in the line as fast as he can. We are near enough now. Again a whiz—again another—and the harpooner has sent two javelins deep into the creature's body; while the blood flows fast Suddenly, the whale dashes forward. No need of pulling at the oars now; we are giving him fresh line as fast as we can, yet he is taking us through the water at the rate of twenty miles an hour at least. One would fancy that the harpoons and the javelins have only irritated him, and that the blood he has lost has diminished nothing of his strength. Not so, however; the pace slackens now: we are scarcely moving through the water.

"Pull again, boys," and we approach; while another deadly javelin pierces him. This time he seems to seek revenge. He dashes toward us—what can save us?

"Back water," cries the harpooner, while the coxswain taking the hint at the same moment, with a sweep of his oar the little boat performs a kind of curvet backward, and the monster has shot past us unharming, but not unharmed; the harpooner, cool as ever, has hurled another javelin deep into him, and smiles half pityingly at this impotent rage, which, he knows full well, bodes a termination of the contest. The red blood is spouting forth from four wounds, "neither as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church-door," but *enough* to kill—even a whale He rolls over heavily and slowly; a few convulsive movements shake his mighty frame; then he floats motionless on the water—and the whale is dead!

Ropes are now made fast round him, and he is slowly towed away to shore, opposite the whaling establishment. A crowd is collected to see his huge body hauled up on to the beach, and to speculate on his size and value. In two days all his blubber is cut away and melting in

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the coppers. Vultures are feeding on his flesh, and men are cleansing his bones. In two months, barrels of his oil are waiting for shipment to England. The fringe-work which lined his mouth, and which we call whalebone, is ready for the uses to which ladies apply it. His teeth, which are beautiful ivory, are being fashioned into ornaments by the turner; and his immense ribs are serving as landmarks on the different farms about the country, for which purpose they are admirably adapted. Meanwhile our friend the harpooner and his crew are reposing on their laurels, and looking out for fresh luck; while the proprietor of the establishment is five hundred pounds the richer from this "catching a whale."

HYDROPHOBIA.

M. BUISSON has written to the Paris Academy of Sciences, to claim as his, a small treatise on hydrophobia, addressed to the academy so far back as 1835, and signed with a single initial. The case referred to in that treatise was his own. The particulars, and the mode of cure adopted, were as follows:—He had been called to visit a woman who, for three days, was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—constriction of the throat, inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbors said that she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties, she was bled, and died a few hours after, as was expected.

M. Buisson, who had his hands covered with blood, incautiously cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wipe off the saliva that adhered, with a little water. The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one, still greater, in his eyes. The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies, gave him a painful sensation; his body appeared to him so light that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height. He experienced, he said, a wish to run and bite, not men, but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty, and the sight of water was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat. These symptoms recurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended thence to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms, he judged himself afflicted with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapor bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 107° 36″ Fahr., when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint. He left the bathing-room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual Since that time, he says, he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves; and in no case has he failed, except in that of one child, seven years old, who died in the bath. The mode of treatment he recommends is, that the person bit should take a certain number of vapor baths (commonly called Russian), and should induce every night a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in flannels, and covering himself with a feather-bed; the perspiration is favored by drinking freely of a warm decoction of sarsaparilla. He declares, so convinced is he of the efficacy of his mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continual perspiration, he relates the following anecdote: A relative of the musician Gretry was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing, night and day, saying that he wished to die gayly. He recovered. M. Buisson also cites the old stories of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tartantula; and draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves, and foxes, which never perspire.

THE DOOM OF THE SLAVER.

AN ENGLISH STORY OF THE AFRICAN BLOCKADE.

ON a glorious day, with a bright sun and a light breeze, Her Majesty's brig Semiramis stood along under easy sail, on a N.W. course up the Channel of Mozambique. Save the man at the wheel and the "look-outs" in the tops, every one seemed taking it easy. And indeed there was no inducement to exertion; for the sky was cloudless, and the temperature of that balmy warmth that makes mere existence a luxury. The men, therefore, continued their "yarns" as they lounged in little groups about the deck; the middies invented new mischief, or teased the cook; the surgeon divided his time between watching the flying-fish and reading a new work on anatomy (though he never turned a fresh page); while the lieutenant of the watch built "châteux-en-Espagne," or occasionally examined, with his telescope, the blue hills of Madagascar in the distance.

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out in the fore-top.

"Where away?" cried the lieutenant, springing to his feet, while at the same moment every man seemed to have lost his listlessness, and to be eager for action of any kind.

"Over the starboard quarter, making sou' west."

The captain hastened on deck, while the second lieutenant ran aloft to have a look at the strange craft.

"What do you make her out, Mr Saunders?" asked the captain.

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"A fore-and-aft schooner, hull down."

"'Bout ship," cried the captain; and in an instant every man was at his post.

"Helm's a lee—raise tacks and sheets"—"mainsail haul," &c.; and in five minutes the Semiramis was standing in pursuit of the stranger, while the men were employed in "cracking on" all sail to aid in the chase.

What is it that makes a chase of any kind so exciting? The indescribable eagerness which impels human nature to hunt any thing huntable is not exaggerated in "Vathek," in which the population of a whole city is described as following in the chase of a black genie, who rolled himself up into a ball and trundled away before them, attracting even the halt and the blind to the pursuit. But who shall describe the excitement of a chase at sea? How eagerly is every eye strained toward the retreating sails! how anxiously is the result of each successive heaving of the log listened for! how many are the conjectures as to what the stranger ahead may prove to be! and how ardent are the hopes that she may turn out a prize worth taking! For be it remembered that, unlike the chase of a fox on land, where no one cares for the object pursued, cupidity is enlisted to add to the excitement of a chase at sea. Visions of prize-money float before the eyes of every one of the pursuers, from the captain to the cabin-boy.

The Semiramis, being on the tack she had now taken, considerably to the windward of the stranger, there was every chance of her soon overtaking her, provided the latter held the course she was now steering. But who could hope that she would do that! Indeed, all on board the brig expected every moment to hear that she was lying off and running away. If she did not do so, it would be almost a proof that she was engaged in lawful commerce, and not what they had expected, and, in truth, hoped.

An hour had passed, and the Semiramis had visibly gained on the schooner; so much so, that the hull of the latter, which was long, low, black, and rakish-looking, could now be seen from the brig's tops.

"Surely they must see us," said the captain.

"She's just the build of the Don Pedro we took off this coast," said the second lieutenant, from the maintop.

"I hope she will turn out a better prize, replied the captain.

The truth is, they had captured that same Don Pedro, condemned her, and broken her up. The captain and owners of her had appealed; proved to the satisfaction of the Admiralty that she was *not* engaged in the slave trade; and, consequently, every man on board the Semiramis who had assisted at her capture, was obliged to cash up his quota of "damages" instead of pocketing prize-money. The Don Pedro, therefore, was a sore subject on board the Semiramis.

Another hour elapsed: the hull of the schooner began to be visible from the deck of the cruiser. She was a wicked-looking craft; and Jack slapped his pockets in anticipation of the cash she would bring into them.

"Well, it's odd she don't alter course, anyhow," said the boatswain on the forecastle; "may be she wants to throw us off the scent, by pretending to be all right and proper, and not to have a notion that we can be coming after her."

"Show the colors," cried the captain on the quarter-deck; "let's see what flag she sports."

The British ensign was soon floating from the Semiramis; but the schooner at first showed no colors in reply.

Presently the first lieutenant, who was watching her through the glass, cried out, "Brazilian by Jove!"

There was a short pause. Every sort of spy-glass in the ship was in requisition. Every eye was strained to its utmost visual tension. The captain broke the silence with "Holloa! She's easing off; going to run for it at last."

"She's a *leetle* too late," said the lieutenant. "Before the wind these fore-and-aft schooners are tubs, though *on* the wind they're clippers."

However, it was clear that the schooner had at last resolved to run for her life. By going off with the wind she got a good start of the brig; and, although it was her worst point of sailing, still the breeze was so light that, while it suited her, it was insufficient to make the heavier brig sail well.

For three hours the chase continued, and neither vessel seemed to gain on the other; but the breeze was now freshening, and the Semiramis at length began to diminish the distance between herself and the Brazilian. Right ahead, in the course they were pursuing, lay a point of land projecting far into the sea, and the chart showed a tremendous reef of rocks extending some three miles beyond it. It was certain that neither vessels could clear the reef, if they held the course they were then steering.

"Keep her a little more to windward," cried the captain. "We shall have her; she will be obliged to haul up in about an hour's time, and then she can't escape, as we shall be well to windward."

The hour went by; and still the schooner showed no signs of altering her course. The captain of the Semiramis again examined his charts; but the reef was clearly laid down, and it seemed utterly impossible that the schooner could weather it by the course she was then steering. Yet, either from ignorance of the danger, or from the determination to brave it, she tried; knowing that if she escaped it and cleared the point, she would have gained an immense advantage over her pursuers.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which all on board the Semiramis now watched the little Brazilian. She was literally rushing into the jaws of destruction; and, as she rose over each successive wave, it seemed as if she must be dashed on the treacherous reef at the next dip. Still she stood bravely on; and, though doubtless the lips of those on board her

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might be quivering at that moment in the agony of suspense, the little craft looked so beautiful, and sailed so gayly, her white sails and slender spars flashing in the sunlight that even her pursuers mentally prayed for her safety, quite irrespective of the prize-money they would lose by her destruction on the rocks. Jack does not like to see a pretty craft run ashore, at any price.

They began almost to think the schooner "bore a charmed life;" for she seemed to be floating over the very reef itself, and the white foam of the breakers could be seen all round her.

"Blessed, if I don't think she's the Flying Dutchman," said one blue jacket to another.

"Gammon, Bill—ain't we round the Cape? and don't you know that's just where the Flying Dutchman never could get to?" replied his messmate.

The little schooner bounded onward merrily—suddenly she staggers, and every spar shivers.

"She has struck!" cried twenty voices at once.

Now she rises with a coming wave, and now she settles down again with a violence that brings her topmasts on the deck.

"Out with the boats," is the order on board the Semiramis, and the men fly to execute it.

Another wave lifts the schooner—another fearful crash—she rolls over—her decks are rent asunder—her crew are struggling in the water—and with them (every man shudders at the sight) hundreds of negroes, manacled to each other and fettered to the lower deck, are shot out into the foam.

Bravely pulled the seamen in the boats of the Semiramis; but two strong swimmers, who had fought their way through the boiling surf were all they saved. So slight was the build of the little schooner that she had gone to pieces instantly on striking; and, within sight of the Semiramis, within hearing of the death-shrieks that rent the air from *six hundred and thirty human beings*, who, shackled together with heavy irons, were dashed among the waters, and perished a slow and helpless death, two only of their jailers survived to tell of the number that had sunk!

Surely this sad tale may at least be added to the catalogue of ills produced by England's "good intentions" in striving to suppress the slave trade.

INDUSTRY OF THE INSANE.

THE change that has taken place of late years in the treatment of insane patients, presents one of the finest features in the civilization of the age; but the boon of wholesome labor is, perhaps, the greatest benefit that has yet been conferred upon this class of sufferers. The fact is strikingly illustrated in the annual report for the last year of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum. The number of patients treated was 738, and at the close of the year there remained as inmates 476. Of this latter number, upward of 380 were employed daily, and sometimes as many as 100 working in the open air in the extensive grounds of the asylum. "Among these," says Dr. Skae, "may be daily seen many of the most violent and destructive of the inmates busily engaged in wheeling earth, manure, or stones, who for years have done little else than destroy their clothing, or spend their days and nights in restless agitation, or incoherent raving. The strong necessity which appears to exist, in many cases, for continual movement, or incessant noise, seems to find vent as naturally in active manual labor, if it can with any propriety be substituted and regulated." And a curious illustration of this is given in the case of "one of the most violent, restless, and unmanageable inmates of the asylum during the past year," whose calling was that of a miner. He was "tall and muscular, and occupied himself, if permitted to mix with others, in pursuing his fellow-patients, and fighting with them; if left alone in the airing courts, in running round and knocking his elbows violently on the stone walls; and if secluded, in continual vociferations and incessant knocking on the wall. I directed him to be sent to the grounds, and employed with the wheelbarrow—a special attendant being intrusted with him on his *début*. Hard work seemed to be all he required. He spent his superfluous energies in wheeling stones; he soon proved himself to be one of the most useful and able-bodied of the awkward squad, and ere long was restored to his natural condition—that of a weak-minded but industrious coal-miner."

Oakum-picking proves a useful occupation not only for imbeciles capable of no higher industry, but for malingerers and idlers, who are soon anxious to escape from it into the shoemaker's, tailor's, blacksmith's, or carpenter's shops. "In the same manner the females have been gradually broken into habits of industry to a degree hitherto unprecedented. Those who have done nothing for many years but mutter to themselves, or crouch in corners, now sew or knit from morning till night. Knitting, sewing, straw-bonnet making, and other occupations are carried on throughout the house to such an extent that, I fear, in a very short time, unless some outlet is obtained for exportations, we shall be at a loss to know what to do." In addition to the usual handicraft employments, which are all practiced in the establishment, it is interesting to observe that some patients occupy themselves in engraving, drawing, and land-surveying. A considerable portion of one of the houses has been elegantly painted, and in part refurnished, by the patients.—*Chambers.*

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

CONGRESS adjourned on the 30th of September, in accordance with the resolution noticed in the last number of the Magazine. Very little business of general interest was transacted in addition to that of which a record has already been made. The appropriation bills were passed, and in one of them was inserted a prohibition of flogging in the navy and aboard merchant vessels of the United States, which received the sanction of both houses and became a law. A provision was also inserted, granting land bounties to soldiers in the war of 1812, and in any of the previous wars of the United States. The passage of the bill involving, directly or indirectly, the slavery issue, of which we have already given a full account, restored a greater degree of harmony and of calmness to both branches of Congress than had hitherto prevailed, and the same influence has had an important effect, though to a less extent, upon the country at large.

The political incidents of the month have not been without interest. A State Convention, representing the Whigs of New York, assembled at Syracuse, on the 27th of September, for the nomination of State officers. Hon. Francis Granger was chosen President, and a committee was appointed to report resolutions expressing the sentiments of the Convention,—Hon. William Duer, member of Congress from the Oswego district, being Chairman. The resolutions were at once reported. They expressed confidence in the national administration, approved the measures recently adopted by Congress connected with slavery, and declared the respect of the Convention for the motives which had animated the Whig Senator from New York, and the majority of the New York Congressional delegation in the course they had taken upon them. By a vote of the majority, the Convention proceeded to the nomination of State officers—the minority refusing to participate in the current business until the resolutions should have been acted on. Hon. Washington Hunt was nominated for Governor, George J. Cornell, of New York City, for Lieutenant Governor, Ebenezer Blakely, for Canal Commissioner, Abner Baker, for State Prison Inspector, and Wessel S. Smith, for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. After the nominations had been made, the resolutions were taken up. A substitute for part of them was offered by Hon. George W. Cornwell of Cayuga County, expressing confidence in the ability, patriotism, and statesmanship of President Fillmore, and approving of the course pursued by Mr. Seward in the Senate of the United States. The latter resolution passed by a vote of 76 to 40; and the minority immediately withdrew from the Convention, the President, Mr. Granger, leaving the chair, and organized anew elsewhere. One of the Vice Presidents took the chair thus vacated, and the Convention, after completing its business, and appointing a State Whig Central Committee, adjourned. The seceders appointed a committee to issue an address, and adjourned. The Address soon after appeared, and after reciting the history of the Syracuse Convention, aiming to show that its approval of the course of Senator Seward deprived its doings of all binding force, concluded by calling a convention of delegates, representing those Whigs who disapproved of the action at Syracuse, to be held at Utica, on the 17th of October. Delegates were accordingly elected in nearly all the counties of the state, and the Convention met on the day appointed. Hon. Francis Granger was elected President. Resolutions, setting forth the position and principles of those represented, were passed, and the candidates nominated at Syracuse were adopted. The Convention appointed another State Central Committee, and then adjourned. It will be observed that the only point in which the two conventions came into collision, so far as future political movements are concerned, is in the appointment of those two committees. Each will, undoubtedly, endeavor to exercise the ordinary functions of such committees, in calling state conventions, &c., and thus will arise a direct conflict of claims which may lead to a permanent division of the party. —— Hon. WASHINGTON HUNT has written a letter in reply to inquiries from Mr. GRANGER, in which he declines to express any opinion as to the differences which arose at Syracuse. So far as that difference relates to the merits of individuals, he considers it unworthy the attention of a great party, each individual of which must be left entirely at liberty to entertain his own opinion and preferences. He considers the Whigs of the North pledged to oppose the extension of slavery into free territory, and refers to their previous declarations upon the subject, to show that the South must not ask or expect them to abandon that position He says that the terms on which the Texas boundary dispute was settled, were not altogether satisfactory to him, but he nevertheless cheerfully acquiesces in them since they have become the law of the land. He expresses dissatisfaction with the provisions of the Fugitive Slave bill, thinking it far more likely to increase agitation than allay it, and says that it will require essential modifications. He very earnestly urges union and harmony in the councils of the Whig party.——The Anti-Renters held a convention at Albany, and made up a ticket for state offices, selected from the

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nominations of the two political parties. Hon. Washington Hunt was adopted as their candidate for Governor, and Ebenezer Blakely for Canal Commissioner — both being the Whig nominees for the same offices: the others were taken from the Democratic ticket.——Considerable excitement prevails in some of the Southern States in consequence of the admission of California at the late session of Congress. Governor Quitman of Mississippi has called an extra session of the Legislature, to commence on the 23d of November, to consider what measures of resistance and redress are proper. In South Carolina a similar sentiment prevails, though the Governor has decided, for prudential reasons, not to convene the Legislature in extra session. In Georgia a state convention, provided for in certain contingencies at the late session of the Legislature, is soon to meet, and a very active popular canvass is going on for the election of delegates—the character of the measures to be adopted forming the dividing line. Some are for open resistance and practical secession from the Union, while others oppose such a course as unwarranted by any thing experienced thus far, and as certain to entail ruin upon the Southern States. Hon. C. J. Jenkins, who declined a seat in the Cabinet, tendered to him by President Fillmore, has taken very high ground against the disunionists, saying that no action hostile to the South has been had by Congress, but that all her demands have been conceded. In every Southern State a party exists warmly in favor of preserving the Union, and in most of them it will probably be successful.——The Legislature of Vermont commenced its annual session on the 13th ult. Hon. Solomon Foote has been elected U. S. Senator to succeed Hon. S. S. Phelps whose term expires in March next.——George N. Briggs has been nominated by the Whigs for re-election as Governor of Massachusetts.——The *Arctic*, the third of the American line of mail steamers, between New York and Liverpool, is completed, and will very soon take her place; the *Baltic* will soon be ready.——The assessed value of real and personal property in the City of New York, according to a late report of the Board of Supervisors, is set at 286 millions; the tax on which is $339,697. This property is all taxed to about 6,000 persons. The increase for the year is thirty millions, nearly 10 per cent. The value of the real and personal estate of the State of New York, according to the last report of the Comptroller, was $536,161,901. The State tax of 1849 amounted to $278,843 10; of which $130,000, or nearly one half, was paid by the city.——Some years since a colony of Swedes settled in the northwestern part of Illinois, in Henry county, near the Mississippi. They are represented as an industrious and thriving people, supporting themselves chiefly by the manufacture of table-cloths, napkins, sheets, and other linens. Last year they suffered much from the cholera; but their numbers will soon be increased by a new colony of about 300 members, who are now on their way from Sweden, and are expected soon to arrive with a considerable amount of capital, the fruits of the sale of their own property, and the property of their brethren already here.——A good deal of excitement prevails in some of the Northern States in regard to the execution of the new law for the recovery of fugitive slaves. The first instance in which it was carried into effect occurred in New York city, where a fugitive named James Hamlet, who had lived in Williamsburgh for some two years with his family, was apprehended, taken to Baltimore, and restored to his owner. The process was so summary that no resistance was offered or excitement created: but after the whole was over a great deal of feeling was elicited, and money enough was speedily raised by subscription to purchase the slave, who was returned to his family amidst great public demonstrations of rejoicing among the colored population. In Detroit an attempt to arrest a fugitive excited a popular resistance to suppress which it was found necessary to call out troops of the United States; the negro was seized, but purchased by voluntary subscriptions. Large public meetings have been held in various cities and towns, to protest against the law, and to devise measures for defeating its operation. One of the largest was held at Boston on the 4th ult., at which Hon. Josiah Quincy presided. The tone of the address and resolutions was less inflammatory than in many other places, as obedience to the law while it stands upon the statute book was enjoined; but its spirit was warmly reprobated, and the necessity of agitating for its immediate repeal was strongly urged. Fugitives from service at the South are very numerous in portions of the Northern States. Many of them, since the passage of the law, have taken refuge in Canada, while others depend on the sympathy of the community in which they live for immunity from the operation of the law. The law undoubtedly requires modification in some of its details, but the main object it is designed to secure is so clearly within the provisions of the Federal Constitution that its enforcement is universally felt to be a public duty.——Jenny Lind, whose arrival and public reception in New York were mentioned in our last number, has been giving concerts in that city, Boston, Providence, and Philadelphia. In each place there has been a strong competition in the purchase of the first ticket for the first concert. In New York it was sold for $250; in Boston for $625; in Providence $650; and in Philadelphia $625. The evident object of the purchaser in each case was notoriety. Her concerts have been densely crowded, and the public excitement in regard to her continues unabated.——Intelligence has been received from Rome, that the Pope, at the request of the late council assembled in Baltimore, has erected the See of New York into an Arch-episcopal See, with the Sees of Boston, Hartford, Albany, and Buffalo, as Suffragan Sees. The Right

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Rev. Bishop HUGHES is, of course, elevated to the dignity of Archbishop. The brief of the Pope is signed by Cardinal Lambruschini, and is dated on the 19th of July last.——Public sentiment in Texas seems to be decidedly in favor of accepting the terms offered in the Boundary Bill. No official action has yet been had upon the subject, but it is believed that the Legislature will either accept the proposition at once or submit it to a popular vote. Mr. KAUFMAN, one of the Members of Congress from that State, has addressed a circular to his constituents, refuting many of the objections that have been urged against the bill. The area of Texas, with the boundary now established, is 237,321 miles, which is more than five times that of New-York.——An interesting official correspondence between our Government and that of Central America, has recently been published, mainly relating to the subject of canals and railroads across the Isthmus. Mr. CLAYTON's plan appears to have been to encourage, by every constitutional means, every railroad company, as well as every canal company, that sought to shorten the transit between the American States on both oceans. For this purpose he endeavored to extend the protection of this Government to the railroads at Panama and Tehuantepec. It was not his purpose to exclude other nations from the right of passage, but to admit them all on the same terms; that is, provided they would all agree equally to protect the routes—a principle adopted originally by President JACKSON, in pursuance of a resolution of the Senate, of which Mr. CLAYTON was the author, while a member of that body, on the 3d of March, 1835. The principles of this resolution were fully sustained by General JACKSON, who sent Mr. BIDDLE to Central America and New Grenada for the purpose, and were afterward fully adopted by President POLK, as appears by his message transmitting to the Senate the treaty for the Panama railroad. General TAYLOR followed in the same train with his predecessors, as appears by his message of December last, thus fully sustaining the views of the Senate resolution of the 3d of March, 1835, the principles of which may now be considered as illustrating the policy of the American Government on this subject.——In accordance with the provisions of the treaty recently concluded with the United States, the British Government has withdrawn all its demands for port and other dues from the harbor of San Juan de Nicaragua, and the navigation of that noble river and the lakes connected with it are fully open to American enterprise.——A shock of an earthquake was felt at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 1st of October. The shock lasted about two seconds, and was so violent as to produce a jarring and rattling of windows and furniture, and was accompanied by a rumbling sound, like distant thunder, which lasted three or four seconds. On the same night a very brilliant meteor was observed in the Eastern States, and a very remarkable aurora at sea. ——The General Convention of the Episcopal Church has been in session at Cincinnati. The House of Bishops, to which the subject had been referred by the Diocese of New York, has decided against the restoration of Bishop Onderdonk, by a vote of two to one, and the General Convention has provided for the election of an Assistant Bishop in such cases.——Conventions in Virginia and Indiana are in session for the revision of the Constitutions of those States.——The U. S. Consul at Valparaiso has written a letter concerning the establishment of a line of monthly steamers between that port and Panama. Since the discovery of the gold mines in California, he says, the travel and trade upon that coast has increased fivefold. For the last ten years there has been in successful operation a line of English steamers plying between Panama, in New Grenada, and Valparaiso, in Chili, with a grant from the British Government of *one hundred thousand dollars per annum*, for the purpose of carrying the English mail; which, together with the immense amount of travel, in the last four years, renders it a most lucrative monopoly. The charter, originally granted to the company for ten years, has lately expired, and the liberal Republics of Chili, Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia have peremptorily refused to renew the monopoly, and have generously opened their ports to the competition of American steamers. Between Valparaiso and Panama there are twenty-one different ports at which these steamers stop, in performing their monthly trips to and fro, for freight and passengers, leaving Panama on the 27th and Valparaiso on the 30th of each month. The voyage is punctually performed in twenty-four days. The feasibility of establishing an American line of steamers upon that coast is strongly urged. The wealth of the silver mines of Copiapo is so great that every English steamer at Panama transmits hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth to England in solid bars.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 15th of September. The disturbances at Sacramento City, growing out of resistance to the land claims, have entirely subsided, the squatters having been dispersed. Three or four persons were killed upon each side in the riots of which we have already given an account. A gentleman had arrived in California deputed by Mr. LETCHER, U. S. Minister in Mexico, to attend to the settlement of land titles. He had expressed the belief that most of the grants made by the Governors before the acquisition of California by the United States will be confirmed by our Government, on the evidence Mr. Letcher is prepared to furnish from the official records in the city of Mexico, as to the invariable practice of the Mexican Government in this particular. His assurances upon the subject had given general satisfaction.——Early in September there was a complete panic in the money market at San Francisco, and several of the most prominent houses had failed. Confi-

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dence, however, had been fully restored at the date of our latest advices. The losses by the three great fires which had visited the city were supposed to have occasioned the monetary difficulties.——Fears were entertained that the overland emigrants would suffer greatly during the present season. It was believed that ten thousand were on the way who had not crossed the Great Desert, one half of whom would be destitute of subsistence and teams on reaching Carson river. They had been deceived into taking a longer and more difficult route, and had lost most of their animals, and not unfrequently men, women, and children had sunk under the hardships of the road, and perished of hunger or thirst.——Indian difficulties still continued in different parts of California, the troops and citizens were making some progress in breaking up the bands which caused them the most difficulty.——The accounts from the mines continue to be highly encouraging. It is unnecessary to give in detail the reports from the various localities; they were all yielding abundant returns. It was believed that much larger quantities of gold will be taken from the mines this season than ever before.——From the 1st of August to Sept. 13th, there arrived at San Francisco by sea 5940 persons, and 4672 had left.——The tax upon foreign miners does not succeed as a revenue measure.——The expedition which sailed in July last to the Klamath and Umpqua rivers, has returned to San Francisco. It has been ascertained that the Klamath and Trinity unite, and form the river which discharges its waters into the sea, in latitude 41° 34′ north, and that there is no river answering to the description of the Klamath, in 42° 26′, as laid down in the charts of Frémont and Wilkes. From this river, the expedition visited the Umpqua, which they found to have an opening into the sea, of nearly one mile in width, with some three or four fathoms of water on the bar, and navigable about thirty miles up, when it opens into a rich agricultural district.

From OREGON our advices are to Sept. 2. There is no news of general interest. The country seems to be steadily prosperous. New towns are springing up at every accessible point, and a commercial interest being awakened that is highly commendable. The frequency of communication by steam between California and Oregon strongly identifies their interests.

From ENGLAND there is no intelligence of much interest. The reception of Baron Haynau by the brewers of London has engaged the attention, and excited the discussion of all the organs of opinion in Europe. Most of the English journals condemn in the most earnest language the conduct of the mob, as disgraceful to the country, while only a few of them express any special sympathy with the victim of it. The London *Times* is more zealous in his defense than any other paper. It not only denounces the treatment he received at the hands of the English populace, but endeavors to vindicate him from the crimes laid to his charge, and assails the Hungarian officers and soldiers in turn with great bitterness. In its anxiety to apologize for Haynau, it asserts that English officers, and among them the Duke of Wellington and General Sir Lacy Evans, committed acts during their campaigns quite as severe as those with which he is charged. This line of defense, however, avails but little with the English people. The public sentiment is unanimous in branding Haynau as one of the most ruthless monsters of modern times, and the verdict is abundantly sustained by the incidents and deeds of his late campaigns. After his expulsion from England he returned to Austria, being received with execrations and indignities at several cities on his route.——Further advices have been received from the Arctic Expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin, but they contain no satisfactory intelligence. A report, derived from an Esquimaux Indian whom Sir John Ross met near the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, states that in the winter of 1846 two ships were broken by the ice a good way off from that place, and destroyed by the natives, and that the officers and crews, being without ammunition, were killed by the Indians. The story is very loosely stated, and is generally discredited in England. The vessel, Prince Albert, attached to the Expedition, has arrived at Aberdeen, and announced the discovery, at Cape Reilley and Beechy Island, at the entrance of the Wellington Channel, of traces of five places where tents had been fixed, of great quantities of beef, pork, and birds' bones, and of a piece of rope with the Woolwich mark upon it. These were considered, with slight grounds, however, undoubted traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition. The exploring vessels were pushing boldly up Wellington Channel.——The preparations for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, are going on rapidly and satisfactorily. In nearly every country of Europe, extensive arrangements are in progress for taking part in it, while in London the erection of the necessary buildings is steadily going forward.——A curious and interesting correspondence with respect to the cultivation of cotton in Liberia has taken place between President Roberts, of Liberia, Lord Palmerston, the Board of Trade, and the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, tending to show that cotton may be made a most important article of cultivation in the African republic ——Lord Clarendon has been making the tour of Ireland, and has been received in a very friendly manner by the people of every part of the island. He took every opportunity of encouraging the people to rely upon their own industry and character for prosperity, and pledged the cordial co-operation of the country in all measures that seemed likely to afford them substantial aid or relief.——The statutes constituting the Queen's University in Ireland have received the sanction of the Queen, and gone

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into effect.——A Captain Mogg has been tried and fined for endangering lives by setting the wheels of his steamboat in operation while a number of skiffs and other light boats were in his immediate vicinity.——The ship Indian, a fine East Indiaman, was wrecked on the 4th of April, near the Mauritius. She struck upon a reef and almost immediately went to pieces. The utmost consternation prevailed among the officers and crew. The captain seized and lowered the boat, and with eight seamen left the ship: they were never heard of again. Those who remained succeeded in constructing a rude raft, on which they lived fourteen days, suffering greatly from hunger and thirst, and were finally rescued by a passing ship.—— Two steamers, the Superb and Polka, were lost, the former on the 16th, and the latter on the 24th, between the island of Jersey and St. Malo. No lives were lost by the Superb, but ten persons perished in the wreck of the Polka.——The Queen has been visiting Scotland.——Some of the Irish papers have been telling astounding stories of apparitions of the *Great Sea Serpent*. A Mr. T. Buckley, writing from Kinsale on the 11th instant, informs the Cork Reporter that he was induced by some friends to go to sea, in the hope of falling in with the interesting stranger, and that he was not long kept in suspense, for "a little to the west of the Old Head the monster appeared." Its size, he truly avers, is beyond all description, and the head, he adds, very like a (bottle-nose) whale. One of the party fired the usual number of shots, but, of course, without effect.

Of Literary Intelligence there is but little in any quarter. A good deal of interest has been excited by a discreditable attack made by the Whig Review upon the distinguished author Mr. G. P. R. James. The Review discovered in an old number of the Dublin University Magazine some verses written by Mr. James for a friend who without his knowledge sent them for publication. They were upon the clamor that was then afloat about war between England and the United States: Mr. James, alluding to the threats from America against England, had said that "bankrupt states were blustering high;" and had also spoken of Slavery in the United States as a "living lie," which British hands in the event of a war, would wipe out and let their bondmen free. The Review denounces Mr. James, in very coarse and abusive terms for the poem, and seeks to excite against him the hostility of the American people. The matter was commented upon in several of the journals, and Mr. James wrote a manly letter to his legal adviser Mr. M. B. Field, which is published in the *Courier and Enquirer*, in which he avows himself the author of the verses in question, explains the circumstances under which they were written, and urges the injustice of making them the ground of censure or complaint. His letter has been received with favor by the press generally, which condemns the unjust and unwarrantable assault of the Review upon the character of this distinguished author. It is stated that Mr. James intends to become an American citizen, and that he has already taken the preliminary legal steps.——The principal publishers are engaged in preparing gift-books for the coming holidays. The Appletons have issued a very elegant and attractive work, entitled "Our Saviour with Prophets and Apostles," containing eighteen highly finished steel engravings, with descriptions by leading American divines. It is edited by Rev. Dr. Wainwright, and forms one of the most splendid volumes ever issued in this country. They have also issued a very interesting volume of Tales by Miss Maria J. McIntosh, entitled "Evenings at Donaldson Manor," which will be popular beyond the circle for which it is immediately designed.——Other works have been issued of which notices will more appropriately be found in another department of this Magazine.—— The English market for the month is entirely destitute of literary novelties.——A series of interesting experiments has been undertaken by order of Government, for the purpose of testing the value of iron as a material for the construction of war-steamers. When the vessels are comparatively slight, it is found that a shot going through the side exposed, makes a clean hole of its own size, which might be readily stopped; but on the opposite side of the vessel the effect is terrific, tearing off large sheets; and even when the shot goes through, the rough edges being on the outside, it is almost impossible to stop the hole. If the vessels are more substantially constructed the principal injury takes place on the side exposed; and this is so great that two or three shot, or even a single one, striking below water line, would endanger the ship. As the result of the whole series of experiments, the opinion is expressed that iron, whether used alone or in combination with wood, can not be beneficially used for the construction of vessels of war.——The wires of the submarine telegraph having been found too weak to withstand the force of the waves, it has been determined to incase the wires in a ten-inch cable, composed of what is called "whipped plait," with wire rope, all of it chemically prepared so as to protect it from rot, and bituminized. A wire thus prepared is calculated to last for twenty years.——In the allotment of space in the Industrial Exhibition, 85,000 square feet have been assigned to the United States; 60,000 to India; 47,050 to the remaining British colonies and possessions; 5000 to China. Hamburg asked for 28,800, and France for 100,000 feet. Commissions have been formed in Austria, Spain, and Turkey.——A correspondent of the Chronicle says that the great beauty of the leaves of some American trees and plants renders them an appropriate article of ornament, and suggests that specimens preserved be sent to the Exhibition; and that a large demand for them would ensue.——An edition of the Works of John Owen, to be comprised in sixteen volumes, under

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the editorial charge of Rev. William H. Goold, has been commenced. The doctrinal works will occupy five volumes, the practical treatises four, and the polemical seven. The first volume contains a life of Owen, by Rev. Andrew Thomson of Edinburgh. This edition is edited with remarkable fidelity and care, and will prove a valuable accession to theological literature.——Washington Irving has received from Mr. Murray £9767 for copyrights and £2500 from Mr. Bentley, who has paid nearly £16,000 to Cooper, Prescott, and Herman Melville.——The Principal Theological Faculties in Germany are those of Berlin and Halle. The subjoined list will show that almost all the Professors have attained a wide reputation in the department of sacred letters. At Berlin the Professors are: NITZSCH, Theology, Dogmatic, and Practical; HENGSTENBERG and VATKE, Exegesis of the Old and New Testaments, and Introduction; TWESTEN, Exegesis of the New Testament, Dogmatic Theology; F. STRAUSS, Homiletics; JACOBI, Ecclesiastical History; UBBMANN, Oriental Languages. The Professors at Halle are: JULIUS MULLER, Theology, Dogmatic, and Practical; THOLUCK, Exegesis and Moral Philosophy; HUPFELD, Hebrew and Oriental Languages; GUERICKE, Ecclesiastical History, Introduction; HERZOG, MAYER, and THILO, Ecclesiastical History.——A new apparatus for the production of heat has been invented by Mr. D. O. Edwards. It is named the "atmopyre," or solid gas fire. A small cylinder of pipe clay, varying in length from two to four inches, perforated with holes the fiftieth of an inch in diameter, in imitation of Davy's safety lamp, is employed. The cylinder has a circular hole at one end, which fits upon a "fish-tail" burner; gas is introduced into the interior of the cylinder, with the air of which it becomes mixed, forming a kind of artificial fire-damp. This mixture is ignited on the outside of the vessel, and burns entirely on the exterior of the earthenware, which is enveloped in a coat of pale blue flame. The clay cylinder which Mr. Edwards calls a "hood," soon becames red hot, and presents the appearance of a solid red flame. All the heat of combustion is thus accumulated on the clay, and is thence radiated. One of these cylinders is heated to dull redness in a minute or two; but an aggregate of these "hoods" placed in a circle or cluster, and inclosed in an argillaceous case, are heated to an orange color, and the case itself becomes bright red. By surrounding this "solid gas fire" with a series of cases, one within another, Mr. Edwards has obtained a great intensity of heat, and succeeded in melting gold, silver, copper, and even iron. Mr. Palmer, the engineer of the Western Gas-light Company, by burning two feet of gas in an atmopyre of twelve "hoods," raised the temperature of a room measuring 8551 cubic feet, five degrees of Fahrenheit in seventeen minutes. The heat generated by burning gas in this way is 100 per cent. greater than that engendered by the ordinary gas flame when tested by the evaporation of water. 25 feet of gas burnt in an atmopyre per hour, produces steam sufficient for one-horse power. Hence the applicability of the invention to baths, brewing, &c.——At the late meeting of the British Association, Major Rawlinson, after enumerating many interesting particulars of the progress of Assyrian discoveries, stated that Mr. Layard, in excavating part of the palace at Nineveh had found a large room filled with what appeared to be the archives of the empire, ranged in successive tables of terra cotta, the writings being as perfect as when the tablets were first stamped. They were piled in huge heaps, from the floor to the ceiling, and he had already filled five large cases for dispatch to England, but had only cleared out one corner of the apartment. From the progress already made in reading the inscriptions, he believed we should be able pretty well to understand the contents of these tables—at all events, we should ascertain their general purport, and thus gain much valuable information. A passage might be remembered in the Book of Ezra, where the Jews having been disturbed in building the Temple, prayed that search might be made in the house of records for the edict of Cyrus permitting them to return to Jerusalem. The chamber recently found might be presumed to be the House of Records of the Assyrian Kings, where copies of the Royal edicts were duly deposited. When these tablets had been examined and deciphered, he believed that we should have a better acquaintance with the history, the religion, the philosophy, and the jurisprudence of Assyria 1500 years before the Christian era, than we had of Greece or Rome during any period of their respective histories.——M. Guillen y Calomarde has just discovered a new telescopic star between the polar star and Cynosure, near to the rise of the tail of the Little Bear—a star at least that certainly did not exist in October last. According to the observations of M Calomarde, the new star should have an increasing brilliancy, and it is likely that in less than a month this star, which now is visible only through a telescope, may be seen with the naked eye.——The Senate of the University of Padua is at present preparing for publication two curious works, of which the manuscripts are in the library of that establishment. One is a translation in Hebrew verse of the "Divina Commedia," of Dante, by Samuel Rieti, Grand Rabbi of Padua, in the 16th century. The second is a translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," likewise in Hebrew, in stanzas of 18 verses of a very complicated metre, from the pen of the Rabbi.——ELIOT WARBURTON is engaged in collecting materials for a History of the Poor, which is to appear in the spring.

The captain and second mate of the steamer Orion, which was wrecked in June, have been sentenced, the former to eighteen months' imprisonment, the latter to ten years' transportation, for gross and culpable negligence of duty. ——Lieutenant Gale, somewhat celebrated as an aeronaut, lost his life while making an ascent

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on horseback at Bordeaux. He had descended in safety, and the horse was removed; the diminution of the weight caused the balloon to ascend rapidly, with the aeronaut, who was somewhat intoxicated, clinging to it. He of course soon fell, and, a day or two after, his body was found, with the limbs all broken, and mutilated by dogs.——Mr. Mongredien, a London corn-factor, has published a pamphlet, in which he endeavors to estimate the probable amount of home-grown food upon which Ireland can calculate the coming year. As the result of extensive inquiries, he is of the opinion that the potato crop will suffice as food for the masses only until January; and that the wheat-crop amounts to but three-fourths of last year's amount.——The Postmaster General has directed that all letters addressed to the United States, shall be forwarded by the first mail packet that sails, whether British or American, unless specially directed otherwise. —— Viscount Fielding, who occupied the chair at the great Church Meeting in Free-Mason's Hall, on the 23d of July, has abandoned the English Church for that of Rome.——A number of the Catholic bishops of Ireland were appointed by government as official visitors of the New College, to which they were known to be bitterly opposed. The appointments have been scornfully rejected by the bishops. —— The Britannia Bridge, one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering, was completed on the 13th of September, by the lowering of the last of the tubes to its permanent resting-place. Some curious acoustic effects have been observed in connection with this work. Pistol shots, or any sonorous noises, are echoed within the tube half a dozen times. The cells at the top and bottom, are used by the engineers as speaking tubes, and they can carry on conversation through them in whispers; by elevating the voice persons may converse through the length of the bridge—nearly a quarter of a mile. The total cost of the entire structure has been £601,865. The total weight of each of the wrought iron roadways now completed, represents 12,000 tons, supported on a total mass of masonry of a million and a half cubic feet, erected at the rate of three feet in a minute.——Mount Blanc was ascended on the 29th of September, to its topmost peak, by two gentlemen from Ireland, Mr. Gratton, late of the army, and Mr. Richards, with a party of the brave mountaineers of Chamouni. The enterprise was considered so dangerous, that the guides left their watches and little valuables behind, and the two gentlemen made their wills, and prepared for the worst. The ascent is always accompanied with great peril, as steps have to be cut up the sloping banks of the ice; one of the largest glaciers has to be passed, where one false step entails certain death, as the unfortunate falls into a crevice of almost unknown depth, from which no human hand could extricate him. A night has to be passed on the cold rock amidst the thunders of the avalanche, and spots have to be passed where, it is said, no word can be spoken lest thousands of tons of snow should be set in motion, and thus hurl the party into eternity, as was the case some years back when a similar attempt was made. This latter impression, however, as to the effect of the voice upon masses of snow, is unquestionably absurd. An avalanche may have occurred simultaneously with a conversation; but that the latter caused the former is incredible.——The Turkish government has manifested its intention to set Kossuth and his companions at liberty in September, the end of the year stipulated in the Convention. Austria, however, remonstrates, contending that the year did not commence till the moment of incarceration. The prisoners are to be sent in a government vessel either to England or America, and are to be furnished with 500 piastres each, to meet their immediate wants on landing.——The two American vessels, Advance and Rescue, sent in search of Sir John Franklin, had been seen by an English whale-ship west of Devil's Thumb, in Greenland, having advanced 500 miles since last heard from.——The new Cunard Steamer Africa, of the same dimensions with the Asia, is nearly ready to take her place in the line, and the Company are about to commence another ship of still larger size and power. —— Disastrous inundations have destroyed all the crops in the province of Brescia, in Lombardy. Subscriptions were opened in Milan, the aggregate amount of which (about 50,000 francs) was sent to the relief of the unfortunate inhabitants.——There are in the prisons at Naples at present no less than 40,000 political prisoners; and the opinion is that, from the crowded state of the jails, the greater number will go mad, become idiots, or die.—— Lines of electric telegraph are extending rapidly over Central Europe. Within four months, 1000 miles have been opened in Austria, making 2000 in that empire, of which 500 are under ground. Another 1000 miles will be ready next year. The telegraph now works from Cracow to Trieste, 700 miles.——On the 1st of October, the new telegraph union between Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, was to come into operation, under a uniform tariff, which is one-half of the former charges.——The Hungarian musicians accustomed to perform their national airs in the streets of Vienna, have been ordered to quit the city. It is said they will go through Europe, in order to excite popular sympathy in behalf of their unfortunate country, by means of their music, the great characteristic of which is a strange mixture of wild passion and deep melancholy.——After eight years' labor, the gigantic statue of the King of Bavaria has been finished, and is now placed on the hill of Saint Theresa, near Munich. The bronze of the statue cost 92,600 florins, or £11,800.——The will of Sir Robert Peel prohibits his executors investing any of his real or personal property on securities in Ireland.——From a late parliamentary return, it appears there are are thirty-two iron steamers in Her Majesty's Navy.——

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Recent letters from the East speak of very valuable and extensive sulphur mines just discovered upon the borders of the Red Sea, in Upper Egypt. The products of these mines are said to be so abundant, that a material fall in the prices of Sicilian sulphur must inevitably soon take place. The working of the newly-discovered mine and its productiveness are greatly facilitated by its proximity to the sea. The Egyptian Government, which at first leased the mines to a private company, is now about to resume possession and work them on its own account.

From FRANCE the only intelligence of interest relates to political movements, concerning which, moreover, there is nothing but partisan and unreliable rumors. The President, in his various letters, addresses, &c., insists uniformly on the necessity of maintaining the existing order of things, and speaks confidently of an appeal to the people. Contradictory rumors prevail as to his intentions—some believing that he meditates a *coup-d'état*, but most regarding his movements as aimed to secure the popular vote. The Assembly is to meet on the 11th of November, and his opponents intend then to force him to some ultra-constitutional act which will afford them ground for an appeal. A series of military reviews has engaged public attention; they have been closely watched for incidents indicative of the President's purposes: it is remarked that those who salute him as Emperor are always rewarded for it by some preference over others. ——The Councils-general of France have closed their annual session. The chief topic of their deliberations has been the revision of the Constitution, and the result is of interest as indicating the state of public opinion upon that subject. It seems that twenty-one councils separated without taking the subject into consideration; ten rejected propositions for revision; two declared that the constitution ought to be respected; thirty-three departments, therefore, refused, more or less formally, to aid the revision. On the other hand, forty-nine councils came to decisions which the revisionist party claim for themselves. But a very great diversity is to be perceived in these decisions. Thirty-two pronounced in favor of revision only "so far as it should take place under legal conditions," or "so far as legality should be observed;" two of those called attention to the forty-fifth article of the constitution, which makes Louis Napoleon incapable of being immediately rechosen; but another demanded that his powers should be prolonged. One council voted for revision, and also desired to prolong the President's power; ten simply voted for revision; five pronounced for immediate revision, but by very small majorities; one went further, and proposed to give the present Assembly—which is legislative and not constituent—authority to effect the revision. Three councils express merely a desire for a remedy to the present situation. Thirty-three departments have not pronounced for the revision, or have pronounced against it; thirty-three are in favor of a legal revision; thirteen demand the revision without explaining on what conditions they desire to see it effected; and six demand it immediately; making the total of eighty-five.

From GERMANY the most important intelligence relates to the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, a state containing less than a million of inhabitants, and having a revenue of less than two and a half millions of dollars. By the Constitution the Chamber has the exclusive right of voting taxes. The Elector, acting probably under the advice of Austria, resolved to get rid of the Constitution; and as the first step toward it, he appointed as his minister Hassenpflug, a man wholly without character, and who had been convicted of forgery in another State, and with him was associated Haynau, brother of the infamous Austrian General. Months past away without the Chamber being summoned, but at the time when the session usually closed, the Parliament was called together, and an immediate demand made for money and for powers to raise the taxes, without specific votes of the Chamber. The Parliament replied by an unanimous vote, that however little the ministers possessed the confidence of Parliament, they would not go the length of refusing the supplies, but requested to have a regular budget laid before them, which they promised to examine, discuss, and vote. To so fair and constitutional a resolution the minister replied by dissolving the Parliament, and proceeding to levy the taxes in spite of the Parliament and the Constitution. The cabinet went to the extremity of proclaiming the whole Electorate in a state of siege, and investing the commander-in-chief with dictatorial powers against the press, personal liberty, and property. The town council unanimously protested against these arbitrary acts; and such a spirit of resistance was excited that the Elector and his minister were constrained to seek safety in flight. The Elector left Cassel on the morning of the 13th, and arrived the same evening at Hanover, where he was afterward joined by Hassenpflug. Some of the accounts state that M. Hassenpflug was agitated by terror in his flight. On the 16th, the Elector and his ministers were at Frankfort. The government of the Electorate had been assumed by the Permanent Committee of the Assembly.——In Mecklenberg-Schwerin a similar revolution seems likely to take place. In October, 1849, a new Constitution was formed by the deputies of this Duchy, which received the assent of the Duke. This Constitution was quite democratic in character. The Duke now feeling himself strong enough coolly pronounces the Constitution invalid, absolves his subjects from all allegiance to it, and restores the old Constitution, which was formed in 1755. It is supposed that the Diet will adopt the Hesse Cassel system of stopping the supplies, and so starving out their sovereign.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

A new work by Rev. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, the eminent Baptist clergyman in New York, has just been issued by Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, entitled *Religious Progress*, consisting of a series of Lectures on the development of the Christian character, founded on the beautiful gradation of religious excellencies described by St. Peter in his second Epistle. The subjects, which succeed each other in the order of the text, are, Religion a Principle of Growth, Faith its Root, Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness, Charity. No one who has read any of the former productions of the author can fall into the error of supposing that these topics are treated according to any prescribed, stereotyped routine of the pulpit, or that they labor under the dullness and formality which are often deemed inseparable from moral disquisitions. On the contrary, this volume may be regarded as a profound, stringent, and lively commentary on the aspects of the present age, showing a remarkable keenness of observation, and a massive strength of expression. The author, although one of the most studious and erudite men of the day, is by no means a mere isolated scholar. His vision is not confined by the walls of his library. Watching the progress of affairs, from the quiet "loop-holes of his retreat," he subjects the pictured phantasmagoria before him to a rigorous and searching criticism. He is not apt to be deluded by the dazzling shows of things. With a firm and healthy wisdom, acquired by vigilant experience, he delights to separate the genuine from the plausible, the true gold from the sounding brass, and to bring the most fair-seeming pretenses before the tribunal of universal principles. The religious tone of this volume is lofty and severe. Its sternness occasionally reminds us of the sombre, passionate, half despairing melancholy of John Foster. The modern latitudinarian finds in it little either of sympathy or tolerance. It clothes in a secular costume the vast religious ideas which have been sanctioned by ages, but makes no attempt to mellow their austerity, or reduce their solemn grandeur to the level of superficial thought and worldly aspirations. The train of remark pursued in any one of these Lectures can never be inferred from its title. The suggestive mind of the writer is kindled by the theme, and luxuriates in a singular wealth of analogies, which lead him, it is true, from the beaten track, but only to open upon us an unexpected prospect, crowned with original and enchanting beauties. His power of apt and forcible illustration is almost without a parallel among recent writers. The mute page springs into life beneath the magic of his radiant imagination. But this is never at the expense of solidity of thought or strength of argument. It is seldom indeed that a mind of so much poetical invention yields such a willing homage to the logical element. He employs his brilliant fancies for the elucidation and ornament of truth, but never for its discovery. On this account, he inspires a feeling of trust in the sanity of his genius, although its conclusions may not be implicitly adopted. Still, with the deep respect with which we regard the intellectual position of Dr. Williams, we do not think his writings are destined to obtain a wide popularity. Their condensation of thought, the elaborate and often antique structure of their sentences, the profoundly meditative cast of sentiment with which they are pervaded, and even their Oriental profusion of imagery, to say nothing of the adamantine rigor of their religious views, are not suited to the great mass of modern readers, whose tastes have been formed on models less distinguished for their austerity than for their airiness and grace.

Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, Boston, have recently issued neat reprints of *The Poetry of Science*, by ROBERT HUNT, a popular English work, exhibiting the great facts of science, in their most attractive aspects, and as leading the mind to the contemplation of the Universe; *The Footprints of the Creator*, by HUGH MILLER, with a memoir of the author, by Professor AGASSIZ, who characterizes his geological productions as possessing "a freshness of conception, a power of argumentation, a depth of thought, a purity of feeling, rarely met with in works of that character, which are well calculated to call forth sympathy, and to increase the popularity of a science which has already done so much to expand our views of the plan of Creation;" and a third edition of *The Pre-Adamite Earth*, by JOHN HARRIS, whose valuable contributions to theological science have won for him a high reputation both in England and our own country

Harper and Brothers have published Nos. 7 and 8 of LOSSING's *Pictorial Field Book of the American Revolution*. The character of this popular serial may be perceived from the extracts at the commencement of the present number of our Magazine. With each successive issue, Mr. Lossing's picturesque narrative gains fresh interest; he throws a charm over the most familiar details by his quiet enthusiasm and winning naïveté; and under the direction of such an intelligent and genial guide it is delightful to wander over the battle-fields of American history, and dwell on the exploits of the heroes by whose valor our national Independence was achieved. Among the embellishments in these numbers, we observe a striking likeness of the venerable Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, portraits of Gen. Stark, Joel Barlow, Gen. Wooster, and William Livingston, and exquisite sketches of Baron Steuben's Headquarters, View near Toby's Eddy, The Susquehanna at Monocasy Island, The Livingston Mansion, The Bennington Battle-Ground, and other beautiful and interesting scenes in the history of the Revolution.

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Household Surgery; or Hints on Emergencies, by JOHN F. SOUTH (H. C. Baird, Philadelphia), is a reprint of a popular and amusing work by an eminent London surgeon, designed for non-professional readers, and pointing out the course to be pursued in case of an accident, when no surgical aid is at hand. The author puts in a caveat against misapprehending the purpose of his book, which he wishes should be judged solely on its merits. No one is to expect in it a whole body of surgery, nor to obtain materials for setting up as an amateur surgeon, to practice on every unfortunate individual who may fall within his grasp; but directions are given which may be of good service on a pinch, when the case is urgent, and no doctor is to be had. In the opinion of the author, whoever doctors himself when he can be doctored, is in much the same case with the man who conducted his own cause, and had a fool for his client. With this explanation, Dr. South's volume may be consulted to great advantage; and although no one would recommend a treatise on bruises and broken bones for light reading, it must be confessed, that many popular fictions are less fertile in entertainment.

An exquisite edition of *Gray's Poetical Works* has been issued by H. C. Baird, with an original memoir and notes, by the American Editor, Prof. HENRY REED, of Philadelphia. It was the intention of the Editor to make this the most complete collection of Gray's Poems which has yet appeared, and he seems to have met with admirable success in the accomplishment of his plan. The illustrations of Radclyffe, engraved in a superior style of art, by A. W. Graham, form the embellishments of this edition. We have rarely, if ever, seen them surpassed in the most costly American gift-books. The volume is appropriately dedicated to JAMES T. FIELDS, the poet-publisher of Boston.

The second volume of the *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, by his son-in-law, WILLIAM HANNA, is issued by Harper and Brothers, comprising a most interesting account of his labors during his residence at Glasgow, and bringing his biography down to the forty-third year of his age. The whole career of this robust and sinewy divine is full of instruction, but no part of it more abounds with important events than the period devoted to efforts in bringing the destitute classes of Glasgow under the influence of Christian ministrations. Whether in the pulpit, in the discharge of his parochial duties, in the construction of his noble schemes for social melioration, or in the bosom of his family, Dr. Chalmers always appears the same whole-hearted, frank, generous, energetic man, commanding our admiration by the splendor of his intellect, and winning our esteem by the loveliness of his character. Some interesting reminiscences of the powerful but erratic preacher, Edward Irving, who was at one time the assistant of Dr. Chalmers in the Tron Church, are presented in this volume.

History of Propellers and Steam Navigation, by ROBERT MACFARLANE (G. P. Putnam), is the title of a useful work, describing most of the propelling methods that have been invented, which may prevent ingenious men from wasting their time, talents, and money on visionary projects. It also gives a history of the attempts of the early inventors in this department of practical mechanics, including copious notices of Fitch, Rumsey, Fulton, Symington, and Bell. A separate chapter, devoted to Marine Navigation, presents a good deal of information on the subject rarely met with in this country

The Country Year-Book; or, The Field, The Forest, and The Fireside (Harper and Brothers), is the title of a new rural volume by the bluff, burly, egotistic, but good-natured and humane Quaker, WILLIAM HOWITT, filled with charming descriptions of English country life, redolent of the perfume of bean-fields and hedge-rows, overflowing with the affluent treasures of the four seasons, rich in quaint, expressive sketches of old-fashioned manners, and pervaded by a generous zeal in the cause of popular improvement A more genial and agreeable companion for an autumn afternoon or a winter's evening could scarcely be selected in the shape of a book.

Success in Life. The Mechanic, by Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL, published by G. P. Putnam, is a little volume belonging to a series, intended to illustrate the importance of sound principles and virtuous conduct to the attainment of worldly prosperity. Without believing in the necessary connection between good character and success in business, we may say, that the examples brought forward by Mrs. Tuthill are of a striking nature, and adapted to produce a deep and wholesome impression. In the present work, she avails herself of incidents in the history of John Fitch, Dr. Franklin, Robert Fulton, and Eli Whitney, showing the obstacles which they were compelled to encounter, and the energy with which they struggled with difficulties. She writes in a lively and pleasing manner; her productions are distinguished for their elevated moral tone; and they can scarcely fail to become favorites with the public.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet; An Autobiography, is the quaint title of a political and religious novel, understood to be written by a clergyman of the Church of England, which is said to have fallen like a bomb-shell on the old-fashioned schools of political economy in that country. It purports to be the history of a youth of genius, doomed to struggle with the most abject poverty, and forced by the necessity of his position to become a Chartist and a Radical. Brought up in the sternest school of ultra-Calvinism, he passes by natural transitions from a state of hopeless and desperate infidelity, to a milder and more cheerful religious faith, and having taken an active part in schemes for the melioration of society by political action, he learns by experience the necessity of spiritual influences for the emancipation of the people The tone of the narrative is vehement, austere,

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and often indignant; never vindictive; and softened at intervals by a genuine gush of poetic sentiment. With great skill in depicting the social evils which are preying on the aged heart of England, the author is vague and fragmentary in his statement of remedies, and leads us to doubt whether he has discovered the true "Balm of Gilead" for the healing of nations. The book abounds with weighty suggestions, urgent appeals, vivid pictures of popular wretchedness, deep sympathy with suffering, and a pure devotion to the finer and nobler instincts of humanity. With all its outpouring of fiery radicalisms, it is intended to exert a reconciling influence, to bring the different classes of society into a nearer acquaintanceship, and to oppose the progress of licentious and destructive tendencies, by enforcing the principles of thorough reform. Such a work can not but be read with general interest. Its strong humanitary spirit will recommend it to a large class of readers, while its acknowledged merits as a work of fiction will attract the literary amateur.—Published by Harper and Brothers.

The Builder's Companion, and The Cabinet-maker and Upholsterer's Companion, are two recent volumes of the *Practical Series*, published by H. C. Baird, Philadelphia, reprinted from English works of standard excellence. They present a mass of valuable scientific information, with succinct descriptions of various mechanical processes, and are well suited to promote an intelligent interest in industrial pursuits.

Lessons from the History of Medical Delusions (Baker and Scribner), is a Prize Essay by Dr. WORTHINGTON HOOKER, whose former work on a similar subject has given him considerable reputation as a writer in the department of medical literature. He is a devoted adherent to the old system of practice, and spares no pains to expose what he deems the quackeries of modern times. His volume is less positive than critical, and contains but a small amount of practical instruction. There are many of his suggestions, however, which can not be perused without exciting profound reflection.

RUSCHENBERGER'S *Lexicon of Terms used in Natural History*, a valuable manual for the common use of the student, is published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., Philadelphia.

Another volume of LAMARTINE'S *Confidences*, translated from the French, under the title of *Additional Memoirs of My Youth*, is published by Harper and Brothers, and can not fail to excite the same interest which has been called forth by the previous autobiographical disclosures of the author. It is written in the rich, glowing, poetical style in which LAMARTINE delights to clothe his early recollections, and with a naïve frankness of communication equal to that of Rousseau, is pervaded with a tone of tender, elevated, and religious sentiment. The description of a troop of family friends gives a lively tableau of the old school of French gentlemen, and furnishes the occasion for the picturesque delineation of manners, in which LAMARTINE commands such an admirable pen. The Confessions would not be complete without one or two love episodes, which are accordingly presented in a sufficiently romantic environment.

Harper and Brothers have published a cheap edition of *Genevieve*, translated from the French of LAMARTINE, by A. R. SCOBLE. This novel, intended to illustrate the condition of humble life in France, and to furnish popular, moral reading for the masses, is written with more simplicity than we usually find in the productions of Lamartine, and contains many scenes of deep, pathetic interest. The incidents are not without a considerable tincture of French exaggeration, and are hardly suited, one would suppose, to exert a strong or salutary influence in the sphere of common, prosaic, unromantic duties. As a specimen of the kind of reading which LAMARTINE deems adapted to the moral improvement of his countrymen, *Genevieve* is a literary curiosity.

Little and Brown, Boston, have published a handsome edition of Prof. ROSE'S *Chemical Tables for the Calculation of Quantitative Analyses*, recalculated and improved, by the American Editor, W. P. DEXTER.

Harper and Brothers have issued *The History of Pendennis*, No. 7, which, to say the least, is of equal interest with any of the preceding numbers, showing the same felicitous skill in portraying the every-day aspects of our common life, which has given Thackeray such a brilliant eminence as a painter of manners. The unconscious ease with which he hits off a trait of weakness or eccentricity, his truthfulness to nature, his rare common sense, and his subdued, but most effective satire, make him one of the most readable English writers now before the public.

STOCKHARDT'S *Principles of Chemistry*, translated from the German, by C. H. PEIRCE, is published by John Bartlett, Cambridge. This work is accompanied with a high recommendation from Prof. Horsford of Harvard University, which, with its excellent reputation as a textbook in Germany, will cause it to be sought for with eagerness by students of chemistry in our own country.

Petticoat Government, by Mrs. TROLLOPE, is the one hundred and forty-eighth number of Harper's *Library of Select Novels*, and in spite of the ill odor attached to the name of the authoress, will be found to exhibit a very considerable degree of talent, great insight into the more vulgar elements of English society, a vein of bitter and caustic satire, and a truly feminine minuteness in the delineation of character. The story is interspersed with dashes of broad humor, and with its piquant, rapid, and not overscrupulous style, will reward the enterprise of perusal.

George P. Putnam has published *A Series of Etchings*, by J. W. EHNINGER, illustrative of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." The plates, which are eight in number, are executed with a good deal of spirit and taste, representing the princi-

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pal scenes suggested to the imagination by Hood's exquisitely pathetic poem.

A. S. Barnes and Co. have published *The Elements of Natural Philosophy*, by W. H. C. Bartlett, being the first of three volumes intended to present a complete system of the science in all its divisions. The present volume is devoted to the subject of Mechanics.

G. P. Putnam has issued a new and improved edition of Prof. Church's *Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus*.

Lonz Powers, or the Regulators, by James Weir, Esq. (Philadelphia, Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is a genuine American romance, written in defiance of all literary precedents, and a vigorous expression of the individuality of the author, as acted on by the wild, exuberant frontier life in the infancy of Western Society. The scenes and characters which are evidently drawn from nature, are portrayed with a bold, dramatic freedom, giving a perpetual vitality and freshness to the narrative, and sustaining the interest of the reader through a succession of adventures, which in the hands of a less skillful chronicler, would have become repulsive by their extravagance and terrible intensity. In addition to the regular progress of the story, the author leads us through a labyrinth of episodes, most of them savoring of the jovial forest life, in which he is so perfectly at home, though dashed with occasional touches of deep pathos. The reflections and criticisms, in which he often indulges to excess, though considerately printed in a different type to show that they may be skipped without damage, are too characteristic to be neglected, and on the whole, we are glad that he had enough verdant frankness to present them to his readers just as they sprung up in his mercurial brain. We imagine that the fame of Milton will survive his attacks, in spite of the mean opinion which he cherishes of the Paradise Lost. With all its exaggerations and eccentricities, Lowz Powers has many of the elements of a superior novel—a glowing imagination, truthfulness of description, lively humor, spicy satire, and an acute perception of the fleeting lights and shades of character. If it had ten times its present faults, it would be redeemed from a severe judgment, by its magnetic sympathies, and the fascinating naturalness with which it pours forth its flushed and joyous consciousness of life.

The History of Xerxes, by Jacob Abbott, (Harper and Brothers), is intended for juvenile reading and study, but its freshness and simplicity of manner give it a charm for all ages, making it a delightful refreshment to those who wish to recall the remembrance of youthful studies.

Universal Dictionary of Weights and Measures, by J. H Alexander, published by Wm. Minifee and Co., Baltimore, is a work of remarkable labor and research, presenting a comparative view of the weights and measures of all countries, ancient and modern, reduced to the standards of the United States of America. It is executed in a manner highly creditable to the learning and accuracy of the author, and will be found to possess great practical utility for the man of business as well as the historical student.

America Discovered (New York, J. F. Trow), is the title of an anonymous poem in twelve books, founded on a supposed convention of the heavenly hierarchs among the mountains of Chili in the year 1450, to deliberate on the best mode of making known the American continent to Europeans. Two of their number are elected delegates to present the subject before the Court of Heaven. In the course of their journey, after meeting with various adventures, they fall in with two different worlds, one of which has retained its pristine innocence, while the other has yielded to temptation, and become subject to sin. Their embassy is crowned with success, and one of them is deputed to break the matter to Columbus, whose subsequent history is related at length, from his first longings to discover a new world till the final consummation of his enterprise. The poet, it will be seen, soars into the highest supernal spheres, but, in our opinion, displays more ambition than discretion. He does not often come down safe from his lofty flights to solid ground.

Christianity Revived in the East, by H. G. O. Dwight (Baker and Scribner), is a modest narrative of missionary operations among the Armenians of Turkey, in which the author was personally engaged for a series of several years. The volume describes many interesting features of Oriental life, and presents a vivid picture of the toils and sacrifices by which a new impulse was given to the progress of Christianity in the East. The suggestions of the author with regard to the prosecution of the missionary enterprise are characterized by earnestness and good sense, but they are sometimes protracted to so great an extent as to become tedious to the general reader.

Grahame; or, Youth and Manhood (Baker and Scribner), is the title of a new romance by the author of *Talbot and Vernon*, displaying a natural facility for picturesque writing in numerous isolated passages, but destitute of the sustained vigor and inventive skill which would place it in the highest rank of fictitious composition. The scene, which is frequently shifted, without sufficient regard to the locomotive faculties of the reader, betrays occasional inaccuracies and anachronisms, showing the hand of a writer who has not gained a perfect mastery of his materials. Like the previous work of the same author, the novel is intended to support a certain didactic principle, but for the accomplishment of this purpose, recourse is had to an awkward and improbable plot, many of the details of which are, in a high degree, unnatural, and often grossly revolting. The pure intentions of the writer redeem his work from the charge of immorality, but do not set aside the objections, in an artistic point of view, which arise from the primary incidents on which the story is founded. Still, we are bound to confess, that the novel, as a whole, indicates a freshness and fervor of feeling, a ready percep-

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tion of the multifarious aspects of character and society, a lively appreciation of natural beauty, and a racy vigor of expression, which produce a strong conviction of the ability of the author, and awaken the hope that the more mature offerings of his genius may be contributions of sterling value to our native literature.

George Castriot, surnamed Scandeberg, King of Albania, by CLEMENT C. MOORE (D. Appleton and Co.), is an agreeable piece of biography, which owes its interest no less to the simplicity and excellent taste of the narrative, than to the romantic adventures of its subject. Castriot was a hero of the fifteenth century, who gained a wide renown for his exploits in the warfare of the Christians against the Turks, as well as for the noble and attractive qualities of his private character. Dr. Moore has made free use of one of the early chronicles, in the construction of his narrative, and exhibits rare skill in clothing the events in a modern costume, while he retains certain quaint and expressive touches of the antique.

George P. Putnam has issued the second volume of *The Leather Stocking Tales*, by J. FENIMORE COOPER, in the author's revised edition, containing *The Last of the Mohicans*, to which characteristic and powerful work Mr. Cooper is so largely indebted for his world-wide reputation. He will lose nothing by the reprint of these masterly Tales, as they will introduce him to a new circle of younger readers, while the enthusiasm of his old admirers can not fail to be increased with every fresh perusal of the experiences of the inimitable Leather Stocking.

C. M. Saxton has published a neat edition of Professor JOHNSTON'S *Lectures on the Relations of Science and Agriculture*, which produced a very favorable impression when delivered before the New York State Agricultural Society, and the Members of the Legislature, in the month of January last. Among the subjects discussed in this volume, are the relations of physical geography, of geology, and mineralogy, of botany, vegetable physiology, and zoology to practical agriculture; the connection of chemistry with the practical improvement of the soil, and with the principles of vegetable and animal growth; and the influence of scientific knowledge on the general elevation of the agricultural classes. These lectures present a lucid exposition of the latest discoveries in agricultural chemistry, and it is stated by competent judges, that their practical adaptation to the business of the farmer will gain the confidence of every cultivator of the soil by whom they are perused.

An elaborate work from the pen of a native Jew, entitled *A Descriptive Geography of Palestine*, by RABBI JOSEPH SCHWARTZ, has been translated from the Hebrew by ISAAC LEESER, and published by A. Hart, Philadelphia. The author, who resided for sixteen years in the Holy Land, claims to have possessed peculiar advantages for the preparation of a work on this subject, in his knowledge of the languages necessary for successful discovery, and in the results of personal observations continued for several years with uncommon zeal and assiduity. The volume is handsomely embellished with maps and pictorial illustrations, the latter from the hand of a Jewish artist, and appears, in all respects, to be well adapted to the race, for whose use it is especially intended.

The Life of Commodore Talbot, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN (New York, J. C. Riker), was originally intended for the series of American Biography, edited by President Sparks, but on the suspension of that work, was prepared for publication in a separate volume. Commodore Talbot was born in Bristol county, Massachusetts, and at an early age commenced a seafaring life in the coasting trade, between Rhode Island and the Southern States. Soon after the breaking out of the Revolution—having been present at the siege of Boston as a volunteer—he offered his services to General Washington, and was at once employed in the discharge of arduous and responsible duties. At a subsequent period, after having distinguished himself by various exploits of almost reckless valor, he received a commission as Captain in the Navy of the United States. His death took place in 1813, in the city of New York, and his remains were interred under Trinity Church. Mr. Tuckerman has gathered up, with commendable industry, the facts in his career, which had almost faded from the memory, and rescued from oblivion the name of a brave commander and devoted patriot. The biography abounds with interesting incidents, which, as presented in the flowing and graceful narrative of the author, richly reward perusal, as well as present the character of the subject in a very attractive light. Several pleasing episodes are introduced in the course of the volume, which relieve it from all tendency to dryness and monotony.

The Quarterlies for October.—The first on our table is *The American Biblical Repository*, edited by J. M. SHERWOOD (New York), commencing with an article on "The Hebrew Theocracy," by Rev. E. C. Wines, which presents, in a condensed form, the views which have been brought before the public by that gentleman in his popular lectures on Jewish Polity. "The Position of the Christian Scholar" is discussed in a sound and substantial essay, by Rev. Albert Barnes. Dyer's "Life of Calvin" receives a summary condemnation at the hands of a sturdy advocate of the Five Points. Professor Tayler Lewis contributes a learned dissertation on the "Names for Soul" among the Hebrews, as an argument for the immortality of the soul. Other articles are on Lucian's "de Morte Peregrini," "The Relations of the Church to the Young," "The Harmony of Science and Revelation," and "Secular and Christian Civilization." The number closes with several "Literary and Critical Notices," written, for the most part, with ability and fairness, though occasionally betraying the influence of strong theological predilections.

The North American Review sustains the char-

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acter for learned disquisition, superficial elegance, and freedom from progressive and liberal ideas, which have formed its principal distinction under the administration of its present editor. This venerable periodical, now in its thirty-eighth year, has been, in some sense, identified with the history of American literature, although it can by no means be regarded as an exponent of its present aspect and tendencies. It belongs essentially to a past age, and shows no sympathy with the earnest, aspiring, and aggressive traits of the American character. Indeed its spirit is more in accordance with the timid and selfish conservatism of Europe, than with the free, bold, and hopeful temperament of our Republic. The subjects to which the present number is mainly devoted, as well as the manner in which they are treated, indicate the peculiar tastes of the Review, and give a fair specimen of its recent average character. The principal articles are on "Mahomet and his Successors," "The Navigation of the Ancients," "Slavic Language and Literature," "Cumming's Hunter's Life," "The Homeric Question," all of which are chiefly made up from the works under review, presenting admirable models of tasteful compilation and abridgment, but singularly destitute of originality, freshness, and point. An article on "Everett's Orations" pays an appreciative tribute to the literary and rhetorical merits of that eminent scholar. "The Works of John Adams" receive an appropriate notice. "Furness's History of Jesus" is reviewed in a feeble and shallow style, unworthy the magnitude of the heresy attacked, and the number closes with a clever summary of "Laing's Observations on Europe," and one or two "Critical Notices."

The *Methodist Quarterly Review* opens with a second paper on "Morell's Philosophy of Religion," in which the positions of that writer are submitted to a severe logical examination. The conclusions of the reviewer may be learned from the passage which closes the article. "We believe Mr. Morell to be a sincere and earnest man, one who reverences Christianity, and really desires its advancement, but we also believe that for this very reason his influence may be the more pernicious; for in attempting to make a compromise with the enemies of truth, he has compromised truth itself; and in abandoning what he deemed mere antiquated outposts to the foe, he has surrendered the very citadel." The next article is a profound and learned statement of the "Latest Results of Ethnology," translated from the German of Dr. G. L. KRIEGK. This is followed by a discussion of the character of John Calvin, as a scholar, a theologian, and a reformer. The writer commends the manifest impartiality of Dyer's "Life of Calvin," although he believes that it will not be popular with the "blind admirers of the Genevan Reformer, and that the Roman Catholics, as in duty bound, will prefer the caricature of Monsieur Audin." "The Church and China," "Bishop Warburton," and "California," are the subjects of able articles, and the number closes with a variety of short reviews, miscellanies, and intelligence. The last named department is not so rich in the present number, as we usually find it, owing probably to the absence of Prof. M'Clintock in Europe, whose cultivated taste, comprehensive learning, and literary vigilance admirably qualify him to give a record of intellectual progress in every civilized country, such as we look for in vain in any contemporary periodical.

The Christian Review is a model of religious periodical literature, not exclusively devoted to theological subjects, but discussing the leading questions of the day, political, social, and literary, in addition to those belonging to its peculiar sphere, from a Christian point of view, and almost uniformly with great learning, vigor, profoundness, and urbanity, and always with good taste and exemplary candor. The present number has a large proportion of articles of universal interest, among which we may refer to those on "Socialism in the United States," and "The Territories on the Pacific," as presenting a succinct view of the subjects treated of, and valuable no less for the important information they present, than for the clearness and strength with which the positions of the writers are sustained. The first of these articles is from the pen of Rev. Samuel Osgood, minister of the Church of the Messiah, in this city, and the other is by Prof. W. Gammel, of Brown University. "The Confessions of Saint Augustine," "The Apostolical Constitutions," "Philosophical Theology," and a critical examination of the passage in Joshua describing the miracle of the sun standing still, are more especially attractive to the theological reader, while a brilliant and original essay on "Spirit and Form," by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, can not fail to draw the attention of the lovers of æsthetic disquisition. The brief sketches of President Taylor and of Neander are written with judgment and ability, and the "Notices of New Publications" give a well-digested survey of the current literature of the last three months. The diligence and zeal exhibited in this department, both by the Christian Review and the Methodist Quarterly present a favorable contrast to the disgraceful poverty of the North American in a branch which was admirably sustained under the editorship of President Sparks and Dr. Palfrey.

Brownson's Quarterly is characterized by the extravagance of statement, the rash and sweeping criticisms, and the ecclesiastical exclusiveness for which it has obtained an unenviable preeminence. Its principal articles are on "Gioberti," "The Confessional," "Dana's Poems and Prose Writings," and the "Cuban Expedition." Some inferences may be drawn as to the Editor's taste in poetry from his remarks on Tennyson, in whom he "can discover no other merit than harmonious verse and a little namby-pamby sentiment." He strikes the discriminating reviewer as "a man of feeble intellect," and "a poet for puny transcendentalists, beardless boys, and miss in her teens."

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Fashions for November.



Fig. 1.—Promenade and Carriage Costumes.

Fig. 1. As the cold weather approaches, different shades of brown, dust color, green, and other grave hues, predominate, diversified with pink, blue, lilac, and purple. The beautiful season of the Indian Summer, which prevails with us in November, allows the use of out-of-door costume, of a character similar to that of September, the temperature being too high to require cloaks or pelises. Bonnets composed of Leghorn and fancy straws, are appropriate for the season. They are trimmed with *nœuds* of pink, straw color, and white silk, which are used to decorate Florence straws. These are ornamented, in the interior, with *mancini*, or bunches of harebells, heaths, and jacinths, intermixed with rose-buds and light foliage. There are plain and simple *pailles de riz*, having no other ornament than a kind of *nœud* of white silk, placed at the side, and the interior of the front lined with pink or white *tulle*, and clusters of jacinths, tuberoses, and rose-buds, forming a most charming *mélange*. Fancy straws, called

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paille de Lausanne, are very fashionable abroad, resembling embroideries of straw, and trimmed with a bouquet of the wild red poppies, half blown, while those which are placed next the face are of a softer hue, with strings of straw colored silk ribbon.

FIG. 1 represents a graceful afternoon promenade costume, and a carriage costume. The figure on the left shows the promenade costume. The dress is made quite plain, with low body and long sleeves, with cuffs of plain fulled muslin; chemisette of lace, reaching to the throat, and finished with a narrow row encircling the neck. *Pardessus* of silk or satin, trimmed in an elegant manner, with lace of the same color, three rows of which encircle the lower part, and two rows the half long sleeves. These rows are of broader lace than the rows placed on either side of the front of the *pardessus*. Drawn white crape bonnet, decorated with small straw colored flowers, both in the interior and on the exterior.

The figure on the right shows the carriage costume. It is a dress of pale pink *poult de soié;* the corsage, high on the shoulders, opens a little in the front. It has a small cape, falling deep at the back, and narrowing toward the point, pinked at the edge; the waist and point long; the sleeves reach but a very little below the elbow, and are finished with broad lace ruffles. The skirt has three deep scalloped flounces, a beautiful spray of leaves being embroidered in each scallop. Manteau of India muslin, trimmed with a broad frill, the embroidering of which corresponds with the flowers of the dress. The bonnet of *paille de riz;* trimmed inside and out with bunches of roses; the form very open. There are others of the same delicate description, lined with pink *tulle*, and decorated with tips of small feathers, shaded



FIG. 2.—MORNING COSTUME.

pink and white, or terminated with tips of pink *marabout*.

FIG. 2 represents a morning costume. Dress high, with a small ruffle and silk cravat. The material is plain *mousseline de soié*, white, with a small frill protruding from the slightly open front. The body is full, and the skirt has a broad figured green stripe. Sleeves full and demi-long, with broad lace ruffles. The skirt is very full, and has three deep flounces.



FIG. 3.—OPERA COSTUME.

FIG. 3 is a plain, and very neat costume for the opera. The body, composed of blue or green silk, satin, or velvet, fits closely. The sleeves are also tight to the elbows, when they enlarge and are turned over, exhibiting a rich lining of pink or orange, with scalloped edges. The corsage is open in front, and turned over, with a collar, made of material like that of the sleeves, and also scalloped. Chemisette of lace, finished at the throat with a fulled band and *petite* ruffle. Figures 2 and 3 show patterns of the extremely simple CAPS now in fashion; simple, both in their form and the manner in which they are trimmed. Those for young ladies partake mostly of the lappet form, simply decorated with a pretty *nœud* of ribbon, from which droop graceful streamers of the same, or confined on each side the head with half-wreaths of the wild rose, or some other very light flower. Those intended for ladies of a more advanced age are of a *petit* round form, and composed of a perfect cloud of *gaze*, or *tulle*, intermixed with flowers.

TRAVELING DRESSES are principally composed of *foulard coutit*, or of flowered jaconets, with the *cassaquette* of the same material. Plain cachmires are also much used, because they are not liable to crease. They are generally accompanied by *pardessus* of the same material. When the dress is of a sombre hue, the trimmings are of a different color, so as to enliven and enrich them. The skirts are made quite plain, but very long and of a moderate breadth; the bodies high and plain, and embroidered up the fronts.

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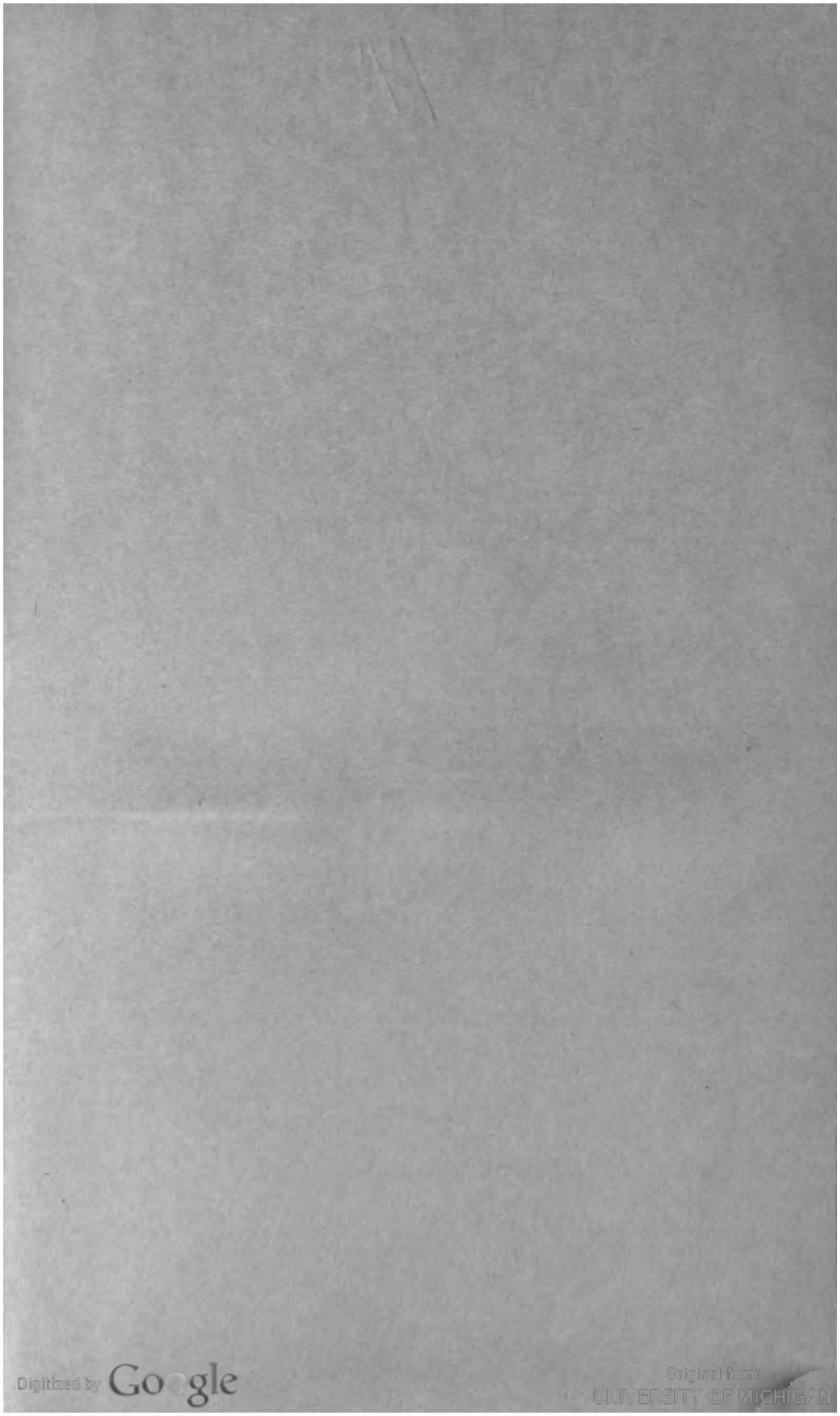
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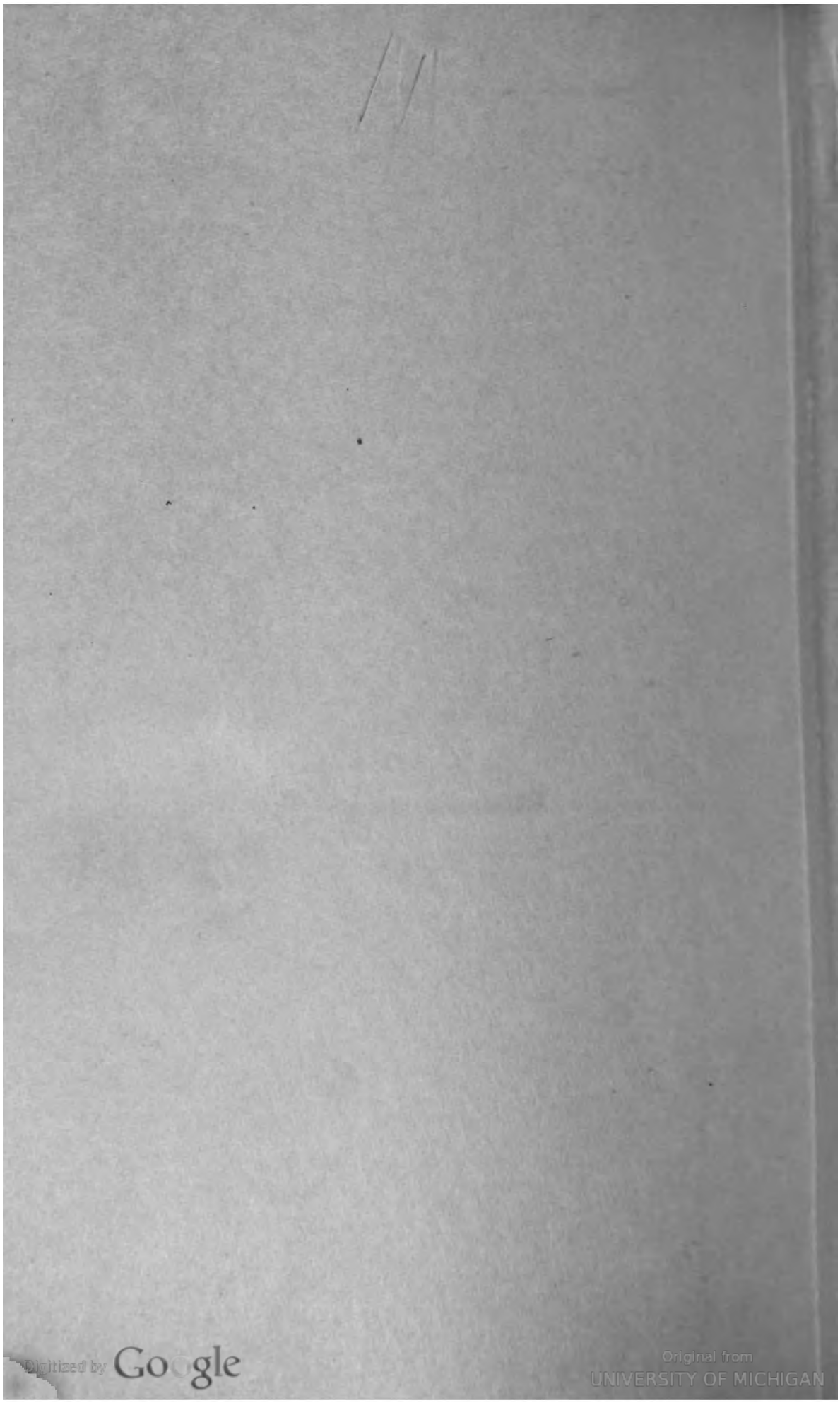
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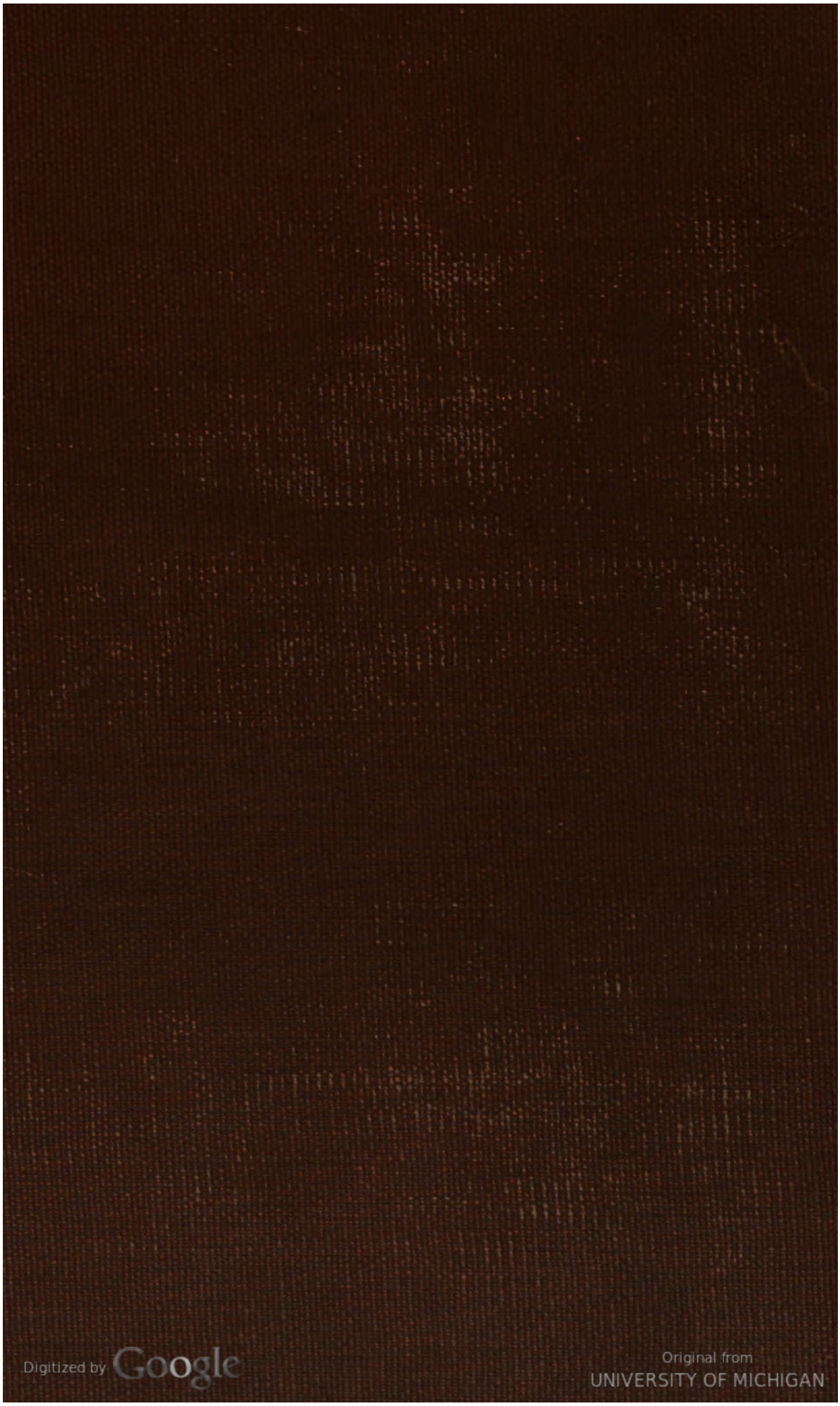
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